

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.

1904.

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

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P R E F A C E .

DEAR FRIENDS,

The scent of Autumn fills the air which so short a while ago was crisp with the nip of Winter's frost. Spring and Summer have intervened, each with the charms that are all its own. Thus the seasons come and go;—thus the months march past;—thus the years revolve! But for the thought that the year is dying, Autumn would be well-nigh as delightful as is Spring. The trees are all ablaze with gorgeous tints. The luscious fruits have Summer sunshine lingering in their juices. But the leaves are falling fast;—oh, what a shower came down in that one puff of wind! And the fruit ripens only to its own undoing! Such is the pathos of the fall of the year!

November always brings a request for a Preface to the yearly volume of "The Sword and the Trowel." This sign never fails. Nor can the demand be set aside. What though it is notorious that Prefaces are skipped, they must still be written. Two pages have always been set aside for this purpose, and, like the jester, they say, "Here we are again." What though we may judge that we have had our fair share of Preface-writing, the Editor himself, of course, must fulfil this duty. It is one of the penalties of the office.

Well then, let it be stated at once that we have had real joy during the past twelve months in preparing the monthly meal, and in setting it in order before our guests. It is, of course, an additional task, but it certainly has brought additional pleasure. We herewith record our gratitude to all who have helped to make the duty a delight.

"In looking back," so saith the poet, "there is a world of sadness; the best must have his penitence, the wisest his regrets." This witness is true, and even an Editor is no exception to this rule. This one is not, at all events. Nevertheless, we can honestly say that we have endeavoured to wield the sword wisely, and so to use the trowel that every stone should be "well and truly laid." We have, perhaps, done more building than battling, either because it is more to our mind, or because it seems to be the more appropriate service at this present. We have sought, with all our building, to erect battlements, and that is a form of battling, is it not? Nehemiah said, "And he that sounded the trumpet was by me." So we will not forget the duty, painful though it is, of sounding alarms, and summoning to service. The time to clear for action is assuredly at hand.

The premier place in our columns will, of course, be reserved for C. H. Spurgeon, material from whose prolific pen we still possess in plenty. We have it in mind to issue certain expositions of his on the

prophecy by Isaiah. It was in this Magazine that the famous "Treasury of David" first saw the light. We doubt not that these comments on the writings of "The Prophet of Faith" will be equally welcome to students of the Word. Our beloved and venerable friend, Dr. Cuyler, delights to send his choice meditations, and we are not less delighted to receive and publish them. He cannot have a greater audience than he and his discourses deserve. Mr. Spufford, who is to be congratulated on the recent issue of "Tales of the Countryside," is to favour us with a series of papers entitled, "Among the Ancients." He is equally *au fait* at character-sketches and at Nature Notes, and these will be a combination of history and nature. Mr. Jackson, we rejoice to say, has undertaken to give us articles "of a quiet reflective nature, touching upon phases of literature and life," under the general heading, "Beside Still Waters." We trust that he will let us have some of his sweet verses, too.

We propose, also, to issue some articles, mainly for the young, on Believers' Baptism, by our good friend, Rev. A. North, of New Zealand. These will, we hope, eventually be published in booklet form, and prove a useful Primer for schools and classes. All this and more we have in our heart to accomplish. We shall still provide reliable ammunition for Temperance soldiers, and we hope occasionally to give ourselves the pleasure of a "Chat with the Children." Our readers will continue to be directed as to what is worth reading that issues from the teeming Press. The story of our own work at The Tabernacle and its Institutions will be told, at least in outline, month by month.

We sincerely trust that thus the practical sympathy of our readers will be kept alive, and even increased. Our task becomes increasingly difficult as helpers remove, or are called up higher. We can only pray God to raise up fresh friends who love, as we do, the old Gospel and the old Book. We are determined, so long as the work is in our charge, to continue it on the old lines, and without so much as a thought of compromise of any sort or degree. Let all who believe that this is right pray for us, and help to provide the needed funds for College, Orphanage, Colportage, and other Tabernacle work.

Thanking all who have nobly aided us, and giving God the praise for yet another year of mercy, we launch out into the deep again, and let down the nets which we have been thus overhauling.

I am,

Yours in Gospel service,

THOMAS SPURGEON.

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THE
Sword and the Trowel.

JANUARY, 1904.

Bells and Bell-ringing.

A LECTURE:

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

[C. H. Spurgeon declined to be regarded as a lecturer. Nevertheless, all his lectures were eagerly anticipated, and some of them became famous. This was notably so with "Sermons in Candles." The "Talk," for so he preferred to denominate it, on "Bells and Bell-ringing," was given less frequently, but it was scarcely less popular. In both cases, the printed lecture has suffered seriously, the one from the lack of its luminous and the other its melodious illustrations. When, in connection with the annual meeting of the Pastors' College, on October 19th, 1869, the honoured President first talked on Bells, he had a remarkable collection of specimens to exhibit, and rejoiced in the services of Mr. Duncan S. Miller and "his merry men" (The Poland Street Temperance Hand-bell Ringers, as they were then styled): The Metropolitan Tabernacle never had a belfry; but, on that occasion, there were peals other than of laughter in it; and, somewhere up among the lanterns of the roof, there was a big bell, the rope of which was attached to the platform, which the Pastor himself pulled to illustrate the fact that Prayer pulls a rope on earth which rings a bell in Heaven. Mr. Miller, who I think suggested the subject to C. H. S., collected the bells, and rang them at intervals. I have before me, as I write, a copy of "The Music of the Bells, edited by Vernon J. Charlesworth, to be sung to an accompaniment performed by the Poland Street Temperance Hand-bell Ringers, in illustration of A Lecture on Bells, by C. H. Spurgeon." Here are Village Chimes and Vesper Bells, Sabbath Chimes and Evening Bells, in the ringing of all which, so to speak, the audience had its part. Then, of course, the Campanologists did some ringing without any singing, and the lecturer himself more than once turned bell-ringer. There is little wonder, then, that the whole affair went with a swing.—T. S.]



THE hare-bells and the blue-bells are, I suppose, as old as Adam, and sprang up from the sod on the third day of creation. Whether or no Cain had bells in his cradle,

I cannot tell; but, certainly, no one would be able to contradict me if I said he had. When Jacob went down to look after his flocks, I presume that the bell-wethers had bells about their necks. In those days, as now, some such sound as that [Illustrating] would be heard when he gathered them to the water-troughs; and I imagine that David, when he kept his father's flock, often had his ears regaled with similar sounds. It would not be too great a stretch of imagination to conceive that when Job went to look for his oxen, and his sheep, and his camels, he would hear a mingled sound of all sorts of bells welcoming him as he neared their grazing grounds.

Learned authors declare that Noah was the author of bells. I believe the conclusions of their learning, in this respect, to be almost as valuable as the guess of an ignorant man. For what purpose did the patriarch ring bells in the ark? Did he toll the knell of the world that was being destroyed by the flood, or did he ring the bell at the time of the feeding of the beasts, as they do in the travelling circuses? These are all conjectures. One thing, however, we know assuredly, that there were golden bells upon the high priest's garments, which gave forth melodious sounds when he went into the holy place, that the worshippers outside might know that he had not been smitten with death through gazing upon the excess of glory. We know also that there were bells upon the horses. I suppose they were exceedingly like those which we use to-day,—something of the same style as we constantly hear wherever we may be on the Continent. "In that day shall there be upon the bells of the horses, HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD." The commonest things of life, in the happy days that are yet to dawn, are to be consecrated unto the Most High. Holiness shall be the guiding star, and ordinary actions shall be as much the worship of God as the sacrifice of the altar, or the mission of the high priest when he went within the veil.

The connection of bells with the Christian religion did not commence in the very earliest stages of it, for the first believers in Christ sought not for publicity. They desired rather secrecy, that they might be free from their cruel foes. There would be no bell-ringing in the days when worship was held in the concealment of the Catacombs. When those who professed to be followers of The Crucified were liable to lose their lives, they were not likely to ring out their whereabouts from lofty towers and steeples. They had to be content, in the days of persecution, with trusty messengers, who passed

from house to house of the faithful announcing the time and place of the next meeting.

But, about the year 400 A.D., bells appear to have been used to gather Christian worshippers to the house of prayer. It is said that, in the Abbey of Croyland, the first peal of bells in England was hung, about the middle of the 10th century. It is not unlikely that St. Dunstan was making bells at the time when, the devil attacking him, that redoubtable saint seized the evil spirit by the nose with a pair of red-hot tongs. I believe he thereby set us a right good example, for there is nothing like resisting him with all one's might, and in the most red-hot fashion. He is not at all afraid of anything cold and careless; but when a man is thoroughly zealous, and red-hot, he makes the fiend to fly. Since that day, and in almost all the countries where the Christian religion is known, "the sound of the church-going bell" has been heard.

The ringing of the church bells was, for many a year, left to the more disreputable persons of the parish; and there was an all too close connection between the belfry and "The Rose and Crown" or "The King's Head." Attempts, however, have been made, in these later days, to remove this reproach. John Bunyan used to tremble, when he went to ring the bells on Sunday, lest the bells should fall; and when he stood aside in a corner, he feared that the belfry itself might fall upon him,—an indication of what his opinion was, even while an ungodly, swearing tinker, of the characters that then assembled for the bell-ringing. There have been, however, honourable societies of bell-ringers, and high-born youths and godly men have rung the changes.

There were bells upon the horses, in England, in the days of Thomas à Becket. There have been found, in tombs, and underground in the Borough, bells that were called "Thomas Bells," purchased at Canterbury by the pilgrims, and hung about their horses' necks, and brought home as relics. None of us can forget reading, in our childhood, the story of the curfew bell. We were told, then, by the history books, that the curfew was rung by order of William the Conqueror as a part of his system of tyranny over the poor abject Saxons. I suppose half the things we have read in history have been found to be mistakes. It seems that it was a sanitary measure of the utmost importance to the Saxons. As their houses were all built of wood, this was a wise precaution against fire. I do not know that it would do us any harm if we were all obliged to go to bed at 8 o'clock, provided that we got up at a sufficiently early hour in the morning. The curfew was sung by Gray in his Elegy,—

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,"—

and so on. You know that as well as I do; and, therefore, instead of reciting the original, I will give you a parody upon it,—

"Now fades the glimmering subject from the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the parson wings his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the slumbering folds."

An apt description, I am afraid of many a sermon.

Bells are rung, in certain districts, because some bequest has been left for the ringing of the bell at a particular hour. Well do I remember, when I used to go to distant villages to preach in the evening, that I knew the time as I drew near to Cambridge, by hearing the 9 o'clock bell ring. There was a bell rung in Cheapside,—the Bow Bell,—at 9 in the evening, to release the apprentices from their day's toil,—before the days of early closing, I should think! Nine o'clock was thought to be quite soon enough for the apprentices to be let loose; and it appears that the bell-ringer often did not ring it till half-past 9,—some even said till 10,—stock-taking nights, I should fancy! and the young gentlemen—the apprentices of London, who were never noted for their extreme gentleness and orderliness of behaviour, sent to the clerk of Bow Bell this little hint,—

“Clerk of Bow Bell, with the yellow locks,
For thy late ringing thy head shall have knocks.”

To which the clerk, being a discreet man, made reply,—

“Children of Chepe, hold you all still,
For you shall have Bow Bell rung at your will.”

I suppose, at their will, it would have been rung very early in the day.

The story of Dick Whittington, when he heard the bells say, “Turn again Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London,” brings us down far into English History.

Some of the London bells were put to strange uses, as St. Sepulchre's, where, for the good of the condemned at Newgate, a knell of twelve solemn tolls was given in the stillness of night, and a person was employed to stand near the cells, and repeat the following lines,—

“All you that in the condemned hole do lie,
Prepare you, for to-morrow you shall die.
Watch all, and pray; the hour is drawing near
That you before the Almighty must appear,
Examine yourselves, in time repent,
Or you must to eternal flames be sent;
And when St. Sepulchre's bell to-morrow tolls,
The Lord have mercy on your souls!

Past 12 o'clock.”

We prefer the rhyme inscribed upon the bell itself,—

“Ye people all, who hear me ring,
Be faithful to your God aud King.”

The bell, which rang during the time of the great plague, brings solemn reflections to us. The driver of the dead cart went round with a bell, and, as he rang it, he cried, “Bring out your dead! Bring out your dead! Bring out your dead!” They were carried away from the gorged churchyards to the great pit of Aldgate, where, by thousands, they were cast away. The fire of London—which has been often said to have been a great misfortune, and hundreds of preachers, both Puritanic and others, preached upon it as a terrible chastisement from God,—was the greatest blessing that could be. It burnt down all the horrible lairs of fever and pest; and since that great sweeping out, we have never had such a plague.

What seems sometimes to be a trial, turns out, in the long run, to be a great blessing. It may be so with some loss which friends are suffering at this present moment; God may be overruling it for their lasting good.

The bell soon began to be associated with superstition. It was tolled at a death,—at first, perhaps, to let the parishioners know that someone was in extreme and mortal peril, that the believers all around might offer prayer for his support and consolation in the last article. But, afterwards, it appears to have been believed that, somehow or other, the bell cleared the atmosphere, chased away evil spirits, and opened up a passage for the soul to enter into the abode of the faithful. Of course, when this came to be believed, bells had to be baptized. Or was it because they were baptized that they were credited with the power of expelling “all the powers, snares, and illusions of the devil”? They were baptized with sponsors and all due pomp and ceremony. I believe it is as Scriptural to baptize bells as to baptize babies; for, just underneath that verse which teaches the baptism of infants, you will find a full account of the baptism of bells! Bells being properly baptized, and having these superstitious qualities appended, every church must needs have, if possible, its full choir of bells. The bigger the bell, or the fuller the chime, the higher the price that had to be paid, since the sound reached further; and the evil spirits having to retire to a greater distance to be clear of the sound, the departed soul got the better start.

Apart from superstition, it must have been pleasurable to hear all the bells of London ringing at the appointed time. We have a memorial of it in the nursery rhyme, which you doubtless remember.

“Gay go up, and gay go down,
To ring the bells of London town.
'Halfpence and farthings,' say the bells of St. Martin's;
'Oranges and lemons,' say the bells of St. Clement's;
'Pancakes and fritters,' say the bells of St. Peter's;
'Two stalks and an apple,' say the bells of Whitechapel;
'Kettles and pans,' say the bells of St. Anne's;
'You owe me ten shillings,' says the bell of St. Helen's;
'When will you pay me?' says the bell of Old Bailey;
'When I grow rich,' says the bell of Shoreditch;
'Pray when will that be?' say the bells of Stepney;
'I am sure I don't know,' says the great bell of Bow.”

The bell has been connected with some of the most horrible of human crimes,—to wit, the Sicilian Vespers, and the tocsin rung for the St. Bartholomew massacre. The murderers went forth to their awful work as soon as the great bell of St. Gennain L'Auxerrois was heard to sound through the streets of Paris.

Protestants are not so given to the use of the bell during service as are Romanists, who, at “the elevation of the host,” cause a tinkling to be heard; but I remember being somewhat astonished, when I preached in Holland, by the tintinnabulation of the bells during the collection. In order to collect the contributions of the faithful, a velvet bag was sent round, attached to a long stick. At the bottom of the bag was a bell, so that the deacon had only to shake it a little to arouse the worshippers to the duty of contributing.

I noticed also that there was a ring half way down the bag, which drew it in, so that anything which once entered could not escape. A very excellent arrangement that, and quite a new idea to me. Verily, we live to learn.

Bells seem to be connected with everything from our cradle to our tomb, and I do not know where one can live in London to be free from the sound of them. You are awakened in the morning by the bell of some big factory near you that blows off steam in the most horrible screeching manner. That wakes up the people, and calls them to their work. You are hardly down before you find the travelling clockmaker going up and down, and you hear him sounding his bell as he walks up and down the street. When he has gone by, the dust-man comes, and we all know the sound of his bell. Not long after that, it begins to be time for the muffins, and then we have—

"Those evening bells! Those evening bells!"



"OUR FRIEND, THE CRIER."

If we happen to be in a country town, there comes round our friend, the crier, with his—

"O yes! O yes! O yes!

This is to give notice—"

Possibly, in the dead of night, some burglar may have entered your house; and if you are careful householders, you have an apparatus on the door that very soon lets you know that there is somebody about who ought not to be there.

Bells have quite a considerable literature connected with them; there are learned discourses on Bob Majors, and Grandsires, and all sorts of Bobs, permutations, and combinations, and I know not what besides. You know, perhaps, "The Belfry of Bruges" by Longfellow. Schiller's "Lay of the Bell," too,—we have all read that. If we go on the Continent, we are dinned with bells

quite sufficiently with their constant claugour,

A kind friend, who greatly values this, (exhibiting a roll,) has lent it to me to complete the specimens of bells. This is a copy of the Jewish law, which is used in the synagogue; and when it is unwound by the presiding Rabbi to read, the bell sounds, that it may call the hearers to give due attention to the Word of God. This is a beautiful specimen of Hebrew text, with silver bells attached.



HEBREW SCRIPTURES WITH BELLS ATTACHED.

An anecdote of the reign of William the Third tells that a sentinel at Windsor Castle was tried by court martial for sleeping at his post, and condemned to death; but he declared that he had kept awake, and that he had heard the Westminster bell (which was somewhat analogous to our "Big Ben") strike thirteen at midnight, when it should only have struck twelve. Witnesses being forthcoming to prove that it really did strike one more than the proper number that night, the man's life was spared.

You all know how bells can be made to say anything in the world. There is a story of Rabelais to the effect that a certain *curé* was waited upon by one of his parishioners, who asked his priest's advice as to whether he should be married to a person whom he named. Of

course he had made up his mind long before he came to his minister, as all the young folk do in such cases. The *curé*, not wishing to commit himself, replied, "I think you had better listen to the bells." The man went outside, and the bells were just pealing from the steeple, and they said, "Make haste and get married! Make haste and get married!" Of course they did ring out that message to all young ladies and gentlemen! But after he was married, he was of the mind of the man who said that, when he first married his wife, he loved her so much that he thought he could eat her; and ever afterwards he regretted that he had not done so! The wife of this man turned out to be such a strange being that he came back to the *curé*, and expostulated with him for having given such shockingly bad advice. The *curé* said, "You should have listened to the bells more attentively; I am afraid you made a mistake as to what they said." And then, very distinctly, the bells rang out, "Never get married! Never get married!" They will say anything you like.

Perhaps you may have heard of the thief's opinion of the bell. He tried to escape by climbing up the bell-rope, upon which the bell began to ring, and so he was caught. "If it had not been for that empty head and long tongue of yours," said he, "I should have got clean off." Empty heads and long tongues do not often render such good service to society.

Very frequently, there are mottoes upon bells. Some of them are worth remembering; others are merely curious. Here are a few out of a very large collection that we have gathered.

One bell says,—

"To call folks to church in time,
I chime.
When mirth and joy are on the wing,
I ring.
When from the body parts a soul,
I toll."

Another bell had upon it,—

"King Edward made me thirty thousand and three;
Take me down, and weigh me, and more you shall find me."

When it was taken down, it was found to be very far short of that weight, on which quaint old Fuller said, "It has told a lie, with a big mouth, for many a year; like a great many, who brag of their own greatness; and when they come to be weighed, turn out to be very far short of it" At the church of St. Mary at Devizes, the first bell has this motto,—

"I am the first. Although but small,
I will be heard above you all."

The second bell has,—

"I am the second in this ring,
Therefore next to thee I'll ring."

On a bell at Broadchalk are the words,—

"I in this place am second bell
I'll surely do my part as well."

At St. Michael's, Coventry, where one would think the bells would not speak at all, there is this motto,—

“ I ring at six to let men know
 When to work to go,
 I ring at sermon with a lusty boom,
 That all may come,
 And none stay home.”

It would be a very loud bell in London, I am afraid, to effect that desideratum.

Our “ Big Ben ” at Westminster is a marvel of mathematics as well as of music. Mr. Denison calculated exactly what the tone of the bell would be, and how it should be formed and fashioned ; and when it was hung, it was found to be in unison with the C of the organ of Westminster Abbey. Some here remember the burning of the Royal Exchange. When the building was in flames, a chime of bells rang out, remarkably, the tune of the song—

“ For there's nae luck about the house ;”—

and, surely, there was no “ luck ” on that particular day.

“ There's nae luck about the house,”—

however, is one of the sweetest little poems that was ever written ; and instead of the silly, slipshod, nonsensical songs that we hear, nowadays, about the street, the meaning of which we really cannot discover, I wish we could have some of the old songs like those of Burns,—songs which are full of melody and tenderness, and which relate to the affections that cluster round the domestic hearth.

“ For there's nae luck about the house,
 There's nae luck at a' ;
 There's little pleasure in the house
 When our gudeman's awa' ;”—

is a song in which the wife is desiring to see her husband come back from sea.

(To be continued next month.)

Our Representatives in Foreign Lands.

MR. AND MRS. EASTON AND MISS TRANTER.

IT is the inestimable privilege of the Tabernacle Church to have five missionaries labouring in China ; yet there is no occasion for boasting, when we remember the debt we owe to the Gospel, and the high position which the grace of God has preserved to us amongst His people. On the contrary, it becomes us, in common with all professing Christians, to humble ourselves before the Lord, and to confess that, whereas the Saviour's last, peremptory, and pathetic injunction to His disciples, ere He left the earth which He had sealed with the blood of His redemption, was, “ Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature,” the Church has, for centuries, so neglected the command of her Divine Head, that hundreds of millions have descended into Christless graves, never having heard

of the Saviour's love. Nor have we, in these last days, risen to our responsibilities, although something has been accomplished.



MR. AND MRS. G. F. EASTON AND FAMILY.

George Frederick Easton was a scholar at New Park Street Sunday-school; and, later, at the Tabernacle, where he also became a teacher, and a member of the Church. For twenty-eight years, he has been working in China with a trustful perseverance that is beyond all praise. Most of this time has been spent in Han Chong, from whence he has visited and superintended a number of mission-stations.

Mr. and Mrs. Easton were married in China, and their children, Katie and Frederick, were born there. For more than a quarter of a century, Mr. S. Wigney, who was Mr. Easton's Sunday-school teacher, has succeeded in raising £50 per annum for his support.

When, on the 13th of September, 1895, the Tabernacle Sunday-school bade farewell to Miss Alice Tranter, they lost one of their most efficient teachers, but made a valuable addition to their representatives abroad.

Like Mr. Easton, she has worked under the auspices of the China Inland Mission, the Young Christians' Missionary Union undertaking her support. After a brief stay in Shanghai, Miss Tranter proceeded to Yang-Chau, where she acquired the rudiments of the language, and was then appointed to a new station at Lan-k'i, in Cheh-kiang Province, her companion being Miss Palmer. The work in Lan-k'i prospered, and in a few months the little chapel was filled; there were many enquirers, and several baptisms.



MISS ALICE TRANTER.

Then came the terrible massacres by the Boxers, and the missionaries were ordered to return to Shanghai for safety. It was hoped that their absence would be but brief; it extended, however, to a year and **nine months**. In April, 1902, Miss Tranter was permitted to return to her loved work; and, to her unspeakable joy, she found that the converts had "stood well." Later reports tell of her removal to Tong-K'ang. She has now been in China for eight years, and we are wanting to see her again; we hope that her return, on furlough, is not far distant. A warm welcome awaits her whenever she comes.

F. H. F.



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[Kindly lent by "The British Monthly,"

MRS. THOMAS SPURGEON.

Jehovah Nophi.

NO words can tell our gratitude to God for His great goodness to us in the matter of the recovery of our beloved wife. He has graciously blessed the means used, and has averted the threatened stroke. Much believing prayer was offered, and God gave ear unto

our cry. "I sought the Lord, and He heard me, and delivered me from all my fears" Skilful medical treatment and careful nursing have our most thankful recognition We praise God for them, and for His blessing on them. He is still Jehovah Rophi, the healing Lord.

The sympathy and kindness of a host of friends cheered us in the hour of sore trial, and we learned, with deep satisfaction, how warm a place our dear wife has in the affections of our own beloved flock, and of thousands of the Lord's people everywhere. To these, we unitedly return our most grateful thanks, for their love and prayer. The Lord be gracious to them also, and to their dear ones!

THOMAS SPURGEON.

Green Pastures.

BY H. T. SPUFFORD.

I.—A TRIBUTE.

IN beginning a new series of sketches, under the above title, for this time-honoured Magazine, I think of one who now knows the beauty of the—

"Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood."

Never shall I forget my visits to "Westwood," nor the interest the lady of the house took in my first endeavours to enshrine—I can, with proper pride, say,—*our* love of Nature in language. For, with the refined interest, insight, and knowledge, which characterized dear Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon, she would quicken my bent by directing my attention to anything fresh in the fernery, greenhouses, gardens, and



THE FERNERY AT "WESTWOOD."

lawns of her delightful domain. I well remember summer evenings when a small party, like-minded, followed her along the paths which led to the noted arbour where the author of *The Treasury of David* spent so much of his time in work. In these short walks, Mrs. Spurgeon would show a vivid interest in plant and insect life; and it was during one of these visits that she drew my attention for the first time to the home and habits of the tunnel spider, to be found rather plentifully then along the way which led to Mr. Spurgeon's famous retreat, "Out of the world."

It would indeed ill become me, considering the debt I owe, if I were to start another set of articles without this sincere tribute to one who unlocked the gate which opened for me so many pleasant fields of study;—not, I hope, without some amount of entertainment and profit to the already well-instructed readers of this Magazine. I should never have put my pen to a page of "The Sword and the Trowel" had it not been for the suggestion and encouragement of Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon. She induced me to write again after my pen had been laid aside for many years; and, while her connection with the Magazine lasted, it was her wont to send me letters of counsel and appreciation.

* * * *

In accepting the title of "Green Pastures," the present esteemed Editor evidently expects me to write anew on Nature; and, further, with the purpose in view of furnishing those who may teach with similes from that fruitful field of illustration. With this as my aim, I go forward to describe what I have observed; and if the bush, which, to me, has been on fire with God, should be seen to be so by other eyes, I shall be rewarded by having pointed out so great a sight.

I bethink me, however, even as I write, that the readers of this Magazine know of one who was indeed a "master" of "The Art of Illustration." I would modestly follow in his wake, though afar off, and only in the field allotted to me.

* * *

On a morning early in the month of October, I stood, with a Naturalist friend, before a great stretch of asters,—Michaelmas daisies,—growing on a side border of a very large nursery garden. The first thing that struck me was, the way in which a common flower could be improved by culture. I thought of the dwarf lilac-hued asters,—inconspicuous blooms,—often to be seen in cottage gardens, and I contrasted them with the rich, tall flowers upon the nursery border. These resplendent ones were but the semi-wild transformed by culture. They were examples of the art of taking advantage of every better thing, and bringing its influence to bear upon the lower, till the lower was lifted almost beyond recognition. This would be called by horticulturists "the cross-fertilization of plants." But that is not all. There must be a better soil,—more at the roots as well as more in the head.

The process of selection probably contains the solution of more problems than the higher culture of plants. It seems possible that some diseases would be eliminated if there were more care in marriage. But to apply what is sure to arise in the mind is beyond the province of

this article. My purpose is to start thought. This only will I allow myself. Man is constantly striving to produce the higher and better thing in every realm but his own. God would have the nobler man for the appreciation of the nobler world. The sublime in Nature has no power to turn the savage into a saint. The Cheddar cliffs were peopled by a most degraded race till Wilberforce and Hannah More sought their reclamation by schools and services. What the lost cannot do for themselves, God is willing to do for them, by the engrafted Word, which is able to save their souls.

But my attention was not fixed alone on these asters as an illustration of what culture could do. The morning was very mild, and the sun shone through the cloud-rifts. The gloom of a later day had not destroyed the activities of insect life. On the golden discs of the plum-coloured daisies were hundreds of winged things, all seeking for the sweets secreted in the beds of bloom. There were gorgeous butterflies,—peacocks and red admirals,—inserting their long proboscides down to the base of the stamens, and drinking thus from the hidden springs. Together with these aristocrats of the insect world, were humble bees, honey bees, many kinds of wasps, and flies of all hues and sizes;—flies with rose-coloured wings, and flies with green bodies which shone like burnished metal. All these patricians, with brown-coated plebs, fed on the bed of asters. I watched their eager search till my very heart leaped, and I thought,—Is it a far-fetched simile to liken this expanse of glorious bloom to Gospel Truth, and this crowd of winged creatures, some high and some humble, to the many, in all conditions of life, who find the nectar of the love of God in Christ by feeding upon the Holy Word?

* * * *

Over the fence, on one side of "My Lady's Garden," (a spot dear to me,) there grows a vigorous ivy, which blossoms abundantly in the fall of the year. The flowers are nothing to look at, but they attract a multitude of insects for the sweet with which they are so plentifully endowed. When the blossoms first appear, it is still mild enough for bees and butterflies to be among the seekers; but as the days grow chill, and the masses of ivy reek with the half-frozen dew of the night, when the sun comes out, there are still visitors to the later blossoms; but they are mostly blue bottle flies. Many comparisons have dawned upon me as I have watched the honey gatherers upon the ivy flowers.

First,—I should not have thought there had been so much life about in such a dull time. From this, I go on to think that there may be more seekers after higher things than I wot of. Only take care that there is plenty of honey, and then be on the watch.

Then, too, these cupbearers have no special beauty of form or colour. It is what they carry which is the attraction. Those who bear the unction of the Holy One, though but in earthen vessels, shall find that the excellency of the power to draw to the feast is the endowment of God. There are some flowers, with gorgeous petals, that afford little or no feed to those who seek for nectar.

Furthermore, what wonderful scent-organs these humble denizens

of the air must have, for they arrive from all quarters! If you are alert, you will see creatures fly in from the outside continually. Then I pray that I may ever have a keen sense to detect the savour of grace when lying within an unattractive nature. And may I also see those, whom the Lord would feed, come in from the outside!

Again I muse. May not these modest blossoms, honey-laden, be indicative of some who are poor enough in pocket, but rich in faith and peace? Both high and low can be refreshed by the graces of the humble. Let the poorest in the church take courage. If he is living to God, he must be an all-round blessing.

Then I thought,—Is not this ivy hedge like an open market? While the weather was warm, the gaily-clad came; but now the days are chill, the lowly-garbed arrive for what is left. Different classes shop at different times. Some flit about on a sunshiny morning. Others never come till night sets in. Keep the Gospel market open late. A poor, bare-footed one may slip in, at the eleventh hour, for a penny-worth of pieces, and, lo! you may be able to give him enough to satisfy him for ever.

* * * *

In the depth of winter, there is still very much which can be noted by the maker of similitudes. If you have the mind for turning things to account, I do not know but that winter is as rich as spring. A hoar frost will show up the incredible number of snares that there are about,—spiders' webs, that are quite invisible in the dry air and sunshine. A frost of scandal, which alights on all our surroundings, may do the same thing in the moral world.

Severe weather, too, will bring the birds together in flocks, and hunger will break down all caste. When Mansoul is reduced to extremities, then pride will go begging. You will notice, moreover, that, where there is a high wall with a South aspect, the blackbirds, fieldfares, and redwings will congregate in whatever little sunshine there is to be found. There were a few "even in Sardis" who kept on the sunny side.

Then, too, as soon as there is a mild day, the robin, the wren, and the hedge-sparrow will be sure to warble a bit. But the missel thrush goes one better. He does not wait for the clouds to roll by. The wilder the weather, the louder he sings. He is the Habakkuk among birds. The starling in winter is like a Banshee, with a note so plaintive that it awakens all one's fears. I have heard it on many a morning just before sunrise, and it was like the cry of one cast upon the shore after a storm, calling along the sand-hills for help.

So, also, the long wintry night—dark, cold, and wet,—reminds one of the weary years of sorrow through which some pass. Had they not the covenant of their God, there would be nothing to help them towards the morning. Yes, there is the picture of discipline, and the tempering of faith, in the stormy, pitch-dark wintry night. But, at last, the morning breaks, and the sunshine turns each pool left by the storm into a mirror, and the drops that hang on the hedge-thorns into pearls. And it is enough.

Chats with the Children.

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

I.—BOYS AND THEIR BOATS.



THE LONG POND, CLAPHAM COMMON.

WHEN I was a youngster, it was my chief joy to sail a boat. We had an apology for a pond at the bottom of my father's garden, and there my first attempts at navigation were made. Later, my brother and I got a present from a kind friend of a huge model of a revenue cutter. It was plank built and correctly rigged, with chains, and anchors, and pulleys, and windlasses, and guns, and little sailors, and I know not what else. With what triumph we wheeled it—for it was far too big to carry,—to the Long Pond on Clapham Common; and I am more than half afraid we were not a little proud of our vessel, for there were none like it for size and finish. It was not the fastest, though. The model yachts soon overhauled and passed her. Ah, yes! there is always some disappointment. One can't have everything. The biggest boat is not necessarily the swiftest. Size isn't everything in anything; remember that.

But, oh! I have a sad tale to tell. One fine summer day, our craft, was cruising about the Long Pond,—on the look-out for smugglers, I suppose,—when her owners noticed that she was making slower progress than usual, though there was a whole-sail breeze, and she had all her canvas set. What could be wrong? She hadn't slipped up into the eye of the wind so as to lose the force of the breeze. Oh, no; it wasn't that! Imagine my horror when it dawned on me that she was slowly settling down! She had sprung a leak, and

it was just a question if her captain would be able to beach her. If the wind failed, she would founder in mid-ocean,—or, rather, in mid-pond. Fortunately, she managed to creep in shore a bit, but she went down all standing, so far from land that only a foot of her topmast showed above the surface. My heart sank, too, I can tell you. We tried to get the Royal Humane Society's drags, but couldn't; but, after a while, a huge Newfoundland dog managed to drag it to shore. What a wreck it was! I don't think we were ever able to sail it again.

What do you suppose was the cause of this disaster? The hot summer had made the planks start and open. If she had been cut out of a solid piece of wood, like ordinary boats, this wouldn't have happened; but she was built plank by plank, like the boats you see on the beach at the seaside. *Sometimes, the very thing we most pride ourselves about becomes our weakest point, and brings about our downfall.*

After all, there wasn't much the matter with the hull. There was no plank missing. It was only a little leak! Ah, yes! but a little leak has sent a bigger ship than that to the bottom before now. Beware of little leaks! Beware of little sins,—little departures from the truth, and from holiness! Many fine characters have come to wreck and ruin because of some apparently trifling fault which was neglected.

If those sailors on my boat had been "real live" ones, they might have saved themselves and their ship. They could have stopped the leak, or pumped the water out. But, you see, they were only make-believes.

Now, if you are only alive to the danger of little sins, you can, by a bold resolution, in the strength of God, stop the leak, and you can do something to rid your life and character of the mischief that has already come in. You know, it is all right for the boat to be in the water; but when the water is in the boat, it is all wrong. Just so, you have to be in a sinful world, and sinful companions may be about you, and temptation surrounds you as the sea the ship, and I'm afraid there is some sin inside already; but it is when you yield to temptation, and let in the evil, that the danger becomes so great. My boat needed caulking, as the sailors say, and our characters need to have the weak places strengthened, and the leaks stopped. The man, who made my revenue cutter, would soon have put it to rights. Our best plan is to ask the Lord Jesus to see to us, and make the vessel of our life watertight.

"Ask the Saviour to help you,
Strengthen, comfort, and keep you;
He is willing to aid you,
He will carry you through."

That Newfoundland dog was the saviour of my ship,—wasn't he? He plunged boldly in, and by sheer force brought the boat to shore. The pity was, that he damaged it in doing so.

How was it that he became the saviour of my sunken ship? His strength and skill enabled him to do the work. The ship itself was perfectly helpless. It could neither float nor move. The dog was living. He was a powerful swimmer. A dead dog couldn't save a

sunken ship; and a live one would have failed had he been afraid to go out of his depth, or been unable to swim.

We, too, are helpless; but, "while we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly." How mighty He is! How sinless He is! He lays hold of us by His mighty arm, and draws us into safety. Let Jesus save *you*, my dear lad.

* * * *

I still go to Clapham Long Pond;—not to sail a boat, but to watch others. What lovely model yachts they have nowadays; and I see quite old men sailing them, and enjoying it, too! I must have a try myself one of these days, and see if I have forgotten how to make her "show her heels."

Well, I was going to tell you that, one Saturday afternoon lately, when there was a lovely sailing wind blowing from the Nor' West, so that the yachts got quite a long trip the entire *length* of the pond, I watched half a dozen or more lovely white-winged cutters racing. I confess I got quite excited. It revived faded memories and latent instincts. I remembered the first sailer I ever had, and the lugger that I used to sail on a little round pond on the Brighton Downs. Indeed, my whole fleet sailed before me in imagination, and I almost wished I had the best of them to pit against this "Shamrock", or whatever its name may have been, that was heeling over to the wind, and scudding along at a terrific pace.

Just as I was turning away, a lad came up, and pushed his craft into the water. It was no sooner afloat than it began to turn round and round like a teetotum. He pushed it further out, but it continued the same performance. I ventured to advise the youth to take it out, and to trim the sails a bit. "Your jib's too taut," said I, "and your mainsheet's too slack." The young fellow wasn't above learning. That's a good sign! When a boy knows too much to be told anything, or is too proud to be instructed, he is bound to be a dunce all his days. When I told the lad that his jib was too taut, I found that he himself was willing to be *taught*. He payed out the jib, and hauled in the mainsail, and asked if *that* was about right. "That ought to do," I answered, and again he launched her. What was my surprise to see her revolving faster than ever, like a cockchafer on a pin. (Only, I hope *you* are never so cruel to any insect as to pin it down.) Then I said to this amateur sailor, for it dawned on me what was wrong, "Have you got a rudder on your craft?" "No, sir," he said, "I had one last Saturday afternoon, and I couldn't get the boat to go at all, so I left the rudder at home to-day." "Ah, well!" said I, "if you had the sails then as they were just now, I don't wonder she wouldn't sail, even with a rudder; but though the canvas is right now, you'll make nothing of her without a rudder."

If I had had a piece of wood handy, a rough rudder could easily have been shipped at once, and my case would have been proved.

Fancy expecting a boat to "walk the waters like a thing of life" minus a rudder! Oh, dear; oh, dear! I felt inclined to laugh outright; but I didn't, for I would have hurt the lad's feelings, perhaps. I mean to go up next Saturday afternoon to see if he has brought the rudder.

What is the rudder of our life? What is it,—*Who* is it that guides us? "My Father, Thou art the Guide of my youth." Don't try to do without God's guidance. Don't scorn the counsel of your father, and mother, and teachers. Don't neglect God's Word. He who seeks to sail the sea of life without God, and Christ, and the Book, and the counsel of the experienced, and the dictates of conscience, and the power of high and holy principle, is as a rudderless ship. He will make no real headway.

Have you dispensed with your rudder? It was hard enough to steer *with* it; so you discarded it. That was a great mistake. Try again, and God speed the ship!

"Our Own Men" and their Work.

CXVII.—PASTOR ALEXANDER CORBET, BOURNEMOUTH.



EDINA COTTAGE, midway between Walworth Road and Kennington Park, was the place where we first met. He was a senior student, I was a freshman, and we were to be room-mates. It was after the summer vacation; I was first on the spot, feeling strange, lonely, and nervous. It mattered very much the manner of man my room-mate might be, and my conjectures left me restless and a little apprehensive. Then he came, from farther North than I, and I see him now as I saw him then,—a ruddy, broad-shouldered, well-set-up young man, looking capable and self-possessed. He is a Scotchman,

I am a Yorkshireman, and I do not remember that much was said when first we met. I thought him a bit silent, but silence never oppressed me; and I distinctly remember feeling, before the close of the day, that he would do.

After nearly twenty years, I still feel that. I have read, and rowed, and sailed, and tramped, and smoked, and argued, and hunted (butterflies) with him. I have "done" London with him, and footed it over wilds where no houses are; I have heard him preach, and seen him with his people; I have seen him in fighting form, with his back to the wall; I know his tasks and temper, his favouritisms and antipathies; and I want to set it down deliberately that "he'll do." *He* will know what that means, knowing that, in this case, superlatives are superfluous. But wait.

Mr. Corbet comes of a Lanarkshire Presbyterian stock. It was after his conversion at the age of twenty-two, while still a Presbyterian, that his study of the New Testament discovered to him the command of Baptist principles. It was not long before he must needs speak of the things concerning Christ. He preached the Word as opportunity offered, and heard that call to the Christian ministry which, once heard truly, is irresistible. As of another, it was true of him,—

"I hear a voice you cannot hear,
Which says I must not stay;
I see a hand you cannot see,
Which beckons me away."

Rugged and reserved, like his native tribe, his was, nevertheless, the character, constrained by the love of Christ, that *must* have expression in ministry, with or without the boon of a College career. Look into his eyes, hear him speak, and you instinctively feel the power of an indomitable purpose. That is his "note." It has led him far and successfully. It would give him distinction in any walk of life, for all his quiet manner.

He came to College in 1884, and it was not long before he was universally regarded as one of the strong men. He was strong physically; you saw it in the square-set shoulders and jaw, in the keen, level look, in the swing of his stride. If you fell into his hands, you *felt* it,—for it will not be imagined that quite all a student's revelries are intellectual. But he was strong at work, and in debate, with a certain dry humour which had not left him when I heard from him last, and without which he would be less than the man he is. He "toiled terribly." I sat opposite him, in a room at Edina Cottage, night after night, when the hair of his head was not so tidy as it appears in the photograph. He sat there hour after hour, whatever might be going on in the house or out-of-doors; and well I knew that not all the king's horses nor all the king's men could dislodge him till "lessons" were through.

But *then*,—why, then, he was ready for anything. I hear his laugh yet,—sudden, explosive, musical,—(the one musical thing about him, I fear,) ringing through the still house when the other students were deep in dreams. Work over, he was as playful as a kitten. We had a garden at Edina Cottage;—at least, it had been a garden; and

there the students belonging to the house delved in joys that were foreign to Hodge, Herodotus, and others of that ilk. We played marbles, for instance, and there is an amazing amount of excitement to be had of that lowly game as played by students. And I, at any rate, would give something considerable to rejoin those seven men,—scattered to the ends of the earth now,—and play again the boyish games of old. But Edina Cottage is, alas, no more! A block of bleak tenements has taken the place of the old square house, and every bit of green has turned to brick.

Play over, it was work again. My friend did all things thoroughly. He was "a whole man to one thing at a time." In College, he was very successful and popular. We all liked him, and the men who had felt the sting of his wit liked him no less, for his wit was without malice. We all felt that the College traditions were safe in his keeping, and that he would do well wherever he went.

He gave his week-ends, as Student-pastor, to the Baptist Church at Sunningdale, Berks. They loved him down there, and would fain have had him stay with them. He was happy with them, too, and their work together was greatly blessed. But a call came from Orangefield Church, Greenock, and, unlike the majority of his compatriots, he re-crossed the Tweed. The position was a difficult one, and the call was for a man of exceptional strength and ability. Mr. Corbet went to the North with the unqualified confidence of President and Tutors. The feeling of his fellow-students was one of immense satisfaction. Our trust in him was firm and deep; and, as the years came and went, it was more than justified.

I knew his work at Greenock well, and it was always a student who was intensely at work there. His ministry was wrought, through and through, with "the passion for souls", and with a wide, unobtrusive culture. Here was a man who brought everything he had to the work of his life; his preparation was stern and severe, and he scorned to give less than his best. "Jesus Christ and Him crucified" was the Sun of his soul, and the burden of his message. His people loved him for that, and loved him for himself,—for his swift sympathies, his rare intuition, his fine tact, his sane judgment, his laborious days, his utter and enthusiastic devotion to the sacred office.

I know what he will say when he sees this. He will say, "No dithyrambs!" or some briefer word to the same effect. But he has consented to sit for his portrait, and he must e'en endure it. It is the truth, and I never knew him scuttle from that. Moreover, it is only another way of saying, "He'll do." But however comprehensive that expression may be, it does not run to a magazine article.

Nine years were spent at Greenock, during which time the church grew steadily with the increase of numbers and "the increase of God." When the time came to say, "Good-bye," it was known how deep the roots had struck. The farewells were full of the grief and pain of an unfeigned love, and he left Scotland for the South of England amid a chorus of regrets and affectionate prayers.

The church at Teddington was without its pastor, R. J. Williamson, who was absent through a prolonged and serious illness. Here. Mr.

Corbet undertook an interim service of five months. He found the Teddington people exceedingly warm-hearted and earnest, and enjoyed his fellowship with them beyond words. In an exceptionally delicate position, his inborn tact stood the church and himself in good stead. At a large and enthusiastic meeting, held to bid him farewell, prior to his departure for the Lansdowne Church, Bournemouth, he was the recipient of a handsome, oak-framed, illuminated address, the text of which was as follows:—

"We, the undersigned, on behalf of the members and congregation of the Baptist Church, Teddington, beg to tender to you our most grateful thanks for the help that you have given to us during the illness of our Pastor. We can never express too highly our gratitude for the services you have rendered to the Church, and thankfully testify to the work that God has so graciously pleased to bless at your hands. Your kind sympathy with every member, both in trouble and in joy, has endeared you to every one. You will take with you the good wishes of all that, in your new sphere of labour, you may have God's fullest blessing resting upon you; and that He will grant success to your work will be the united prayer of everyone who has known you at Teddington."

Mr. Corbet commenced his ministry in Bournemouth on Sunday, March 6th, 1898. Mr. Kitteringham, the Church Secretary, writes:— "Since Mr. Corbet has presided over this Church, the work has grown steadily and firmly on all sides. The congregations have increased,—Sundays and week-days,—one marked feature being the influx of men, also the settlement of families with us. All the organizations of the Church are sharing in this growth and prosperity, and even the debt upon the premises is beginning to tremble and dwindle. About two years ago,—to show the estimation in which Mr. Corbet is held by friends outside,—a Mission Station was handed over to him in its entirety,—a Mission in one of the most populous and growing parts of the borough, with a commodious iron chapel upon it, nearly new. This Mission also has made excellent progress under Mr. Corbet's ministry, and has become an important centre of Christian work and usefulness. Mr. Corbet's teaching talent finds expression, not only in his sermons, but in Bible-classes, which are continually giving evidence of the good work done in their midst. He is District Secretary of the Southern Association of Baptist Churches."

Mr. Kitteringham's notes conclude:—"The foregoing brief notes will indicate, although feebly, the strong man the Pastor of Lansdowne is, and it will not be out of place to say that he is ably supported and encouraged by a devoted wife and help-meet,—a worthy lady. Mr. Corbet's preaching is comprehensive, strong, and sound, its value being attested by the increasing congregations. On Sunday evenings, at *ordinary seasons*, the chapel is full."

He is in the very prime of young manhood, and with God's gift of strength and grace, his powerful ministry will broaden and deepen like a river to the sea.

F. A. JACKSON.

The Hidden Life of a Faithful Minister.

BY THE LATE LEVI PALMER.

THE presence of the visible necessitates the existence of the invisible. We cannot have the building without its foundation; nor the branches of the tree without its roots. As a rule, the invisible is more powerful than the visible; the effects are seen whilst the cause is concealed. Every truly successful public ministry implies a forceful private life; and, however weighty a pastor's public utterances, and however far-reaching his influence, there is always behind these visible manifestations a reserve power that has not yet been called into exercise.

In nature, what has most astonished scientists is the vast stores of power that lie latent, and apparently useless. We are told that lightning sleeps in the air above, and fire lurks in the earth beneath. As God's ambassadors, we may be sure that He has not given us less power than we shall require; but, judging from the analogy of nature, He may have given us more. As no chain is stronger than its weakest link, our *weakness* must be strength, and our strength, omnipotence. In creation, there are myriads of forms of beauty which are seen only by the eye of God. Some of earth's finest flowers bloom on the slopes of lofty mountains where the feet of man seldom tread; and shells, rich in beauty, lie in ocean depths where his eye hardly ever penetrates. We require the microscope to see that the dust of God's earth is full of God's glory, and the telescope to see that His universe is full of His majesty.

As the world was created for other eyes than man's to look upon, so is it with the inner life of the saint. "The Lord hath set apart him that is godly for Himself." A redeemed soul is a reservoir of spiritual power, and a temple filled with Divine glory. Its beauty is created specially for God's eye, and its powers are adapted as much for eternity as for time. This is specially the case in the life of every consecrated minister. His public life is but the outer court, whilst his inner life is the holy of holies. Aspirations lie buried in his soul that would make the world wonder if it could only see them. If, at times, his pulpit is dry and barren like Gilboa, his study is often like Bochim, and his soul like Gideon's fleece when it was wet with dew. The weakness of his speech is heard by men, but the strong crying and tears of his soul are heard and seen only by God. The tabernacle in the wilderness, which was covered with badgers' skins without, had the ark of the covenant and the glory of the Shekinah within; so, the rough surface of many a holy life conceals the beauty, and glory, and power of the presence of the Lord.

It is concerning this hidden spiritual life that we desire to offer a few remarks. One of its most striking features is *its secret communion with God*. In the life of every spiritually-minded minister, there is a solemn "dwelling apart." At the base of Sinai, Moses could mingle with all the tribes of Israel; yet, on the slopes of that mount, there was a point to which only the seventy elders could

accompany him; beyond that again, there was a point to which only Joshua could accompany him; and yet again, beyond that there was a cleft in the rock where Moses must be alone whilst God's glory passed before him. Spiritually, the same thing is experienced by all of us. The sanctuary gives place to the family altar; the family altar gives place to such hallowed fellowship with kindred spirits as David had with Jonathan; but beyond this there is the *sanctum sanctorum* where God and the soul must be alone. Thus, Isaac seeks the field at eventide; Peter prays upon the house-top; and Jesus, "rising a great while before day," retires to the mountain solitude. Of all parts in a pastor's life, this is the most important. It is here that his inner eye is so cleared that he sees light in God's light. It is here that the deep sorrows and the ecstatic joys of his soul find vent. Here, those thoughts that burn like fire are forged. Here, he weeps over the sealed text till the Lion of the tribe of Judah breaks the seal. Here, the secret sins of his own soul are discovered, and slain in the light of God's throne. Here, he shakes himself from the dust, and clothes himself with strength Divine.

As a consequence of this secret communion, the next feature of a minister's inner life is *his alliance with God*. All the wonders that are accomplished in the realm of nature are done by man linking himself with God's laws. Man in himself is weak; his strength is not in himself, but in his ability to use other forces. He captures the lightning, and makes it his messenger. He harnesses the wind and fire, and makes them carry him along the highway of the ocean. He threads the mountain, and spans the cataract, and thus turns opposing forces into servants. But he only does this by allying himself with God, and becoming a worker together with Him.

If, in nature, God places such forces at the disposal of man, what may we not expect in grace? Christ commissions us to preach because all power is given unto Him in Heaven and in earth. Thus, both earthly and Heavenly power are linked to our commission; both the temporal and the spiritual are subservient to His cause.

But, more than that, God places Himself at our disposal. We have His love to inspire us, His wisdom to guide us, His power to uphold us, His gentleness to encourage us, and His eternity to immortalize us. If we will only ally ourselves with Him, He has promised to speak with our voice, to love with our heart, to think with our mind, to look out of our eyes, and to minister with our hands. Though Heaven is His throne, and the earth His footstool, He will deign to make our souls the chariots in which He will ride upon His missions of salvation. Man thus allied with God is powerful indeed. The apostles felt it to be so, and therefore went forth to win the world for Christ. Athanasius felt it to be so, and therefore he had the audacity to say, "It is I, Athanasius, against the world." Luther felt it to be so, therefore he laughed at the thunders of the Vatican, and burned the Pope's bull. Carey felt it to be so, and therefore the cobbler of Moulton attempted the conversion of the millions of India. We have felt it to be so, and therefore we have ventured to preach the Gospel. With the minimum of human talent, we know that God can accomplish the maximum of spiritual results. If we abide in Him, and His words

abide in us, we shall ask what we will, and it shall be done unto us. With a worm, He can thresh the mountains, and with the weak things of the world, He can confound the mighty.

As the result of this, there is in the pastor's heart *a calm confidence in God*. Carlyle has said that the man, who has looked the devil in the face every day for thirty years, is not likely to tremble at the frown of man. What, then, shall we say of that man who has looked into the face of God, and who has seen the devil fall as lightning from Heaven? He who abides under the shadow of the Almighty can be alarmed at nothing that is less than omnipotent. Though the earth be removed, and the mountains be cast into the midst of the sea, *he* shall not fear. He knows that God has declared the decree, and crowned His Son as King in Zion. From a human standpoint, the outlook may be dark; and to those who can put God into the rules of arithmetic, and reckon Him as a simple unit, the odds may appear to be against the Gospel. Heresy and schism, atheism and superstition, may make weak knees tremble; and those who see only with the eye of reason may, with Elisha's servant, cry, "Alas! my master, what shall we do?" But it is not so with God's true prophet; he sees the Invisible. He remembers that—

"Omnipotence has servants everywhere."

He knows that—

"Though in the conflict for right,
His enemies almost prevail,
God's armies, just hid from the sight,
Are more than the foes which assail."

Beneath the very shadow of the cross, Christ spoke of His universal conquest. In his exile, John saw the New Jerusalem coming down from God out of Heaven. It was when Judah's harp was hung upon the willows, and God's people wept in captivity, that Daniel saw the stone, cut out without hands, filling the whole earth. The soul that looks Heavenward can never be crushed by despair. Whilst other eyes are weeping over the drought, it sees the little cloud, even though it be no bigger than a man's hand. Whilst others are appalled by the great mountain, it looks beyond the mountain, and sees God behind it, and cries to it, "Who art thou, O great mountain? Before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain." He sees the storm, and feels the tempest, but he knows that the vessel carries Christ and all His fortunes, and therefore both winds and waves must be subject unto Him.

This calm confidence produces *a secret joy* in the pastor's heart. The angry wind may lash the surface of the ocean into fury; but down fathoms deep, the waters lie placid as an inland lake. The storm may darken the sky, and speak to us of thunder and gloom; but away above, on the everlasting hills, eternal calm and soft sunshine reign. Even so, a minister's soul has depths that storms cannot ruffle, and heights that they cannot reach. His joy does not *always* depend on large congregations, an increasing income, and constant additions to the church. It is more to him that his name should be written in Heaven than that the spirits should be subject

unto him. "In *that* hour,"—when Capernaum disowned Him, and Bethsaida rejected Him,—in that very hour, "Jesus rejoiced in spirit." God's servants, like their Master, have meat to eat that the world knows not of. If their hearts know the bitterness that is peculiar to their position, they also have a joy with which the stranger intermeddleth not. Though, within the church, stern winter may still refuse to yield its sceptre to spring; though, within the family, there may be sickness, and poverty, and death; and though, for the moment, all God's waves and billows may go over the pastor's own soul,—yet, who would *dare* to insult him with their *pity*? His very Gethsemane becomes a sanctuary, and the sweat of blood, by the touch of God's angel, is converted into strength of soul. Although the fig tree does not blossom, though the labour of the olive does fail, and the fields yield no meat,—yet his God is left, and He is better than figs, and oil, and flocks, and herds. The parched ground becomes a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water, and the silence of the desert gives place to the voice of God's servant as he cries, "Yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation."

Lastly, *in his conceptions of God's truth, there will be a richness in reserve which no language can translate.* There are two ways of receiving light;—it may be measured to us by the Gas Company at so much per thousand feet, or it may pour down freely upon us in the dazzling brightness of the noon-day sun. There are two methods of receiving truth;—we may spell it out in syllogism, or we may sit at God's feet, and absorb it by every faculty of our soul. If we receive it only in the former method, it will be easy for us to tell all that we know; but if in the latter, like Paul in the third Heavens, we shall hear words which it will be impossible for us to utter. Notwithstanding our reverence for the verbal utterances of Scripture, we perceive such untold glories stretching beyond the letter of the Bible that we are convinced of the weakness of human language as a vehicle of Divine thought; and as it is with God's inspired Book, so is it with God's inspired man. After the greatest flights of oratory, he feels that the half has not been told. Jesus is ten thousand times more lovely than his human lips can describe. He sees the Lord sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up, and His train filling the temple; and when he remembers his own poor feeble powers of utterance, he cries, "Woe is me, for I have seen the King, the Lord of hosts." He hears a voice which is as the sound of many waters, and though his heart is charmed, his tongue fails to set it forth.

With such conceptions of God's truth, and such visions of the Divine glory, is it possible for God's servant to lose faith in the regenerating power of Christ's Gospel? Making due allowance for his own weakness, and the fact that iniquity abounds, and the love of many grows cold, yet he says,—

"For right is right, since God is God;
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin."

Building a Christian.

BY THEODORE L. CUYLER, D.D.

"I NEVER let fools or bairns see my work until it is done," said a famous Scotch painter; he knew that no production of human art could be rightly judged until it was completed. I remember that, when I first saw Cologne Cathedral, nearly fifty years ago, it had a stumpy and unimpressive appearance, for it was towerless. The next time I saw the edifice, it was disfigured by scaffolding on which workmen were busy. But when, in the summer of 1894, I beheld the completed towers in their flashing splendour, I felt that it was a mighty and magnificent poem written in marble.

That illustrates the way in which the Master builds a true Christian. The Bible declares that the Christian is "Christ's workmanship, created anew unto good works." Anyone, who looked at a company of church-members in a prayer-meeting or at a communion table, might say that some of them were quite imperfect specimens of workmanship, as he could testify from intimate acquaintance. Very true; but if that same person wished to purchase a melodeon, he would not go into the manufactory where the different parts were being fashioned; he would go into the sale-room, and inspect the completed instrument. This world is the great workshop in which Jesus Christ, by His Spirit, constructs Christian character. "Ye are God's building," wrote the apostle Paul to his brethren at Corinth. Of himself he wrote, at another time, "Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect." He was still in the hands of his Divine and loving Architect. The scaffolding was not yet taken down, and the work of grace was not yet completed.

It is easy to discover some flaws in even the best men and women; but the critic must consider what materials our Master has to work with in frail and fallen human nature, so often disfigured and defaced by innate depravity. Napoleon used to say that "he had to make his marshals out of mud." Certainly, no power less than that of the Holy Spirit could have constructed such a conscientious and effective Christian as John Newton out of so hardened and desperate a sinner. A very eloquent and spiritually-minded minister once said to me, "I wonder how anyone could live in the house with me before I was converted." During my forty-four years of pastorates, when I received converts into the church, I often recognized the fact that one candidate for membership had been reared in a frivolous and worldly family, another had a naturally violent temper, another was constitutionally timid and irresolute, and still another had to contend with hereditary sensualities of temperament or practice. Some of the overhasty and headstrong had to be held back and tested, and some desponding ones had to be encouraged. A study of the experience of our blessed Lord in building twelve disciples out of the material that came to His hand is full of solemn suggestion, and one of those twelve tumbled into ruin under the very eyes of the Master-Builder.

Character-building is like cathedral-building,—a gradual process. No Christian is born full-grown, else there would be no sense in the

Divine injunctions to "grow in grace," and to "press toward the goal of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." The corner-stone of every truly regenerated character is the Lord Jesus; other foundation can no one build on without risking a wreck in this world, and eternal ruin in the next world. The first act of saving faith is the joining of the new convert to the atoning Saviour. Then upon that solid foundation must be added the courage, the meekness, the patience, the conscientiousness, the honesty, the lovingkindness, and the other graces that make for godliness. Let no young beginner be disheartened. Oaks do not grow like hollyhocks. A solid Christian character cannot be reared in a day; nor is it to be done simply by Sabbath services or by sacraments. Some poor pumice-stone has to be thrown out, and not a little bad timber rejected in spite of the varnish on it.

The Bible is the only plumb-line to build by; and it must be used constantly. All the showy ornamentation that a man can put on his edifice amounts to nothing, if his walls are not perpendicular. Sometimes, we see a flimsy structure, whose bulging walls are shored up by props and buttresses to keep them from tumbling into the street. I am afraid that there are thousands of reputations in trade, in politics, in social life, and even in church life, that are shored up by various devices. No Christian can defy God's inexorable law of gravitation. It is a mere question of time how soon every character will "fall in," if it is not based on the rock, and built according to Jesus Christ's plumb-line. It *may* go down in this world; it is sure to go down in the next. Let everyone, therefore, take heed how he or she buildeth, for the last great day will test the work, of what sort it is.

Finally, let us all bear in mind that, if we are Christ's workmanship, we must let our wise and loving Master take His own way with us. We must allow Him to use His own tools. Oh, how much cutting and chiselling we often need! How keen, too, and sharp is the chisel which He sometimes uses! The sound of His hammers is constantly heard; and with it are also heard the wondering cries of some sufferer who exclaims, "Why art Thou, O Lord, applying to me the file, the saw, and the hammer?" Be still, and know that whom He loveth He chasteneth. If we are Christ's building, then let Him fashion us according to His Divine ideal of beauty, at whatever cost to our selfishness, or pride, or indolence, or vain-glory. Christ working in us, and upon us,—and we working with Christ, and for Him,—that is the process that produces such structures as He will present before His Father and the holy angels.

Nothing is too small, and nothing is too great, that involves a Christian's influence before a sharp-eyed world. We are to be Jesus Christ's witnesses. He builds Christians to be looked at, and to be studied. He rears us to be spiritual lighthouses in a sin-darkened world. Michael Angelo said that he "carved for eternity." In an infinitely higher sense is every blood-redeemed Christian carved, and fashioned, and upbuilt, to be a habitation of God, through the Spirit, unto His praise and everlasting glory.

A Good Report.*

AS we were about to start on our customary tour in the South, we received, through Bro. Dubarry,—one of our former Paris converts, who, having received a good training at the Pastors' College, is now settled in Nimes, under the joint appointment of our own Mission and the Pioneer Mission,—an invitation from a number of pastors and godly men of Nimes, to hold two special meetings, one at the Y.M.C.A., for the young people connected with the Churches, and one in a hall belonging to the city, in which, a few days before, a celebrated Anarchist speaker had lectured against the existence of God, as he had done a few months before in Neuchâtel, where we had been called to hold a counter-meeting, as related in last year's Report.

We accepted the invitation. Arriving at Nimes on a Saturday afternoon, we had the pleasure to meet there our dear friends, Pastor E. A. Carter (President of the Pioneer Mission,) and Mrs. Carter, who, while having a much-needed change, had come to see the little Baptist cause at Nimes.

On Sunday morning, we attended for worship in our own unpretentious Mission Hall, where only the church-members and their families were present. It was a quiet time of waiting on God, and preparation. The afternoon service was attended by a large and sympathetic congregation, and the evening was spent in an Evangelical Alliance meeting at the Y.M.C.A.

On Monday morning, there was a small gathering of Christian workers for prayer. In the evening, the large hall of the Y.M.C.A. was crowded with about 400 young men and women, convened by special invitations, to whom it was a joy to present the claims of the Lord Jesus Christ upon them. Our text was, "Buy the truth, and sell it not;" and, at the close, a goodly number, bowing their heads in prayer, audibly professed to give themselves to Christ.

Tuesday night was the time fixed for the mass meeting in the hall lent by the municipal authorities. It had been well advertised by large bills posted all over the city, announcing that our subject would be "Je crois en Dieu" (*I believe in God*). Long before the appointed hour, the place was crowded to overflowing. It was a disused Catholic Church, built in the eighteenth century style, but without any sitting accommodation, except for a few invited friends. A crowd, which was estimated at 2,500 people, and which could certainly not have been much less, had soon filled every nook and corner of the building. The florid architecture afforded to some more enterprising young men, who did not mind a few bruises, seats on the cornices along the walls, and in the niches emptied of their former hallowed occupants. The galleries were crowded with women; the floor of the church was occupied by the men. We were told that a number of people, nearly as large, was pressing outside, vainly striving to come in. We had never before seen such a motley gathering of French people assembled for such a purpose as this. There was encouragement in the mere

* The British Auxiliary of Pasteur Sallens' work in France has just issued its third Annual Report. It is full of interest and hope. We give an extract from the Pasteur's story. The Report will be forwarded to any applicant on receipt of a penny stamp by the Secretary, Pastor E. H. Brown, Surbiton.

fact that such a theme could attract such a crowd; opposition is better than indifference, but by far the majority of the people were not opponents. They had to stand up all the time, packed and pressed in the most uncomfortable manner, and one could not expect from such a gathering the quiet behaviour of one of our ordinary services. There were, too, a number of Anarchists, who tried to interrupt, and the scarcity of well-trained stewards was felt. But, notwithstanding all these adverse circumstances, we succeeded in making ourselves heard, and spoke for over an hour. We were able to go through all the points of our argument, ending with a full presentation of the person of Jesus Christ as the Revealer of God in His attributes of Power, Wisdom, and Love, through His life, His death, His resurrection. We noticed that this—all that referred to Christ, and the love of God in Christ,—seemed to take hold of our hearers far more than any other part of the discourse. We were supported on the platform by several Evangelical pastors, foremost among whom was Pastor Babut, whose long and faithful ministry in Nîmes has won him the respect of all classes, as was very apparent as soon as he rose to speak a few words.

When we had done our part, the Anarchists hastened to climb on the platform, and endeavoured to contradict us. But they were very indifferently listened to. One of their leaders, in fact, had to sit down before having finished his speech, the people refusing to hear a man who they knew was living a scandalous life.

That meeting, and the one we had previously at Neuchâtel, were in some respects a revelation. They showed us that the time had come to go to the masses with the fundamental truths,—God, Eternity, Sin, Justice, Salvation by Christ,—and that such themes as these will draw the crowds. The religious question, in France at least, is growingly coming to the front. The nation has practically severed itself from Roman Catholicism; but though the present leaders of public opinion are trying to replace the former superstitions by the religion of science and reason, the people are not prepared to abandon all their aspirations to a future life. There are thousands of Frenchmen who are groping after God. Now is the time to come forward with the everlasting Gospel. Who knows what the result would be if French Christians would boldly come out of their churches and chapels, and proclaim that Truth which they alone possess, by which only the nation will live, and souls will be saved?

The Men we Need.

GOD give us men a time like this demands,—
 Great hearts, strong minds, true faith, and willing hands;
 Men whom the lust of office cannot buy,
 Men who have honour, men who will not lie,
 Men who for Christ will live, for Christ will dare to die!

Author unknown.

A Long-forgotten Hoard.

I WAS talking to-day with my friend Makepeace, who is missionary in our town of Bellpier. I must tell you some day about himself, for he is quite a character with us, and does about as much good as half a dozen ministers. But to-day I want to relate an experience of his in connection with one of his many good works.

Our town has grown sadly familiar with bad times. Closed mills, and empty houses, and men and women out of work, are the common events of everyday life. But, some years ago, when this state of things was newer, it bore even more hardly on the people than now, when the town has accommodated itself, glumly enough, to the situation.

I was speaking to Makepeace about the unenviable duty, that falls to him often, of being put in trust with money by others for their descendants and friends, who could not be trusted with it themselves. "Man," he said, "again and again I have said that I would never more have anything to do with money matters. But when the puir dying cratur asks ye to dae't, what can ye dae?"

Yes, there speaks the kind heart of my friend. His reward here is small, but he will get it by-and-by. It is one way in which he is making friends of "the mammon of unrighteousness."

Then he told me of a case, only one of several that he had in hand. Some years ago, when the town was experiencing a spell of bad times, there were a mother and two daughters in a sad way. The mother was ill, and the two daughters could scarcely get any work to do, and all were near to starvation point. In a short time, the mother died, and the missionary attended to give the family the benefit of his services in their affliction. Among other things, he helped the daughters to seek for anything that the mother might have had secreted away. The daughters—they were really adopted daughters,—did not know very much about the mother's ways, so they could not greatly aid the missionary in his search. But, apparently, nothing was discoverable. All that could be found in the mother's possession was one and eightpence. Every part of the living apartment was searched, although without much hope of any find. There seemed to be no old stocking-foot hidden away anywhere. The bed was felt all over, but yielded nothing; nor was there any appearance of it having been opened, and sewn up again, after the insertion of any money;—a bank in which many poor folk have more confidence than in any recognized system of banking. Every hole and corner, where even a mouse could have hidden itself, was turned out, for poverty will hope for succour to the very last; but all was in vain.

However, on going up into a lumber attic, an old chest was found. In the old chest there was a writing-case, and within the writing-case a silver watch and a pocket-book were discovered. Inside the outer case of the watch was an inscription, showing it to have been a birthday present, given by the children of the Earl of Northesk, to their nurse, who was sister to the widow who had just died, and who herself had died many years before. Then, inside the pocket-book, were £114

in single pound notes, all so old and moth-eaten that they could scarcely hang together. The bankers were greatly amused to be called upon to cash such fusty old notes; and, of course, a lawyer's advice was taken on the find. But it was clear enough that the money was the property of those who had it in possession, and thus the daughters came to own this long-forgotten hoard, which probably the mother had known nothing about; or, if she had known, had forgotten its existence.

The whole thing, said Makepeace, was so utterly unlike its surroundings that there seemed to be just an element of suspicion in the find. But the lawyer assured him it would be all right, "possession," as he said, "being nine points of law." The case, in which the notes were found, was not the kind of thing such poor folk would usually possess. "I can let you see the very case," he said; and, rising, he left the room, and brought it back with him. "There is the very case," he said, laying it on the table. It was of brown leather, substantial, but somewhat stained. Unlocking it, he turned down one side, which made a convenient slope for writing on. Above this was a narrow receptacle for holding pens, etc., and next to it was the space in which the watch and the pocket-book were found. "And there," he said, "is the very pocket-book." There were some memoranda in it, and some silver coins, for my friend is still disbursing to the surviving beneficiary the money obtained from those long-forgotten notes.

It is, perhaps, commoner than most of us think, for poor souls to have a box, enclosing greatly-needed and long-forgotten treasure, which has been relegated to some disused lumber attic. If you are in any need, reader, search and see; if not your house, ordinarily speaking, yet your house, speaking metaphorically; and you may light upon long-forgotten treasure of spiritual wealth, once known to you, which will be better than a mint of money.

GEORGE DIPPIC.

"Encourage Him."

PASTOR THOMAS DOUGLAS is one of the Pioneers in whom the Pastors' College and the Denomination may well rejoice. In 1894, he joined the little band of workers in connection with the Baptist Mission at Waltham Cross; and, a year later, formed them into a church. They were only thirteen, all told; but they were made of the right stuff. In 1896, they opened a chapel capable of accommodating 300 people, and they have more recently put a brick front to the iron building in which the work was commenced, and which now serves them as a schoolroom.

Just a year ago, the death of all debt was rejoiced over. But hardy children grow apace, and need re-fitting. Further improvements are essential. The roof requires attention, the doors need an addition, and there are other matters that press imperatively. The church has grown, but its resources are still small; and the members, with all their self-sacrifice, cannot compass this extra task.

Mr. Douglas is modestly asking for *pennies*,—but he wants 60,000 of them! This way of putting it has, perhaps, the advantage of novelty; but I fear it may, in some cases, tend to a cutting down of the gifts. Yet, since, to quote a proverb in the pastor's own tongue, "Mony a mickle maks a muckle," and some small gifts may by this means be induced which would not otherwise have been forthcoming, the "Scot" is doubtless "canny" after all. What I want to emphasize is the fact that sums, great or small, are urgently needed, and are well deserved. I know not of any undertaking for the Master which has more fully merited a helping hand. I hope shortly to present to the readers of "The Sword and the Trowel" a sketch of the life and work of my dauntless friend, Pastor Douglas, aptly drawn by one who knows him well. But his need is so urgent that I must not keep back the appeal for aid. It would greatly gladden me to know, in the meantime, that his brave heart had been cheered by the receipt of some New Year gifts. Who of our readers will "encourage him"? Address, Pastor T. Douglas, 8, Eleanor Road, Waltham Cross.

THOMAS SPURGEON.

A Song of Hope.

HOPE is the *Sun* of the lonely soul,
 Lighting his pilgrim way;
 Hope is the *Star* when the daylight fades,
 Turning his night to day!
 Hope is the *Strength* of the weary soul,
 Toiling with eager quest;
 Hope is the *Stay* of the stricken soul,
 Charming his griefs to rest!

Chorus :—

Thy path, though steep,
 Still faithful keep;
 Fear not the unknown morrow:
 Play well thy part,
 And ne'er lose heart,
 For hope will banish sorrow.

Hope is the *Staff* of the troubled soul,
 Guiding his steps aright;
 Hope is the *Song* of the faithful soul,
 Making each burden light!
 Sweet to our hope is the promised rest,
 After earth's toil and strife;
 Sure to our hope is the victor's crown,—
 Crown of Eternal Life!

V. J. CHARLESWORTH.

Facts and Figures for Temperance Workers.

SIR ANDREW CLARK said that "Alcohol is an enemy of the race." Sir William Gull called it "a deadly poison."

The declaration, signed by 2,000 medical men, said that 'the most perfect health is compatible with total abstinence from all intoxicating beverages.'

"I have now tramped more than 15,000 miles in tropical Africa, and it has all been done on total abstinence principles."—DR. TUCKER, of Uganda.

"The Lord spake unto Aaron, saying, Drink no wine nor strong drink, thou, nor thy sons with thee, when ye go into the tent of meeting, that ye die not."

"I feel a miserable misgiving of heart every time I administer the sacrament to one of those reformed drunkards in an intoxicating drink."—ARCHDEACON JEFFRIES.

Dr. Kelynack says that, "to the young, Alcohol is a virulent poison;" and Dr. Leonard says that "intoxicating drink is the greatest source of evil in the world."

Commander G. F. S. Knowling, of H.M. Ship *Icarus*, said that the Pitcairn Islanders neither smoke tobacco nor drink intoxicating liquor. The work they do in a day would astonish a British labourer, as it astonished him and his ship's company.

"Temperance was no use at all as a doctrine to be preached. There was no question, in his mind, but that, to save thousands of homes, wives, and families, the one doctrine to preach was total abstinence."—THE BISHOP OF BRISTOL, at Swindon.

"I could, at this moment, if it were right to do so, name at least ten persons who wish to accept the communion, and who do not go from the fear lest they should fall back into those ways from which they have been rescued."—DR. B. W. RICHARDSON, F.R.S.

Writing concerning the influence of Alcohol on childhood, Dr. Kelynack says:—"The curse often settles down with deadly effect, blasting body and darkening mind." He also says:—"All young people should be protected from the physically stunting and mentally degrading influence of Alcohol."

King Khama said:—"It were better for me that I should lose my country than that it should be flooded with drink. I fear Lobengula less than I fear brandy;" and Queen Victoria added:—"I feel strongly in this matter, and am glad to see that the chiefs have determined to keep so great a curse from their people."

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. XLIX. of the *Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit* has just been published by Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster, price seven shillings. The publishers are commemorating the commencement of the fiftieth year of publication by giving away a million copies of the sermons, and also by special offers concerning any of the forty-nine annual volumes, or the weekly issues for the present year. Full particulars are given in the announcements on the advertisement pages.

Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster have issued the Jubilee Number of the *Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit*, printed in gold, price 3d., "as a memento of this unique event in the history of homiletic literature." Of the sermon itself, we can only say, as we used to when we heard them, "better than ever."

Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster have also published new editions of two books, which were, practically, Mr. Spurgeon's first and last literary labours;—*Smooth Stones Taken from Ancient Brooks* (2s. 6d.), a great improvement upon the little volume which represented the joint compilation of C. H. Spurgeon and Miss Thompson before they were married;—and *Messages to the Multitude*, Twelve Sermons by C. H. SPURGEON (6d., 1s., and 1s. 6d.), the volume, illustrating the preacher's style during the whole period of his ministry, upon which he was at work within a few days of being "called home."

Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon. By CHARLES RAY. Passmore and Alabaster. (Paper boards, 1s. net. Cloth, gilt, 2s. net).

MR. RAY has skillfully strung together the deeply-interesting events in our dear mother's truly remarkable career. We confidently expect

a welcome wide and warm for this little volume.

More *Annuals* have come to hand since our last notice. *The Day of Days*, edited by CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., and *Hand and Heart*, edited by H. SOMERSET BULLOCK (2s. each, and both published at 11, Ludgate Square, E.C.); *Our Own Magazine*, edited by T. B. BISHOP (2s., Children's Special Service Mission, 13A, Warwick Lane); and *Christian Progress* (1s. 9d., Bemrose and Sons). The last-named is the organ of the Scripture Reading and Prayer Union, and is of a helpful character; the others, for children and Church folk, are as excellent as usual.

The Baptist Almanack for 1904 (Robert Banks and Son, 2d. and 4d.) contains portraits and biographical sketches of Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon and Pastor T. I. Stockley, with other illustrations and short illustrative articles, and the usual Denominational information, which has not been as carefully compiled as usual.

Notes on the Scripture Lessons for 1904. Sunday School Union. (2s. 6d. net.)

VERY helpful to teachers, especially if the introductory injunctions are heeded as they deserve to be.

International Lesson Pocket Notes. By FRANK SPOONER, B.A. (Price 1s. net.) Sunday School Union.

VERY handy and helpful.

The Sunday School Teacher's Pocket Book and Diary. Sunday School Union.

JUST the thing for the teacher who means business.

Messrs. Partridge and Co. have issued the following *New Year*

Booklets, 1d. each,—“To the Uttermost,” by Rev. E. W. Moore, M.A.; The Glorious Possibilities of Faith, by Rev. G. Martin Claris; and “Bring unto Me,” by Sophia M. Nugent;—and ½d. each, A Faithful Creator, by F. B. Meyer, B.A.; and “Dead while she liveth,” by an Ambassador of Peace. From Drummond’s Tract Depot, Stirling, have been issued two booklets at 1d. each,—“Many Shall Come,” by the late Bishop Ryle; and Man’s Heart, Christ’s Home, by the late Rev. P. B. Power, M.A.; and one at ½d., “Ich Dien,” I Serve; by Rev. W. H. Griffith Thomas, B.D. All are good, but none are specially striking.

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton have published *The Minister’s Pocket Diary and Clerical Vade Mecum*, 1904, price 2s. It appears to contain spaces for all the entries that a methodical minister may need, together with much information in which he may be supposed to be interested.

The Black Beauty Painting Book (Jarrold and Sons, 1s.) will not only give pleasant occupation to amateur artists, but will also enable them to compete for prizes from a guinea downwards.

Mr. A. H. Stockwell has published, at 6d. net, a second edition of the admirable booklet, *Family Worship in the Home, Church, and School*, by Pastor F. G. KEMP, of Aldershot, one of “our own men.” This second and improved issue deserves to be sold even more quickly and widely than the first was.

McCheyne’s Seven Gems. By the late Rev. R. M. MCCHEYNE. Geo. Montgomery, High Street, Dundee. (9d. net.)

OUR good brother, A. Piggot, of Dundee, has reset these jewels, and hopes to gain some help towards buying a chapel by the sale of the book. Of the “gems” themselves, nought needs to be said. Everybody knows they are of the first water.

Men of the Covenant. The Story of the Scottish Church in the years of Persecution. By ALEX. SMELLIE, M.A. Andrew Melrose. (7s. 6d.)

WE have not finished reading this remarkable book; and, truth to tell, we are not eager to finish it. Let us not be misunderstood. We like it so well that it will be a real grief to come to the end. Get it, dear reader. It is a book for the times. This is the sort of food to make brain and brawn for the fight with Episcopacy which is forced upon us. Oh, for the Covenanting spirit! What a suitable gift for a minister this volume would make!

Evolution of the Papacy. By A. H. FORBES, M.A. F. W. Flood, 3, Ramsden Road, Ballham. (3d.)

THIS is no ordinary pamphlet; but one of tremendous power, because crammed full of historic facts which show the extraordinary evolution of the deadly Papal system. We wish every Christian—especially young Christians—would carefully study it, as it is worth its weight in gold, though the smallest silver coin will purchase it. It ought to sell by the hundred thousand.

The Song of Songs. By J. MACKINTOSH. A. Holness. (2s.)

WHILST much of gracious thought is here, we are not at all sure that the main interpretations are not very fanciful. We do not think the Song of Solomon was meant to teach the rise of the spirit of Antichrist, including in that term both Roman Catholicism and Plymouth Brethrenism, as our author does. But “let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind.”

Miss ADA R. HABERSON has issued two more booklets, both of which can be obtained at the Y.W.C.A. bookstall, 26, George Street, Hanover Square, London, W.,—*The Anti-Electricians* (6d. per dozen), ridiculing, in parabolic form, the higher critics and their attitude to the Inspiration of the Scriptures;—and *Fulfilled in the Kingdom* (1d.), a plea for the mul-

tiple interpretation of Scripture, and a protest against the narrowing down of God's Word. Miss Habershon properly contends that different views may not be mutually exclusive.

Little Stories for Very Little Folk.
By Mrs. PERCY WALLIS. A. H. Stockwell. (1s. net.)

NOT much for the money; but what there is, interesting to the tiny tots.

100 Bible Stories for Children. By ROBERT BIRD. Nelson and Sons. (5s.)

OLD Testament narratives re-told in a style suited to the capacity of the young, but not wholly reliable either in the letterpress or the illustrations.

Tom Ford, a British Boy in South India. By R. A. HICKLING. London Missionary Society. (2s. 6d.)

ANY intelligent child, who has this copiously illustrated volume for a New Year's gift, will be able to form a good idea of what missionary life in India is, and also of the people whom the missionaries seek to heal and to teach.

Seven Heroic Children. A Great Sorrow and a Great Victory. By ADA LEE. Morgan and Scott. (2s. 6d.)

THE "great sorrow" was the disaster which took away the seven children of Mr. and Mrs. Lee, missionaries in India, and the "great victory" was the manner in which that terrible calamity has been made the means of spreading the Gospel. The profits on the sale of the volume are to be used for the same purpose.

Nature—Curious and Beautiful. By RICHARD KERR, F.G.S., F.R.A.S. *Popular Natural History of the Lower Animals (Invertebrates)*, by HENRY SCHERREN, F.Z.S. Religious Tract Society. (3s. 6d. each.)

SCIENCE and art have combined, in a very high degree, to produce these

two beautiful books, which reveal many of the wonders and beauties which can only be discovered by the diligent student of God's handiwork. Any young people, who will master the contents of these choice volumes, will be well rewarded for the effort.

City Temple Sermons. By the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, M.A. Hodder and Stoughton. (6s)

WE do not always see eye to eye with Mr. Campbell, but it is impossible to read these twenty sermons without acknowledging, with deep gratitude, his distinguished and consecrated powers. Spiritual insight, Christian courage, warm and kindling sympathies, direct and simple speech,—these are the qualities that abound in each discourse. His words on prayer, especially, are words of gold. His appeals to conscience and duty are searching, and even stern. Life's mystery and pain are touched with gentle and skilful hand.

He preaches Christ the Man with passionate iteration. "Behold the Man",—bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh, absolutely one with us;—this is the constant note, with almost a cry in it.

He will strike a deeper note, one day, we hope, or strike it oftener,— "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." Then his power will greatly increase.

The Gospel of Jesus Christ. By Rev. JOSEPH PARKER, D.D. A. H. Stockwell. (2s. 6d. net.)

IN these pages, there is almost the sound of a voice that is still, so characteristic are they.

Parkerisms are plentifully besprinkled throughout the volume, and Parkerisms were ever interesting reading. But the book shows the late preacher at his best, and at his best he was Christlike.

Blunt and brilliant as each sermon is, there is also, and chiefly, the love of Jesus, speaking often with the artlessness and enthusiasm of a true child. Herein lies the preacher's power.

On Service with the King. By G. T. CANDLIN. A. H. Stockwell. (3s. net.)

A DOZEN sermons, mainly on foreign missionary topics, and of fair ability. The preacher is very eager to be up-to-date, and so sprinkles his homilies with all manner of political and national allusions that, we think, very much weaken their appeal. When everything is dragged in, from Paris to Peru, the ordinary hearer or reader is apt to get somewhat bewildered. These sermons would have been more impressive had there been some reserve, self-restraint, and dignity about them. They remind one of a restless, alert,

commercial traveller rather than of an "ambassador for Christ."

The Divine Rule of Faith and Practice. By W. GOODE, D.D. Nisbet and Co. (4s. net.)

AN abridgment of a treatise familiar to a generation ago, and one that did much to put the Bible into its proper place in the esteem of God's people. Dean Goode was one of a band of scholarly Evangelicals in the Church of England, grown all too few now. We shall be glad if this cheap and popular re-issue leads to a revived interest in the true inspiration and Divine authority, of the Sacred Word.

Notes.

Personal Paragraph.

Our good friend, Mr. Ford, the Deacons' Secretary, tells, in "Tabernacle Tidings," the story of our dear wife's recovery, and records the gratitude of the people. Our own word about it is elsewhere; but we feel that "right here" we must repeat our praise to God, and our thanks to His people.

We look forward eagerly to a real rest, and shall be glad to feel that the financial matter Mr. Ford refers to is settled ere we leave. The thought of any liability would, we fear, mar our holiday. We are sorry to have to be away for several months, but we trust it will be for the Church's good, as well as for our own. We believe that many of our brethren will help us in our time of need, and we are sure that the officers and members will rise to the occasion. God bless them all!

* * * *

Tabernacle Tidings.

God has been gracious to us. He has turned our sorrow into joy; for MRS. THOMAS SPURGEON,—concerning whom the Church and many outside friends were for weeks in suspense and apprehension, and for whom thousands of prayers were offered,—is retracing the pathway to health; and though her progress is not rapid, it is on the upward track. We rejoice with her loved ones in the prospect of an early journey to a quiet resting-place,

where the recovery, so long delayed, will, we hope, be completed.

As the sorrow has been general, and the supplication universal, the thanksgiving must be equally public, and the praise should be with a loud voice.

Under medical orders, the Pastor will journey with his wife to a sunnier clime, about the third week in January, by which date it is confidently expected that the patient will be well enough to travel. Before leaving London, Mrs. Spurgeon will hold a Reception at the Tabernacle, on Monday, January 18th.

A brief THANKSGIVING SERVICE will take place at four o'clock in the afternoon, after which congratulations will be exchanged; and, as of old it was said, "they shall not appear before the Lord empty: every man shall give as he is able, according to the blessing of the Lord thy God which He hath given thee," (Deut. xvi. 16, 17,) so, upon this occasion, the gifts of God's people will be acceptable, and will be devoted to the completion of the fund for the purchase of the land in Temple Street, for which fully £400 is still needed.

Following this, there will be held the Annual Church-meeting. It is expected that the members will be present for tea in unusually large numbers, and it is hoped that the evening meeting will comprise the whole membership so far as that is possible. Thus, in the hearty fashion character-

istic of Tabernacle folk, the Pastor and his family will receive a grand "send off", and an enthusiastic "God speed."

The Tabernacle pulpit will be occupied on January 24th by Rev. Charles Brown, of Ferme Park; and, on the following Lord's-day, by Rev. J. W. Ewing, M.A., B.D.

We regret that our Brother Sawyer, well known as a Steward in the lower gallery, is seriously ill.

The Tabernacle was lent to the Salvation Army on Tuesday, November 17th, for a memorial service. MRS. BOOTH-TUCKER, whose valuable life was brought to a sudden termination by a railway accident, was greatly beloved in the Army on both sides of the Atlantic. Some pretty stories were told concerning her. Upon one occasion, when passing through an East London street, a group of girls jeered at her. "I throw you a mother's kiss," responded the S.A. officer, suiting the action to the word. That evening, one of the girls was at the penitent form in the meeting; the word "mother" had revived the memories of home and praying parents, and had broken the wayward heart.

We sympathize with the bereaved father and husband in this sad visitation.

A pathetic sight was witnessed, in the lecture-hall, on Wednesday, November 18th, when about four hundred blind persons, with their guides, gathered for tea, and a Gospel service, through the generosity of a lady whose kindness is proverbial, but whose name may not be mentioned.

The Mission is over! The large placards have disappeared from the front of the Tabernacle; the sweet singers have finished their songs, so full of Gospel melody; and Mr. Lane has departed to other spheres of labour. No human hand or earthly pen can tabulate the results of the nine days' effort. Such a task may be safely left to the recording angel, and to the Blessed Spirit.

Some two hundred friends passed through the enquiry-room, and the majority of these attended the converts' meeting convened by the Pastor at a later date.

In all the services conducted by Mr.

Lane, there was an absence of sensationalism, and every meeting was earnest and spiritual. There was much definite Bible teaching, followed by logical and heart-searching appeals. The uniform opinion of the most experienced workers was that the work was destined to last. Prior to the date of the Mission, which lasted from November 22nd to 30th, five special prayer-meetings were held, at which addresses were given by Revs. Geo. Turner, W. J. Dawson, J. Watkin, W. Williams, and D. H. Moore. Col. R. Parry Nisbet, C.I.E., who so often helps the good works at the Tabernacle, generously offered to bear the expense of four colporteurs for the visitation of the neighbourhood. These brethren, and a large band of voluntary workers, canvassed the houses covering a large area around the Tabernacle, and distributed thousands of printed invitations.

Perhaps the most remarkable meeting,—although not the largest,—was the one held on Lord's-day afternoon, November 29th, when the ground floor of the Tabernacle was filled with men, and some splendid cases of conversion were reported.

Mr. Lane's disappointment was keen when, upon the last evening of the Mission, the Tabernacle being filled almost from floor to ceiling to hear his life-story, his voice failed him through a chill contracted on the previous day, and he was compelled to postpone his lecture.

Our musical friends rendered excellent service, for which the Lord will reward them.

Baptisms at Haddon Hall:—November 29th, two,—Eliza Maryan, Eliza Russell.

Seven friends were received into Church-fellowship at the monthly communion service on Lord's-day evening, December 6th; and the following deaths were reported:—Wm. J. Buckle, Elizabeth Crumpton, Hannah Jeffers, Ann Davis, Chas. Henry Price, Eliza Faulkner, Mary Sherring.

The Rev. J. Gregory Mantle's cinematograph exhibition, held in the Tabernacle on Wednesday, December 2nd, was the most graphic and realistic description of Indian life and missionary work that we have ever seen. The Young Christians' Mission-

ary Union, under whose auspices the lecture was given, may rejoice in the great success attending their annual demonstration.

The work of the Union progresses rapidly, owing largely to the constant activity of the Secretary, Mr. E. J. Wigney.

Pastor Thomas Spurgeon will meet the young people of the Sunday-school on Wednesday, January 6th, and entertain them with a talk upon his trip to the Canary Islands, illustrated by lime-light views.

* * * *

Concerning the College.

The students departed for their Christmas vacation on Wednesday, December 16th. They re-assemble on Tuesday, January 19th.

Pastor B. J. Gibbon is removing from Bloomsbury Chapel, to Old King Street Chapel, Bristol; and we earnestly trust that his health may be better in the West of England than it has been for some time in London.

Pastor E. Morley, of Atch Lench, Evesham, asks us to announce that he has been obliged, through ill-health, to resign his pastorate, and that his future address will be "New Brighton Cottage," Halstead, Essex.

The meeting of London brethren, to arrange the programme for Conference, is fixed for Friday, January 22nd.

* * * *

Our Fatherless Family.

The Christmas number of "The Orphanage Quarterly" contains "In Memoriam" notices of Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon, and Ebenezer Gibson Tiddy, the first boy who entered the Institution; a charming Christmas legend, by Pastor F. A. Jackson; two "Stockwell Gems," by Mr. Charlesworth; and some quaint, cheery verses by Mark Guy Pearse, beginning—

"Do not trouble trouble
Till trouble troubles you."

There is also a portrait of the President, with his Christmas appeal, to which he hopes his readers will have responded before they read this "Note."

Mr. W. J. Evans, the Superintendent of the Orphanage Sunday-school, asks for additional teachers for both boys' and girls' classes.

Four or even six friends can find congenial work at three o'clock on Sunday afternoons.

* * * *

Colportage Chronicles.

In connection with the Mission conducted by Mr. W. R. Lane at the Tabernacle, the colporteurs took their part. A generous friend very kindly made it possible for four selected men to come up from their Districts; and, both before and during the Mission, they worked diligently and earnestly in spreading tidings concerning the meetings, and endeavouring to induce attendance at them. The men carried on their work in couples, visiting one on each side of the thoroughfare; and they not only invited the people to hear Mr. Lane, but lingered to talk about Jesus and the Gospel at the doors. Many folk were interested, and the bookmen from the country (though now without their books,) were cordially received.

Cases of sickness were visited, brief open-air services were held, workshops were not omitted, and all the intercourse with the people was cemented with hearty handshakes and kind greetings. At the evening and Sunday services, the colporteurs were outside the Tabernacle, trying to induce passers-by to come inside; and many were thus allured to hear the missionary; while, at the after-meetings or in the enquiry-room, the brethren were ready to converse with the interested or the anxious.



THE FOUR COLPORTEURS.

Our brethren found the whole experience a pleasant and refreshing one for themselves, and they made so many friends among the people, who repeatedly asked them to come again, that it cannot be doubted that their

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Collected by Mrs. E. FitzGerald ...	0 10 0	Mrs. and Miss Lowe	1 10 0
Collected by Mrs. Cander	0 9 0	Mrs. J. R. Hayward	1 0 0
Collected by Mrs. Jennings	0 6 0	Mr. Jas. Wilson	0 10 0
Collected by Mrs. Pankhurst	0 5 0	Collected by Mrs. Jephcoat	1 10 0
Collected by Mrs. C. Chubb	0 4 6	Mr. A. H. Sexton	1 0 0
Collected by Mrs. W. Coward	0 3 6	Mr. P. Lamont	0 10 0
Collected by Mr. E. Farr	0 2 0	Mr. Thomas Knight	5 0 0
Collected by Mr. T. M. Powell	0 1 6	Mrs. Best	1 0 0
Collected by Mr. A. Colley	0 10 0	Miss Reeves	1 0 0
Collected by Mrs. Montague	0 19 2	Mrs. R. Franklin	1 0 0
Miss D. Latchford and friends	0 9 0	Mrs. H. Clark, in loving memory of W. T. Clark	1 0 0
Mr. Geo. Laing	1 0 6	Mrs. Rennard	1 0 0
Mrs. Porter	1 10 0	Mr. John Barrie	1 0 0
Miss Fell	0 5 0	Mr. D. Julian	0 10 6
Mrs. E. L. Simpson	0 5 0	Miss H. McKelvie, per Mr. J. McKelvie	1 0 0
Miss H. E. Sampson	0 5 0	Mr. Adam Cook	0 5 0
Mr. W. Johnson	0 4 0	A. O. F.	5 0 0
Collected by Mrs. Wilkins	0 2 6	Mrs. G. Blott	5 0 0
Mr. Thomas Costigan	1 1 0	Mrs. G. W. Collen	2 0 0
Mr. W. Hayward	1 1 0	Mrs. Gardiner	1 0 0
Mrs. Frost	0 5 0	Mrs. M. Rainbow	1 0 0
Miss Parkinson	0 5 0	Mrs. G. Howes	0 10 0
Mrs. G. Cousens	0 5 0	Mr. H. R. Dalgleish	0 5 0
Collected by Miss G. Cooper	0 3 7	Mrs. N. Mizen	0 5 0
E. L., Stamps	0 5 0	Mr. J. T. Hart	1 1 0
Miss C. Martin	0 5 0	Mr. Chas. Waters	1 1 0
Mrs. E. Bourne	0 5 0	Mr. J. Leedham	0 10 0
Mr. J. W. Moore	0 3 0	Mr. W. J. Hieron	0 4 0
Collected by Mrs. Tullis	2 5 0	Miss E. Plowman	0 2 6
Mrs. M. L. Porter	0 10 0	Mr. S. R. White	0 2 6
North Tyne	0 2 6	Stamps, Aberdeen	0 1 0
Collected by Master E. S. Jones ...	0 10 0	Mrs. Elwood	3 0 0
Miss Watts	2 2 0	Sandwich, per Bankers	2 2 0
Mrs. Nagle	1 0 0	Mr. T. Smith	0 3 4
Mrs. F. W. Kay	0 15 0	Sixpence per week, Lewes	1 6 0
Mrs. A. F. Gregory	0 5 0	Per Miss A. Thatcher:—	
Miss Rogers	0 10 0	Miss M. Thatcher	0 2 6
Mr. L. Atkinson	1 1 0	Miss A. Thatcher	0 2 6
Mr. W. Hastie Kennedy	1 1 0		
Miss R. Edelman Taylor	1 0 0		
Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Eldridge	0 10 0		
Mrs. W. Hassell	1 1 0	Mrs. E. Hardy	2 2 0
Zeta	0 5 0	Mrs. Duckenfield	1 0 0
C. H., Iron Acton	0 5 0	Miss E. M. Hicks	1 0 0
Victoria Street Baptist Sunday- school, Galashiels, per Mr. W. Hislop, jun.	0 18 0	Miss A. Brien	0 10 0
Peckham Park Mission, per Mr. L. Wood	0 15 7	Mr. John Higgs	5 0 0
Readers of "The Christian Herald," per the Editor:—		Mr. C. Buchel	3 3 0
J. M. H. D.	0 2 6	Mr. W. Coles	2 0 0
E. Lee	1 0 0	Mr. W. T. Lewis	2 0 0
M. C. and K. C.	1 0 0	Mr. A. Hutton	1 0 0
Jas. Garvie	0 10 0	Mr. A. Hobson	1 1 0
K. A. D.	1 0 0	Mrs. Parsons	0 10 0
		Mr. J. Hardy	0 5 0
		Mr. J. Beesley	0 5 0
		Mrs. Williams	0 5 0
		Mrs. Hurst	0 2 0
		Paddock Wood	0 2 0
Mr. E. Avery	3 12 6	Mrs. Mumford	0 1 0
Mrs. Rolfe	0 2 6	The Misses A. J. and E. Gould	3 0 0
Mr. T. Wright	0 1 0	Mr. Wm. Dixon	2 2 0
Vernon Baptist Sunday-school, King's Cross, per Mr. E. T. Salmon	1 1 0	The Misses Cunningham	2 2 0
Mr. J. Riley	0 1 0	Mr. P. H. Davies	0 1 6
Mr. Jas. F. Pullar	25 0 0	Miss H. R. Lovell	2 2 0
Mr. J. W. Jackson	1 0 0	Mrs. C. Robertson	1 5 0
Mr. J. Gray	0 10 0	Mr. T. Stark	0 10 0
Mrs. S. L. Bayly	1 1 0	Mr. G. Wood	0 5 0
Mr. and Mrs. Langley	0 10 0	A country friend, Preston, Wey- mouth	0 5 0
Miss Lightbound	0 2 6	Mr. J. F. Woodhead	0 5 0
Rev. D. A. Herschell	1 0 0	Collected by Master R. F. Adgie ...	0 5 0
Miss J. Pearce	0 5 0	Collected by Miss Hunter	2 3 0
Lady Roe	5 0 0	Mrs. B. Jones	1 1 0
Collected by the Misses D. and O. Strickland	0 19 0	Mr. J. H. Jackson	1 1 0
Mr. H. Higbed	0 5 0	Battersea Chapel Sunday-school, per Mr. G. J. Rowley	1 1 0
A friend, per Mr. H. Higbed	0 10 0	Mr. Haseltine	0 5 0
The Misses Walters	5 0 0	Mr. James Clark	66 0 0
		Mr. W. Graham	1 0 0

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Mr. F. West	0 10 0	Mrs. Best	0 5 0
Mr. T. R. Thomas	0 10 0	Rev. J. Steele	0 10 0
Miss C. H. Martin	0 10 0	Mr. W. A. Nathan	0 5 0
Mrs. T. Barefoot	0 5 0	One drop in the ocean	0 10 0
Mr. J. Parton	0 2 6	Bessie	10 10 0
Miss Ferguson	0 2 6	S. B. S.	1 1 0
Rev. C. Pearce	0 1 0	Mrs. Schuyler, per Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster	0 2 8
Miss Irwin	0 1 0	Mr. W. J. Hieron	0 4 0
Mr. T. Clydesdale	1 0 0	Miss P. White	0 2 6
Miss J. Stewart	0 10 0	Master F. Needham	0 2 0
All for Jesus, Alva, N.B.	0 3 6	The Misses Crowe	0 2 6
Stamps, Camberwell	0 2 0	Mrs. C. Field, in loving memory of my dear sister	0 2 6
Miss Buckland	1 0 0	Per Miss A. Thatcher:—	
Miss I. E. Turpin	1 0 0	Mrs. Mannington, Brighton	0 5 0
Union Church, Stanwick, per Mr. S. Pettit	0 10 0	Mrs. Mannington, Lewes	0 5 0
Mrs. Laurie	0 10 0	Mr. and Mrs. C. Manning- ton	0 5 0
Mr. D. Binnie	0 5 0	Miss Caffyn	0 5 0
Miss M. Everest	0 5 0	The Misses Hamshar	0 3 0
Collected by Miss N. I. J. Logsdon	0 4 0	Miss Porter	0 2 6
Mr. J. Mee	0 3 0	Mrs. Guy	0 2 6
Mrs. L. P. Burgess	0 2 6	Mrs. Ledbrook	0 2 6
S. A.	0 10 0	Mrs. Faulconer	0 2 6
Mr. C. Larsen	0 5 0	Miss M. Thatcher	0 2 6
Mr. S. Witton	2 0 0	Miss A. Thatcher	0 2 6
Miss L. M. Pittman	1 1 0		
Mrs. E. Aston	1 1 0	H. E. S.	1 18 0
Mr. Wm. Woolidge	0 5 0	Mrs. Tice	1 1 0
Mrs. E. Lloyd	0 5 0	Mr. A. Hutton	0 5 0
Inasmuch, Newry	0 3 0	Mr. A. Pearce	0 10 0
Mrs. J. L. Pring	0 2 6	Miss Gregory	0 5 0
Mrs. J. Stiff	2 0 0	Mrs. Mumford	0 1 0
Per Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster:—		Mrs. M. Corbyn	0 10 0
A widow's mite, S.B.	0 2 6	Mr. G. Wood	0 2 6
Mr. W. Gilbert	0 2 6	Miss E. Jackson	0 10 0
	0 5 0	Postal order, Queen's Road, Peck- ham	1 0 0
Mr. G. G. Johnson	1 0 0	Miss G. Williams	0 4 0
Mr. J. Kearry	0 10 0	Mrs. E. Clover	0 5 0
Mrs. Chapman	10 0 0	Miss M. Horn	0 5 0
Mr. H. Donkin	1 1 0	Mr. J. C. Smith	1 10 0
Mr. H. R. Kelsey	5 5 0	Miss B. M. Swift	0 10 0
Per Miss Tarrant:—		Mrs. J. Stiff	1 0 0
Miss Seed	1 0 0	Miss Fort	0 10 0
Mr. W. J. Walker	0 5 0	Collected by Mrs. J. Cobb	0 10 0
	1 5 0	Mr. G. G. Johnson	0 1 3
M. H. B. S.	1 0 0	Mr. G. Sell	0 5 0
Mr. J. R. Bayley	1 0 0	SEASIDE HOME, MARGATE:—	
Collected at Townsend Street Sun- day-school, Walworth	3 10 0	Collected in box at Margate Home, per Mrs. Stark	2 14 1
Mrs. Welford, per Miss E. E. Jones	0 5 0	Collected by Miss Gutsell	0 19 4
Executor of the late Mr. James Raine Metcalfe	179 16 7	Mrs. F. W. Kay	0 5 0
Executors of the late Mr. C. W. Roberts	200 0 0	Per Mrs. Jas. Withers:—	
Executors of the late Miss Mary Smith, of Broadwas	819 10 5	Mr. P. Davies	1 0 0
Trustees of the late Mr. S. S. Eades	52 10 0	Mr. E. P. Collier	1 0 0
MEETINGS by MR. CHARLESWORTH AND THE ORPHANAGE CHOR:—		Mrs. S. J. Collier	1 0 0
Murphy Memorial Hall, New Kent Road	2 7 3	Mrs. Hampton	0 10 0
Kingsland Congregational Church (for expenses)	1 0 0	Mrs. Wells	0 5 0
Lake Road, Portsmouth, collected by Mrs. Dugan	8 0 0	Mrs. J. Davis	0 2 6
Gosport	12 0 0		3 17 6
Ventnor	3 14 5	Mrs. G. Howes	0 5 0
Major-General Stenhouse	1 1 0	Mr. A. Hutton	0 10 0
Lady Roe	1 0 0	Mrs. Hurst	0 2 0
	5 15 5	Mr. G. G. Johnson	0 1 3
CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES FUND:—		RECEIVED AT COLLECTORS' MEETING, NOVEMBER 17TH, 1903.	
Mr. H. H. Seaton	1 1 0	Boxes:—	£ s. d.
Mrs. A. Shearman	3 3 0	Andrews, Mrs.	0 11 3
Master F. R. Linsell	0 3 6	Angus, Mrs.	0 3 6
Mr. E. Avery	1 0 0	Albany, Mrs.	0 5 6
Miss J. A. Lord	0 2 6	Assiter, Miss E.	0 8 9
Mr. Jas. Wilson	0 5 0	Bolton, Mrs.	0 10 0
Mrs. E. Allmye	0 2 6	Boswell, Mrs.	0 17 0
		Barnden, Miss	0 17 0
		Butler, Mrs.	1 8 11

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Burton, Mrs.	1	17	4	Richardson, Miss	0	11	0			
Brooking, Mrs.	0	3	5	Russell, Mrs.	0	2	7			
Bellini, Miss C.	0	1	11	Rance, Miss	0	4	0			
Bellini, Miss F.	0	5	6	Rider, Miss	0	2	1			
Bingham, Mrs.	0	10	6	Roper, Mrs.	0	7	1			
Belben, Miss	0	2	5	Reynolds, Master S.	0	2	9			
Bishop, Master W.	0	2	8	Slade, Miss	0	11	9			
Beaven, Miss I.	0	5	0	Stainthorpe, Miss E.	0	2	7			
Biddle, Mrs.	0	2	0	Sargent, Mrs.	0	1	6			
Chapman, Miss H. E.	0	8	0	Sheard, Master F.	0	7	3			
Crowder, Mrs.	0	16	3	Standen, Miss	0	1	2			
Carter, Miss	0	15	2	Sedgebeer, Miss	0	1	8			
Cooper, Mrs.	0	2	11	Thompson, Miss	0	1	6			
Cochrane, Miss	0	4	2	Thomas, Miss W.	0	1	2			
Cobley, Miss E.	0	5	0	Townrow, Mrs.	0	5	7			
Carpenter, Miss	0	4	0	Thorne, Master R.	0	2	7			
Donald, Master	0	1	9	Trice, Master S.	0	8	4			
Dobson, Mr.	0	19	8	Thomas, Miss M.	0	1	2			
Dobson, Mrs.	0	3	6	Thorne, Miss	0	5	0			
Davies, Mrs.	0	2	4	Thompson, Miss C.	0	4	2			
Dykes, Mrs.	1	3	0	Upham, Miss	0	1	8			
English, Miss L.	0	3	1	Vincent, Mrs.	0	6	1			
Ellard, Miss	0	1	3	Years, Mrs.	0	11	7			
Fisher, Mr. H. F.	0	17	0	Vogt, Miss	0	1	0			
Finch, Master S.	0	2	2	Whiting, Mrs.	0	3	11			
French, Mrs.	0	4	6	Wehster, Mrs.	0	9	11			
Felton, Miss	0	3	7	Willmott, Mrs.	0	4	5			
Field, Mrs.	0	3	3	Wilkins, Miss E.	0	6	9			
Griffiths, Mrs.	0	2	1	Watling, Mrs.	1	10	6			
Gaskell, Master W.	0	1	7	Webb, Miss G.	0	1	10			
Green, Miss E.	0	2	6	Wilkin, Miss L.	0	4	10			
Gibbs, Miss	0	2	0	Watts, The Misses	0	2	10			
Gill, Miss	0	1	2	Weeks, Miss	0	2	6			
Gosling, Miss L.	0	1	11	Wren, Mrs.	0	5	1			
Haddock, Mrs.	0	11	7	Young, Miss	0	1	3			
Hollobone, Mrs.	0	2	5	Boxes under a shilling and odd farthings and half- pence	0	8	0			
Hames, Master	0	2	7					3	0	7
Howe, Mrs.	0	3	8	Books:—						
Harvey, Miss E.	0	1	4	Alderton, Miss	0	16	6			
Horton, Mrs.	0	5	4	Coleman, Mrs.	0	5	0			
Hanwell, Master A.	0	1	9	Howes, Mr. C.	0	15	6			
Heithcote, Miss N.	0	1	0	Tarrant, Miss	0	6	6			
Hirst, Mrs.	0	4	2	Per Mrs. Charlesworth:—						
Holloway, Miss J.	0	1	10	Messrs. Pocock Bros.	2	2	0			
Hanwell, Miss A.	0	1	4	Mr. W. W. Thompson	2	2	0			
Jenkins, Miss	1	0	0	Mr. J. L. Aukland	1	1	0			
Jewhurst, Miss	0	2	8	Mr. C. Deayton	1	1	0			
Jeal, Mr.	0	2	11	Mr. F. S. Tomlin	1	1	0			
Jeckell, Miss	0	1	9					9	10	6
Larkman, Miss B.	0	8	4	Donations:—						
Mallison, Mrs.	0	8	4	Bolton, Mrs.	0	2	6			
Mvland, Mr.	0	5	5	Cook, Miss F.	0	5	0			
Mackey, Mrs.	0	12	9	Everett, Mrs. and Son	0	5	0			
May, Miss	0	11	0	Sizmur, Miss	0	5	0			
Marsh, Mr.	0	5	9	Veitch, Mr. H. J. (chair- man)	10	10	0			
Mason, Mr. T.	0	1	10	Collection at meeting	2	1	5			
Orton, Miss	0	2	5					13	8	11
Owens, Miss M.	0	2	9							
Payne, Master	0	9	2							
Plummer, Miss N.	0	6	0							
Pitthouse, Master	0	2	0							
Pearson, Master A.	0	2	1							
Pearce, Miss	0	1	10							

LIST OF PRESENTS RECEIVED FROM NOVEMBER 10TH TO DECEMBER 14TH, 1903.

PROVISIONS:—1 New Zealand Sheep, Mr. J. Townsend. J.P.; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Sir A. Seale Haslam; a box of Christmas Fruit, Mr. A. Tilley; 24 Rabbits, Mr. C. Dewar; 224 lbs. Rice, Mr. J. L. Potier; 1 doz. boxes Fry's Chocolates, Mrs. S. Holder; 10 cwt. Jam, Mr. G. H. Dean; 1 bag Flour, Mr. C. P. Clover; Hamper of Oranges and Apples, Mrs. R. V. Barrow.

GIRLS' CLOTHING:—29 Articles, Mrs. Proctor; 50 Articles, Tonbridge Working Meeting, per Mrs. Stockbridge; 32 Articles, Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 40 Articles (girls' and boys'), Mrs. Watling; 30 Articles (No. 4 House), Mr. W. R. Rickett, per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon; 17 Articles (girls' and boys'), Mrs. Wilson; 20 Articles (girls' and boys'), The Niton Baptist Sewing Party, per Mrs. Attrill; 4 Articles, Mrs. Melhuish; 20 Articles, Miss Harris and friends; 17 Articles, Beulah Baptist Working Party, Bexhill, per Mrs. Greenhill; 30 Articles, Junior Working Party, South Street Baptist Church, Greenwich, per Miss E. Winters; 24 Articles, Miss Hunter; 3 Articles, Mrs. Hemming; 13 Articles, Mrs. Bartholomew.

Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon's Book Fund.

Statement of Receipts from November 9th to December 14th, 1903.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
"In fond memory of a dearly loved mistress," Westwood	1 17 0	Miss M. H. H., Redhill	0 5 0
Mrs. L., Streatham	1 0 0	Miss J. S.	0 2 6
Miss Susan B., Clifton	2 8 0	"N. B."	5 0 0
Mrs. B., Rustington	5 0 0	Mrs. K., Melksham	10 0 0
Miss S., West Croydon	0 10 0	Miss H., Ashley Down	0 5 0
Miss L. S., West Croydon	0 3 0	Miss C., Edinburgh	1 0 0
Mr. S. C., Kidderminster	0 10 0	Mrs. R., Clapham	2 0 0
Anonymous Edinburgh	5 0 0	Mrs. P., "Pelhurst"	0 10 0
Mrs. F., Moorlands	0 5 0	S. M. H.	0 6 6
Mrs. N., Beaumont	2 0 0	Mr. F. K., Tunbridge Wells	0 10 0
T. A., Esq., Muswell Hill	2 10 0	E. R., Esq., Wimbledon	5 0 0
Miss J., Pevensey	1 1 0	Mrs. B., Camberwell	1 0 0
Mrs. W., Liverpool	0 5 0	Mrs. C. R., Blair Athol	0 10 0
Mrs. E., Brighton	0 10 0	Mrs. S., Lordship Lane	3 0 0
S. J. H.	1 0 0	J. R. B., Esq., Ipswich	1 0 0
Miss McE., Stranraer	1 0 0	Mrs. P., Toronto	0 4 0
Mrs. C., Bristol	1 1 0		
"An old Independent"	1 1 0		
			<u>£57 14 0</u>

Gifts of Books:—Miss F. M. E., Maida Vale, 34 old; Mr. T. R. P., Lee, 9 old; Mr. J. H., Birmingham, 10 old; Religious Tract Society, 550 new; Mr. C., per Messrs. Nisbet and Co., 25 new; "Wellwisher," 8 "Sword and Trowels," and 1 Sermon Series.

Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon's Pastors' Aid Fund.

Statement of Receipts from November 9th to December 14th, 1903.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Mrs. E., Fair Oaks	3 0 0	"N. B."	5 0 0
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THE
Sword and the Trowel.

FEBRUARY, 1904.

Bells and Bell-ringing.

A LECTURE.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

CHAPTER II.

THE illustrations that might be drawn from bells and bell-ringing are almost numberless, and many of them are both interesting and impressive. The rope that I have here is attached to a bell that is out of sight. I pull the rope on the platform, and the bell rings in the roof. This is a very fit emblem of prayer. Prayer pulls the rope below, and the great bell rings above in the ears of God. When we pull it strongly, the ears of our faith can hear the ringing even here; but even when our faith is small, God hears every desire, and notes the faintest motion of the heart. A wordless prayer is not silent to God. There are two ways of ringing a bell. You may ring it, for instance, so that it can scarcely be heard. There are, alas! some who pray with such feeble faith, and so little fervency, that only the faintest sound is heard in Heaven. But some ring lustily and repeatedly. These are they who know how to wrestle with God in prayer, and how to prevail. Some scarcely stir the bell, for they pray so languidly: others give but an occasional pluck at the rope; but he who wins Heaven is the man who grasps the rope boldly, and pulls continuously with all his might. Such may we be!

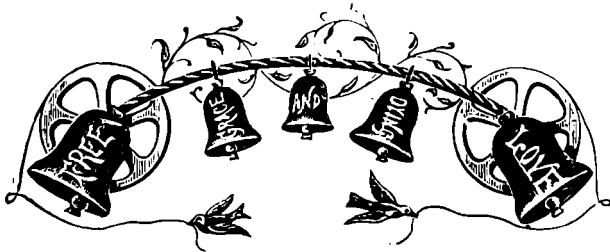
Bells have been used for warning. You remember the story of the Abbot of Aberbrothock, who floated a bell on the Inchcape Rock, that mariners might hear it above the uproar of the storm. As the billows rose and fell, the bell was swung by the hand of the tempest; yet it seemed to say, "Keep clear of the rock, mariner; keep clear of the rock." Such are the warnings God gives us, by the examples of others when they perish in their sins, and by those texts in which He bids

us not to harden our necks, lest we be suddenly destroyed, and that without remedy. You know how often that bell sounds in this place, and from many another Christian pulpit the warning is given, that men may love their own souls, and not for ever cast them away.

The precepts of Scripture are like the bell-buoys round our coast; they bid the wise helmsman steer his vessel another way. The whole coast of life is guarded by these warning tones, and he who will heed them may make safe navigation. But, remember, it is one thing for the Scripture to give warning, and another for us to take it. If we do not take warning, we cannot say, "By them is Thy servant warned."

Up on the great St. Bernard, and, indeed, on most of the passes of the Alps where there is danger to travellers, there is a great bell which is sounded when the storm is so terrible that the traveller cannot find his way;—when the snow is drifting in his face,—when all trace of road or track is covered up with the fallen masses of snow, or perhaps by an avalanche,—the poor traveller hears that bell ringing out, and it guides him to the place of refuge.

This great bell reminds us of some of those soul-saving texts in Scripture which have guided many a benighted soul to a place of peace and refuge. Listen to a few of them: "Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth." "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved!" "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me, and drink." Most of us can recollect some text that guided us to the Saviour; and if we have not yet met with such a message, may that bell yet ring out, and guide our doubting spirit to the place of rest! There are no bells so charming as those of "free grace and dying love."



There is a beautiful story, which I cannot tell as it should be told, concerning the bells of Limerick. An artist, in Italy, had made as the masterpiece of his life-work a set of bells, which were hung in the convent near where he dwelt. He was charmed, while residing in his little villa, to hear their melody. But the ravages of war swept over the country; he lost his property, his family also was destroyed by the bloodthirsty sword, the convent was sacked, and the bells were sent away. He resolved to travel until he heard them again. While sailing up the Shannon, he listened to the bells ringing out from the tower of Limerick, and knew them to be his own. Whereupon he fell back in the boat, and expired. Did you hear the sweet bell of

communion with Christ in the days of your espousals to Him; and have you, through your backsliding and sin, lost that joy? Oh, you might well be content to die if you could once again hear the music of your Saviour's voice! You might, with Simeon, say, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy Word: for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation." I saw, at Martigny, a nest built by birds in the wires of the hotel bell. It was often rung, yet



A CURIOUS NESTING-PLACE.

there the birds built their nests, and hatched and reared their young. We count it a curious nesting-place, but birds have been known to build right under the mouth of some huge bell, growing accustomed to its sound. Some there are, who have listened to the most earnest ministry for so long a time that it has no effect upon them,—they

can take their ease when the most alarming threatenings and the most terrible denunciations are ringing in the place.

When I was visiting Venice, I certainly had enough of bells. I went out, one day, to the island of Liddo; and, there, the bells of Venice from afar sounded most sweetly. Distance lent enchantment. But on coming back into Venice, and especially on Sunday, the din was something fearful. There were big bells that stunned you; there were little piercing bells that drove sharp knives into you. They seemed never to cease their ringing for a single minute. If, by any chance, there was a pause, it was of the briefest, for a shrill little fellow in yonder steeple soon began to hammer away, and the next pause would be interrupted by a great big demon of a bell which woke up the rest, and away they all went at it again. What a jangle it was! It reminded me of certain communities that are most appreciated at a distance. When you mingle with them, you discover many jars and discords of which you had no suspicion. It is best to be on an island, a good way out, in such a case.

The bell is a true type of the Christian minister. This lecture is connected with our College, so I trust we shall always have some good sound bells that have been cast, and tuned, and filed among us, to send forth to other belfries.

The bell has to be made in the furnace, and all true ministers must pass through many trials. Martin Luther used to say that affliction was the best book in his library, and there is no College in the world like that of trouble.

Ministers resemble bells in that they need ringing. There is music in them, but they cannot give it out till some hand, other than their own, sets them going. It needs the Master's power to start them sounding forth His praise.

Bells are not all of one tone, and we must not expect ministers to be exactly alike. We desire harmony and unity, without uniformity. The beauty of the Gospel would be sadly marred if every preacher saw exactly eye to eye with all his brethren, and all spoke after precisely the same style. No, let us have, by all means, Apollos with all the beauty and grace of his oratory, and Paul with the forcibleness of his arguments; let us have Cephas, too, rough, plain, and blunt; they will all do their Master's work, and each fill up a place that should not be left vacant.

But no minister should ever be like a muffled bell, for that is of very little use. Try as you may to ring it, you will produce very little sound. I have sometimes heard, in the country, of ministers being muffled by their deacons, or by some rich people who attend the place; but I know very well that no deacon ever muffled me, and I am quite sure none of my deacons would ever try to do so. You know, if a man is muffled, he is no better than if he had no tongue at all, like my bell here [illustrating], which might give out a good deal of sound, I daresay, but it has not any tongue. The minister should never be a cracked bell, like this [illustrating];—he should not have a cracked reputation, nor a doubtful character. When his life is inconsistent with his preaching, it is a terrible evil.

An interesting revival of a quaint old custom is chronicled by "The Country Gentleman," where one reads that the Vicar of Wooburn

lately wrote the following inscription for one of the bells of his church, which had been cracked, and had to be re-cast in consequence:—

“The King was ill,
And I was still
The day his crowning fell;
My wound was healed,
And I was pealed
To tell the King was well.”

So, even a cracked reputation may be renewed. When Peter is converted, he strengthens his brethren.

Nor should the preacher be like the great bell of Moscow, which



THE GREAT BELL OF MOSCOW.

is too large to be hung. Some preachers are so learned that they cannot make themselves understood, or else cannot bring their minds to preach plain Gospel sermons. What can be the use of bells that cannot be hung, I leave to Russians to say, and one cannot help asking, “What is the use of preachers who are too learned for real service?”

There must, however, be something more than sound, be it never so sweet. Everybody knows that large flocks of pigeons assemble, at the stroke of the great

clock, in the square of St. Mark, Venice. Believe me, it is not the music of the bell which attracts them. They can hear *that every hour*. They come for food, and no mere sound will long collect them. This is a hint, Mr. Preacher, for filling your meeting-house. It must be done, not merely by that fine bell-like voice of yours, but by all the neighbourhood's being assured that spiritual food is to be had. Barley for pigeons, good sir; and the Gospel for men and women. Try it in earnest, and you cannot fail. You will soon be saying, “Who are these that fly as a cloud, and as doves to their windows?”

The minister's use and purpose should be like that of the bell,—to

warn of peril. "Knowing the terror of the Lord, we persuade men." According to ancient superstition, bells averted storms; and the intercession of the pastor should avert many a storm from his people. Bells also invite to a feast, and the servant of the Lord invites to the Gospel feast. Bells proclaim a marriage. Oh, that many souls may be married to Christ, and the bells of this College proclaim the nuptials! Bells, besides arousing the sleepy, and guiding wanderers, become a standard of time, so that persons set their watches by them. Such should the Christian minister be. His doctrine and his life should become a standard to his people on which they can implicitly rely. As the bell is usually hung at a considerable altitude, so the true minister should live in a sublimer region than the most of men attain to. He should dwell near to God. Some bells wear out the steeples in which they are hung, and it is a sad thing, but not an evil thing, when the earnest worker wears out his physical frame,—when the bell rings out so vigorously that the body fails,—when, to use another metaphor, the sword is too sharp for the scabbard.

There are strange legends extant of churches which have been swallowed by earthquakes, or buried beneath fallen mountains. The rustics declare that they have heard the bells still ringing, far down in the bowels of the earth, just as they did when they hung aloft in the tower. Take the bells to be preachers, and the legend is true; for, being dead, they yet speak, and from their graves they sound forth lessons not less powerful than those with which they made their pulpits resound while they were yet with us.

There is the legend of a bell that was dumb. It was taken away from the place where it had been hung for years, and carried off somewhere else, and it refused to ring again till it was brought back to its own place. Surely, the preacher should be dumb if he cannot preach the Gospel, and proclaim Jesus Christ and Him crucified. A friend sends me, to-day, a story of the way in which a bell was treated, which had fallen down, and killed the ringer. The superstitious practice was to fill the bell with thorns and thistles for seven years, and it was not permitted to ring again till after that time. If ever our preaching could do mischief to any one soul, we might well stuff our pillow with thorns and thistles for the rest of our lives.

(To be concluded next month.)

Chats with the Children.

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

II.—ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

I CAN well remember when St. Valentine's Day was "kept" properly; but its glory has departed. No one need be sorry for this, unless it be the makers and sellers of valentines. The postmen may well rejoice, for their burdens were heavy, and their calls were many. I am afraid, however, that they have to do more at Christmas time, for Christmas cards are now as popular as valentines once were. I wonder if my young readers have ever seen a real old-fashioned

valentine, with its lace-like paper and its gauze and tinsel, and its chubby cupids, and its sentimental mottoes, and its hearts stuck through with arrows. Modern ideas of art would be horrified at the elaborate and gaudy things that pleased a former generation, and something more inspiring in the poetry line is looked for, nowadays, than—

“ My heart is thine,
Let thine be mine.”



“ AN OLD-FASHIONED VALENTINE.”

I have managed to secure a specimen from a friend, but it is not one of the gayest, and the photograph, of course, does not reproduce the colouring. Perhaps it is as well that the custom of sending valentines is dying out. I have no sort of desire to revive it; but I thought you would like to know how it all came about, and I fancy I can draw some lessons worth learning from the story.

The record, as I have found it, runs thus:—On the 14th of February, in the year 270, or thereabouts, a Romish priest was martyred, and the day was therefore marked in the calendar as the

feast of St. Valentine, for that was the worthy's name. But some of the ceremonies which attached to St. Valentine's Day, in the olden times, have a distinctly *pagan* origin. It was the custom, in ancient Rome, to celebrate feasts, during the month of February, in honour of Pan (the god of shepherds) and the goddess Juno. At these feasts, they used to put the names of the young women into a box, and the young men drew them. When the Christian Church began to influence the people, these heathen feasts and their customs, instead of being done away with altogether, which would certainly have been the better plan, were continued in milder and more Christian form. Instead of holding festivities throughout the greater part of the month, they chose to celebrate them on St. Valentine's Day, and they put the names of so-called "saints" into the boxes.

But it is never a wise thing to try to improve what is radically wrong. Oil and water will not mix, and light and darkness can never be friends. It would have been much wiser to have rooted up the old tree, than to try to graft something better on to it. Very soon, the names of the saints seem to have been dropped, (not that there was much sense, so far as I can see, in choosing *them*,) and the names of boys and girls, and men and women, were put into the lottery boxes, and all who were chosen, in this way, were called valentines, from the name of the day on which the event took place.

So, you see, long, long ago, *the people themselves*, rather than the gifts they gave and received, were called Valentines.

In the good old times, as some people call them, (though I think that the times were never better nor older than they are to-day,) our great, great, great, great, great grandfathers and grandmothers used to begin to keep Valentine's Day on the previous evening. The young people assembled together, and their names were written on little pieces of paper, and put into a box. If you, dear reader, and I had been alive then, we might have drawn each other's names. That would have meant that each would be the other's Valentine, and we would exchange presents. The grown-ups, as well as the children, played at Valentines, I find. Mr. Pepys, who wrote a wonderful diary, said, on one 14th of February, "I am my wife's Valentine, and it will cost me £5." That was something like a present, wasn't it? He had also to give a present to a little girl, who claimed him as her Valentine, for it appears that, just then, at all events, the ladies did not give but only received presents. Mr. Pepys goes on to say:—"Here I do first observe the fashion of drawing mottoes as well as names. What mine was, I forget; but my wife's was, 'Most courteous, and most fair.'"

So we have traced the history of the day and its customs until the reign of Charles II. It is like following a river from its source to the sea; only, in this case, the stream grows less and less, instead of more and more. Even the interest of, say a hundred years ago, when the gifts rather than the persons began to be called valentines, has dwindled away; so that, now, very few valentines are to be seen except those horrid comic things which disgrace some shop-windows.

But who knows? Perhaps, ere long, it will be "the thing" again to send valentines. Fashions change so, don't they? Some of you

girls and boys may live to see the old custom revived; unless, indeed, the world has grown wise enough to give up such frivolities altogether. It seems to me much more sensible for friends to greet each other at Christmas and the New Year.

I must confess that I rather like the old-time idea of calling our friends, rather than the articles we may give them, Valentines. Only I would not like to choose mine by drawing their names from a box or a hat. The choice of friends is too important a matter to be trifled with. Our own parents, if they are spared to us, are the best Valentines for girls and boys, and father and mother, I'm sure, would choose their own dear children to love and to cherish before any others.

See, here is a picture of the writer and his Valentines, and of my children and their Valentine.* I think I must have been giving one of my "Chats with the Children" when the photographer snap-shotted us. Harold, and Vera, and "Father" are three happy Valentines.



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"THREE HAPPY VALENTINES."

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But, after all, "the best Friend to have is Jesus," and true religion is, as one of my young friends well said, "to love Him best of all." And you may *choose* Him as your Friend, not by drawing lots, but by your own loving and intelligent choice. When you have chosen Him, you will discover that He has already chosen you. A verse of a hymn, which I learned as a child, (How glad I am, now, that I committed one hymn to memory every Sunday!) comes to my mind,—

"Loved of my God, for Him again,
With love intense I burn;
Chosen in Christ ere time began,
I chose Him in return."

When Pilate asked the Jews whether they would have Jesus or Barabbas released to them, they chose the robber and the murderer instead of their Healer and Saviour; and those who choose to do wrong, and to live in sin, are really doing just the same, for sin and Satan rob them of purity, and true joy, and peace of mind, and they slay them at the last. But Jesus loves, and helps, and forgives, and saves. Choose Him, dear children, choose Him. Make Him your sacred Valentine every day of the year. He longs for your love. You need not fear that He will spurn you. Ah! that other sweet verse leaps to my lips as I write,—

"And I may love Thee, too,
Almighty as Thou art;
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart."

After choosing comes giving. Love that is worth anything is practical; that is, it gives, and does, and shows itself. God's love is of this sort. It is like a great warm gulf-stream that laves the shore of every life. He is always giving, and what wonderful presents He makes! I once saw written up, over a shop door at Christmas-time, "The greatest gifts on earth." I could not help thinking that I knew some much greater gifts than money could buy. "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." "Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift." Then think of all else that God has given us,—His Holy Spirit, His inspired Word, the Sabbath-day, the Gospel of His grace, and ministers and teachers to help us to learn and to do His will. All our blessings come from Him,—our health, our food, our clothes, our friends. These good gifts are as His valentines to us.

And what can we offer in return? It must not be all take and no give. In this case, the girls and women will not dream of being let off. Indeed, I think they are among the first to love Christ, and to show that they do. They did so when He was here among men, did they not? Don't you remember the story of the alabaster box of ointment? What a valentine that was,—a love-token indeed! Well, your young lives can be given to Jesus, like fruit with the bloom on; like "morning roses newly tipped with dew." You can spare some of your pocket-money for the Lord's work, I'm sure. How pleased I was, the other day, when my two Valentines each brought me, of their

own free will, half-a-crown for the Pastors' College; and Jesus was pleased too, for it was given for His sake. Then, every loving act, every gracious smile, every kind word, every attempt to do right, every refusal to do wrong, is a gift that Jesus loves to receive.

"Truth in its beauty, and love in its tenderness
These are the offerings to lay on His shrine."

And what shall I say about Mottoes? Christ's to us are His promises, His invitations, His words of love. If you read your Bible, you can get a motto from Him every day. Here is one whose sweetness (so perfumed is it with love) will last through all the year: "I love them that love Me, and those that seek Me early shall find Me."

But, then, we must have a motto to give to Him. What shall it be? Well, I think I had better tell you the mottoes of some who are dead and gone, who loved the Lord, and you must think them over, and take one or more for yourselves, and use them by saying them over to Jesus:—

Joshua's motto: "As for me, I will serve the Lord."

Samuel's motto: "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth."

David's motto: "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want."

Isaiah's motto: "With His stripes we are healed."

John the Baptist's motto: "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."

Peter's motto: "Thou knowest that I love Thee."

John's motto: "God is love."

Thomas's motto: "My Lord, and my God."

Paul's motto: "Who loved me, and gave Himself for me."

If none of these quite fit in with your feelings, make Jesus some promise in your own language. Tell Him of your love in any simple words you like. He does not look so much at the words you use, as at the heart. If you really love Him, say so to Him; and then tell your dear parents, or your Sunday-school teacher, that you have decided, like the dear little lad who died in the Stockwell Orphanage, to "love Jesus, and live for Heaven."

Robert Louis Stevenson.

A LECTURE DELIVERED TO THE STUDENTS OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE,
BY PASTOR F. A. JACKSON.

I HAVE put together a few incidents and impressions—all too inadequate—concerning one whose work has held a charm for me for many years.

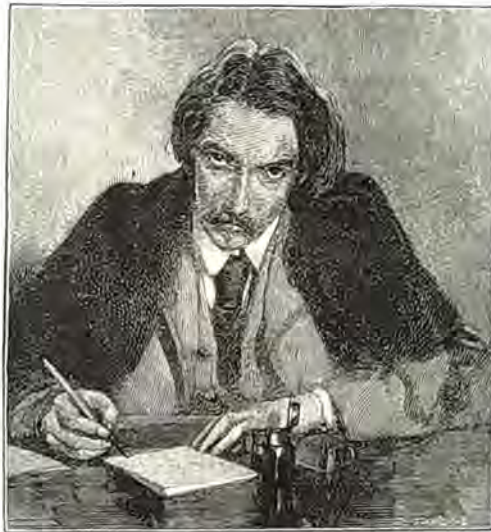
I was first drawn to him by his great love of the open air, the sea, and the wind-swept wilds of hill and moor. I found a man whose words could whip my heart with delight, like the winds and the rains of my own native moorland. I found a man who had been where I had been, or in some such spot; who had felt, as I had felt, the secret and spell of the big brown heath. I pictured this man,—the freshness of the wind and the sun on his face, the large, seeing look in his eyes, the joy-song in his heart, the ease and the swing of his walk, born of

long and lonely tramps across the heather hills. And all the words of this man came to be the words of a comrade.

Then I discovered deeper things,—secrets of a rich personal character, a commanding interest and a skill of writing which made profound appeals to me. I read everything of his that I could lay my hands upon. This began nearly twenty years ago, and I still read Stevenson. He is one of the few writers of whose work I like to read a little almost every day.

It will be my effort to trace a few of the qualities which made him one of the most gallant and lovable men of his day. Here is part of his portrait limned by W. E. Henley in eight lines:—

“Thin-legged, thin-chested, slight unspeakably,
Neat-footed and weak-fingered: in his face—
Lean, large-boned, curved of beak, and touched with race,
Bold-lipped, rich-tinted, mutable as the sea,
The brown eyes radiant with vivacity,
There shines a brilliant and romantic grace,
A spirit intense and rare, with trace, on trace
Of passion, and impudence, and energy.”



Robert Louis Stevenson was a Scotchman, but he was more than a Scotchman, he was a man of genius, and therefore belonged to the wide world. He was always, more or less, an invalid. He says of his father, who belonged to the family of engineers that built some of our great lighthouses:—"My father sought health, in his youth, in the Isle of Wight, and I have sought it in both hemispheres; but whereas he found it, and kept it, I am still on the quest."

That quest occupied his forty-three years. And, in considering his work, with its brilliancy and bountifulness, we bear in mind that it

is the work of a man with death always at his elbow, nudging him, reminding him that, in any case, it would not be long.

The doctor's instructions were that, until forty, he must live as though he were walking on eggs. He must be perfectly tranquil, trouble about nothing, have no shocks or surprises, not even pleasant ones; must not eat too much, drink too much, laugh too much; may write a little, but not too much; talk *very* little, and walk no more than can be helped.

That was what the doctor said; the records show that, as a matter of fact, Stevenson "toiled terribly."

Listen to a letter he wrote to George Meredith. Perhaps there is nothing more pathetic in literature than this letter to Meredith, wherein he says that, for fourteen years, he had not had a day's real health. "I have," he says, "wakened sick, and gone to bed weary; and I have done my work unflinchingly. I have written in bed, and written out of it, written in hæmorrhages, written in sickness, written torn by coughing, written when my head swam for weakness; and for so long, it seems to me I have won my wager, and recovered my glove. I am better now, have been, rightly speaking, since first I came to the Pacific; and still, few are the days when I am not in some physical distress. And the battle goes on,—ill or well, is a trifle; so it goes. I was made for a contest, and the powers have so willed that my battlefield should be this dingy, inglorious one of the bed and the physic bottle."

He "was made for a contest." That he was, and no shirker was he! For example, once, at Bournemouth, he was so heavily stricken with the danger of the lungs that he had to lie in bed day and night, and was permitted neither to move nor to speak. On the top of this, his left arm was put into a sling to prevent hæmorrhage. When the perils of this condition were half exhausted, it was discovered that his eyesight was endangered, and he was consequently condemned to lie in complete darkness. In this state of things, he composed the greater part of "The Child's Garden of Verses." And out of that silence, and darkness, and immobility, comes a voice singing,—

"The world is so full of a number of things,
I am sure we should all be as happy as kings."

One who knew him well has written:—"However ill he might be, or however anxious had been his vigils, he was always gay, eloquent, boyish, with the peculiar youthfulness of spirit that was destined to last him to the end."

Down under this inveterate buoyancy, what was there?

Temperament answers for much, but does it answer for all? There are black and stormy midnight hours of the soul when that plank does not hold. Let me quote from a letter to his mother:—"There are three possible attitudes,—Optimism, which has gone to smash; Pessimism, which is on the rising hand, and very popular with many clergymen who seem to think they are Christians. And this Faith, which is the Gospel. . . . The whole necessary morality is kindness; and it should spring, of itself, from the one fundamental doctrine, Faith. If you are sure that God, in the long run, means kindness by you, you should be happy; and if happy, surely you should be kind."

I shall have occasion, further on, to look a little deeper into the nature of Stevenson's faith. For the present, let it be said that this faith was sufficient, when his left arm was put in a sling to prevent hæmorrhage, and when, owing to endangered eyesight, he had to lie in complete darkness—this faith was sufficient to account for the song,—

"The world is so full of a number of things,
I am sure we should all be as happy as kings."

"If you are sure that God, in the long run, means kindness by you, you should be happy; and if happy, surely you should be kind."

Well, he *was* kind; he honoured his creed. Let me give you one or two instances. An Australian journalist wrote to *The Times*:—"Some years ago, I lay ill in San Francisco, an obscure journalist, quite friendless. Stevenson, who knew me slightly, came to my bedside, and said, 'I suppose you are like all of us, you don't keep your money. Now, if a little loan, as between one man of letters and another,—eh?' This to a lad writing rubbish for a vulgar sheet in California!"

It is told of him that, one day, when he saw a dog being ill-treated, he at once interposed; and when the owner resented his interference, and said, "It's not *your* dog," Stevenson cried out, "It's *God's* dog, and I'm here to protect it."

It would be easy to multiply instances of his great kindness, but these will suffice. Kindness was part of his creed, because he was sure that God, in the long run, meant kindness by him. Kindness;—then happiness. And here I touch upon a depth of pathos in Stevenson's life which is tremulous with tears.

Sick man as he was, exiled as he was, doomed as he was, he preached happiness in season and out of season. He insisted very much on happiness. I have more than a fear that he insisted too much. A healthy man does not need to insist that he is healthy, his health is self-evident. A happy man does not need to insist that he is happy. If he preaches it quite so much as Stevenson preached it, we begin to suspect that he may indeed believe in it, and be anxious for it;—but, then, a happy man is not an anxious man, and his happiness, like his health, is self-evident.

There was a phase in Goethe's life when, after failing to find rest in ambition, in pleasure, in wealth, he made a vast show of indifference, and wrote the song commencing—

"I've set my heart upon nothing, you see,—
Hurrah!
And so the whole world goes well with me,—
Hurrah!"

Of course, this bit of bravado deceives nobody, for a restless, happy heart is not defiant. The heart of the great German was still "as mutable as the sea," which moans round the world; and his heart was too big and too hungry to satisfy itself with the husks of self-disgust; and, one day, he wrote, in bitter satire, "*Having drunk the wine, let us eat the glass!*"

So with Stevenson; he was too defiant to be at rest. And this is

the poignant pathos of it all, this grim determination *not to give in*. He laughed death in the face. He protested that he *would* be happy; and when the laughter died, as it sometimes did, he still gave himself grimly to his task.

Listen to the following lines, remembering, while I repeat them, the sick and stricken singer:—

“If I have faltered more or less
In my great task of happiness,
If I have moved among my race,
And shown no glorious morning face,
If beams from happy human eyes
Have moved me not, if morning skies,
Books, and my food and summer rain
Knocked on my sullen heart in vain,—
Lord! Thy most pointed pleasure take,
And stab my spirit broad awake.”

I do not know where to look, in our English literature, for a song more gallant than this. It melts one's very heart, remembering the singer. But, then, you see, this is where it chokes in the throat,—it was a “*task of happiness*.” A brave task enough, verily, but still a task.

Now, happiness that is a task is a suspicious thing. It is plucky; oh, it is magnificent, remembering the man, but it suggests a limitation and a lack, so sad and pitiful; a lack of—what? A lack of confidence, of ease, of anchorage; a lack of that still, deep faith and love which has found *home*,—*God*,—God in Jesus Christ.

I cannot help thinking of the happiness that lived in an Eastern dungeon where singing was heard at midnight, the singing of Christian men who knew not whether they must die in the morning. And their joy was no task.

Stevenson was, indeed, like that other fascinating character in the Sacred Story who, when Jesus looked on him, He loved him. The Master loved Stevenson not less because his happiness—dear fellow,—was a “*task*.”

Please let this impression of the man stand before you, while I endeavour, briefly, to fill in the picture with certain events of his life, and a few of his utterances.

There he was, then, a man more or less ill, always on the wing in search of the health he was destined never to find in this world; yet always at work, always plucky, always endeavouring to be cheerful, almost always humorous and whimsical, “*bubbling over with quips and jests, often excessively and delightfully silly, silly with the silliness of an inspired schoolboy,*” always youthful at heart, always big-hearted, gentle-hearted, chivalrous,—a man to like and to love.

Now let it be understood that this man was always to be a writer. At home, they wanted him to be an engineer, but no; a clergyman, no; a lawyer, then, but no, *no*. His father was a good deal disgusted and annoyed. He considered the literary profession to be poverty-stricken, which is frequently the case; he considered it to be weak, as it is, in the hands of a weak man, like every other profession in the wide world.

But the man, whom Barrie named “*the dear king of us all*”, was

not a weak man. He was a stricken man, but he had the heart of a hero; and he was bent on writing, and write he did to wonderful purpose.

Coleridge once said to Charles Lamb, "Charles, did you ever hear me preach?" Lamb replied, "I n-n-never heard you d-d-do anything else!" So it was with Stevenson and his writing,—it was the one thing he did. Once he said:—"I sleep upon my art for a pillow. I waken in my art. I am unready for death because I hate to leave my art. . . . I refuse the offering of life without my art. I *am* not but in my art. It is *me*. I am the body of it merely."

Now, when a man gets a thing as "bad" as that, something happens, for good or ill. In Stevenson's case, that which came to pass was all to the good;—that is, of course, always with the pathetic limitation which I have named.

Well, Stevenson was a *clean* writer. This is not the least of his distinctions. When the fevers, bred of the miasma found in so much of our modern writing, have burned themselves out, Stevenson's books will be welcomed like sunshine on the hills, like a breeze from the billows.

We owe it to Stevenson that the turbid flood of so-called "realism" was stemmed and turned. He brought light, and honest laughter, and the sound of singing. He beckoned us into the open air, and to the hill slopes, and to the wide moor, and to the freshness of the sea. He sang of chivalry, and courage, and toil, and cheerfulness.

And this he did through long, slow years of sickness, obscurity, and comparative poverty. He wrote, and wrote, year in, year out; and, for many years, the grist was small that came to the mill.

In his 29th year, he went to California; and, *en route*, the book was born, entitled, "Amateur Emigrant." From San Francisco he wrote to Sidney Colvin, his friend and biographer:—"The second part of this work was written in a circle of hell unknown to Dante,—that of the penniless and dying author." Then he sums up his philosophy of life, declaring, "I believe, for myself at least, that what is, is best. I believed it through all my worst days, and I am not ashamed to confess it now."

Even more characteristic is the following passage:—"When it comes to my turn to lay my weapons down, I shall do so with thankfulness and fatigue. I have had hard times. I have been so long waiting for death, I have unwrapped my thoughts from about life so often and so long, that I have not a filament left to hold by. I have done my fiddling so long under Vesuvius that I have almost forgotten to play, and can only wait for the eruption, and think it long of coming. Literally, no man has more wholly outlived life than I. And, still,—it's good fun!"

How like the man it is to finish such a letter in such a way,—“And, still, it's good fun!”

One is reminded of the French nobleman who, as he made ready his neck for the guillotine, turned to the executioner with a courtly gesture of apology, and said, "I crave your pardon, sir, for one moment that I may refresh myself with a pinch of snuff." Then, as he replaced the box, and carefully brushed a speck of dust from his coat, he turned

again to his grim companion, and said, "Come, sir; I await your pleasure. Let us show the crowd how a soldier and a gentleman can die!" Then the knife fell.

"Literally," said Stevenson, "no man has more wholly outlived life than I; and, still, it's good fun!"

Here is the same intrepid spirit that sang in the lines written at Bournemouth when he seemed like to bleed to death,—

"The world is so full of a number of things,
I am sure we should all be as happy as kings."

Always it is this dogged endeavour, whatever the hour or the condition.

"I have written a letter to-day," he said once, "that it hurt me to write, and I fear it will hurt others to receive. I am lonely, and sick, and out of heart. Well, I still hope; I still believe; I still see the good in the inch, and cling to it. It is not much, perhaps, but it is always something."

"What a blessing work is!" he cries. "I don't think I could face life without it." It is to his credit that he went on working when his work was unremunerative and almost unrecognized. Some of the best work of all was done during those obscure and struggling years.

(To be concluded next month.)



II.—FERTILIZING AGENTS.

IN recent years, it has been possible to gather roses and the grey clematis at the end of November. But late roses are mostly rotten at the base, while the outside petals are mildewed and brown. Touch such roses, and they fall to pieces. The atmosphere is altogether against them. Though they have blossomed, there is no sympathy in their surroundings to keep them alive. Their appearance is deceptive, and you pity them that they should be enticed out by a seeming mildness, only to be wilted by cold nights and damp days.

More light and warmth are what they want,—an atmosphere suited to their development.

And there are likely persons, who are induced to join some churches, who find, when they have done so, that they are as much starved as

to light and warmth as roses in December. Given an environment more conducive to the unfolding of the spiritual nature, and what might not our young converts be? We pity children born to some homes, and we might equally pity children born to some churches. It is a sad revelation for a youth when he finds the church, which should nourish him, having neither light nor warmth wherewith to do it. It must be terribly depressing for one, who has been used to the fine weather of some gracious community, to find himself, by change of situation, among a people whose only indication that there ever was a better time, are a few sighing souls who look as disconsolate as the blackened bean-stalks in a November field.

There would be flowers in greater profusion if a congenial atmosphere could be maintained. This is proved by the display of buds in late autumn, and by the half-opened blossoms whose career is cut off by early frosts. Antirrhinums, valerians, pansies, hollyhocks, nasturtiums, oxeye daisies, all keep flowering till Winter, relentlessly, lays them low. It is not without a regret that one paces the garden ways, and sees the scores of blackened blossoms, victims of the white frosts. But given a sympathetic environment, and these wilted flowers would have gladdened the eye with colour, and have fulfilled the end of their being.

And may we not argue that, if some of God's sons, amid so many disadvantages, display such graces, of what will they be capable when transplanted to that clime where there is nothing to hurt nor destroy in all God's holy mountain? "It doth not yet appear what we shall be." The output of Christian service looks as if it were cut off by death, but it is said of that other life, where "they shall see His face," that "His servants shall serve Him."

* * * *

It used to be a mystery to me how very late flowers became fertilized. Take the yellow jasmine, which comes out in November, and lasts till past Christmas. To the casual eye, the insect life, which could perform the necessary act of fertilization, is either dead or asleep. It must be admitted that hundreds of flowers appear which fall off sterile, but some leave the fertilized ovary to produce seed. Last month, we drew attention to various flies upon the belated blossoms of the ivy;—December flies,—lazy, drowsy, short in flight, but there. So, too, on a frosty morning, do not the snares of the spider hang revealed? Would they be there if there was nothing to catch? As a matter of fact, there is not a sunny hour but coaxes forth the hidden life with which the very earth teems.

The agencies of the Almighty are not limited by human knowledge of them, nor by human imaginings as to their powers. The ever-repeated deduction from all my communings with Nature is that the Lord's arm is not shortened that it cannot save. He has His little-considered servants. "His servants shall serve Him," even the humblest of them. Though the earth be bound in frost that rings like iron, and all the trees be stark, let but the horizontal sunbeams shimmer through the purple haze, and something wakes, and goes forth to pay its homage. Then, "Why is it judged incredible with you, if God doth raise the dead?" Our Lord said that, from the very

stones of the city, God was able to raise up children unto Abraham. So, from the dust of the earth, He causeth to arise the greatest and the least. From the barren womb of Winter, and from the fecundities of Spring, His children issue forth. Learn then that, while there is anything to be fertilized, God has His agents,—winds for the tree blossoms of late February days, and little-seen insects for the few flowers which cheer our dark Decembers. The "secret service" of the Creator is a large one; and when there looks to be no watcher holding a brief for the Almighty, depend upon it there are many such, though few eyes detect them.

* * * *

When the million deep-dyed florets of the elm "swish" in the breezes of early spring, when the yew "smokes", and the red berries of the aucuba show in contrast to the yellow-spotted leaves, then there comes over me an ever-increasing wonder at the varied parts the wind plays in the economy of Nature. If many flowers owe their propagation to visits of insects, more, especially tree blossoms, depend for fertilization upon the action of the wind. There would be no samaras on the elm, nor waxen berries on the yew, nor coral-red sprays on the aucuba, but for the pollen-laden wind. The Greatest of all teachers has taught us to draw a comparison between the wind which "bloweth where it listeth," and the Spirit of God renewing the soul of man. If this be so, may we not watch the pollen-laden, honey-bearing bee, and use him as a figure of the preacher of the Word? He visits the Plant of Renown; and while he seeks for himself, he also carries away with him that fertilizing energy which causes the very earth to bring forth and bud in the blossom and fruit of consecrated lives. And, further, may not what we now know of the processes of Nature enhance to us the beauty and value of the teaching of the Lord, for the wind still bloweth through the moons of spring, wafting bladder-furnished pollen-grains to their prepared resting-places?

* * * *

The black edge of the rain-cloud hangs over the West. You can see, on the lighter sky underneath, the vertical streamers which tell of the coming deluge. The lime leaves rustle, the aspens chatter as a child with cold: there is a confused noise; all loose things shake. The storm bursts, and, with the sound as of a mighty host, goes by. Do many of us think with what force the slanting rain is driven into the earth by the wind? Do we realize the tremendous energy behind the downpour, as it penetrates to the boles of big trees, and, falling through the thickest screen of green, runs down bough and trunk till the hard earth around the nearer roots receives the welcome visitation?

So would we see the saturating blessing of converting and consecrating power come upon the churches.

* * * *

When the snow and sunshine alternate, when the hazel catkins lengthen, and the downy sallows blossom into gold, then the drying winds become swift hands to distribute the miracles of God. Think how the great clods become friable and workable under the operation of the dry East wind, rendering the soil porous to the spring sunshine.

Think of the sour clod becoming sweet under the influence of the wind; think of it as vivified, and ready to be life-giving. Think, further, that the humble earth-worm is constantly bringing fresh soil to the surface to be thus infused with new life. Then turn to the third chapter of John's Gospel, and, in the light of these facts, ponder again the marvellous teaching with its perfect comparison.



Fellowship.

*"Whom when Paul saw, he thanked God, and took courage."—
Acts xxviii. 15.*

WHAT is it, when some friend we meet,
That sets our hearts aglow,
That fills our minds with pleasant thoughts
Such as we seldom know?
What is it wakes the answering smile,
Or bids the tear-drop start?
'Tis that we've met a kindred soul,
And heart communed with heart.

What need for words when hearts commune?
A sweeter voice is heard.
We catch a whisper, soft and low,
Too deep, too pure, for word.
We mark the flashing of the eye,
The pressure of the hand;
There is a language that the heart
Alone can understand.

So, sometimes, 'midst life's fiercest storms,
When howls the midnight blast,
When hope ebbs out, and courage fails,
And love seems at her last;
A storm-tossed brother clasps our hand,—
One touch, and we can sing,—
And through the cloud-rift there appears
"The Palace of the King."

EDGAR A. TYLER.

“COME.”

(THE KEY-NOTE OF THE GOSPEL.)

“Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.”—Matt. xi. 28.

“Suffer the little children to come unto Me.”—Mark x. 14.

“If any man thirst, let him come unto Me, and drink.”—John vii. 37.

CONFESSING SIN.

“I acknowledge my transgressions: and my sin is ever before me.”—Ps. li. 3.

“Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in Thy sight.”—Luke xv. 21.

OBEYING THE GOSPEL.

“They have not all obeyed the Gospel.”—
Rom. x. 16.

“God commandeth all men to repent.”—
Acts xvii. 30.

“Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ.”—
Acts xvi. 31.

MENTIONING HIS RIGHTEOUSNESS.

“I will make mention of Thy righteousness, even of Thine only.”—Ps. lxxi. 16.

“All our righteousnesses are as filthy rags.”—
Isa. lxiv. 6.

“Not having mine own righteousness, . . . but the righteousness which is of God by faith.”—Phil. iii. 9.

ENTREATING MERCY.

“Have mercy upon me, O God, according to Thy lovingkindness.”—Ps. li. 1.

“God be merciful to me a sinner.”—
Luke xviii. 13.

“O, LAMB OF GOD, I COME.”

[The above Acrostic (with texts), printed in red and black, was distributed after the Watch-night service at the Metropolitan Tabernacle. It formed the basis of the Pastor's Address. Please pray that it may bear fruit.—T. S.]

THE
Metropolitan Tabernacle Motto
 FOR 1904.

"Be patient, therefore, brethren, unto the coming of the Lord."—JAMES V. 7.

(A paraphrase of James v. 6—11. Read both versions.)

THE righteous one doth not resist,
 Although condemned and slain.
 Be patient, therefore, brethren mine,
 Till Christ shall come again.

The husbandman for precious fruit
 Doth gladly watch and wait,
 Till earth receive its welcome rain—
 The early and the late.

Be ye, like him, long-suffering,
 Your faint hearts fortify,
 Let *this* establish them with **grace**,
His coming draweth nigh!

Nor murmur, brethren, 'gainst yourselves
 Lest ye have judgment sore;
 Behold, the Judge of all the earth
 Standeth before the door.

Take, brethren, as examples bright
 Of patient suffering,
 The prophets who in all the past
 Have spoken for their King.

Behold, we call them greatly blest
 Which patiently endured:
 Of Job's **great** patience ye have heard,
 And seen God's end secured.

The Lord is very pitiful,
 His mercy drops like rain;
 Be patient, therefore, brethren mine,
 Until He comes again.

THOMAS SPURGEON.

“Our Own Men” and their Work.

CXVIII.—PASTOR W. SLATER, BULWELL, NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.



BORN on the 16th of April, 1860, at Burton-on-Trent, Pastor William Slater, of Bulwell, is still in the place of the rising sun. He has not yet reached life's zenith, and has much work to do before the full and mellow tints of the setting are seen. Cradled in Christianity, he is largely a mother-made man. It is said that Parliament once laughed at a member who expressed his determination to vote for the Woman Suffrage Bill because his MOTHER wished him to do so, and Dr. Parker cried as only he could, "God's curse lies over any house of Parliament that would laugh at such a man." The determination of the man, and the outburst of the preacher, are things that Brother Slater easily understands and fully appreciates.

Next to the home influence came, as perhaps it ought to come, that of his minister. It was just at the most impressionable period of his life that he came under the genial influence of the Rev. John Askew, who has been in the Baptist ministry at Burton-on-Trent since 1874. Sickness had laid young Slater low. He was in the grasp of enteric fever; and, in the enforced quietness, his early religious impressions ripened till, yielding to the earnest pleadings and prayers of his pastor, he gave his heart to the Lord. Two other ministers have had much influence on his life, and with Mr. Askew they are still his intimate friends; they are the Rev. Solomon S. Allsop, and the Rev. J. T. Owers, now minister of Heanor, Derbyshire. "These three," our brother gratefully writes, "were my early helpers and inspirers."

Soon after his decision for Christ came his baptism, for it is a characteristic of this man that to see a duty is to do it. Then came the call to the ministry of the Word. "To preach," had been his dream as a boy, and it is true of his dream as it is true of all beautiful dreams, it began to come true as soon as he had met Jesus. Vague and indefinite before, it was not long after that meeting that he preached his first sermon. The history of a first sermon is always interesting. It came to pass in this way. A Methodist local preacher had asked him to come out to a little Derbyshire village called

Stretton, and, if possible, take some part in the afternoon service. This he readily consented to do, because of the love for Jesus which was welling up in his heart. On the morning of the day, as he came away from the service of his own church, the local preacher's son met him with the information that his father was ill, and could not go to Stretton, adding a request that he—Mr. Slater—should take the whole service, and announce the "local" for the evening. It was so that God disposed of the plans of these men, and after His own fashion thrust forth His own man. So that afternoon saw our friend's first sermon, which, to use an Irishism, wasn't a sermon at all, but a running comment on the 21st chapter of the Book of Revelation. Dr. Parker, if I may refer to him again, once said that his call to the ministry came from a few villagers who liked his effort so much that they asked him to come again; so, in the same sense, the subject of our sketch might say that his call to the ministry was first received from the necessities of a little church, which, on that particular Sunday, came very near to having to do without a preacher altogether.

Mr. Slater's earnest preaching soon brought him under the notice of two well-known Methodist ministers, the Revs. T. H. Richards and Tolefree Parr, the latter now one of the missionaries of the Evangelical Free Church Council. They placed the young aspirant on their preachers' plan, and God endorsed their encouragement; for, wherever he went, the people were blessed, and many were added to the Christian Church. By this time, the boyish aspiration to be a minister had grown into a conviction that the "call" had come from God. He received every encouragement from his friends, his church, and his minister. One Sunday, as the preacher—Mr. Slater,—preached, things were not quite what they seemed. There was a very much interested listener *behind the vestry door*. Unseen, yet seeing; unheard, yet hearing; the Rev. J. Wolfendale, a Congregational minister, and a close friend of Mr. Slater's father, was able to send up to the President of the Pastors' College a very hearty recommendation, with the result that, in the autumn of 1881, training was commenced. It is in College we come across the "sin" of our "saint"—to borrow an expression of "J.B.'s",—for, in that category must be placed one trait of our brother's character. His eagerness over-reaches itself. His self-abandonment amounts almost to culpable self-neglect. He is anything but a temperate man in the matter of work; and, looking at him as he works to-day, there are still to be found traces of that eagerness which led to a serious breakdown in health during his College days. For months he struggled on until, at last, he was obliged to give up all thought of further training, and, as may be imagined, it was with a sad heart he resumed his business life.

Yet, strange as it may seem, God was only leading him to his goal by a way he knew not. The Lord sometimes takes the line of *greatest* resistance for His saints. It was so in this case. The young man, who proved too weak for the training, God made strong enough for the work. The little church at Whitwick was—as so many are,—so much in need of a pastor that it was not strong enough to afford one. "Would Mr. Slater look after them?" His heart said, "Yes," and for

seven years he did,—very acceptably. Week by week, he laboured, thus proving that, as a man's task is, so is his strength.

In the year 1890, Mr. Slater went to Bulwell, to preach the Harvest Festival sermons. This led to a call to the pastorate. Again the "call" was along the lines of the greatest resistance. No man who shirked work would look twice at a church such as Bulwell then was. Here is a snap-shot of it. A very small number of people, agreeing to differ—very much; a debt of £600, with a total weekly income of £1 5s. But they wanted to do better. They were strong in resolutions, and he in faith, so, with—

"A daring heart, and a heart that fronts the sky,"—

he came, and he has laboured for over twelve years. Bulwell Baptist Church is placed right in the midst of a teeming working-class population. It was the writer's privilege to be present at the Pastor's twelfth anniversary. It so happened that the Church Secretary was in a reminiscent frame of mind. He was comparing the then state of the church with its state twelve years before. Here are a few of his sentences—"To-night we are celebrating the twelfth anniversary of our Pastor, and I believe I am right in saying that he is the senior minister of Nottingham." (As a matter of fact, Mr. Slater is second in order of seniority.) "Only those who knew the church twelve years ago, in its low condition, can appreciate the work that has been done. . . . Then, we had more seats empty than were occupied; now, it is difficult to get a seat downstairs on Sunday evening. . . . The debt of £600 has been cleared off; £250 have been spent in chapel improvements, the small house and land, near the school, have been bought for school enlargement, and, in addition, £320 have been raised towards the new (school) buildings." In addition to the ordinary activities of the church, there are several meetings specially convened with a view to interesting and retaining the young people. There is the usual Christian Endeavour meeting, also the Band of Hope, and a meeting called "The Scholars' Christian Band," in which the converts from the school are trained in Christian knowledge and nursed for the church. On Friday evenings, the Pastor is "at Home" to young men; while, on Saturday evenings, a determined effort is being made to fight the public-house influence by means of a Pleasant Saturday Evening, over which the indefatigable Pastor presides. The work among the young, in Bulwell Baptist Church, is sadly hindered by want of accommodation. Fancy a school of over 550 scholars, with school-accommodation for only 250; yet such is the case, and to provide additional accommodation at a cost of £1,200, with only about £300 in hand, is the problem now before the church. One can imagine with what joy, for the work's sake, even the smallest gift would be received by those in authority at Bulwell.

This mention of the Sunday-school in the Church Secretary's Report is as it should be. In Bulwell, these two are God-joined for no man to put asunder. Here, Mr. Slater is to be found, every Sunday, teaching one of the senior Bible-classes in this, the second largest school in the county of Nottingham; and by his side, assisting her husband in this as in all his work, is Mrs. Slater, an invaluable

helper, a quiet and unailing source of comfort and inspiration, one whose gentle influence has not only been to her husband a tower of strength, but with the boys in their "awkward and unruly" age, it has proved itself as oil poured upon the turbid waters.

Of course, this solid, quiet work—and it is as quiet as it is solid, for, while Mr. Slater appreciates the power of steam, he has no love for a loud whistle,—has been recognized outside the church as well as inside. Someone has said that the reward of work is more work. In this sense, Mr. Slater has been well rewarded. Being a firm believer in a robust Christianity, which captures everything, and by its power purifies it, rather than in a poor, weak, mawkish pietism which sounds a perpetual retreat, seeking to save itself by the wholesale abandonment of everything else, he has not been afraid to throw his influence into the life, organizations, and institutions around him. In 1893, he was elected a member of the Board of Guardians, and so strongly is he entrenched in the affections of the people that he has been returned unopposed ever since. In 1895, there was a School Board election for the city of Nottingham, in which there were 22 candidates for 15 seats. Mr. Slater came second on the polling list, with 28,000 votes. Since 1891, he has been a manager of the Bulwell group of schools, and is now Chairman and Treasurer. He has served admirably as the President of the local Free Church Council; while, two years ago, he was elected County Secretary for Nottingham in the East Midland Baptist Association.

Such is a sketch of the man and his work. Happily, he is still full of vigour,—too busy making history to trouble about the writing of it. May every blessing, from the God of his father, and his God, rest richly upon him and his!

"NIMMO."

Talks with our Young People on Free Church Principles.

BY PASTOR J. W. EWING, M.A., B.D.

VII.—AS TO THE CHRISTIAN PRIESTHOOD.

WHAT is a priest? In the Bible sense, he is a "mediator", one who stands between God and men, and through whom they can have fellowship. The need of a priest arises from the fact of sin. An innocent race requires no mediator. In Eden, our first parents enjoyed free intercourse with God, until sin raised an impassable barrier. So must it ever be. God is a consuming fire; evil cannot live in His presence. Yet He is also gracious, and in pity for our erring race has devised a way of showing mercy, through priestly mediation.

In Old Testament times, the priesthood was vested in Aaron and his descendants, men chosen and consecrated by God. Their chief duty was the offering of sacrifice,—an act by which they said, in the people's name, "O God, we have sinned. We deserve to die. Be pleased to accept this victim in our place, and blot out our transgressions." The

sacrifices of the year culminated on the Day of Atonement, when the High Priest, alone, and clad in a white robe, went into the Holy of Holies, to sprinkle sacrificial blood before the ark. Outside, the people prayed: within, the mediator knelt in darkness, until the sacred light, glowing upon the mercy-seat, betokened the favour of God.

Thus the Jews were made familiar with the priestly idea. Realizing their own unworthiness, they looked for acceptance through the mediation of others. But the Jewish priesthood was always imperfect. The priests were but men, faulty like their brothers; the blood of bulls and goats could not really put away sin; and the very repetition of the sacrifices, day by day, and year by year, showed how transient was their value. And, gradually, the imperfect became the corrupt. The priesthood sank into a mere profession. Religion became, as the prophets declared, formal and lifeless. By our Lord's day, the priests had become the enemies of true religion, and it was their malice which crucified the Son of God. The human priesthood had done its work, had shown its strength and its weakness. It was now to be replaced by the Divine Priesthood, of which it had been only the type.

And so we are led up to Christ, the one perfect Priest, perfect in Himself, and perfect in the sacrifice He offers. "For such an high priest became us, who is holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners, and made higher than the heavens: who needeth not daily, as those high priests, to offer up sacrifice, first for his own sins, and then for the people's; for this He did once, when He offered up Himself. For the law maketh men high priests which have infirmity; but the word of the oath, which was since the law, maketh the Son, who is consecrated for evermore" (Heb. vii. 26—28).

Thus Christ has realized the ideal of Priesthood, presenting a sacrifice of abiding value, and opening up the way to God to all believers in Himself.

What, then, is the sequel in the Christian era? Do we find the institution of a new human priesthood? There is nothing left for such a priesthood to do. Can it again "foreshadow" the Divine Priest? He has already come. Can it mediate between God and man? Christ is the sufficient Mediator. Can it offer fresh sacrifices? Christ has offered Himself, a sacrifice of eternal and infinite value. In fact, Christ has left no room in His Church for any other priest than Himself, except in the modified sense in which all believers are "priests unto God." Are you and I trusting in Jesus? Then we may "go into the Holiest by the blood of Jesus." We need wait for no human mediator. The way is open. We may go reverently in, and kneel in the Sacred Presence. This is the privilege, not of an order, but of the whole body of Christian believers (Rev. i. 6).

And yet, to-day, it is being taught, not only in the churches, but even in the schools of our land, that the clergy are the Christian Priesthood. A Baptist minister, in a Hertfordshire village, who is the sole Nonconformist manager of the only school in his parish, writes:—"I visited the school on November 2nd, and heard the curate giving the religious instruction. Sixty per cent., at least, in the school, are Nonconformists. The passage explained was Exodus

xix. 6: 'And ye shall be unto Me a kingdom of priests.' The curate said the priests represented the people, and went to God on their behalf. 'The priesthood has been represented in every age, from one generation to another.' He asked the children, 'Who represent the priesthood to-day?' The children could not answer. He said they were represented by the clergy."

And that is the view of the Roman Catholic, the Greek, and the Anglican Churches: that the clergy are priests, by whom the people must come to God, and whose duty it is to perpetuate "the Christian sacrifice."

Now you may search the New Testament through, and you will find no hint that the ministers of Christ are to be regarded as "priests." In the words of Bishop Lightfoot, "For communicating instruction, and for preserving public order, for conducting religious worship and for dispensing social charities, it became necessary to appoint special officers. But the priestly functions and privileges of the Christian people were never regarded as transferred or even delegated to these officers. They are called stewards or messengers of God, servants or ministers of the Church, and the like: but the sacerdotal title is never once conferred upon them. The only priests under the Gospel, designated as such in the New Testament, are the saints, the members of the Christian brotherhood."

"Then how," you will ask, "did the idea of the clergy as a 'priesthood' arise?" It arose in that age of corruption when faith shrivelled into dogma, and worship into ritual, when the power of religion was all but lost, and the Pagan spirit captured the Christian organization. In that hour, priesthood rose from its grave, and drew men back into the bondage from which Christ had set them free. As Harnack points out, it was not till the third century after Christ, when the "Old Catholic" conception of the Church was taking final shape, that the "quality of priesthood" was ascribed to the clergy.

What was the result of this great change by which the "priesthood" of all believers was restricted to a single order? I can tell you in three words, *the Dark Ages!* When the people gave over their consciences to the priests, their spiritual nature atrophied. Over European society gathered the shades of superstition, cruelty, immorality, the very darkness of death. The priest had come between the nations and God, and religion was exploited by its professional exponents.

At length, the scandal came to a head. The priests said, "We are the channel of grace. Through us only can your sins be forgiven. Pay us money, and pardon shall be yours." So arose the sale of indulgences. Tetzl toured Germany selling pardons. He had a regular tariff. Perjury would be forgiven for nine ducats, polygamy for six, murder for eight. There were pardons for the dead as well as for the living. If your own sins were settled for, you must think of your friend in purgatory. "At the very instant," cried Tetzl, "that your money rattles at the bottom of the chest, the soul of your friend escapes from purgatory, and flies liberated to Heaven."

Then came the moment of enlightenment. The unchecked reign of priestism was over. Conscience was to find a voice. On

October 31, 1517, the German town of Wittenberg was full of pilgrims who had come for the festival of all saints. Relics were to be shown, confessions heard, pardons granted. A few miles away, Tetzel was selling indulgences. Through the pilgrim groups, a young monk



made his way to the church door, and next minute Martin Luther was nailing there some papers on which he had written ninety-five "theses", or sentences.

"The indulgence of the Pope cannot take away the smallest sin."

"Every Christian, who truly repents of his sins, enjoys an entire remission both of the penalty and of the guilt, without any need of indulgences."

In these words, Luther raised the standard of the Reformation, boldly sweeping away the claims of the Roman priesthood. The cardinal doctrine of the new movement was, "the universal priesthood of believers."

What was the result? The birth of a new era, of life, liberty, and progress. It was as though the upas-tree had been felled, and

God's light could stream into the people's lives. Character, manhood, intelligence took on a new strength, and put forth a new activity.

Yet it must not be supposed that the truth was now received without further resistance. Many a land had its minor Reformation. In England, the Puritans stood forth as champions of our doctrine. As Professor Lindsay writes:—"Their protest was against everything in creed or worship which would detract from the doctrine of the universal priesthood of believers." In this protest they were joined by the Nonconformists who, for their testimony, suffered loss of liberty, goods, and even life. And after three hundred years of unbroken witness, this doctrine remains the distinctive tenet of the Evangelicals of the world. We are here at the parting of the ways. To the question, "Who constitute the Christian priesthood?" the High Churchman replies, "The clergy"; and the Evangelical responds, "All believers in Christ." Between these two positions a gulf yawns.

"Now does it matter?" you will perhaps ask. "Does it really make any difference whether we restrict the 'Christian priesthood' or not?" I answer, it makes a difference in three ways:—

(1) *It makes a difference to the Truth.* The first interest of every man, and of every church, is truth.

(2) *It makes a difference to Christ.* Is not our Lord grieved when any man, or body of men, presumes to come between Himself and those for whom He died? And is He not dishonoured when His prerogative as the one sacrificing Priest of the new dispensation is usurped by human officials?

(3) *It makes a difference to the People.* A clerical priesthood means social demoralization. We have already seen the fruits of the priestly system in the Middle Ages. Let us now enquire how it works in modern Europe. England is not the best field for such an investigation; because, here, the operation of priestcraft is checked by other and freer influences. Let us glance at Italy, the headquarters of priestism, and the seat of the Papacy. Here we have the aid of a remarkable work, lately published by Dr. Robertson, of Venice, entitled "The Roman Catholic Church in Italy." After sketching the dire influence of the priest in the past history of the land, Dr. Robertson shows how, in the awakening Italy of to-day, the priest is despised and hated. "Nothing offends a boy more than to ask him if he is going to be a priest. No father, who respects himself, will give his son to the priesthood. A widower, with a large number of children, once asked me to put one of his boys into a Protestant institution. I said, 'Why, there is the Papal seminary; put him there, and make a priest of him. The Church will be glad enough to get him.' Hanging his head a little, he said, 'Yes, I know that, but I want my boy to follow a respectable calling.'" (p. 68.)

Dr. Robertson makes us realize the shame of the better priests at their position. "As one of them said to me, 'We young priests all come, sooner or later, to a fork in the road, when we find we are occupying an utterly false position, and then we must either break with the Church, or, smothering our consciences, go on mechanically performing our offices, too often to become simply infidels or atheists.'

He then added, 'Ninety per cent. of the priests whom I know, have smothered their consciences, and are unbelievers.' (p. 74.)

And he mirrors the despair with which Italians of culture and character regard the Church of their land, quoting such words as those of Professor Mariano, of the University of Naples:—"The despotic power of the hierarchy, centred in the Pope, has caused the priesthood to become morally apathetic, and to turn their eyes from heavenly to earthly things. Enforced celibacy is the reason why immorality and hypocrisy have become the dominant traits of their lives." (p. 76.)

These are the evils which come to religion, and to nations, from the restriction to a single order of the privileges which belong to all Christians. God forbid that they should ever come to England! Yet there is danger. The priest is in our midst, and is seeking to strengthen his hold upon our schools. If he succeeds, if our children are brought beneath the yoke of priestly authority, England will go down as Italy and Spain went down. But, God helping us, this shall not be. Let us cherish and proclaim the truth which rings throughout the New Testament,—that Christ is the One High Priest, and that, in Him, all Christians are priests.

But, O dear young people, if you hold this great principle, be careful to use the privilege it implies! If you are indeed "priests" to God in Christ, act as such. Put on the white robe, take the atoning blood, and go into the presence of the Holy God, there to worship and to pray, there to present your bodies a living sacrifice, there to intercede for others, especially for those who pray not for themselves.

Facts and Figures for Temperance Workers.

INTEMPERANCE is one of the chief causes of idiocy."—
PROFESSOR J. J. REEVE.

"The very first effect of drinking alcoholic liquor is the perverted action of the mental faculties."—PROFESSOR YOUMANS.

"The statement that small doses of alcohol have no deleterious effects, cannot be maintained."—PROFESSOR HORSLEY.

"Alcohol will have to be dealt with as a source of terrible moral and physical deterioration. The whole human race is deteriorated by the poison, morally, mentally, and socially."—DR. E. C. MANN.

"Believe me, if you cannot cure the sot of his drink malady, it is probable, too terribly probable, that it is still more difficult to save and cure his children."—SIR HENRY ACLAND, Regius Professor of Medicine, Oxford.

"A small quantity of alcohol may just turn the balance between sanity and insanity, responsibility and irresponsibility, and may be the direct exciting agent of crime, immorality, suicide, and even homicide."—DR. F. W. MOTT, F.R.S.

"Persons with incapacity are largely recruited from the offspring of the alcoholics. Alcohol has the power of degenerating the race, as proved in the degeneracy of the children of persons given to drink."—DR. W. C. SULLIVAN, Deputy Medical Officer, H.M. Prison, Parkhurst.

"We ought to bear in mind that drunkenness obliterates the higher layers, so to speak, which characterize a normal character, and that such a person has slipped back to a condition resembling, in some respects, that of a child, or of a savage, or of a lower animal."—DR. G. R. WATSON, Medical Superintendent of Mavisbank Asylum.

"Such poverty, such misery, such wretchedness, and a seething furnace of ignorance and all the attendants upon it, I never saw before, and never expect to see again. And when I saw it, I felt that the great city, with all its wealth and luxury, rests upon a volcano, which only needs the force of civilization to relapse upon it to produce a catastrophe which would make the world shudder."—MR. CHAUNCEY DEFEW, after one Sunday visiting Whitechapel.

Professor Pelman, of the University of Bonn, has discovered and identified 709 descendants of a woman named Rola Jourke, a chronic drunkard, who was born in 1749, and died in 1800. Seven of her descendants have been convicted of assassination, and 76 others for chronic criminality; 144 were professional beggars; 61 lived on public charity; and 181 were women of the town. In police charges, and in court, asylum, and prison expenses, this family alone has cost the German Government £300,000."—DR. F. W. MOTT, F.R.S.

Good Works Connected with the Metropolitan Tabernacle.

VII.—THE LOAN TRACT SOCIETY.

THE popularity of C. H. Spurgeon's printed sermons is proverbial: in the publishing world, it beats all previous records. Other great preachers have used the printing-press to perpetuate their oratory, and their productions may be found, in solid rows of faded bindings, upon the higher shelves of many a minister's library, from whence they are permitted to descend once every spring. In the strict days of long ago, we have known these sacred volumes to have been perused by naughty children, in the forlorn hope of restoring them to a due state of seriousness upon the Sabbath; but since we have learnt that there is a sunny side to piety, and that—

"Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less,"—

even this sphere of usefulness is denied to these eloquent representatives of departed divines.

It is noteworthy, also, that many preachers, who occupy their pulpits

with acceptance and pleasure to their hearers, fail altogether under the pen of the stenographer and the printer's roller.

The one unique and marvellous exception is the issue of SPURGEON'S SERMONS. For half a century, their popularity has been maintained, and in every part of the civilized world they are as welcome as the daily newspaper, and are read alike by working-men, the cultured citizen, and the wearied housewife. They are found in the settler's hut, in the saloon of the ocean-liner, upon the railway train, and in a hundred other places. Often, the occupant of the pulpit finds them useful, and it may be said of C. H. Spurgeon as it was of "Moses of old time," he "hath in every city them that preach him, being read in the synagogues every Sabbath-day."

The Jubilee recently, has gold, as indeed be. Its title is "*God Hath joice!*" Its composition and the fact secutive weekly reached No. derful. The happily able to the transcripts of the short-verbatim notes preached on Thursday even- to last for many

In the days preacher's when revival to the flock at Street, and a siasm of desire tion of the peo- neighbourhood pastor to peo-

to the officers of the Church that the printed copy of the message, which had been efficacious within the sanctuary, would, under the Spirit's blessing, be effectual in the homes of the people. After extended prayer, the experiment was made. The first parcel of sermons was C. H. Spurgeon's own gift. Visitors were quickly found, and thus was formed what afterwards became known as

THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE LOAN TRACT SOCIETY.

From the very first, the visitors were welcomed. The sermons, encased in a wrapper, are left at the houses covering a large area around the Tabernacle, usually upon the Lord's-day afternoon. A week later, the

Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit.

"GOD HATH SPOKEN!—REJOICE!"

A SERMON

PUBLISHED ON THURSDAY, DECEMBER 11TH, 1908,

DELIVERED BY

C. H. SPURGEON,

AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, NEWINGTON,

On Thursday Evening, October 15TH, 1878.

"God hath spoken in his holiness: I will rejoice, I will divide Shechem, and will set the valley of Gilead."*—Psalms cxxv. 7.*

There is an old promise, concerning God's people, which says, "Before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear." This text is one of the instances in which the Lord has dealt with his saints upon the lines of that promise. Read the preceding verse. David there prays, "Save with thy right hand, and answer me;" and while he is waiting for God to answer him, he remembers that God has already spoken. In effect, he says to himself, "I am waiting for an answer, but God has given it to me." Very often, the response to a believer's petition has been practically received before he presents his request, and he only needs that God should open his eyes for him to see that, before he called, God had answered his application. Indeed, brethren and sisters in Christ, in one sense, all your prayers—that is, your prayers that ought to be answered,—are already answered; for, whatsoever there may be that you may rightly ask of God, you really have it, since, in giving us Christ, he has already given us all things. An important part of the duty of faith is to believe that you have what you ask in prayer, and then you shall have it. This is blessed philosophy; may we all learn it! Oftentimes, when we are crying to God, and waiting for an answer to our petition, if we did but look around us, and if we had more acute powers of observation,—if our spiritual faculties were keener and quicker, we should perceive that we already have the very thing for which we are asking. Some of you have, perhaps, been saying, "Oh, that we were indeed the Lord's people, who have their prayers answered even before they offer them!" Well, then, turn to the book, and you will find that the Lord has there told you that you are his if, indeed, you are believing in his Son, our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. God has given you, by that most sure-word of testimony, the clearest possible evidence of your personal interest in Christ already. If you are

No. 2,864.

Sermon, issued been printed in it deserves to significant: *Spoken!—Re-matter and are delightful, that the con- issue has 2,864 is won- publishers are announce that are preserved hand writer's of sermons, Sunday and ings, sufficient years to come. of the young rising fame, blessings came New Park burning enthu- for the salva- ple of the spread from ple, it occurred*

sermons are exchanged. That they are read, is evident from the constant reference to their contents, and the not infrequent questions concerning them. Thus the visitor obtains the coveted opportunity for spiritual conversation and admonition. The work has progressed until, at the present time, three thousand homes are visited every week, and "the good seed of the Kingdom" is, in this way, scattered over a broad field, bringing forth, in its springing and ripening, some thirty, some sixty, and—let us hope—some a hundred fold. A number of our present Church-members were gathered by this means, and several rejoice in carrying around the same neighbourhoods the heavenly remedy which has effected so marvellous a result in their own spiritual sickness. Each visitor could tell of the victories of grace if opportunity were offered and space allowed. One of these earnest workers was sent for, in the early morning hours soon after midnight. Upon arrival, she found a young woman in great anxiety. The ministrations of her priest, in what she believed to be the hour of dissolution, brought her no comfort, and she was in despair. "I want to see the visitor from the Tabernacle, for I have confidence in her," was the poor sick one's cry; and the interview resulted in salvation and peace. The sermon entitled "The Devil's Last Throw" has been used by the Holy Ghost in more instances than we can relate. Upon one occasion, a woman received so much blessing, by means of it, that she posted it to her brother in the country, in the hope that its usefulness might be extended. Here it again fulfilled its gracious mission; and, later, the wife, writing to the sender, told of the change that had come over the home. "My husband," she wrote, "instead of always grumbling, is now happy and contented."



In another case, the Secretary of the Society, our esteemed friend, Mr. A. E. Millican, was helped to bring soul-sight to one who was physically and spiritually blind. The old gentleman, whose infirmities prevented his leaving his home, was visited each Sunday afternoon for two years, when the weekly sermon was read to him. Two months before he died, he testified to the blessing brought to his heart by the sermons; and when, at length, he was passing into the bright home where blindness is unknown, and where all the happy throng see the King in His beauty, he exclaimed, "I

desire to depart to be with Christ, which is far better."

The Loan Tract Society is one of the most useful of the many good works carried on at the Tabernacle. Quiet and unassuming, its influence reaches far and wide. The workers seek no public recognition, and would be grieved to see their names in print. Their record, however,

is on high, and they have the sweet satisfaction of knowing that "they that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever."

Many cases of poverty are revealed in the visitors' weekly rounds, to relieve which a Benevolent Fund is raised. There is also a Maternity Society and a Mothers' Meeting, conducted by lady workers. Help is always needed, and the Lord's stewards will find this a profitable investment.

F. H. F.

The Tabernacle Thanksgiving and Annual Church-meeting.

MONDAY, January 18th, was a day of rejoicing, for the Lord had remembered His people, and visited them with mercy and lovingkindness. Many weary weeks the Pastor's wife lay sorely sick,—sometimes, nigh unto death,—and as the dark clouds of sorrow and apprehension hung heavily upon all hearts, the only consolation available was the sweet truth so often passed from friend to friend, "Your Heavenly Father knows that ye have need of all these things," and "Underneath are the everlasting arms."

The Church in fellowship at the Metropolitan Tabernacle has ever known and practised the sacred art of intercessory supplication, and a thousand gracious answers have been vouchsafed in days gone by. At the prayer-meeting, the family altar, and from hundreds of sleeping apartments, the believing petition ascended to the Throne, imploring that life might be spared and healing granted. Then they waited in faith, and watched, till, at length, "the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion; then was our mouth filled with laughter, and our tongue with singing; for the Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad."

To celebrate this joyous event, A THANKSGIVING was arranged to be followed by the Annual Church-meeting. In the early afternoon, a number of the ladies decorated the platform of the school-room, and prepared for a great tea-meeting, to be served at a number of side tables, and carried to the friends as they sat in groups. The effect of the lamps and palms was artistic, and the motto displayed, "Praise ye the Lord!" was pleasing and inspiring.

At five o'clock, and until seven, Mrs. Thomas Spurgeon sat upon the platform to shake hands with the visitors, who flowed in like a stream. Congratulations were exchanged; and, with a generosity that is proverbial, these gracious Tabernacle friends added their gifts to their loving greetings, until the munificent sum of £352 15s. was reached, the whole of which will be applied to the purchase of the land in Temple Street for the Sunday-school Extension. The Pastor had appealed for a sum of at least £400; and, as the amount given is nearly sufficient, it is possible that some generous reader may help us to complete the purchase. A list of the subscribers will appear in next month's issue of this Magazine.

During the Reception, Mr. Charlesworth entertained a large company, in the adjoining lecture-hall, with an orphan choir and a band of bell-ringers, whose services were much appreciated.

* * * *

At seven o'clock, the members adjourned to the Tabernacle for the annual meeting of the Church. Pastor Thos. Spurgeon presided, and led in prayer. Psalm cxvi. was read by Pastor C. B. Sawday.

The following resolution was then moved by Mr. Wm. Olney, and seconded by Mr. Charlesworth. After it had been read, the members rose, and sang the Doxology with much fervour:—"That we, as a Church, place on record our devout gratitude to our Heavenly Father for His most gracious answer to prayer in the restoration of the beloved wife of our dear Pastor, Thos. Spurgeon, from a serious and prolonged illness, fraught with grave danger. While recording our thanksgiving that a life so precious has been preserved to her beloved husband and children, we fervently pray that, after a period of rest and change, she may be fully restored to her former health and strength, and that her valuable and gracious ministrations on behalf of the Church and its Institutions may be spared us for many years to come."

The following statistics of membership were read:—

ADDITIONS.		DEDUCTIONS.	
By baptism	76	By transfer	102
By profession	16	By non-attendance	63
By letter	29	By joining other Churches ...	18
		By removal at own request	6
		For inconsistent conduct	2
		By death	57
	<hr/> 121 <hr/>		<hr/> 248 <hr/>

The number on the Church-roll, on January 1st, 1904, was 3,258. There are 20 Missions, and 22 Sunday-schools connected with the Tabernacle, with 564 teachers, and 8,362 scholars.

The Treasurer, Mr. J. E. Passmore, read the Church accounts, which showed a balance in hand upon each fund. He appealed specially, however, for the Poor Fund, pointing out that an amount had been withdrawn from the reserve to meet the requirements. The adoption of these accounts was proposed by Pastor C. B. Sawday, and seconded by Mr. Llewellyn. The Treasurer was asked to remain in office for another year, and his acquiescence was followed by much applause. Hearty thanks were also accorded to the Auditors, Messrs. S. R. Pearce and G. P. Johnston.

The College accounts were presented by Mr. F. Thompson, and a resolution, pledging the meeting to support the College by prayer and gifts, was proposed by Deacon G. P. Johnston, and seconded by Elder H. W. Harvey, both of whom made suitable remarks upon the need for continued effort, and the good effected by the College.

Mr. S. Johnson, the Secretary of the Elders' Court, and upon whom so much of the work of the Church devolves, was unfortunately absent through illness, and much regret and sympathy were expressed.

The Pastor being about to leave for a while, with Mrs. Spurgeon and their family, for rest and change, bade the friends a loving farewell, and entreated them to remain earnest in prayer and zealous in good works. The closing hymn,—

"Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love,"—

was sung with much feeling, and the Benediction closed one of the most successful of the annual meetings of the Tabernacle Church.

F. H. F.

Notices of Books.

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

We have received, from Drummond's Tract Depot, Stirling, the annual volumes of *The British Messenger* (1s. and 1s. 6d.), *The Gospel Trumpet* (6d. and 1s.), and *Good News* (4d.). All are as full as usual of striking stories, appropriately illustrated, and full of plain Gospel teaching. The volumes are admirably adapted for circulation among the working classes.

The Bible Union Handbook and Christian Workers' Companion for 1904 is as ably compiled as its excellent predecessors. A copy of it will be sent to each contributor of the minimum subscription of one shilling to the funds of the Bible Union. Address—Mr. E. Tanton, "San Remo," Tonbridge, Kent.

The Hundredth Year. The Story of the Centenary Celebrations of the Sunday School Union. Edited by M. JENNIE STREET. Sunday School Union. (2s. 6d. net.)

FULL of charm. A beautiful memorial of a glorious event.

Modern Theories concerning the Composition of Holy Scripture. By Rev. JOHN TUCKWELL. Morgan and Scott. (6d.)

THIS is a paper read before the Victoria Institute, and a remarkable and valuable paper it is. Modern critical views are herein ably discussed and disposed of.

Chatsworth Road Baptist Church, Norwood. A brief history of the twenty-five years, 1878—1903. Compiled by the Secretary, T. A. CURTIS. Price 6d.

A DEEPLY-INTERESTING record of the work of the Lord carried on by our good brother, A. G. Brown, and his predecessors. It is beautifully printed, and contains 23 illustrations. It will be posted on receipt of seven stamps by Mr. T.

A. Curtis, 48, Rosendale Road, West Dulwich, S.E.

The People's Sunday Book. John Leng and Co., 186, Fleet Street.

A WONDERFUL pennyworth. "Helpful Talks for every Sunday in the year. Prayers for every morning and evening of the week. Bible Readings for every morning and evening of the year. Sacred Verses and Devotional thoughts for every Sunday of the year, and Bible Texts for every day of the year." What more could be expected for a penny? The quality is as commendable as the quantity. (It goes without saying that we do not recommend the use of the Prayers.)

Bible Lessons for Little Beginners. By GEORGE HAMILTON ARCHIBALD. Sunday School Union. (2s. 6d.)

THE "Physical Preparations" for the "Bible Lessons" are ingenious, but they strike us as being far too realistic for a Sunday-school; especially such as imitating the actions of "Santa Claus" to prepare for the study of 1 John iv. 10, or "baptizing" a baby to illustrate the naming of the Holy Child Jesus! We prefer the simple Bible story, with a picture, or a blackboard illustration, and the singing of hymns and repetition of texts. "Scholars under six years of age" have marching and other exercises at their week-day schools. Let the rest and quiet of the Sabbath commence in the Infant Class; this will help to make the little ones devotional as they grow older.

Climb, Boys, Climb! By E. E. H. Partridge and Co. (1s.)

A VERITABLE Alpenstock to help the boys to climb, and, at the same time, a reliable guide-book to warn them against things which might trip them up,—such as betting, gambling, drinking, etc.

Last Sheaves. Sermons by Dr. MACLAREN. Hodder and Stoughton. (5s.)

THE title of this volume seems to stab us; for we cannot but hope and pray that it may be falsified, and that many more sermons may yet be preached and published by this master in Israel. For many years, Dr. Maclaren has been the peerless stalwart of the Evangelical pulpit. His piercing intellect is allied to a gracious spirit, that permeates all he says and writes; compelling the respect of the scholarly and cultured, and yet ministering to the soul-life of even the humblest Christian. We are all proud of his gifts and graces, and shall truly lament when the "last sheaves" really are gathered; whilst we render grateful thanks to God for his splendid and inspiring ministry of Bible exposition. This volume is equal to any that have appeared; buy it, and read it, and revel in it.

The Darkness where God Is, and other Sermons. By Rev. R. B. BRINDLEY. A. H. Stockwell. (2s. 6d. net.)

TWELVE fine, manly sermons, which, if they are the preacher's average ones, indicate a more than average ministry. They are full of breezy application of Scripture truth to modern life, and should be richly profitable to all readers, and not least to ministers.

The Teaching of Jesus. By Rev. G. JACKSON, B. A. Hodder and Stoughton. (3s. 6d.)

THOUGH there is little here that is not quite familiar to the thoughtful New Testament reader, there are many most felicitous extracts from quite a number of writers; and to have these gathered and applied, is of some value.

Temptation and Escape. By H. C. G. MOULE, Bishop of Durham. Seeley and Co. (1s.)

LIKE all Dr. Moule's Bible studies, this little book is full of gems of exposition and experience. It is a very fine gift for a young Christian, and will be sure to arm against

temptation's power. It has been a means of grace to the reviewer; could higher praise be given?

Half-hours in God's Older Picture Gallery. By Rev. J. G. GREENHOUGH, M.A. A. H. Stockwell. (3s. net.)

IT is an unmixed pleasure to read these original and racy sketches of Old Testament characters. All the cultured charm and felicitous phrasing, that belonged to Mr. Greenhough from the beginning of his ministry, are now blended with loyal love for Evangelical truth. In this we greatly rejoice. This is a volume to read, and ponder, and give thanks for.

The Secret of Jesus. Sermons by JOHN CLIFFORD. Brown, Langham, and Co. (3s. 6d.)

NINE discourses of great dialectic and oratorical power, and nearer the heart of the Gospel than many by the same preacher. There is no need to recommend their reading, for Dr. Clifford, by his magnificent battle for Passive Resistance, is "the man of the hour," and many will read these sermons for his reputation's sake. We wish him the best reward, the success of seeing the Education Act no longer the disgrace of the Statute book.

Life on the Heights. By Rev. JOSEPH PEARCE. A. H. Stockwell. (2s.)

WITHOUT reserve, we commend this volume of sermons. Mr. Pearce himself says that one irrelevant observation may disfigure a sermon; we have not found such a disfigurement in these fourteen most beautiful and spiritual discourses.

From Behind the Veil. By H. E. STONE. Marlborough and Co. (2s. 6d. net.)

WE have recently had an exposition of the Book of Job given to us by Mrs. Penn-Lewis, and our brother, the esteemed pastor of Abbey Road Chapel, St. John's Wood, gives us another, in which, with patient care and unflinching sympathy, he has entered into the problem of suffering

as unfolded in this ancient writing. We recommend this book.

The Finger of God. Studies and Suggestions in the Miracles of Jesus. By Rev. T. H. WRIGHT. Andrew Melrose. (3s. 6d. net.)

HERE is ability sorely misapplied. The boldest assumptions of German Rationalism are either compromised with, or swallowed wholesale. The result is, that the miracles of our Lord are explained away, and the Gospels lose much of their evidential value. So far from winning sceptics, these "Studies and Suggestions" are more likely to increase their number.

By the River Chebar. Some Applications of Ezekiel's Visions. By Rev. H. ELVET LEWIS. Hodder and Stoughton. (3s. 6d.)

A MODEST title covering a most suggestive series of Bible Studies on the dazzling prophecies of Ezekiel. We are not sure that the volume will be widely popular; but, for preachers and teachers, it is simply crammed with suggestive thoughts. It has the germs of at least fifty sermons in its ten Studies, and we can warmly commend its purchase to men who have an open eye for fresh and terse presentation of truth.

Studies in the Psalms. By C. H. PERRY. A. H. Stockwell. (2s. 6d. net.)

GRACIOUS, chatty talks about each of the hundred and fifty Psalms. There is nothing either dark or deep, outrageous or original, in these devout musings. If good intention would sell a book, this one would be a success,—but will it?

Man's Quest. (In Sermon and Song.) By Rev. J. FLANAGAN. A. H. Stockwell. (3s. 6d.)

THESE are no ordinary sermons. Strong in thought, original in treatment, rich to the point of exuberance in imagination, illustration, and allusion, they will be enjoyed by the ordinary reader for their spiritual force and impetus, and by

the preacher for their abundance of quotable material.

God's Hardest Task, and other Sermons. By Rev. C. E. STONE. A. H. Stockwell. (2s. net.)

FAR above the average, in point, and pith, and power. Mr. Stone has both the prophet's and the poet's vision, and knows how to utter what he sees with terse force and restrained beauty. This is a little volume, but it will well repay more than one reading.

The Waggon and the Star. By WALTER A. MURSELL. Paisley: Alexander Gardner.

BOTH the title and the type direct special attention to this book. Mr. Mursell is evidently a thinker, and he has an apt and striking way in putting his thoughts into words. The sermons are robust and helpful; but we wish that there was in them more of the ring of the old Gospel.

Steps to the Blessed Life. Some Deeper Things. By Rev. F. B. MEYER, B.A. *Daybreak in the Soul.* By Rev. E. W. MOORE, M.A. Partridge and Co. (1s. each.)

THREE little books dealing with certain rich realities of spiritual life. No one can rightly read these pages without a quickened perception of God's "riches in glory by Christ Jesus."

Light and Life. By CHARLES BROWN. Religious Tract Society. (3s. 6d.)

WE welcome these sermons from a preacher who has made, and is still making, a large place for himself in the ranks of the modern ministry. There is a mystic charm and a rare insight in many of his utterances; a simplicity of style which may at first deceive, and a sobriety of interpretation which commends the discourse to the earnest reader. The book is beautifully produced, and should have a very large circulation.

Memoir of the Rev. Thomas Richardson. By HIS WIFE. Hodder and Stoughton. (3s. 6d.)

MRS. RICHARDSON has given us a faithful picture of her husband, the late Vicar of St. Benet's, Stepney; better known, however, as the originator of the Bible and Prayer Union. With considerable restraint, she tells the life-story, which will be welcome, not only to those who knew Mr. Richardson, but to all who are accustomed to learn of God's ways in His dealings with His people.

Songs of the Church. By Lady McDougall. Charles H. Kelly. (2s. 6d.)

LADY McDUGALL treads a well-beaten path when she writes about hymns and hymn-writers. While there is nothing in this book very new to those who have studied the subject, it is likely to be very useful for the purpose for which it seems to have been designed. Sunday-

school workers would do well to adopt the hint the authoress gives them, and interest the young people in the origin of the hymns they sing. This will form a very good handbook.

Faith's Perplexities. By ROBERT J. DRUMMOND, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton. (5s.)

FOR many a long day, we have read nothing better, in their own particular line, than these chapters. Dr. Drummond says his object is to re-assure the minds of believers rather than to win the adherence of doubters. This book, by its sanity of thought and charm of style, will equally serve for either purpose. Such a chapter, for instance, as that on "Why is Sin Permitted?" must go a long way to re-assure questioning minds; and we are glad to find the principles of Christianity so boldly declared in the final chapters. For those who are troubled, or who are likely to be, this book would be both an antidote and a stimulant.

Notes.

Tabernacle Tidings.

Watch-night at the Tabernacle has, for many years, been a notable occasion, and December 31st, 1903, was no exception to the rule. The great building, filled with eager listeners, is always impressive; but, at midnight, it is solemn indeed.

Madame Ryall's beautiful Gospel songs have, of late, been a special feature of these services, but her recent serious illness has necessitated her temporary removal to Bourne-mouth, so her place was occupied by Miss Alice Beaumont, who served us well.

Pastor Thos. Spurgeon's address was full of interest. He spoke upon the word "Come"—the outline of his sermon forming the Acrostic which appears on an earlier page, the several lines being written upon an unfolding sheet suspended behind the preacher.

After the midnight hour had chimed, the congregation rose, and sang, with much fervour, the hymn, "All hail the power of Jesu's name," thus

striking a good key-note for the New Year.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle, December 28th, five,—Amy Nottage, Arthur G. Cooper, Rose Shea, Elizabeth Osborn, Mary Jane May;—at Haddon Hall, December 31st, four,—Elizabeth Pardoe, Annio Tucker, Ada Bridger, Ellen Ragge.

At the monthly communion service, on Lord's-day evening, January 3rd, eleven friends were received into Church-fellowship, and six deaths were reported, viz., James Jarrett, Elizabeth Waller, William Sawyer, Rachel Parfitt, Thos. Buchanan, Elizabeth Stevens.

IN MEMORIAM. — MR. WILLIAM SAWYER, whose death is reported above, was for many years a seat-steward at the Tabernacle. His blunt, John Bull manner was not understood by all; but he was genuine, and had many friends. He was born at Sutton, Cambridgeshire, and joined our Church in August, 1865. In

business circles he was much respected, having acted as Manager to Messrs. W. J. Bush and Co., Limited, who recently pensioned him. During his last illness, he was visited frequently by Pastors, Elders, Deacons, and other friends, to one at least of whom he gave pleasing testimony shortly before his death. His age was sixty-one.

On Wednesday evening, January 6th, Pastor Thos. Spurgeon gave an interesting talk to the young people of the Sunday-school and others upon his trip to the Canary Islands, illustrated by a series of lantern pictures. The proceeds were devoted to the Sunday School Union Centenary Fund.

Mr. C. H. Dunn, the Assistant-Secretary of the Tabernacle Sunday-school, has been compelled to resign his office through removal. His loss will be felt considerably by the teachers. Mr. W. H. Bosher will be invited to occupy the post.

During the Pastor's absence, the Tabernacle pulpit will be occupied by the following ministers:—Feb. 7th, morning, Rev. J. Guinness Rogers, D.D.; evening, Pastor C. B. Sawday; 14th, Pastor Chas. Spurgeon; 21st, Pastor W. Y. Fullerton; 28th, morning, Pastor C. B. Sawday; evening, Rev. J. Monro Gibson, D.D.; March 6th, Rev. Dinsdale T. Young.

The Sunday-school Anniversary will be celebrated on Sunday and Monday, March 13th and 14th. Special sermons will be preached by Pastor D. J. Hilley, of Bristol.

* * * *

Concerning the College.

The students returned to College, after the Christmas vacation, on Tuesday, January 10th. Three new students were received by the President.

The following brethren are removing:—Mr. A. W. L. Barker, from West Bromwich, to Tenterden, Kent; and Mr. G. Laws, from Gosport, to Boscombe. Mr. W. J. Hurlow is now sole pastor at Black Horse Road, Walthamstow.

The London brethren will be meeting, to arrange the date and programme of the Conference, just as these "Notes" are in the hands of

the printers; but it is almost certain that they will fix April 18—22 as the time for the annual gathering of the brotherhood. B. I. Greenwood, Esq., has kindly promised to preside at the supper on Wednesday, April 20th.

* * * *

Our Fatherless Family.

Christmas festivities at the Stockwell Orphanage were arranged according to annual custom, the President, Treasurer, and several of the other Trustees being present to assist at the dinner. The children looked the picture of health and happiness; but, we regret to say, there were several absentees, owing to the prevailing visitation of scarlatina. Dr. Soper presented a silver watch to the premier boy, and Miss Grace Olney, on behalf of Mrs. Chas. Spurgeon, presented a silver watch to the premier girl, the recipients being chosen for the honour by their respective schoolmates. Cheers for the President, Vice-President, and Board of Management were called for by the Head Master; and the President, in responding, called for cheers for the Officers of the Institution. It is needless to add that the children gave overpowering evidence of lung power when they took up the challenge. The firm of Messrs. Alabaster and Passmore gave, as usual, a shilling to every boy, and Mr. J. E. Saunders sent a shilling for every girl in the Institution. While the children were seated, there was a brief service of silent memory during which they called to mind the loved ones who had passed away, and those who were absent; also the generous donors of good things for the Christmas fare. Prayer and praise, and several brief addresses, were appropriate items in the programme, which was carried through to the delight of the guests and visitors alike. A message of loving sympathy was sent to Mrs. Thomas Spurgeon by the assembled company, and special thanks were expressed for her recovery from serious illness.

In the evening, the children were entertained by a remarkable series of moving pictures supplied by Messrs. Maskelyne and Cooke.

Thus passed another Christmas at the Orphanage, which will, doubtless, be as dear to memory as it was a delight to hope.

The President and Treasurer are very grateful to the many friends who contributed in prospect of Christmas, and to those who made a collection for the Orphanage at their own dinner-table on Christmas Day. They trust that the needs and claims of the 500 little ones, now in the Institution, will be remembered throughout the year; and that, above all, there will be earnest prayer for the abounding and abiding blessing of God upon their "work of faith and labour of love."

Mr. Charlesworth has arranged for a Southern tour with the orphan choir as follows:—Feb. 17, Crawley; 18, Shoreham (Sussex); 19, Portslade; 20—22, Lewes; 23, Seaford; 24, Newhaven; 25, Bexhill; 26—29, Hastings and St. Leonard's. Will the friends of the Orphanage, in each place to be visited, be on the look-out for the local notices concerning the meetings, and do all they can to ensure the success of the various gatherings?

ORPHANAGE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.—The quarterly united service was held on Lord's-day afternoon, January 10, in the Memorial Hall, when a novel and interesting address was given by Rev. John Barlow, of Streatham Hill Congregational Church, the subject being "Wasps." Their beauty and usefulness were pointed out. Their sting was likened to the sting of sin, and the only way to avoid it is to keep away from it. As ammonia is a splendid antidote for the sting of a wasp, so the blood of Jesus Christ cleanses from all sin. Nothing else will take away its sting. Wasps will never fight amongst themselves, although they will attack all other creatures. So, when children quarrel, they are worse than wasps. Special hymns, composed by Mr. Charlesworth, were sung, and a collection was taken, at the close, for Dr. Churcher's medical mission in Sousse, Tunisia.

* * * *

Colportage Chronicles.

An invitation having been tendered to Col. R. Parry Nisbet, C.I.E., to accept the Vice-Presidency of the Association rendered vacant by the lamented death of the late John Marnham, Esq., J.P., he has very gracefully accepted the position; and, in writing to the Secretary, says:—"I

trust to find opportunities of rendering helpful service to a cause already endeared to me by its solid and valuable character."

Although too early to report fully concerning the Colportage work during 1903, there are indications which are very satisfactory. The sales of Christian literature appear to have equalled those of the preceding year notwithstanding the wet and trying season. The number of Districts occupied is about the same as given in the last Report, and the income of the General Fund, which has gradually risen for a number of years, once again surmounts the figures of the previous year, giving hope that, when the year's finances are examined, there will again be a balance on the right side.



THE BOOK MAN HAS COME.

A colporteur, writing a New Year's letter to the Secretary, says:—"Each passing year seems to increase the need for more earnest and consecrated effort in the scattering of the good seed of the Kingdom, both by words and books, and by living the consistent life of a true follower of Jesus Christ. We need much grace, at the present time, to stand firm to our principles, and to be true to our Master in these days of testing; but, by His help, I mean to hold fast to the teachings of God's Word, and to 'obey God rather than men.' The past year has tried me in many ways, but the Lord has been with me, according to His promise, blessing my humble endeavours to lead others to Jesus. Several of the young men of my Bible-class have decided for Christ during the year, the last of whom confessed his faith on the closing Wednesday of December, thus bringing a crowning blessing."

Pastors' College Missionary Association.

Statement of Receipts from December 15th, 1903, to January 14th, 1904.

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Pastors' College Students' Missionary Association	4 8 0	For Christ's sake	0 5 0
Collected by Miss L. Buswell	0 11 0	Sunday-school and Bible-classes at Bexhill-on-Sea, per Pastor J. S. Hockey	6 3 4
Per Mrs. T. Spurgeon:—		"Dear Granny"	1 0 0
Mr. E. Johnson	1 1 0	Collected by Mrs. Harris	1 0 0
Mr. Percy	0 10 0	Collected by Miss Underwood	0 4 0
Mr. Russell	0 10 0	"H. McS"	1 1 0
Pastor J. Dickie	0 5 0		
Miss Tarrant	0 5 0		
Mrs. Ellwood	2 0 0		
	4 11 0		£19 3 4

Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school Extension Fund.

Statement of Receipts from December 15th, 1903, to January 14th, 1904.

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Amount previously acknowledged	1,168 6 9	"Two visitors from Dumfries" ..	0 10 0
Mr. Alex. Christie	1 0 0	Mr. Thomas Heath	0 5 0
"Hymen," per T. S.	0 10 0	Rent of Temple Street houses	17 6 0
Miss Hawes	1 1 0		
Mr. and Mrs. Savager	1 0 0		
Dividend on £740 2s. 4d. Consols ...	4 8 4		
			£1,194 7 1

The Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from December 15th, 1903, to January 14th, 1904.

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Mr. T. H. Woodeson	2 0 0	Mrs. Spurge	0 5 0
Mrs. B. Mingsins	1 0 0	Mr. J. Wickham	0 5 0
Mr. G. Baker	0 10 0	Mr. H. Neale	0 5 0
Miss E. Barton	0 5 0	A friend	0 2 0
Mr. J. Smeed	0 5 0	D., Aberdeen	0 5 0
Mr. H. Evans	0 5 0	Mr. A. H. Wheeler (an old boy) ...	5 0 0
Mr. C. C. Sherlock	0 5 0	Miss R. Dale	0 5 0
Miss E. H. Walton	0 2 6	Mr. Hartswell	0 5 0
West Croydon	0 1 6	Mrs. M. A. Striager	0 2 6
Mr. F. Burton	2 10 0	S. B., Ltd.	2 2 0
Mrs. E. Elven	0 5 0	Mr. J. Luckham	10 0 0
Mrs. Shaw	0 10 0	Mrs. E. Munton	0 2 0
Mr. D. Boyd	1 0 0	A country minister	0 5 0
Rev. G. Hughes	1 0 0	Mrs. S. Smith	0 5 0
Mr. R. Cole	0 5 0	Mrs. E. Sheppard	0 2 6
Mr. T. Barrow	0 3 0	Mr. A. H. Neve	0 5 0
Mrs. Hewkley	1 1 0	Mrs. J. Marshall	10 0 0
Mrs. and Miss Rouse	0 2 6	Mr. K. Adcock	10 0 0
Mrs. Cutcliffe	0 2 6	Mrs. Bickford	0 2 6
Mr. H. B. Billington	1 0 0	Mrs. Holbrook	10 0 0
Miss M. Shelton	0 5 0	Mr. J. Bridges	0 5 0
Mr. J. Briggs	1 0 0	Mr. J. Batten	10 0 0
Miss Mull	1 0 0	Postal order, Ludgate Circus, E.C.	0 2 0
Mrs. S. Chesterfield	1 0 0	Mr. T. E. Trew	10 0 0
Mr. E. Potter, sen.	0 5 0	Mr. A. W. Freudemacher	10 0 0
Mr. and Mrs. Byfield	0 10 0	Mrs. Rugg, sen.	10 0 0
Mr. A. Lawes	0 5 0	Collected by Miss N. Lamb	0 5 6
Mr. E. Vincent	0 2 6	Per F. R. T.:—	
Mrs. Egerton Burnett	1 0 0	Mrs. Keen	0 5 0
J. B. C.	1 0 0	Mr. S. Pawtress	0 5 0
Mr. E. J. Upward	3 0 0		
Mr. J. J. Jones	0 10 6	Mr. H. Pond	0 10 0
Miss M. Bashall	5 0 0	Mr. P. A. Taffs	0 5 0
Mr. J. Jackson	2 2 0	Mr. F. Arnold	1 0 0
Mr. Carrington's Bible-class, Eld Lane, Colchester, per Mrs. F. Weaver	0 10 0	Mrs. Hooper	1 0 0
Mr. T. Bush	0 10 0	Dianna forget the Orphans	1 0 0
Mr. A. Cowell	1 0 0	Mr. R. Campbell	2 2 0
		Mrs. Conder	1 0 0
		Mr. Jno. Barnes	1 0 0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. and Mrs. J. Wilson	1	0	0	Mr. F. L. Edwards	5	0	0
Miss J. Wark	0	10	0	Mrs. Kelley	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Wight	1	0	0	Mr. A. Selman	1	0	0
A commercial traveller	25	0	0	W. J. S.	2	12	0
Mr. E. West	3	3	0	Mr. R. Langton	2	2	0
Mrs. T. Couper	0	2	6	Mr. W. B. Scott	2	2	0
Miss M. Montgomery	0	5	0	Mr. W. Jackson	1	0	0
Mrs. Layzell	0	4	0	Mr. H. Holder	1	0	0
Mr. J. Dawson	0	2	6	Mr. R. Evans, per Pastor W. B. Nichols	2	0	0
Collected by Miss I. A. Curtis	0	15	0	Mrs. Nicoll	1	0	0
Miss Arrowsmith	0	0	5	Mr. J. Goodchild	1	0	0
Mrs. E. Sear	0	10	0	Mr. H. A. Gribbon	1	0	0
Rosie's money box	0	5	0	Mr. M. Walker	1	0	0
The Misses F. and R. E. Haywood	0	5	0	Mr. G. Russell	1	0	0
Miss M. A. Bovey	0	2	0	Mrs. E. Bowden	0	10	0
Per Mr. W. B. Mortimer:				Mr. J. Warren	1	0	0
Mr. G. Ford	0	2	0	Stamps, Lockerbie	0	5	0
Mr. D. Baxton	0	2	6	Mrs. E. K. Stace	0	10	0
Mr. W. B. Mortimer	0	10	6	Mrs. Bossingham	0	5	0
				Mrs. M. Spear	0	5	0
Stamps, Great Yarmouth	0	15	0	Postal order, Hayle	0	2	6
Stamps, South Kensington	0	0	5	Mrs. A. Bedwell	0	1	0
Postal order, Drumsheugh, Edinburgh	0	2	6	Mr. W. T. Flew	0	10	0
Mr. W. Haigh	0	5	0	Postal order, Penzance	0	3	0
Miss E. L. Tarver	0	2	6	Mrs. G. Blake	0	15	0
Mrs. Boyle	0	5	0	Miss I. Rinton	0	2	6
Mr. T. Wright	0	2	0	Mrs. R. N. Ault	0	10	6
Mr. W. Baldwin	0	2	0	Mrs. Reeves Hughes	0	10	0
A friend	0	5	0	Mr. W. Howard	0	2	6
Miss Priestley	0	5	0	Mr. and Mrs. W. Sloan	0	5	0
Tabernacle Welsh Baptist Chapel, Pontypridd, per Mr. D. Williams	0	16	0	Miss Ridley	0	5	0
For His sake	0	8	6	Mrs. M. Morrell	0	3	0
Mrs. Steggold	0	3	6	Mr. F. Kent	0	11	6
Miss E. Pearson	0	10	0	Mrs. Neathercoat	0	5	0
Mr. H. R. Parker	2	0	0	Mr. R. Jessup	0	5	0
Mrs. R. Davies	2	0	0	Collected by Mrs. N. Fawcett	0	10	0
Mr. S. Priddy	1	0	0	Collected by Mrs. A. Cooper	0	3	6
Mr. H. Coltman	2	0	0	Mr. A. C. Malley	0	5	0
Mr. W. J. Norton	1	0	0	Mr. J. L. Archibald	0	10	0
Mr. Alfred Wells	2	2	0	Collected by Miss Pointner	0	7	0
Mr. E. Laphorn, J.P.	2	2	0	Collected by Miss M. A. Wigney	0	10	6
Mr. F. Valiant	1	0	0	Collected by Mrs. Nears	0	5	6
Mrs. Ironside	1	0	0	Collected by Miss Howard	0	1	1
Mrs. E. Raybould	1	1	0	Mr. R. Nelson	0	10	0
Miss L. Stuchbery	1	0	0	Mr. W. J. White	0	10	6
Mr. W. S. Lardner	3	0	0	Mr. A. G. Beeton	0	2	6
Penge Baptist Tabernacle, per Mr. A. N. Chew	3	13	6	Mrs. R. Burgess	0	12	6
Mr. J. Chudley	1	1	0	Miss J. Crerar	0	2	0
Mr. C. H. Wheeler	0	5	0	Mrs. J. Gribbon	0	5	0
Mr. W. Wain, jun.	0	5	0	Mr. F. Mitchell	0	3	0
Mr. E. E. B. King	0	2	6	Mrs. Coombes	0	5	0
Miss M. Henderson	0	5	0	Mr. W. Dennis	0	10	0
Mrs. Hooper	0	2	6	Stamps, Aylesbury	0	1	0
Miss H. Stacy	0	5	0	Miss M. M. Thomas	0	0	3
Mr. G. Bantick	0	5	0	Miss E. E. Sharpington	0	10	0
Mrs. Dixon	0	5	0	Mr. J. Bishop	0	2	6
Postal order, Henley-on-Thames	0	2	6	Mr. E. E. Kerry	0	5	0
Miss J. Clark	0	5	0	Mr. J. N. Hubble	0	10	6
Mrs. Spry	0	5	0	Mr. H. P. Godfrey	0	10	0
Mrs. E. Rowlands	0	2	6	Miss J. Stevens	0	10	0
Mrs. W. D. Wilson	0	5	0	Miss Mifflin	0	10	0
Mr. J. Patmore	0	2	0	Mr. H. Dean	0	2	6
Mr. R. Stewart	0	5	0	Mr. J. Buswell	0	5	0
Mrs. Gardner	0	10	0	Mrs. M. Banks	0	5	0
Mrs. Melhuish	0	5	0	Miss M. Garshon	0	5	0
Mr. T. Harris	3	0	0	Postal order, Doe Lea, Chesterfield	0	2	6
Hilton House family	2	0	0	Widow's mite, Oxford	0	1	6
Mrs. S. Hinton	2	0	0	Miss Armistead	0	10	6
Mr. R. Marsland	1	1	0	Girls of Edgehill College, Bideford, per Mrs. R. A. W. Reed	1	1	0
Mrs. E. Dobson	1	1	0	Mr. T. Hooley	1	1	0
Mr. H. P. West, per Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster	1	0	0	Mrs. Biddle	2	2	0
Mrs. S. K. Mulligan	1	10	0	Mr. F. Duffell	1	1	0
Miss J. Smith	0	10	0	Mr. and Mrs. C. Price	1	1	0
Miss E. Milroy	2	0	0	Mr. E. A. Lees	1	1	0
Collected by Miss F. Essen	1	2	6	Mr. and Mrs. Sears	1	0	0
Mr. H. A. Harverson	2	2	0	Mr. A. S. Tainell	1	1	0
				Mr. F. Doggett	2	0	0
				Mundesley Mission Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr. T. L. Wakelin	1	5	0

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Mrs. J. Parry	1 0 0	Per Mrs. Mott:—		
Mr. R. G. Battley	2 0 0	Collected by Mrs. Mott	2 10 0	
Mrs. C. Evans	5 0 0	A friend of the little ones	4 0 0	
Mr. B. C. Forder	1 10 0	Mr. D. Miller	0 10 0	
Mr. A. Cave	0 10 6			7 0 0
Mr. W. P. Appleton	3 3 0	A few friends at Downs Chapel,		
Mr. C. F. Hunt	1 0 0	Clapton, per Mr. W. Payne		5 3 0
Mrs. J. T. Van Rijn (in loving memory of the late Rev. J. T. Van Rijn)	5 11 8	Miss Duckett's Bible-class		1 10 0
Mr. A. J. Robbins	5 0 0	Messrs. T. and J. Peake		2 2 0
Collected by Mr. H. Smith	1 4 0	Mr. W. J. Murphy		2 0 0
Mrs. Jeffreys	1 0 0	Mrs. W. J.		1 0 0
Mr. T. Davies	1 1 0	Mr. Drummond Grant		1 0 0
Mrs. Wells, per Pastor J. S. Hockey	1 1 0	Mr. E. P. Walker		1 0 0
Mr. J. Lister	2 2 0	Jno. F. H.		2 0 0
Mrs. M. A. Seale	1 0 0	Mr. S. Popplestone		1 0 0
Mr. F. H. Brown	1 1 0	Mr. W. S. Hardy		2 0 0
Mr. S. W. How	2 2 0	Mrs. Freeman		1 1 0
Mr. E. Essex	1 1 0	Mrs. I. Lister		1 0 0
Mr. A. Jungling	1 1 0	Mrs. E. M. Cousens		1 0 0
Mr. S. Perry	2 2 0	Mr. S. C. Spurgeon		1 1 0
Mrs. M. Perrin	1 1 0	Mr. Joseph Hill		5 0 0
Mr. P. W. Durant	1 1 0	Mr. and Mrs. Squibb		4 10 0
Mrs. F. E. Maby	1 0 0	F. J. S.		1 0 0
Mr. W. R. M. Glasier	1 1 0	Mrs. J. Harvey		1 1 0
Mr. G. Handley	5 5 0	Miss Phillips		1 0 0
Mr. T. Stocker	1 0 0	Mr. J. G. Taylor		2 2 0
Mrs. Maddison	1 0 0	Mr. and Mrs. W. Wood		1 1 0
Mrs. S. K. Hullett	1 0 0	Mr. A. Ross		2 0 0
Mrs. Hawkes	0 10 0	Mr. T. Weir		1 0 0
Mr. E. Davis	1 0 0	Mr. Geo. Pedley		1 0 0
Mr. F. W. Grose	1 1 0	Mrs. S. Evans		0 10 0
Mr. F. Whittle	2 0 0	Moseley		0 5 0
Collected by Mr. W. Britcher	1 5 0	Mr. R. Dobie		0 5 0
Metropolitan Tabernacle Almshouses		Mr. W. Matlock and family		0 5 0
Sunday-school, per Mr. Cook	1 5 1	Mrs. J. Rice		0 10 0
Collected by Mrs. Older	1 10 6	Miss M. Hayward		0 10 0
Mr. M. Romang	1 0 0	Mr. J. Hutson		0 11 0
Messrs. J. Hooker and Sons	0 5 0	Miss M. Riddell		0 2 6
Mr. W. Fowler	0 5 0	Miss M. Cairns		0 5 0
The Misses Bulmer and Botsford	0 5 0	Collected by Mrs. Stevenson		0 10 6
Mr. Dowson	0 10 0	Collected by Mrs. S. Hoyles		0 10 0
Mr. W. Aitken	0 3 0	Collected by Miss E. Wright		0 12 0
Miss M. Warrell	0 5 0	Collected by Mr. A. Webb		0 3 0
Mrs. Williams	0 5 0	Collected by Miss E. S. Girdlestone		0 18 0
Mr. F. Whitaker	0 10 0	Zion Baptist C.E. Society, Bacup,		
Mrs. E. Porter	0 5 0	per Mr. F. Cooper		0 8 1
Mr. Welman	0 15 0	Postal order, Lowestoft		0 2 6
E. J.	0 11 0	Mr. G. G. Gunter		0 10 0
Collected by the late Miss Slater	0 0 6	Miss L. Allan		0 3 0
Mr. J. Kemp	0 7 6	Mr. F. Mitchell		0 10 0
Mrs. J. Dickerson	0 2 0	Mrs. J. Pepperdine		0 2 0
Mr. E. W. Diver	0 2 6	H. M. F.		0 2 0
Mrs. E. Payne	0 2 0	Mrs. E. Collin		0 10 0
Miss A. Mackereth	0 5 0	Mr. G. Eldridge		0 5 0
Mrs. C. Buckell	0 2 0	Mrs. Pople		0 5 0
Mrs. J. Hiley	0 5 0	Mrs. E. Plummer		0 2 6
Miss A. M. Richards	0 5 0	Mr. and Mrs. G. Fairfield		0 5 0
Mrs. A. Craven	0 2 6	Mr. T. Gostling		0 2 6
Mrs. Richings	0 10 0	Elsie, Dorothy and Molly		0 12 6
Mr. G. Jifkins	0 2 0	Mr. J. Plant		0 10 0
Mr. G. Robertson, jun.	0 5 0	Mr. W. Tucker		0 5 0
Mr. D. G. Overall	0 3 0	Mr. W. N. Finlayson		0 5 0
Mr. and Mrs. E. S. King	0 5 0	Mr. J. McCutcheon		0 2 6
Mr. A. Davis	0 5 0	Mr. A. W. Lennie and friends		0 7 0
Miss Bennett	0 2 0	Mrs. A. Sluce		0 5 0
Miss P. Exton	0 10 0	Mr. S. Storr		0 5 0
Mr. W. Newton	0 5 0	Collected by Mr. J. George		1 14 4
Collected by Miss E. Milligan	0 16 6	Collected by Mr. E. J. Brown		0 14 2
Collected by Mrs. E. M. Elford	0 15 0	Collected by Mrs. J. Waumsley		0 7 0
Mr. J. S. Pilling	0 10 0	Postal order and stamps, Guild-		
Mrs. A. Pilling	0 10 0	town, Perth		0 5 0
Mr. E. Garrett	0 2 6	Mrs. Parsons and friends		0 10 0
Mrs. C. White	0 10 0	Miss Dorrie Wynn		0 2 6
Mrs. and Miss F. M. Hay	0 3 0	Mrs. E. Bell		0 5 0
Miss C. McDonald	0 2 6	Mr. G. Middleton		0 10 0
Mr. R. H. Smart	0 2 6	Mrs. A. Smith		0 10 6
Collected by Miss R. Patten	0 7 6	Miss Morgan		0 2 6
Mr. E. Messeder	0 10 0	Miss E. Beament		0 3 6
		Mrs. E. Howard		0 5 0
		Mr. W. Fyson, sen.		0 10 0
		Mrs. Lescigneur		0 5 0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Miss M. Wretham	0	8	0	T. Thomas, Newport	1	0	0
Mrs. E. Terry	0	5	0	Mr. W. A. Weightman	5	0	0
Miss Camps	0	5	0	Mr. P. Heald	2	2	0
The Misses K. M. and E. Cole	0	10	0	Mr. and Mrs. Wale	1	0	0
Mr. J. Truin	0	15	0	Mrs. E. Burroughes	2	0	0
Rev. W. J. Mayers	0	5	0	Mr. J. F. Gammon	1	0	0
Collected by Mr. F. Simcoe	0	12	6	Mr. F. Higgs	2	2	0
Mr. E. Perryman	0	2	6	Mr. H. T. Trevanion	2	0	0
Mrs. M. J. Infield	0	4	0	Mr. J. T. James	1	0	6
Mrs. M. J. Hayward	0	5	0	Mr. T. Bowler	0	8	2
Mrs. C. C. Neale	0	5	0	Mr. H. C. Ridley	1	0	0
Dr. J. Gidley Moore	0	10	0	A. R., Portsmouth	1	0	0
Mr. F. Patterson	0	5	0	Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Archer	2	0	0
Miss L. Bibby	0	2	0	Mr. and Mrs. C. Coupland	0	2	0
Mr. W. Church, jun.	0	5	0	Rev. A. L. Skene	0	2	6
Mr. G. Vine	2	2	0	Mr. G. R. Ward	0	4	0
Collected by Mrs. Laver	1	11	0	Mr. F. Rees	0	5	0
Messrs. Wills and Packham, Ltd.	5	0	0	Mr. J. Spencer	0	5	0
Mr. Alex. Sinclair	2	0	0	Miss S. Tisdall	0	1	6
Mr. T. Moorley	1	5	0	Miss R. Evans	0	5	0
Miss L. Francis	1	0	0	Mrs. E. Todd	0	5	0
Miss J. Spencer	1	1	0	Mr. H. Skinner	0	10	0
Mr. H. S. Prewett	1	1	0	Mrs. Perry	0	5	0
Mr. J. McIlroy	0	10	0	Mrs. Fairweather	0	7	6
Mrs. Scott	1	0	0	Mrs. Watson	0	2	6
Mr. W. Jolly	3	0	0	Mr. J. Riley	0	1	0
Mrs. B. Buckmaster	1	1	0	Masters C. S. and V. E. L. Jones	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. J. Farley	3	13	4	Mrs. C. A. Williams	0	5	0
Mr. F. C. N. Holloway	1	1	0	A friend, Trowbridge	0	2	6
Mr. W. F. Whittle	1	1	0	Mr. G. Barnes	0	3	0
Mrs. H. Keevil	10	0	0	Miss L. E. Knight	0	10	0
Mr. W. Howell	0	3	0	Mr. J. Cobain	0	10	0
Stamps, Banbridge	0	1	0	Collected by Miss E. J. Smith	0	10	0
Miss D. R. and Master E. P. Jones	0	5	0	Postal order, Thame	0	2	6
Miss M. Munro	0	4	0	Mr. W. Miles	0	2	6
Miss Thompson	0	10	0	Mrs. Allen	0	2	0
Mr. J. Lundle	0	5	0	Mr. J. O. Cadwaladr	0	2	6
Rev. J. Crouch	0	5	0	Mr. R. Dawson	0	4	0
Mrs. E. Hood	0	3	6	Mrs. Gardner	0	1	0
Mrs. A. Pottinger	0	2	0	Mr. and Mrs. Weekes	1	0	0
Mr. Chas. Goodman	0	10	0	The Misses F. and J. Weekes	0	10	0
Mr. S. Banfield	0	10	6	Mr. W. Ward	0	5	0
Mrs. Wilshire	0	2	6	Miss Greenlees	0	5	0
Mr. C. H. Thrower	0	10	6	Widow's mite, Nuneaton	0	2	6
Nettie, Swansea	0	10	0	Stamps	0	1	0
Mrs. Heatley	0	5	0	Christmas day collection, Droltwich			
L. B.	0	5	0	Baptist Chapel, per Pastor T. Nelmes	0	9	0
Mr. and Mrs. Grace and friends	0	4	6	Christmas morning prayer-meeting, Old Blaenau Gwent Church, per Mr. J. Gunter	0	10	0
Mr. J. Webb	0	1	1	Mrs. Mitchell	0	1	0
Mr. F. Holmes	0	3	0	Mr., Mrs. and The Misses Scott	0	12	6
Mr. G. Swainborough	0	5	0	Collected by Miss W. M. Chapman	0	4	6
Mr. W. T. Lythgoe, In memoriam, Eliza Ann Lythgoe	0	10	0	Mrs. E. List	0	1	0
Mr. E. Evans	0	5	0	Christmas morning service, Emmanuel Baptist Sunday-school, Harringay, per Mr. G. K. S. Edgley	1	10	6
Postal order, Bournemouth	0	10	0	Moiety Christmas service, Long Sutton Baptist Chapel, per Rev. A. C. Batts	2	3	4
A widow's thankoffering, Bournemouth	0	2	6	Christmas morning service, English Baptist Chapel, Llandudno, per Mr. T. Crabtree	1	16	3
Mr. J. Millard	0	2	6	Mr. J. Stacey Reeve	1	1	0
Mrs. Coe	0	5	0	Mr. B. Nicholson	1	1	0
Miss A. Payne	0	2	6	Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Cocks	1	0	0
Mr. J. Mortimer	0	10	0	Mansfield Street Sunday-school, per Mr. E. Johnson	1	0	0
Mrs. M. Nicholl	0	10	0	Mr. Jas. N. Gray	5	0	0
Little Melton Mission Hall Sunday-school, per Mr. Carr	0	12	0	Mr. B. Watkins	1	0	6
Mrs. W. Deacon	0	2	6	Mr. E. Chlty	1	1	0
Mrs. Underwood and daughters	0	3	6	Mrs. W. Page, per Pastor W. Sexton	1	4	0
Mr. and Miss Tennant	0	4	0	Mr. H. J. Deacon	1	1	0
Postal order, Brasted	0	2	0	Mrs. S. Llewellyn	2	2	0
Mr. G. Wellstood	0	2	6	Christmas morning service, Mount Pleasant Baptist Chapel, Swansea, per Rev. J. Owen	2	14	6
Mr. and Mrs. G. King	0	5	0	Mrs. Stewart, per Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster	0	1	0
Collected by Miss N. Hamer	2	12	6				
Collected by Mr. F. T. Gale	1	1	0				
Christmas morning service, Immanuel Baptist Church, Southsea, per Mr. J. Pearce	2	14	3				
Christmas morning service, Mitcham Lane Baptist Church, per Mr. H. Vine	2	0	0				
Mrs. Firby Neale	1	1	0				
Mr. J. O'Gram	1	0	0				
Mr. F. Gear	1	1	0				

	£ s. d.	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Per Rev. E. Spurrier:—			Mr. F. S. Paine	1 0 0
Mr. H. Arnold	1 1 0		Mrs. J. Hart	1 0 0
G. C.	1 0 0		Mrs. S. J. Oddy	1 0 0
Mr. A. Blaxill	0 10 0		Mr. W. Nicholson	2 2 0
Collected by Rev. E. Spurrier	0 7 0		Miss C. Thomson	1 0 0
Box at 36, High Street, Colchester	0 4 8		Mr. J. Charters	1 1 0
			Collected by Miss C. Willsher	1 0 0
			Per Mr. R. Giles:—	
Mrs. E. A. Carter	0 3 6	3 2 8	Sunday dinner-table box .. 0 18 10	
Mrs. Drummond	0 5 0		In memory of Bertie	0 10 0
Mr. Brazier	0 1 0		In memory of Bertie's mother .. 0 10 0	
Mr. G. Sargent	0 2 0		In lieu of Christmas Cards .. 0 5 0	
Baptist Sunday-school, Long Preston, per Miss Brennand	0 7 6			2 3 10
Mr. J. Browe	0 10 0		Mr. C. E. Fox (towards the support of 3 orphans for a year)	50 0 0
Collected at dinner party of working people, Winchester, per Mrs. A. E. Veals	0 11 6		Mr. J. Sims	1 10 0
J. B.	0 10 0		E. J. Buntingford	1 0 0
Mr. R. Cromble	0 5 0		Mrs. M. Gavet	1 0 0
Mr. T. G. Thomas	0 2 6		Mrs. M. D. Macleay	1 0 0
Scholars of Olney Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr. S. Barker	0 10 0		Mr. G. W. L. Sturrock	1 0 0
Mr. D. Prowting	0 4 0		Mr. B. H. Hall	1 0 0
Mr. W. J. Cousins	0 6 0		Mr. A. Law	3 5 0
Mr. J. Barber	0 10 0		Mrs. Orr White	5 0 0
Mrs. Southernwood	0 5 0		Grimsby Baptist Tabernacle Young Women's Bible-class, per Mr. J. Crowther	0 10 0
Mr. W. Gould	0 5 0		Mr. T. Fleetwood	0 10 0
Mr. T. Church	1 0 0		Postal order, Leamington	0 2 6
Mr. H. W. Dove	0 10 0		Mr. D. Macintyre	0 3 0
Mr. and Mrs. R. Osborn	0 10 0		Collected by Miss A. M. Damant	0 5 0
Miss Chapman	0 2 6		Collected by Master R. T. Jackman	0 5 0
Mrs. W. Phillips, per Rev. W. G. Mansfield	0 2 6		Collected by Miss E. Kite	0 5 0
Rev. and Mrs. W. G. Mansfield	0 2 6		Teachers of Wishaw Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr. T. Prentice, jun.	0 10 0
Mr. R. David	0 10 6		Mr. J. Rowlands	0 2 0
Miss S. Dixon	0 5 0		Mrs. L. Cox	0 2 0
Mr. H. T. Camps, F.Z.S.	0 10 0		Part collection Christmas morning, Garland Street Baptist Chapel, Bury St. Edmund's, per Mr. J. E. Harris	0 11 9
Mr. J. Leiper	0 10 0		A poor widow, Bewdley	0 1 0
Mr. J. Webb	0 5 0		Mr. A. Watson	0 10 6
Mrs. Sutherland	0 5 0		Mr. W. G. Cole	0 10 0
Collected by Mrs. W. Burnett	0 10 0		Postal order, Bullth Wells	0 2 6
E. W.	0 5 0		Mrs. Youens	0 10 0
Miss B. L. Dunnett	0 15 0		Mr. and Mrs. J. Tebby	0 10 0
Postal order, Wimbledon	0 1 0		Mr. J. Roberson	0 10 0
Readers of "The Christian Herald," per the Editor:—			Mr. J. D. Barrett	0 5 0
Iuasmuch	0 5 0		Rev. T. Matthew	0 10 0
E. B.	0 2 0		Mr. J. Williams	0 5 0
J. M. H. D.	0 2 6		Servants at Eastfield, Leicester ..	0 9 0
"Christian Herald" reader	0 2 6		Postal order, Queen Street, Cardiff ..	0 2 6
G. S., Sunderland	0 2 6		Miss E. Burton	0 1 0
		0 14 6	Collected by Mr. H. H. Kingsnorth ..	0 10 0
A reader of "The Christian Herald," Boxford	0 5 0		Collected by Mrs. W. Adcock	0 5 0
Mr. T. Chennells	0 5 0		Mrs. H. Harding	0 1 0
Mr. E. Reynolds	0 2 6		Mrs. Bolton	0 10 0
United Christmas morning service, George Street and Mutley Baptist Churches, Plymouth, per Mr. J. Seymour	6 18 0		Mr. H. A. Hall	0 7 0
Mr. S. H. Rugg	2 2 0		A few friends, per Mr. J. Aubrey ..	0 5 0
Mrs. B. Imlach	1 0 0		Mr. A. Le Poidevin	0 4 0
Mr. G. Hewat	2 0 0		Mrs. Woodbridge and Miss Forwell ..	0 15 0
Mr. G. E. Arundel	1 1 0		The Misses King	0 9 0
Mr. G. Sturrock	1 0 0		Mrs. E. Hills	0 10 0
Collected by Mr. P. Grant:—			Mr. S. Young	0 10 0
A friend (Victoria)	0 3 0		Mr. I. Austin	0 5 0
Mr. Grant Jackson	0 2 6		Mr. F. Watkins	0 10 0
Mr. P. Grant	0 2 6		Mr. H. S. Jones	0 2 6
Mrs. Grant	0 1 0		Mr. R. Anderson	0 5 0
Mr. R. Grant	0 1 0		Readers of "The Christian," per Messrs. Morgan and Scott	16 17 6
Per Miss Watson:—			Mr. A. Peel	5 0 0
Mrs. J. Watson	0 5 6		Mr. and Mrs. J. Perrett	2 2 0
Mr. W. Grant	0 5 0		Mr. F. J. Aldridge	1 10 0
Grace Watson	0 5 0		Mr. J. Stenner	1 1 0
Mrs. P. Watson	0 2 6		Mr. F. H. Pilley	1 1 0
Mr. W. Hunt	0 2 6		Collected by Mrs. Schofield	1 0 0
		1 0 6	Half year's interest on £3,800	
			Messrs. Cory Bros. and Co. Debiture Stock	90 12 11
		1 10 6	Sandwich, per bankers	2 2 0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. J. Cameron	0	5	0	Mrs. R. Sissons	0	2	6
Mr. J. Smith	0	2	6	Mrs. Boggis	0	5	0
Stamps, Camberwell	0	1	0	Mr. T. Davies	0	4	0
Houston United Free Church Sab-				Mrs. C. Scruby	0	10	6
bath-school, per Mr. J. MacKay,				Mrs. Yates	0	10	6
jun.	0	10	0	Mrs. Martin	0	8	0
Pastor A. G. Haste	0	2	6	Collected by Miss L. Wilson	0	2	6
Miss N. Price	0	6	0	Miss E. Tempest	0	10	0
Miss S. E. Rude	0	10	0	Mr. G. Newbold	0	1	0
Mrs. M. Finlay	0	2	6	Mr. J. Hill	0	1	0
Mrs. and Miss Bird	0	11	0	Mrs. F. M. Peed	0	5	0
Wallington Baptist Sunday-school,				Collected by Mrs. Maddar	0	5	2
per Mr. A. E. Woodroffe	3	5	8	Collected by Miss J. Permain	1	10	2
Mr. F. W. Collen	5	5	0	Miss A. Sharpe	0	5	0
Mr. T. Manley	2	2	0	Mrs. S. A. Dowle	0	10	0
Mr. R. C. Jones	1	1	0	Mr. S. Jones	1	0	0
Mr. J. Scott	2	2	0	Mr. Corbet's Bible-class, Lans-			
Mrs. W. Palmer	1	0	0	downe Baptist Chapel, Bourne-			
Mr. D. H. Wood	2	0	0	mouth, per Miss B. M. Rickard	1	0	0
Mr. R. Inglis	1	1	0	Centenary Baptist Sunday-school,			
Mr. W. Ramsay	1	0	0	March, per Mr. P. H. Davies	0	7	6
Captain C. Trelease	1	0	0	Mr. W. G. Healing	1	0	0
Mr. J. Trelease	0	5	0	Mrs. Waller	0	2	6
A friend, Donegal	3	0	0	Miss F. Kimber	0	10	0
Mr. J. Jackson	1	1	0	Stamps, Camberwell	0	1	0
Mrs. P. Cook	1	1	0	Collected by Mrs. E. M. Damant	0	5	0
Mrs. W. Piper	1	1	0	Mr. J. Brewer	0	12	6
Mr. F. C. Neve	1	1	0	D. N.	5	5	0
Miss M. A. B. Scoles	1	1	0	Mrs. Lawrence	0	6	0
Mr. H. Peak	1	1	0	Mrs. Vague	0	5	0
Mr. G. Tinworth, per Mr. F. H.				Mrs. M. O. Sellar	0	2	6
Ford	0	10	0	Mrs. Bagster	1	1	0
Mrs. Smart, per Rev. V. J. Cooper	0	10	0	Mr. L. W. Borton	2	2	0
Mr. R. J. Noall	0	2	6	Mr. R. Wynne Williams	2	0	0
Mrs. Gray	0	2	0	Harlington Baptist Chapel, Hous-	1	1	0
Miss Ellison	1	0	0	low, per Rev. W. H. Collins	0	16	6
Mrs. E. Millar	0	5	0	Messrs. Horn and Co. and em-			
Mrs. Spence	0	2	0	ployees	1	17	0
Collected by Mrs. A. Blant	1	4	0	Collected by Mrs. C. Cole	0	17	0
Mrs. M. Salmond	0	3	0	Mr. A. Morgan	0	5	0
The late Miss Gardyne, per Mrs.				Miss Gazeley	0	5	0
M. Salmond	0	2	0	Mr. J. W. Twyman, per Mrs. Stark	0	5	0
Mr. A. H. Forbes	1	0	0	Mr. W. D. Small	0	10	6
Collected by Miss S. A. Johnson	0	12	0	Dear Granny	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Rutter	0	15	0	Mr. Ward	0	10	0
Collected by Miss A. Knights	0	5	0	Mr. E. Adam	2	2	0
Mr. J. Woodward	0	5	0	Mr. T. S. Penny	2	2	0
Cheddar Baptist Association Watch-				Mrs. Guy	1	10	0
night service, per Rev. J. W.				Miss A. Baker (Presentation			
Padfield	0	8	0	Almanacks)	0	9	6
Mr. B. Whitworth	0	10	0	Mrs. Talbot	0	5	0
Miss M. Hall	0	5	0	Miss E. Wilnot	0	4	0
Mr. T. Mackay	0	10	0	Postal order, Fairford	0	2	6
Children's Christmas morning ser-				Mrs. Toplis	0	2	6
vice, Stalnes Baptist Chapel, per				Miss J. M. Hutton	0	5	0
Mr. J. Holden	0	7	6	Collected by Mrs. J. Beere	1	0	0
Mr. G. J. Brookes	0	10	6	M. A. G.	1	0	0
Miss M. Hair	0	5	0	Mr. F. Arthur	0	5	0
Miss Harrison	0	5	0	Christmas Day collection, St.			
Mr. J. Wilson	0	10	0	Leonard's Baptist Chapel, per Mr.			
Miss C. Slader	5	0	0	J. Stockbridge	3	9	3
Messrs. Francis Nicholls, White				Mr. W. J. Hieron	0	2	0
and Co.	1	1	0	Mr. J. Bray	1	0	0
Mr. A. Stace	1	1	0	A widow's mite, Leicester	0	2	6
Mr. A. Briscoe	5	0	0	Mrs. E. H. Williams	0	5	0
Mr. T. J. Fordham	10	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Rudd	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Alder	1	1	0	Collected by Mrs. Straw	1	10	0
Miss H. Latta	1	0	0	Mrs. Collier, by netting	2	0	0
Mrs. Curtis	1	1	0	Baptist friends from Ecton, per			
Railway Mission Sunday-school,				Rev. J. Field	1	10	0
Fulham, per Mr. J. W. Gooding	1	1	0	From young friends at Ton-y-pandy	1	10	0
Cowl Street Baptist Sunday-school,				Mr. G. Huntley	1	0	0
Evesham, per Mr. E. T. Field	1	0	0	Miss H. E. A. Jensen	1	0	0
Shirley Baptist Sunday-school,				Mrs. E. Hopkins	1	0	0
Southampton, per Pastor E. R.				The Misses E. A. and E. Dunstan	1	0	0
Pullen	0	20	0	Mr. H. Wiles	0	10	6
Collected by Mr. T. F. Bromham	0	8	2	Mr. W. Heywood	0	5	0
Collected by Miss S. Hughes	0	27	6	Mr. W. H. Kirby	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. C. Brown	0	10	0	Mrs. E. Jefferies	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. W. Powell	0	12	0	M. A. C.	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Watson	0	20	0	Postal order, Paddington	0	5	0
Mr. T. Darby	0	10	0				

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Miss M. Lang	0	5	0	Mr. J. Phillips	0	2	6
Miss Young	0	1	6	Mr. N. H. Biggleston	0	1	6
M. R. Menstrie	0	4	0	Mr. H. Proctor	1	0	0
Mr. O. Barfoot	0	2	0	Mr. Wm. Olney	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Gorringe	5	0	0	Miss G. H. Stirling	0	3	0
Barn services, Chyngton, per Mr. E. J. Gorringe	2	4	8	Miss Kemp	0	2	0
Mrs. W. Jeeves	0	5	0	Mrs. W. Beach	0	2	6
Messrs. J. W. and E. Johnston	2	0	0	Mr. G. W. Camps	0	2	6
Mr. J. Whiteley	1	1	0	Mrs. G. H. Hunter	0	5	0
Mr. T. Farrow	1	1	0	Mr. J. Wood	0	10	0
Mr. E. J. Reed	1	1	0	Mrs. S. Watts	0	6	0
Mrs. S. A. Christie	0	10	0	Miss Cunningham	0	5	0
A widow, per Mrs. S. A. Christie	0	1	0	Nemo	0	10	0
Mr. E. Jocelyne	0	15	0	Mr. Ll. Thomas	0	2	0
Mr. H. G. Chalke	0	10	6	Mr. V. I. Pierce	0	5	0
Miss P. Hubbard	0	5	0	Miss E. Price	0	5	0
Rev. J. Kempton	0	5	0	Mrs. Egerton Burnett	1	0	0
Mrs. Hodges	0	5	0	J. B. C.	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Lowe	0	10	0	Mr. Howe	0	10	0
Mrs. H. Keevil	10	0	0	Mrs. Wheeler	0	10	0
Borough Road Sunday evening school, per Mr. W. J. Evans	1	1	0	Mrs. Ward	0	2	6
Mrs. Miller	0	7	0	Mrs. G. Stopford	0	10	0
Mrs. Caudle	0	2	6	Mrs. F. S. Nunn	0	5	0
Mr. B. G. Wattson	0	10	6	Miss F. E. Lang	0	5	0
Mrs. W. Wood	0	3	0	Mrs. J. Jones, a widow's mite	0	2	6
Mr. A. Andrew	0	1	0	Master Roy Maidment	0	2	6
Per Widow Adlem:—				Mrs. C. Bayes	0	2	6
Church of England	0	5	0	Miss L. M. Walker	0	5	0
Rector	0	5	0	Mrs. Storm	0	2	6
Hunt and Son	0	2	0	Miss Beddome	0	2	6
M. G.	0	1	0	Miss Scarfe	0	1	0
Friends	0	4	0	Mrs. B. Veall	0	2	6
Adlem family	0	8	6	Mr. and Mrs. T. Bland	0	3	0
				Mr. J. Luckham	0	5	0
				Miss Green	0	5	0
				Mrs. M. Davies	0	2	6
A. J. Lower Brynamman	1	5	6	Miss Bell	0	2	6
Barking Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr. A. Rainbow	0	5	0	Mr. D. Rees	0	10	0
Watch-night service, Lewes Baptist Chapel, per Rev. J. P. Morris	1	1	0	Miss E. Stone	0	2	6
A friend from Bedford, per Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster	1	0	0	Mr. J. Steynor	0	10	6
Mr. T. S. Fidge	0	10	6	Mrs. E. Munton	0	1	0
Mr. T. Field	0	5	0	A country minister	0	2	6
Mr. W. Barritt	0	10	0	Postal order, Kempsey	0	2	6
Box at Orphanage gates and office box	0	11	5	Mr. C. F. Alldis	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. E. S. Dale	0	9	8	Miss A. J. Nash	0	4	0
Mrs. E. Gregory	2	0	0	Mrs. C. Franklin	0	2	6
A. and M.	2	0	0	Mr. W. H. Willcox	1	1	0
N. B.	10	0	0	Mr. Jas. Fear	1	1	0
Mrs. M. E. White	1	0	0	Mrs. Conder	0	5	0
A Christmas offering	0	10	0	Mr. Jno. Barnes	0	10	6
Wellington Square Baptist Chapel, Hastings, per Mr. R. F. Compton	1	10	0	Mr. and Mrs. J. Wilson	0	5	0
Mr. J. Lewis	3	3	0	Miss J. Wark	0	10	0
Pattie	0	10	0	Mr. A. Bagster	1	1	0
A friend from the country	1	0	0	Mrs. Guthrie	1	0	0
Mr. F. Cave	1	1	0	Miss H. Wood	1	1	0
Mr. R. Pope Froste, M.A., J.P.	2	0	0	Colonel R. Parry Nisbet, C.I.E. ...	5	0	0
Mrs. M. Russell	0	10	0	Mr. G. C. Heard	1	1	0
Mr. T. Gurney	0	5	0	Mrs. E. S. Welby	0	2	6
Miss Townsend	0	2	0	Mr. T. Wright	0	1	0
Watch-night service, Bideford Bap- tist Chapel, per Pastor F. Durbin	1	3	0	Mr. W. Baldwin	0	1	0
Mr. Mendham	1	0	0	A friend	0	5	0
Miss A. W. McConnell	1	0	0	Miss M. C. Weavings	0	5	0
Box at Tabernacle gates	0	4	6	Miss F. P. Howard	0	2	6
From the estate of the late Miss G. I. Small	2	2	0	Mr. T. W. Denne	0	5	0
CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES FUND:—				Mrs. Lock	0	5	0
Mr. E. Potter, sen.	0	5	0	Mrs. Nixon	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Byfield	0	2	6	Mr. T. Stearn	0	10	0
Mr. A. Lawes	0	5	0	Mrs. E. Workman	0	10	0
Mr. E. Vincent	0	2	6	Miss M. E. Blyth	0	2	6
Mrs. P. Barlow	1	1	0	Mr. C. H. Hooper	0	7	6
Mrs. Jones	1	0	0	Miss A. Baker	0	1	0
Mr. J. Cutler	0	10	6	Mrs. Taylor	0	3	0
Mrs. J. Hill, in memory of Miss Warren	0	10	0	Mr. I. J. Carter	0	5	0
Mrs. Falrey	0	2	6	Mrs. M. A. Johnson	0	5	0
				Mrs. Harding	0	8	0
				Mr. E. Edwards	0	4	0
				Miss A. Marshall	0	5	0
				Mr. J. West	1	0	0
				Mr. W. S. Lardner	2	0	0
				Mrs. R. Lane	2	0	0
				Pastor J. H. and Mrs. Barnard	1	1	0
				Messrs. Hine Bros.	1	1	0

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Mrs. E. Rowlands	0 2 6	Mrs. L. Watling	0 10 0
Mrs. W. D. Wilson	0 5 0	Messrs. Alabaster, Passmore and Sons (a new shilling for each boy)	11 14 0
Mr. J. Patmore	0 1 0	Mr. J. E. Saunders (a new shilling for each girl)	11 15 0
Mr. R. Stewart	0 2 6	Mr. F. Fisher	2 10 0
Mrs. F. Hoadly	0 5 0	Mr. A. Cave	0 10 6
Mrs. Turner	0 2 6	Miss Grant	1 0 0
Mr. Waite	0 5 0	Mr. W. P. Appleton	1 1 0
Mrs. M. Stewart	0 5 0	Mr. and Mrs. G. Castleton	1 1 0
Mr. and Mrs. Felton	0 10 0	Mrs. B. A. Richards	2 2 0
Miss Spry	0 5 0	Mrs. Hawkes	0 10 0
Mrs. E. Lloyd	0 10 0	Mr. W. Dunn	1 5 0
Mrs. Duncan Sharpe	0 2 6	Children of the Baptist Tabernacle, Tunbridge Wells, per Pastor W. Usher, M.D.	1 7 6
Mrs. Call	0 7 0	Mr. E. Davis	0 10 0
Mrs. Butterfield	0 2 6	Mr. F. Whittle	2 0 0
Mrs. W. Lawrence	0 5 0	Mr. E. Frisby	2 2 0
Mrs. Kiddle	0 10 0	Mr. T. J. Hughes	1 0 0
Mrs. M. A. Melhuish	0 5 0	Mr. G. Jiffins	0 2 0
Mrs. E. H. Edwards	2 0 0	Mr. G. Robertson, Jun.	0 5 0
Mrs. S. K. Mulligan	0 7 0	Mr. D. G. Overall	0 2 0
Mrs. E. Warmington	1 1 0	Mr. and Mrs. E. S. King	0 1 0
Mrs. E. Rend	1 0 0	Wilfred	0 10 0
Mr. D. Davies	1 0 0	Mr. E. R. S. Porter	0 10 0
Mr. F. Hoy	1 0 0	Mr. J. Clarke	0 5 0
Mr. D. Thomas	1 0 0	Mrs. M. A. Shears	0 5 0
Mrs. M. Hall	1 0 0	Mrs. R. Warner	0 10 0
Mr. J. Smith	0 5 0	Mr. E. P. Woodeson	0 10 0
Mrs. Church	1 0 0	Mrs. J. Jones	0 5 6
Mr. T. H. Howell, J.P.	5 5 0	Mrs. Pleasant	0 10 6
Mrs. P. H. Howell, J.P.	1 0 0	Miss D. M. Lane	0 6 0
Miss Pavey	1 0 0	Mr. B. Davies	0 1 0
The Misses A. and R. Stocker	1 0 0	Mr. Matcham	0 10 0
Mr. M. Walker	1 0 0	Mr. H. F. Hood	0 10 0
Mr. H. Parris	2 2 0	Mr. J. Papworth	0 2 6
Miss M. McEwing	2 0 0	Mrs. Clegg	0 1 0
Mrs. J. Royce	1 1 0	Mr. W. Barnes	0 2 6
Mr. G. Russell	1 0 0	Mr. and Mrs. W. Layle	0 10 0
Mrs. E. Bowden	0 10 0	Miss J. E. Wood	0 5 0
Mr. J. Macbeth	1 0 0	Miss K. Smith	0 10 0
Mr. A. C. Malley	0 5 0	Miss E. Street	0 5 6
Miss E. Giblin	0 8 0	Master E. Knight	0 2 6
Collected by Mr. J. L. Archibald	0 5 0	Mrs. Millen	0 8 0
Mr. W. Bentley	0 2 6	Mrs. A. Drayson	0 5 0
Mrs. Grout	0 2 6	Mrs. Captain Tutton	0 5 0
Mr. C. Duckering	0 5 0	Miss K. Harvard and Mrs. E. Howell	0 10 0
Mrs. F. A. Pearce	0 2 6	Mrs. Robnnett	0 2 0
Mr. M. Morris	0 2 6	Mr. R. H. Smart	0 2 6
Miss M. M. Hodges	0 7 6	Mrs. Hutchison	0 5 0
Postal order, Devizes	0 1 3	Orphan, Berkhamstead	0 3 0
Miss Turnbull	0 5 0	Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Pavey	0 5 0
Mr. T. Parker	0 1 0	Mrs. T. W. Franklin	0 10 0
Mr. J. Cautwell	0 5 0	Miss R. Patten	0 2 6
Mrs. Brame	0 5 0	F. J. S.	1 0 0
Mrs. Ballern	0 5 0	Mr. J. G. Taylor	1 1 0
Mr. J. B. Elgar	0 5 0	Mrs. S. Evans	0 10 0
Mr. J. B. Near	0 2 6	Mr. T. Gostling	0 2 0
Mrs. M. Speed	0 5 0	Mr. J. Plant	0 10 0
Mrs. H. Barrett	0 5 0	Mr. W. Tucker	0 5 0
Mrs. A. M. Beadon	0 2 6	Mr. W. N. Finlayson	0 5 6
Mrs. A. M. Wallis	0 10 0	Mr. H. H. Dove	0 5 0
Postal order, Ealling	0 5 0	Mrs. G. Colyer	0 2 6
E. J. Cardigan	0 5 0	Mr. A. Chilman	0 5 0
Mrs. Jenkins	0 5 0	Mrs. Barrow	0 2 6
J. F. G.	0 5 0	Postal order, Royal Crescent, Notting Hill, W.	0 5 0
Endymion	0 10 6	Mr. W. H. Rich	0 2 6
Mr. J. R. Read	0 5 0	Mrs. Rainbott, sen.	0 2 6
Mr. and Mrs. A. Reid	0 5 0	Mrs. Macey	0 2 6
Mrs. Ruston	0 5 0	Mr. G. G. C. McKenzie	0 5 0
Miss M. Fraser	0 2 6	Mrs. E. R. Tiddy	0 5 0
Mrs. Maden	0 5 0	Mr. M. McAlister	0 5 0
Miss H. M. Ford	0 5 0	Mr. and Mrs. Norrish	0 5 0
Mrs. Dury	0 2 0	Mr. G. M. Rabbich	0 10 0
Mr. W. F. Bayes	0 12 6	Mrs. Murdoch	0 2 6
Mr. W. H. Hodges	0 2 6	Mr. T. H. Greenwood	0 7 6
Miss Mathew	0 2 6	Mrs. S. Dales	0 5 0
A. W., in memory of my father and mother	0 10 0	Mrs. Tennant	0 5 0
Mr. G. Hookey	0 2 6	Masters G. and W. Tolley	0 2 6
In memoriam, W. L. M.	0 10 0		
Miss Hall	0 5 0		
Mrs. R. C. Morris	0 2 6		
Miss Faith	0 2 6		
Mr. R. Edwards	0 5 0		
Mr. C. J. Bready	0 2 0		

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Mr. E. Jones	0 10 0	Mrs. Harris and friends	0 12 6
Mrs. A. Gunter	0 5 0	Mr. E. C. Humphrey	0 5 0
Miss M. A. Jennings	0 2 6	Mr. W. W. Gooderham	0 10 0
Mr. F. Collier	0 2 0	Mrs. Robinson	0 5 0
Mrs. S. J. Smith	0 5 0	Collected at Billingsley Colliery	
Mr. N. H. Saker	0 10 0	supper table, per Mr. G. Tolley...	0 7 6
Mr. W. Loveland	0 10 0	Mr. T. Dawes	0 5 0
Mr. and Mrs. Clow	0 5 0	Mr. J. Logan	0 5 0
Mrs. J. Le Feuvre	0 2 0	Mr. G. Wakeham	1 10 0
Mrs. Sheppard	0 5 0	Readers of "The Christian," per	
The Messrs Rowland	0 2 6	Messrs. Morgan and Scott	0 2 6
Mr. and Mrs. W. Louch	0 1 0	Mr. and Mrs. W. Vincent	0 5 0
Collected by Miss N. Johnson	0 5 0	A friend, Donegal	0 8 0
Mr. and Mrs. Milne	0 2 0	Mrs. H. I. Underhill	0 5 0
Mr. T. Bevan	0 10 0	CHRISTMAS DINNER-TABLE COLLEC-	
Mr. A. Warner	0 2 6	TIONS:—	
Mrs. Mackie	0 15 0	A. B. C.	5 0 0
Mrs. W. Dyer	0 5 0	Miss C. G. Deane	1 0 0
An old boy	0 2 6	Mr. S. W. Finch	0 4 0
Mr. E. Perryman	0 2 6	Mr. L. Lake	0 16 0
Mrs. E. Cartwright	0 5 0	Mr. D. J. Ogilvie	0 1 9
Willie and Emily, Sittingbourne	0 1 0	Mrs. Beeching	0 2 6
M. E. Hove	0 5 0	Per Rev. V. J. Charlesworth	0 10 0
Miss N. Fordham	0 1 0	Mrs. Mitchell	0 1 0
Mr. and Mrs. T. David	0 2 6	Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Scott	0 2 0
Mrs. J. Roberts	0 2 6	Miss G. Keall	0 3 0
Mrs. G. Harris	0 1 0	Miss E. M. Keast	0 7 6
Stamps	0 2 6	Miss E. M. Carr	0 4 0
Mrs. Rose	0 2 0	Mr. J. Dickens	0 7 0
Miss E. Scott	0 2 6	Teignmouth Baptist Church, per	
Mrs. and Miss Kilborn	0 10 0	Mrs. S. J. Thorpe	0 14 4
Collected by Mrs. Fakeley and		Mr. W. H. Tomlinson	0 4 5
family	0 12 0	Mrs. A. D. Angles	0 6 6
Mr. W. Church, jun.	0 5 0	Rev. J. Burnham	0 7 8
Mr. Geo. Lawrence and friends at		Miss P. Curtis	0 1 0
Wellingborough	14 0 0	Mr. J. Hardy	0 1 6
Mrs. Blake	1 1 0	Mr. H. Boughton	0 2 1
Baptist Tabernacle Sunday-school,		Miss F. W. J. Hay	0 1 9
Sittingbourne, per Mr. H. Packer	1 8 6	Mrs. E. List	0 2 6
Mr. J. McIlroy	0 5 0	Miss Fitzgerald	0 2 6
Messrs. R. Harding and Son	2 2 0	Mr. E. C. Humphrey	0 1 4
Mrs. M. A. Chapman	1 0 0	Miss O. E. Selfe	0 10 0
Mr. F. W. Trotman	1 1 0	Mrs. Ives	0 11 6
Miss E. S. Husband	1 0 0	Pastor J. A. Wilson	0 5 0
Miss Anderson	0 2 6	Mrs. Hull	0 1 6
Mr. J. Watt	0 2 0	Miss L. Gosling	0 1 3
Master E. and the Misses G. and		Miss N. Keridge	0 16 0
M. Abraham	0 5 0	Mr. J. Wilson	0 6 6
Mrs. Stephens	0 1 6	Mrs. M. L. Smith	0 5 0
Mr. G. Fryer	0 1 0	Rev. E. J. Edwards	0 5 0
Miss A. Brown	0 1 0	Stamps, Haverhill	0 1 0
Master S. H. Livsey	0 6 6	Rev. J. Brockis	0 12 0
Mr. J. Walker	0 2 6	Mrs. Barnard and Mrs. Ridgway	0 12 0
Mrs. Stevens	0 10 6	Mrs. E. Terry	0 1 0
Mr. and Mrs. H. Crees	1 0 0	Portslade Baptist Church, per Rev.	
Postal order, Thame	0 2 6	H. J. Dyer	3 0 3
Mr. W. Miles	0 2 6	Miss E. Kewer	0 7 6
Mrs. Allen	0 2 0	Mr. H. Sharman	0 5 0
Mr. J. O. Cadwaladr	0 2 6	Mr. J. W. Moore	0 3 0
Mr. R. Dawson	0 4 0	Miss Gregg	0 1 6
Mrs. and Miss E. G. Lang	0 7 0	Miss L. Wilson	0 5 0
Mr. F. J. Hurst	0 5 0	Mr. S. J. Fowler	0 5 0
Miss Spel	0 5 0	Mrs. Field and family	0 2 0
Miss H. Clark	0 5 0	Mrs. A. Smith	0 2 0
Mrs. H. Lunn	0 5 0	Postal order, Retford	0 4 0
Mrs. Barnard	0 10 0	Mrs. Mackey	0 6 0
Mrs. D. Lodge	0 5 0	Mrs. H. Windmill	0 3 0
Mrs. W. Wilson	0 5 0	Mr. W. Ince	0 5 0
Mr. J. Aldington	0 10 0	Mrs. M. Richardson	0 2 6
Mrs. I. J. Brown	0 5 0	Mrs. Horton	0 2 6
Master J. and Miss K. Brown	0 2 6	Mr. West	0 2 9
Mrs. E. Norledge	0 2 6	Mr. W. Cooke	0 3 0
Rev. R. Bastable	0 2 6	Mrs. Huit	0 1 11
Mrs. Broom	0 5 0	Mrs. Durant	0 7 6
Stamps, Dundee	0 2 6	Mrs. R. Hawes	0 5 0
Mr. G. W. Tomalin	0 2 6	East Dereham, per Mrs. H. Leach	4 5 9
Mr. J. Pilly	0 5 0	Per Miss Tarrant:—	
Mr. W. Nichol	0 2 0	Mrs. Willis	0 8 0
Mr. J. Reid	0 5 6	Mrs. Fowler	0 2 6
Mrs. McClure	0 5 0	Mrs. Boughey	0 2 0
Mrs. Gardner	0 1 0	M. R.	0 1 6
Mr. and Mrs. Powell	0 5 6		

		£	s.	d.			£	s.	d.
Miss N. Bartlett	0	3	0	Postal order, Pontnewnydd	0	3	0
Mrs. Ryote	0	5	0	Stamps, Stratford	0	1	0
Mrs. C. Tucker	0	2	6	Mrs. E. Wenham	0	6	0
Mr. A. S. Wakeley	0	5	0	Mrs. E. J. Bradley	0	2	0
Mrs. Fordham	0	5	0	Mrs. Ireland	0	2	0
Mrs. M. Alderton	0	6	0	Llanwenarth Baptist Chapel, Govilon,	2	6	0
Shirley Baptist Chapel, Southampton,	1	12	6	per Mr. A. J. Edwards	2	6	0
per Pastor E. R. Pullen	0	5	0	Spurgeon Memorial Baptist Chapel	6	2	0
Mr. D. C. Davies	0	3	6	and Sunday-school, Guernsey, per	2	1	0
Mrs. J. Coles, per Miss A. Bevis	0	2	0	Rev. J. Gard	1	15	0
Stamps, Abergavenny	0	2	0	Hornsey Rise Baptist Chapel, per	1	0	0
Rev. E. A. Arthurs	0	1	0	Mrs. J. E. Joyne	0	15	0
Mr. G. Knee	0	1	0	Kington Baptist Chapel, per Pastor	1	0	0
Mrs. F. M. Peed	0	8	6	W. B. Nichols	29	5	10
Mr. F. Ride, per Mr. J. H. Rechten	0	3	0	Ibstock Baptist Chapel, per Mr.	0	6	0
Mr. C. Allard	1	6	0	E. E. Johnson	2	7	6
Barry Road Baptist Chapel, Dul-	0	1	0	Conduit Road Baptist Chapel,	0	1	0
wich, per Rev. H. R. Passmore	0	1	0	Plumstead, per Rev. F. J. Exley	0	13	6
Mrs. Robertson	0	1	0	Mrs. E. Montgomery	0	15	0
Mrs. Vague	0	1	0	Mrs. Lowe	0	1	6
Mrs. Kingham	0	5	4	Paradise Row Baptist Chapel,	29	5	10
Mr. A. Wood	1	4	0	Waltham Abbey, per Mr. G.	0	6	0
Southgate, per Rev. A. Poole	4	0	0	Richardson	0	1	0
Baptist Congregational Church,	0	3	6	Mrs. A. Pottinger	0	1	0
Brown Street, Salisbury, per Rev.	0	1	0	Highgate Road Baptist Chapel	0	6	0
A. J. Edwards	0	6	6	Men's Bible-class, per Mr. E. Guy	0	2	7
Per Miss I. Fish:—	0	1	0	Mrs. A. Haselden	0	1	0
Master L. Sayer	0	11	0	A few children, per Rev. A. E.	0	6	0
Miss E. Hilliker	0	10	0	Johns	0	2	0
Miss L. Fish	0	5	0	Mrs. W. Coombes	0	6	0
Per Mrs. Stark:—	0	2	9	MEETINGS BY MR. CHARLESWORTH				
Messrs. Paramor and Sons	0	10	6	AND THE ORPHANAGE CHOIR:—				
Mr. C. J. Reeve	0	10	0	Wellow	5	0	0
Mr. Coombes	0	10	0	Ryde	11	0	0
Mrs. Hills	0	5	0	Brading	2	0	0
Mr. J. W. Twyman	0	5	0	Newport	2	8	6
New Town Dairy Co.	0	2	3	Waterlooville	3	5	1
Mr. G. Munday	0	2	3	Mr. George S. Lancaster	2	0	0
Per Miss Larwill:—	0	3	6	Dalston Junction Baptist Chapel	5	5	1
Miss Mady	0	3	6	SEASIDE HOME, MARGATE:—				
Miss Weller	0	2	0	Mr. T. H. Woodeson	1	0	0
Miss Gearing	0	2	0	Mr. E. Potter, sen.	0	5	0
Per Miss R. Daniell:—	0	8	0	Mrs. Egerton Burnett	1	0	0
Mrs. F. J. Davies	0	4	6	Mr. W. Baldwin	0	0	6
Mrs. W. H. Davies	0	6	0	Mr. J. Smith	0	5	0
Mrs. James Davies	0	2	0	Miss M. Fraser	0	2	6
Mrs. Dr. Thomas	0	2	6	Mr. W. P. Appleton	1	1	0
Mrs. E. Thomas	0	1	0	Mr. F. Whittle	1	0	0
Mrs. J. M. Jones	0	1	0	F. J. S.	1	0	0
Miss E. Price	0	3	6	Mr. J. G. Taylor	1	1	0
Mrs. Beach	0	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. W. Wood	0	5	0
Mr. D. M. Williams	0	3	6	The Misses Hardy	0	4	6
Mrs. Hillier	0	2	6	Mr. J. McIlroy	0	5	0
Mrs. D. Jenkins	0	2	0	Mrs. Scott	0	8	6
Miss H. James	0	5	1	Mrs. Allen	0	1	0
Mrs. W. J. Fox	0	11	3	Mr. R. Dawson	0	4	0
Mrs. Chappell	0	5	0	Mrs. Gardner	0	0	6
Mrs. Le Gros	0	5	4	Mrs. Mitchell	0	1	6
Mrs. H. Thompson	0	3	3	Mr. F. C. Humphrey	0	5	0
Mrs. G. Batchelor	0	10	0	Miss C. Thomson	0	2	6
Miss M. Daniell	0	3	1	Miss T. Rogers	1	0	0
Mrs. Heard	0	1	3	Collected by Miss E. Kite	0	2	0
Mrs. I. Griffiths	0	4	0	Mr. A. Le Poidevin	0	2	0
Mrs. T. S. Edwards	0	10	0	Mrs. C. Thomson	0	2	6
Mrs. G. Jones	0	5	0	Miss J. M. Hutton	0	2	6
Mrs. Evans	0	5	0	A friend, Ash Vale	0	2	6
Mrs. E. Phillips	0	2	6	£1,211 19 0				

5 0 3

LIST OF PRESENTS RECEIVED FROM DECEMBER 15TH, 1903, TO JANUARY 14TH, 1904.

PROVISIONS:—10 Rabbits, Mr. C. Dewar; 1 sack Flour, Mrs. M. Goddard; 2 boxes Valencias, 2 boxes Currants, 42 lbs. Molst Sugar, 14 lbs. Peel, 1 lb. Spice, Messrs. J. Daintree and Co.; 1 sack Flour, Mr. J. Lawman; 1 sack Flour, 1 case Oranges, Mr. W. Medcalf; 5 cwt. Jam, Messrs. Chivers and Son, Ltd.; box Flour, etc., a friend; 100 Oranges, 1 bottle Sweets, Mr. E. Newman; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Sir A. Seale Haslam; 1 gross Assorted Minerals, Messrs. Maughan and Co.; 1 sack Flour, Mr. T. Priest; 1 sack Flour, 1 case Oranges, Mrs. Gatward; 1 cwt. Assorted Sweets, Messrs. J. Pascall, Ltd.; 25 lbs. Tea, Butlers Wharf, Ltd.; 1 case Oranges,

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Bennett, Liverpool, per Mr. Henry Mears	0	5	0
Mrs. Morton	0	5	0
	£2	10	0

GENERAL FUND:—			
	£	s.	d.
Miss Haseltine	0	2	6
Mr. J. J. Cook	1	1	0
Mrs. Raybould	1	1	0
Mr. C. Goddard Clarke, J.P., L.C.C.	1	1	0
Mr. W. D. Harvey	0	2	6
Mr. Frank Cockrem	2	0	0
In loving memory of Mr. J. Goring	1	0	0
Mr. J. R. Stevens	1	1	0
Mr. John Davies	0	10	6
Mr. Edwin Brayne	1	1	0
Mr. E. Dawson	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Brown, Farnham	0	10	0
Mr. G. B. Sowerby	0	10	0
Principal A. McCalg	0	10	6
Mr. F. Elgar	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. S. Wigney	1	1	0
A. P.	2	0	0
Mr. Mannington	3	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Squibb	0	10	0
Ald. H. Colman	1	0	0
Mr. E. Garrett	0	5	0
Mr. C. F. Hodges	0	10	6
Mr. F. J. Rumsey	0	10	0
Collection at Rivenhall End Chapel, per Mrs. F. Springett	0	5	7
Mr. J. Morey	0	2	6
Miss Light	0	3	6
Mr. Sidney Starr	0	5	0
Professor Walter Hackney, M.A., Ynsboeth Baptist Church, per Mr. S. Arbery	0	5	0
The Misses Oyley	0	6	0
Mr. C. F. Allison	1	0	0
The Misses Passmore	2	0	0
Mr. Brazil	2	0	0
Miss Van Notten Pole	0	10	0
Mr. A. Christie	1	0	0
Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Co., Lim.	1	1	0
Mrs. A. Mott	0	5	0
Mrs. Hills	0	2	0
Mr. S. Church	0	5	0
Mr. W. Miller Higgs	1	1	0
Phoebe	25	0	0

COLLECTING BOXES AND CARDS TO DECEMBER 31ST, 1903:—

Mrs. May	0	6	0
Mr. A. J. Gill	0	8	0
Mrs. Raffield	0	10	1
Miss Matilda Ead	0	7	0
Mrs. F. Collier	0	4	3
Mrs. Portingall	0	7	6
Mr. and Mrs. H. Fenner	0	13	1
Mr. Job Smith	0	9	6
Miss Eva Dimmer	0	3	0
Mr. G. Botwright	0	4	6
Mr. A. R. Richards	0	10	0
Mr. Sidney Frost	0	5	0
Mr. Robert Hall	0	8	0
Mrs. Ethel Goddard	0	18	6
Miss Lily Piercey	0	8	0
Mrs. Carter	0	5	0
Miss Cobbold	0	8	6

Mr. J. W. Andrew	0	17	6
Miss Lizzie Keddie	0	7	6
Mr. E. Paine	0	18	3
Miss Lizzie Johnston	0	8	6
Mr. T. McMahon	0	12	6
Miss Kate McMahon	0	3	0
Miss Grace Gould	0	7	0
Mr. G. H. Phillips	0	3	0
Miss Nellie Tidley	0	4	6
Mr. W. Bird	0	14	6
Mr. J. P. Allen	0	6	11
Mr. C. Neale	0	14	0
Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Wilmot	0	16	6
Mr. T. M. Mead	0	4	0
Mr. Nettie	0	6	0
Miss Dorothy Llewellyn	0	15	7
Miss Hilda Cox	0	2	0
Mr. R. Bellamy	0	15	0
Mrs. Wilfred Hyde	0	7	0
Mr. C. Payne	0	3	9
Mr. H. Webb	0	4	0
Small Dole Chapel, per Mr. T. Bignell	0	4	4
Mrs. Fifield	0	4	0
Mr. R. Fifield	0	2	6

COMMENCEMENT OF 1904:—

Mr. W. Gwilliam, to start the New Year	1	1	0
Collection at New Town Mission, Upper Norwood, and from other friends, per Mr. G. Willoughby	1	9	6
Mr. Askew, per Mr. Henry Mears	0	2	6
Mr. G. C. Heard	2	2	0
Readers of "The Christian," per Messrs. Morgan and Scott	8	2	0
Collection at Melton Mowbray, etc., per Mr. H. Payne	0	16	0
Mr. James Hall	2	2	0
Mr. M. A. Bowden	0	2	6
Stockwell Orphanage Sunday-school Boys' Christian Band, per Mr. W. J. Evans	0	7	9
Mr. S. P. Catterson	0	10	0
Mrs. L. Weymouth	1	1	0
Mrs. Scandrett	0	2	6
Mr. M. Gay	3	0	0
Mr. T. S. Penny	1	1	0
Mr. Josiah Spiers	0	10	0
Mr. E. S. Boot	0	10	0
Mr. H. H. Seaton	0	10	0
Miss E. R. Orchard	0	10	0

COLLECTING BOXES AND CARDS:—

Miss Kathleen Cope	0	6	6
Mrs. Jones	0	8	1
Miss Hooper's Mothers' Meeting	3	6	0
Miss Eunice Cooper	0	1	4
Mr. and Mrs. S. Wigney	1	7	0
Mrs. Burton	0	6	0
Miss Gladys Johnston	0	15	0
Miss Grace Pearce	0	12	6
Mrs. B. D. Wagstaff	0	5	10
Miss Humphrey	0	19	0
Mr. H. Stanley Watts	0	5	0
Miss Johnson	0	4	0
The Misses Tatnell	0	6	5
Miss Queenie Russell	0	5	0
Depot box	0	9	6
Ladies' Working Society	14	3	0
Miss Weston	0	5	0
Miss Grace Wagstaff	0	5	6
Miss E. Carver	0	14	2
Mrs. Curtis	0	16	3
Miss Kathleen Collier	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Wigney	0	12	0
Miss Dorothy Ladds	0	10	0
Mr. A. Vine	0	3	2
Miss Norah Short	0	2	9
Mrs. Hockey's Mothers' Meeting, Bexhill	0	6	0

£121 18 10

Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon's Book Fund.

Statement of Receipts from December 15th, 1903, to January 14th, 1904.

		£	s.	d.			£	s.	d.
Mrs. G., New Brighton		2	0	0	Mrs. P., Toronto		0	4	0
Miss L. P., Stratford		1	1	0	Mrs. C. J. W. R., Kensington		10	10	0
Miss C. T.		0	2	6	Mr. W. M., Moutrose		2	0	0
M. L., Lockerbie		0	5	0	Miss D., Waltham Cross		1	0	0
Miss E. G., Braintree		1	0	0	Miss M. B., Purton		0	5	0
Rev. A. K., Pirinaseus		0	10	0	Miss H., Birkenhead		0	5	0
J. C., Esq., Auchindall		5	0	0	Miss L., Bristol		0	10	0
Miss L. S., Southville		0	10	6	Miss S. B.		0	2	6
W. H., Esq., Clapham		5	5	0	T. S. P., Esq., Taunton		1	1	0
Miss C. W.		0	2	0	" Moorgate "		2	2	0
Mrs. R., Tooting		0	10	0	Mrs. F. G. S., Bredbury		4	4	0
Mr. C. C.		0	2	6	Mrs. B., Denmark Hill		0	10	0
Mr. E. M., Glasgow		1	0	0	Mrs. H., Bishopstone		1	0	0
Locket, chain, 3 seals		4	5	0	Mrs. S., Beldairs		0	10	0
Mrs. G. and friend, Camberwell		0	5	0	Also, For General Use in the Lord's				
Miss C. C. M.		0	2	6	Work		1	1	0
Watch-night service, Seven Kings,					Miss McC., Culscadden, For				
per Pastor J. C.		2	2	0	General Use in the Lord's Work "		1	0	0
Miss B., Blackfriars		0	10	6	Miss H., Surbiton		1	0	0
Miss M., Godmanchester		0	10	0	Miss S. N. H., Brixton		1	1	0
Miss K.		0	2	0					
Mrs. B., Stanford-le-Hope		0	10	0					
							£54	1	0

Gifts of books:—Mr. E. Uplyme, 55 old, Mr. F., "Fairlight," 9 old.

Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon's Pastors' Aid Fund.

Statement of Receipts from December 15th, 1903, to January 14th, 1904.

	£	s.	d.	
Miss C., Edinburgh		1	0	0
Miss S. P., Stratford		1	1	0
	£2	1	0	

Gifts of Clothing:—Mrs. R., Thlrsk; Mrs. G., New Brighton; Mrs. H., Blackheath; Mrs. J., Staplehurst; Mrs. W., Brixton; Y.W.C.A., Bromley; Mrs. F., Brockley; Miss B., Hammersmith; Mrs. E., Bristol; Miss G., Lisnafilan; Miss G., Stratford; Miss Y., Portlengone; Mrs. B., Boscombe; Miss A. W., Regent's Park.

Pastor Thos. Douglas desires us to acknowledge, with thanks, the receipt of £1 from C. L. E.

Contributions in aid of "Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon's Book and Pastors' Aid Funds" should be sent to Miss E. H. Thorne, addressed (for the present), "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.

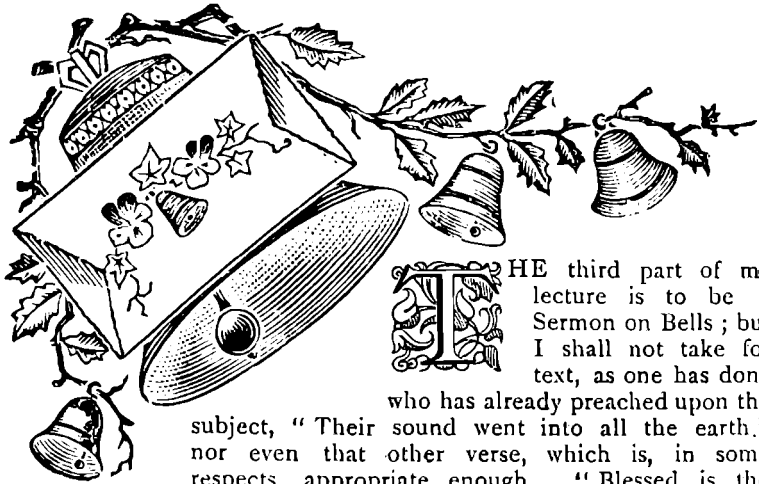
MARCH, 1904.

Bells and Bell-ringing.

A LECTURE.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

CHAPTER III.



THE third part of my lecture is to be a Sermon on Bells; but I shall not take for text, as one has done who has already preached upon the subject, "Their sound went into all the earth." nor even that other verse, which is, in some respects, appropriate enough. "Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound." Our text, like that of the famous sermon on Malt, will consist of a single word. "Bells" is our text and theme combined. We have a lofty subject, and it should be handled in an elevated style, connected, as it is, with life and death, and heard, as it must be, far and wide. It is the tongue of time, the voice of death, the music of life.

We shall divide our text into three heads,—acrostic fashion. The

first will be B, which stands for BIBLICAL. Bells are mentioned but twice in the Scriptures. The bells that were upon the high priest's garments, alternated with the pomegranates, as if to show us that there must be not only the sound of profession and of faith, but also the sweet fruits of holiness. If we bring not forth unto God the fruits of the Spirit, we cannot be the accepted priests of the Most High. Each true Christian is one of God's priests, and the tinkle of the bell of piety should accompany his every step. He should make music wherever he goes. Zechariah declares that "In that day shall there be upon the bells of the horses, HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD." The simple meaning of that text is that the day shall come when, in common life, holiness shall be the guiding star, when the ordinary actions of human existence shall be as much the worship of God as the sacrifice of the altar, or the mission of the high priest when he went within the veil. Everything, that which was most despised—the horses, the places which seemed the least likely to be consecrated—the stables, and those things which seemed the least holy, even the horses' harness,—all shall be so thoroughly used in obedience to God's will that everywhere there shall be written, "Holiness unto Jehovah." Common things, then, in the day spoken of by Zechariah, are to be dedicated to God, and used in His service. I would have every dustman's bell "Holiness unto the Lord." Whatever your business is, though you are a scavenger, though you sweep a crossing, though you black shoes,—whatever you have to do, let everything be done to the glory of God. And if any say it cannot be done, do you show them the way, for the best practical proof is the proof of fact. Is there anything wrong at home? Go and set it to rights. Is there anything wrong in the shop, or in the kitchen? If you have not done what you ought to have done as a Christian man, if you have not acted as you ought to have done in your trade, go and do better. Physician, there is a bell at your door, let that be "Holiness unto the Lord." Let those kind acts of yours to the distressed poor, let those self-sacrificing acts of stooping down to the poor wayfarer in his suffering, consecrate your practice. Let your bell be "Holiness unto the Lord." Let each of you, whatever his calling may be, seek to find some special way in which that calling may promote the glory of Christ.

The second head is E, or EMBLEMATICAL. May our whole lives sound forth God's praises as the bells ring out their chimes and peals! May we speak out what we profess to believe, as clearly, as distinctly, as loudly, as constantly, as fearlessly, as the bells do when they proclaim the message either of sorrow or of joy! Referring again to those bells upon the horses, let me commend their music, and the religion of common life which it represents. I rejoice in the music of these bells, first, because of its loudness. There are many men who do not hear the church bell, who will hear the bells upon the horses; by which I mean that, preach as frequently as we may, some people will never believe us, but they cannot help believing what they see in your lives. We may extol Christ, and they will say, "It is the minister's office and duty to do that;" but if your actions are what they should be, if your lives are saturated with the spirit of Jesus, they cannot help

hearing their message. They may put their fingers in their ears, and not hear *our* sermons; but they *must* hear *your* sermons, for they can hear them through their eyes as well as through their ears, if you, in your daily walk, act as becometh the Gospel of Christ.

Again, I commend the music of the horses' bells for clearness. Many people cannot understand our sermons. There are words we use that they do not try to comprehend, and some which the carnal mind cannot receive; but they can understand *your* sermons, if they cannot mine. If you have traded honourably, if you, instead of taking undue advantage, have only taken that which is your due, if they have seen you refuse to tell a lie though you might have gained much by it, if they have known you stand firm in your integrity, while others laughed at you as a fool and a madman, they can understand it. *My* sermons may be mystifying, but *yours* would not be. The church bell may sometimes have a cracked note; but the bells upon the horses will be so clear, that they will be compelled in their consciences to believe what you teach.

I commend the music of these bells for its constancy. The church bell rings but once a week; I am preaching to you some three or four sermons in a week, but you, if you consecrate your common things, will be preaching all day long. You will keep the bells upon the horses ringing every time the horses nod their heads. Every time they move, there will be a fresh peal; and that is the advantage of putting the bells, not on the steeple, but on the horse, so that they must always ring. This place is shut up a great portion of the week, and only opened occasionally for worship; but *you* ought to keep your preaching-places open always. There, behind the counter, should be *your* pulpit, or in the Corn Exchange, or on the Market, or in the family, you should be always preaching.

Again, I must praise the bells upon the horses for their universality. My church bell can only ring in one place, and the bells in the parish church only ring in the steeple where they hang; but the bells upon the horses ring wherever the horses go; and so is it with your piety, it will ring wherever you go. You can preach in the lodging-house, you can preach in the back room yonder, where poverty has found a haunt; you can preach wherever God in His providence has cast you; at the Board-room table, in the midst of the Corporation, in the Senate, in the House of Commons, you can preach wherever God calls you. This universal preaching in every court, and lane, and alley, is better far for effect than our preaching ever can be.

I commend the bells upon the horses, for they ring out a Divine note. Our church bells do not always do that. Sometimes, our sermons are a little to the honour and glory of the speaker, a little to the honour and glory of a particular church; but the bells on the horses ring out, not the glory of man, but "Holiness unto the Lord," "unto the Lord," "unto the Lord." And so, if you consecrate your whole life, the testimony of that life may be to *your* credit; but, still, it will be far more to the honour and glory *of God*. There will be no fear that *man* shall take the honour of your pious consecration, of your holy watchfulness, of your humble integrity, of your industry, your perseverance, and your constancy in the path of right. The bells upon your

horses shall ring a Diviner note than I fear will always be rung from the bells of our pulpits.

The third head is L. As there are two L's in our text, we will lay double emphasis on this point. L stands for LITERALLY. The bells that we use in our ordinary life should be made to subserve our Lord's honour. There are bells that we employ in connection with our pleasures. We do not use the sleigh-bells here as they do in Canada; but, in all our excursions, and all our parties of pleasure, may we always have respect to the presence of God, and consecrate the bells of our recreation! "Holiness unto the Lord" should be on the railway bell.

When you are travelling in Alpine regions, you will be amused by the ringing of the little bells upon the horses. You are there for rest, to recruit the body, but let that rest be taken in the spirit of holiness. I fear that many leave their religion behind them when they go to the sea-side, or to Continental countries. It ought not to be so; in our pleasures, as well as in everything else, there should be "Holiness unto the Lord." A Christian man needs recreation as well as another man; the bow must be unstrung, for the soul always bent to work will soon lose the energy to labour. There must be times for breathing the fresh country air, and looking upon the meadows and the fields. I wish such days came oftener to the poor toiling population of this huge labyrinth of bricks; would that you could oftener see the laughing face of the verdant earth, and the smokeless heavens! But mark this, let us as Christian men see to it that our very recreation is as sacred, in the sight of God, as our solemn feast days. Does recreation mean sin? Then, you have nothing to do with it. Does pleasure mean iniquity? Then, deny yourselves. But there are pleasures which mean no such thing. As you traverse Alpine regions, let your thoughts stand on the mountain-tops, and talk with God; or if you walk the fair lanes of England, let the cool retreat become an oratory for your soul. Everything that your eye looks upon, from the king-cup in the meadow to the cedar upon the mountain, may make you praise God. If, in seeking rest, you are really desiring to get strength that you may spend it in His service, if you take rest, not for your pleasure's sake, but that, stringing your muscles once more, and getting your soul into tune, you may with greater vigour serve Him in days to come; then, again, the bells on the horses are "Holiness unto the Lord." It is greatly to be regretted that the mass of our people, who go to the sea-side, leave their godliness behind them. Men think that, when they are abroad, they may leave their habits, which they practised at home, behind them. Full often have I known that, at the sea-side, Christians knowingly and wilfully keep the proprietors of the houses where they lodge from places of worship, to prepare their sumptuous repasts on the Sabbath-day, and so virtually prevent them from hearing the Word of God for six or nine months in the year. There may be some of you who are going out, by-and-by; I beg you, in your recreation, not to leave your religion behind you. You will put off your black coat, and put on your tourist's suit; but take your Christian character with you, I beseech you. Why should it be thought that your

religion is a local thing, and that, out of the way of society, which is a sort of check upon you, you may be free to sin as others do?

Our time-measuring bells should be sanctified by awakening us to serious thoughts,—thoughts none the less joyous and bright because they are serious. Here are the quaint cries that the old watchman at Herrnhut repeated for the benefit of the Moravian brethren there:—

- VIII. "Past eight o'clock. Herrnhut, do thou ponder;
Eight souls in Noah's ark were living yonder.
- IX. It's nine o'clock! ye brethren, hear it striking;
Keep hearts and houses clean, to our Saviour's liking.
- X. Now, brethren, hear, the clock is ten, and passing;
None rest but such as wait for Christ's embracing.
- XI. Eleven is past! Still at this hour, eleven,
The Lord is calling us from earth to Heaven.
- XII. Ye brethren, hear, the midnight clock is humming;
At midnight our great Bridegroom will be coming.
- I. Past one o'clock; the day breaks out of darkness:
Great morning Star, appear, and break our hardness!
- II. 'Tis two! On Jesus wait this silent season,
Ye two, so near related, will and reason.
- III. The clock is three! The Blessed Three doth merit
The best of praise from body, soul, and spirit.
- IV. 'Tis four o'clock, when three make supplication,
The Lord will be the fourth on that occasion.
- V. Five is the clock! Five virgins were discarded
When five with wedding garments were rewarded.
- VI. The clock is six, and I go off my station:
Now, brethren, *watch yourselves for your salvation.*"

The marriage bell, associated with all that is joyous and hopeful, should always be consecrated to God. I would, especially, that Christian people were more careful in this matter to wait upon the Lord for guidance, and then they would never be led to be unequally yoked with unbelievers, nor would they have all their lives to regret fatal mistakes.

Our business bells ought to be "Holiness unto the Lord,"—those little bells that ring in the shop whenever a customer goes in. There should be no short weights, no measures that are too small. It should never be said of any in this district that, when the inspector comes round, they are afraid to see him. If people get cheated at other shops, do not let them get cheated at yours, or they will be sure to say, "Ah! *you* hear Spurgeon; that is your religion, is it?" They will be sure to throw the blame on your *religion*, and not on *you*. If there be a place where they get short weight, let it never be at yours; if there be a place where there is a want of integrity, or civility, or attention, let it not be yours; but seek so to act that, while you do not make your religion help your trade, yet you keep your trade always in subservience to your religion, and seek to glorify God in all that you do.

Some of you own a factory bell, and I see your men come streaming down the street to work. Make that bell "Holiness unto the Lord."

When will the time come when all these quarrellings between master and man shall be done with? When shall the day come when both of them shall seek to have perfect peace and harmony? For it is to their mutual interest, let them know. Oh! when shall it be that the workman shall feel that he has all that which is just and equal? And, on the other hand, when shall the master feel that he has not to deal with men who, when given an inch, will take an ell, but who are content to deal as fairly with him as he would with them? If I have any of your great cotton lords here, if I have any men who have many servants, let them take care that their religion tunes their factory bell, or else I would not give a farthing for all their religion, let them give what they may towards the maintenance of it.

And our little table bells should also be consecrated. "Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."

And what of bells marked "Visitors"? Ruskin says, with cruel truth, that all some English fathers pray for is, that their sons may have a double-belled house, and be privileged to ring the visitors' bell. What a waste of time some visits entail! It was my misfortune, once, to sit in the corner of a drawing-room, and listen to the conversation during a visit. If it had been condensed into the sense or usefulness it contained, it might have been spoken in something like the thousandth part of a second. But there it went on, talk, talk, talk, about nothing at all; and when it was done, they went away, I have no doubt greatly refreshed. I heard a great deal about how the visitors came, how they changed omnibuses at "The Flower Pot," how they had not seen each other for I don't know how long, and what a fine day it was, and that Miss So-and-so had got married at last, and how many bridesmaids she had, and what they wore.

The visits of Christian people should never be of that kind. If you go to see anybody, know what you are going for; have a message to deliver, and some purpose to serve. If God had meant you and me to waste our time in flying visits, He would have made us butterflies, and not men. He would have made us so that we might sip the nectar from the flowers, as bees do; instead of which, He has made us men, whose time is precious, and whose hours cannot be weighed in the scale with diamonds. Let your visits be rather to the sick, to give them comfort; to the poor, to give them help; to your friends, to show yourself friendly; and to the godly, to get godly refreshment; than to the frivolous, to waste an hour; or to the fashionable, to maintain a fancied dignity. Let all our visiting and talking be done to the glory of God. A little salt rubbed into our tongues would be a great blessing.

Our sorrowing bells should be consecrated, too. Whenever the knell tolls out for a departed one, we ought to say, with good John Newton,—

"Oft as the bell, with solemn toll,
Speaks the departure of a soul,
Let each one ask himself, 'Am I
Prepared, should I be called to die?'"

I hope you are not unwilling to think about death. If you do not



"HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD."

like to think about it, there must be something wrong with you, and your dislike ought to be a warning to you. He who is afraid of solemn things has probably solemn reason to be afraid of them. It is greatly wise to talk with our last hours. A man, who is going to a certain place, should think about the place to which he is going, and make some preparation for it. If he be a wise man, he will do so. I should like you to attain to such a state that you could feel as Dr. Watts did. When he was an old man, he said to a friend, "I go to my bed, each night, with perfect indifference as to whether I shall wake up in this world or the next." That is a beautiful state of mind to be in, and it was very similar to that of an old Scotch minister to whom someone said, "Is this disease of yours likely to be fatal?" He replied, "I do not know, and I do not wish to know; for I do not think it can make much difference to me. If I go to Heaven, I shall be with God; and if I stop here, God will be with me." Some godly people have lived so long that they have been anxious to depart, rather than wishing to stay here. Dr. Dwight, the famous tutor, had a mother who lived to be over a hundred years of age. One day, when she heard the bell toll for a neighbour, the old lady said, with tears in her eyes, "Won't it soon toll for me?" Let us, each one, be ready for the solemn tolling of the knell, whenever it may be.

Chats with the Children.

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

III.—DOWN A GOLD-MINE.

I WONDER if it has ever occurred to my young friends to enquire carefully as to whence the gold comes which is used for money, jewellery, and ornaments of various sorts. It is one of the most precious of metals, mainly because it is so difficult to obtain. Time was, in California and Australia, when nuggets were picked up weighing twenty-seven pounds, and more; but I am afraid that all the large-sized lumps have, long ere this, been secured. At all events, it has not been my good fortune to stumble on any such in either of those places, though I kept my eyes wide open when I was there. No, gold has now to be searched for very diligently, and at great cost. Deep down in the darkness of the mine, men seek it. Sometimes it is hidden in invisible grains in the layers of earth which were once the beds of rivers, but which are now hundreds of feet beneath the earth's surface. Sometimes it is to be seen like a fine vein in the flinty rock, and the quartz has to be blasted and ground to powder ere it gives up its golden treasure. The beds of some rivers still contain the precious metal. Their sands are literally golden. In this case, the stream has to be dredged. In every instance, much labour is required, and many disappointments are met with. The fact is, nothing that is worth having can be got without trouble. "No pains, no gains." Remember that, dear children. Whether it be skill, or knowledge, or character, or position, hard work is the way to win it. It is true that, to a few, as to those so-called "lucky" men, who happened on the nuggets, good fortune seems to come without

much striving on their own part; but, as a rule, the things that are really precious have to be sought diligently, and they are precious to us in proportion to the pains we have to take to make them ours.

Many of the gold-mines that have yielded most are now quite useless. Rich as they were, they could not keep on enriching others indefinitely. The "claim", as the miners call the mine, is now



A DESERTED CLAIM.

deserted, and a solitary, melancholy-looking object it is. Once the scene of honest and successful toil, it is now given over to the bats, and owls, and wild dogs. It is an emblem of the things of time and sense, which only for a season please and satisfy. They all fail by-and-by. Only spiritual riches last for ever. Earth's gold-mines give out, but the riches of God's grace are without limit. The Word of God is a gold-mine that is inexhaustible. Its precious promises, and its wise counsels, and its glorious teachings, last age after age; and the deeper one goes into this mine, the finer is the gold. "The judgments of the Lord are more to be desired than gold, yea, than much fine gold." I am afraid that some people's Bibles are like the deserted claim, but it is not because the treasure of the Book is worked out,—and there is no treasure so rich and enduring as *it*. See to it, dear young friend, that your Bible is not deserted. Dig deep, and you will find the true riches, which, in the days of trial, that you must some day meet, will stand you in good stead.

I thought that it might interest you to hear of how I once descended a gold-mine, and of what I saw down there. Only I want you, while I tell the story, to remember what I have said already. I have put the moral of the tale first this time, you see.

It was one of the largest and richest mines in Ballarat, the Golden City of Victoria, Australia. For many years it had yielded a rich revenue, and it was by no means exhausted; but the workings were now, for the most part, on the lower levels, that is to say, the miners had had to go deeper, and deeper every year. But men will go anywhere for gold!

My friends and I had, first of all, to visit the dressing-room, for it would never do to go down below in our Sunday best. Even week-day clothes would soon be spoilt with such rough usage. What "sights" we were when the robing was completed! We were covered with what looked to me something like smock-frocks; we had great boots on, regular beetle-crushers; on our heads were hard hats like round pudding-basins, (fortunately, there was a softer cap inside,) and in our right hands we bore candles stuck in lumps of clay. It is perhaps just as well that, in those days, (this was twenty-seven years ago, you must know,) snap-shots were not so common as they are to-day. I cannot say that we were very proud of our appearance. It is good to be humbled sometimes. Besides, what if our outfit was more useful than ornamental? We were not there to be admired. We wished to see a gold-mine, and we were becomingly attired for that purpose. Fit is better than fine, is it not? Moreover, when you are at a mine, you must do as the miners do.

Presently we came to the top of the shaft,—the big deep hole by which the miners go down to their work, and up which, or another like it, the earth with the gold in it comes. There was a big wheel over our heads, round which the wire rope was wound that held the iron cage into which we now stepped. There we were packed, literally, like herrings in a barrel. Presently, a signal was given, and we began to descend. Although we did not go particularly fast, the downward motion produced a strange sensation,—a sort of sinking feeling; yet down, and down, and still down we went, determined to get to the bottom of the affair. By the way, that is always a wise thing to do. Never be satisfied with a surface view of matters or of people. Sink a shaft into them, as it were, and find out what they really are.

When we had journeyed towards the centre of the earth for about 500 feet, our curious car came to a standstill. Then we stepped out into the new world of the underground. We found ourselves in an open space rather dimly lighted. After getting a little accustomed to the gloom, we looked about us as best we could. The first item of interest was the stable. "Stable?" says one of my readers, in great surprise. Oh, yes! a cosy and roomy stable, with a large number of stalls, some of which were empty, for the horses had gone to business. But there were others at home, munching their corn by candle-light, or having their after-dinner nap. Their turn for labour would come by-and-by; for, like the miners, they work by "shifts." They were not mere ponies such as are used in our coal-mines, but good-sized nags, for the main tunnels, or "drives", of the mine were fairly lofty. I must confess to a very strong weakness for horses, so I lingered at the stable as long as I could. In fact, I had quite a talk with my friends. To all my enquiries as to whether

they minded being down so deep, never seeing the green fields and the running streams, they could only answer "Neigh"; and when I asked their keeper, he assured me that, though they lived about 500 feet beneath the surface, and never revisited the upper world alive, they were perfectly happy. What a good thing it is to be satisfied with our lot! How few there are who, though their condition is very much better than that of the apostle Paul, can say with him, "I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content."

Then began our inspection of the mine itself. There was opportunity to go by rail, for a train of empty trucks was about to set out into the darkness; but we preferred to walk. One can see so much more a-foot. We were told that the workings extended for several miles;—three, I think. How far they go by now, it is hard to guess. It was all plain sailing at first. The air was pure, and not too warm, and the ground was fairly dry; but, as we proceeded, the atmosphere grew stuffy, and the way became muddier and more slippery. In some places, we floundered about a good deal, but nobody actually came to grief. What is that glimmer far away, and what that rumble as of distant thunder? The light grows brighter, and the noise becomes louder. Our guide suddenly bids us stand aside, and we have scarcely obeyed, ere a heavily-laden train of trucks, with a lantern on the foremost one, and hauled by a strong and willing horse, rattles past.

We had quite a long trudge to the spot where actual operations were in progress. I cannot truly say that I envied the miners. Poor fellows; they toiled hard, and no mistake. They had to crouch in all sorts of uncomfortable positions, wielding their picks and shovels. The heat was intense, for it is difficult to ventilate a great mine in its furthest recesses. For light, each miner had a candle, which he fixed either in his cap, or on the side of the cutting. In places, the water dripped like rain from the roof, and a miniature river flowed at our feet, despite the efforts of the tremendous pump whose steady throb could still be heard. Generally speaking, the roof was high enough to allow all except the giants among us to walk upright, but every now and then we were cautioned to duck our heads. Even with these timely warnings, we had abundant opportunity to discover the advantage of our helmets; for, more than once, a projecting rock or timber threatened to "crack our nuts" for us.

All this while, we had seen no gold. We did not then know that we were doomed to be without the sight until we came again into the open air, and visited the assaying room where they melt and weigh the gold. Not to see so much as a speck in the mine itself, was not a little disappointing to those who had thought that the yellow treasure would sparkle on every side. There were sparkles, it is true,—plenty of them;—but the shining mineral was iron-pyrites,—"pirates," I think the miners called it. The stranger might easily mistake these glittering specks for grains of gold. If all the iron-pyrites in the mine had been gold, what untold wealth the proprietors would have amassed; and if they had accepted the glistening dust as the genuine article, what disappointment would have been theirs when they put it into the crucible! Be sure that what you reckon to be precious, is

really so. Beware of counterfeits. Iron-pyrites is not to be compared in value to gold, and the pleasures of sin are only poor imitations of the true and lasting joys that Christians know. Do not be deceived by the sparkle of things.

“All that glisters is not gold,—
Often have you heard that told;
Many a man his life hath sold,
But my outside to behold;
Gilded tombs do worms infold.”

All the earth that was being taken out had to be sifted and washed ere the gold appeared. It was there all the time, but in such small quantities as to be invisible. So, while you are careful not to take that for good which only looks like it, please remember that there may be good where none is to be seen at first. A little patience will discover it by-and-by.

Well, when we had inspected all that was to be seen, we tramped back to the shaft, and were pulled up again to the surface. Our trip was over. I think we were well repaid for our trouble, although we saw no gold. It is always worth while seeing what things really are, and how they are done. I advise you never to lose a chance of going over a factory, or down a mine. Learn all you can.

I remember well my feelings as I stepped out into the light. Never had the sky looked so blue;—and it *is* blue in Australia, not the washed-out colour we have to make the best of here. Never had the grass appeared so green,—though Australian grass is not so green as ours as a rule. Oh! it was good to be in the light, and pure air again, and to hear the birds, and to see the flowers. We prize our mercies when we lose them. Often, we do not value our friends until we miss them. And, oh! how precious are those things to us which we have lost awhile, but which, by God's great mercy, are restored to us! Health regained is sweet indeed; and friends who have been far away, and home when we come back from school,—how dear they are!

I cannot help thinking that getting to Heaven, after all earth's sorrows and sins, will be something like emerging from that dark and dismal hole of the pit. How sweet its songs will be after the sighs of this sad world; how clear its unclouded skies in comparison with the mists and fogs of time; how pure its service beside our holiest things!

It is possible to know something of Heaven even here. We are too apt to live on the low levels, grubbing for the gold, that will perish in the using, instead of dwelling in the open of God's light and love. Happy young people, happy old folk, who walk in the light, as He is in the light! If you are down in the darkness, why not rise, and step out of the iron cage, into the light and liberty of God's rejoicing children? Here is a sweet verse to sing as you walk forth,—

“The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows His heart is mine,
And whispers, *I am His.*”

“Our Own Men” and their Work.

CXIX.—PASTOR THOMAS DOUGLAS, WALTHAM CROSS.



THOMAS DOUGLAS was born at Coalsnaughton, in Clackmannanshire, on the 10th of January, 1864. It is probably a characteristic of his countrymen that he should dwell with pleasure on the circumstance that he was born on a Sunday! Like his countrymen also, he was from an early age given to reading, his natural tastes leading him to the study of theological and devotional literature. He owed much, in those days of mental development, to the late Rev. Andrew Graham, of Crossgates, Fifeshire, under whose guidance he obtained a thorough knowledge of the Holy Scriptures. He must have been a keen student even as a lad, for he secured many prizes for proficiency, one of them being a reward for the perfect recital of the prose version of Psalm CXIX! The Synod of the United Presbyterian Church awarded him a first-class certificate for the excellence of his Bible knowledge.

In one of his sermons, Mr. Douglas makes the following reference to the spiritual crisis of his life:—"Living in a Christian home where

the spirit of 'The Cottar's Saturday Night' was fostered, I was well acquainted with the doctrines of the Bible; but, unfortunately, I trusted more to morality and the faithful observance of religious exercises than to the merits of the Redeemer. I was anxiously endeavouring to work out my own salvation, forgetting that salvation is 'all of grace.' . . . A believing view of the Cross caused the heavy burden of my guilt to fall off; my soul bowed to the yoke of Christ, and love made His yoke easy, and His burden light."

He began to work for his Saviour. A passion for souls burned within him. As Superintendent of a large Sunday-school, Secretary of a Y.M.C.A., and President of the Fordell Evangelization Society, his energies were fully occupied. Towards the close of the year 1886, he was engaged as an agent of a Home Missionary Society; and, having received many tokens of esteem from the many friends at Fordell who knew his work, and loved the worker, he removed to Coldstream, to which town he had been appointed by the Directors of the Society. Here, for three years, he laboured with unremitting earnestness and with much success, until his transference to Dunfermline. It was while he laboured in this ancient city that he was chosen, from a list of forty candidates, to be missionary in connection with the Presbyterian Mission at Bonerbo, near Anstruther, N.B. This promotion was the occasion of warm manifestations of the regard he had won in the Christian community. Wherever he went, Mr. Douglas seems to have made staunch friends. At Coldstream, they presented him with gifts of money and of books. At Dunfermline, they entertained him to a banquet. His settlement at Bonerbo was signalized by the presence of Dr. Cleghorn, of Strathvithie House, and by a letter containing greetings from Sir Thomas Erskine. Here, some twelve years ago, began a struggle between new convictions and traditional belief, which culminated in his severance from the Church of his fathers. The Scotch love an argument, and Mr. Douglas never shrinks from one. In the course of his work at Bonerbo, he was drawn into discussions upon the subject of baptism. Essentially an honest and courageous man, he revised his knowledge of the Presbyterian position; and, studying his Bible, he began to perceive the paucity of Scriptural proofs for the view to which he had subscribed his name. In 1892, circumstances arose which compelled him to decide whether he could conscientiously continue to support the practice of infant baptism, and he placed his resignation in the hands of the representatives of the Free Church of Scotland who composed the "Bonerbo Mission Board." No other course was open to them but to reluctantly accept it. This they did with many expressions of regret, and a noble tribute to his character and work, afterwards embodied in the records of the Society, special mention being made of the services of Mrs. Douglas.

He was baptized at Anstruther, on Christmas Day, 1892. In January of the following year, he was admitted a student of the Pastors' College. It was then that I first met him, and was honoured with a friendship which has strengthened with the passing of the years.

During his four years' curriculum, Mr. Douglas not only endeared himself to his fellow-students, and, by conscientious assiduity, gained the coveted verdict, "Well done!" from the tutors, but he quickly earned

the reputation of a critic and debater. Many a trembling probationer has secretly hoped that some providential if innocuous malady would prevent the pale-faced Scotsman from rising in his accustomed place in the lecture-room, a sheaf of notes in his hand, a fearful solemnity in the tones of his voice. More than one preacher, who has succeeded even beyond Mr. Douglas's expectations, recalls to this day that bad quarter of an hour, before the dinner-bell rang, when the composition of three months' concentrated thought was ruthlessly torn in shreds by the "Shorter Catechist." Such unhappy recollections are probably brightened by other and consolatory memories of those delightful occasions when the Scot himself had to run the gauntlet of criticism.

While still a student, he was sent down to Waltham Cross. The severe strain of an almost regular weekly ministry, combined with the class-work of College, interfered neither with the progress of the church nor the quality of his preparation for "exams." Mr. Douglas has been Pastor of the church at Waltham Cross since 1894. Previous to that time, the work (begun in a shop close to the present building,) had been carried on by Mr. George Ablett, under the auspices of the Metropolitan Tabernacle Country Mission, assisted by Mr. James Church, (now senior deacon,) and Mr. Robert Hayward (the late Treasurer of the Pioneer Mission). In 1890, the late Pastor W. Jackson, of Waltham Abbey, brother-in-law to C. H. Spurgeon, assumed responsibility, purchased, with the help of friends, part of the present site, and "converted" an old shed into a Mission Hall. Mr. Jackson died on March 2nd, 1892; and, having for two years continued, without pastoral guidance, the task of consolidation, the workers appealed to the College for assistance. Mr. Douglas, after a year's successful effort, was formally recognized as minister of a church whose membership totalled *thirteen persons*. He was still a student of the College, with the scantiest leisure for the multiform claims of an infant cause; yet, within two years, the rapidly growing congregations compelled the beginning of a building scheme; on the 12th of February, 1896, Dr. McCaig presided at the meeting which celebrated the laying of the memorial stones; and, on the 30th of the following April, the opening services were held in a new chapel accommodating some 300 persons. Attached to the chapel is the section of the old iron building in which the work had been commenced, and so zealously continued amid difficulties. This has been retained for Sunday-school purposes; and, with the addition of a brick front, displays a modest ideal of harmonious arrangement. About £2,000 has been raised in ten years by this little community for chapel-building, furnishing, etc.!

To some readers, this history may suggest little conception of the heroism which it assuredly enshrines. It is gratifying to know, and to tell, that the warm and discriminating appreciation of such leaders as Dr. Maclaren, Pastors Thomas and Charles Spurgeon, Dr. McCaig, and Principal Whitehouse, of Cheshunt, and of Mr. Douglas's ministerial neighbours of all denominations, reveals more than can be appraised by a bare recital of facts. It is a commonplace, all too glibly repeated, that "the post of difficulty is the post of honour." The day is surely near when the splendid courage, the moving self-sacrifice, and the beautiful modesty of the village pastors of England will be acclaimed as

the qualities which have preserved the very salt of Nonconformity, and hastened a return to the virile Protestantism of our fathers.

The ability and personal worth of Mr. Douglas have already been recognized in his election as President of the local Free Church Council, in succession to Principal Whitehouse. For five years, he has been a member of Cheshunt Technical Education Committee, and he takes a lively interest in all local movements for the social and religious progress of the community. Beloved by his people, honoured by his brethren, and blessed by God in his proclamation of the Evangel, he is "a living epistle" convincingly eloquent, easily read,—a testimony unmistakably clear to those truths for the sake of which his College exists, and in defence and exposition of which his ministry continues. Of the man behind the minister, tender, loyal, wise, whose simplicity of heart, whose genuine piety, whose wit, and knowledge, and shrewdness, and nerve, I have been unable worthily to describe, those who share with me the privilege of his intimate regard can abundantly speak.

As intimated in Pastor Thomas Spurgeon's appeal in the January number of this Magazine, Mr. Douglas, not content with the liquidation of the previous debt, has audaciously risked another. Improvements in the church property are immediately necessary, and to pay for them 60,000 pennies are required! May I venture to hope that those, who read this appreciation, will be touched to respond in such fashion as may cheer this brave servant of Christ? Never absent, in the course of his ten years' ministry, from a single service, through sickness or despondency, his fine persistency of effort should compel more than compliment or silent approval. He is a man after the heart of John Knox, and Oliver Cromwell, and Charles Haddon Spurgeon. Nay, more, he is one of those who have nobly interpreted the meaning of His Master's words: "If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow Me." For his own sake, for the church's sake, for Christ's sake, help him if you can!

DAVID BARRON.

A Dingy Street.

A DINGY street of dwellings poor,
 Grimy, and grey, and grim;
 And, at the end,—a sunset door,
 And flaming seraphim!

A dingy street, sin-smitten, old,
 A shuddering human sty;
 And, just above the roofs,—behold,
 The blue and boundless sky!

A dingy street of deep despair,
 By fainting footsteps trod;
 And, in the midst,—O vision fair!
 There stands the Son of God!

The Last Beatitude.

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

THE last of the beatitudes is not the least. The poor in spirit, they who hunger after righteousness, the meek, the merciful, the pure in heart, the peacemakers, and the persecuted, who were blessed upon the mountain-side, were not more richly dowered than were those who, in the chamber with the closed doors, were assured by the risen Saviour of special benediction. The closing word of the Gospel is most consoling: "Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed."

This last beatitude is the special property of the countless number of those who, ever since Christ's ascension into the glory, have believed, apart from seeing Him. Was it not beautifully thoughtful of Jesus thus to provide for us, who are debarred the privilege of actual intercourse with Him, a consolatory message, which sheds its beams of light upon our lonesome pathway? This assurance holds good not only with regard to faith concerning the resurrection, but with regard, also, to faith exercised concerning all that pertains to Jesus and to the world to come. Blessed are all they, of every age, who believe what they have never had the opportunity of perceiving. Let us not overlook the fact that the Lord Jesus evidently approved the faith of Thomas. True, it had been wrought in him by a somewhat roundabout process, nor was it faith of the first water and of the noblest sort. Yet Jesus had no word of rebuke for him, nor of disapproval for it. He was very tender towards the timid disciple. He did, in fact, commend faith on any terms, and by whatever means it was produced; but then He showed a more excellent way, and commended those who found it: "Thomas, because thou hast seen Me, thou hast believed. I am glad that thou dost believe on any account, and by any process; but blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed. Thou art not unbelieving; nevertheless, I have somewhat against thee. Thou hast missed the greater blessing that rewards the stronger faith." This more excellent way is open to you and to me; there is, indeed, no alternative for us. We must either believe apart from sight, or we must disbelieve. For us, there is no open vision, and no actual intercourse. If we are to believe at all, it must be by this higher process. We must trust without anything visible or tangible to aid our faith.

Why is there attached to those who exercise such faith a peculiar blessedness? The reasons will, I think, be more readily perceived if we consider how this superior faith affects our God, and how it reacts upon those who possess it. We will, therefore, regard it in its Godward aspect, and in its manward relationship.

HOW DOES IT AFFECT GOD? *It is obviously more honouring to Him.* If these disciples, Thomas included, had so read the predictions of the psalmists, and of the prophets, as to deduce from them the fact that Christ must rise from the dead, and had believed in His resurrection because the mouth of the Lord had spoken it, they would thus have honoured Him who spake by Moses, and David, and the prophets. Or if they had accepted the statement of the angels, and been content with *that*, believing that, as God's bright messengers had said,

"He is risen," there could be no doubt about it, such credence would have reflected glory upon the angels' Lord. Or if they had been satisfied with Christ's own words about Himself before He died,—for He had many a time endeavoured to convince them not merely that He must die, but that He would rise again,—do you not see how honouring to God this would have been? In such case, there would have been greater blessedness to themselves, for God has said, "Them that honour Me, I will honour." O brethren, let us apply this to ourselves! If we can credit God's bare word, we bless ourselves by believing thus, because we honour God by so doing. In the matter of the resurrection, we have all that the disciples had except the actual vision of the Lord. We have prophets, and priests, and psalmists, with their unmistakable messages; we have the testimony of credible witnesses of His resurrection; and we have, what is better than all, the witness of the Spirit, the presence of the power of the Holy Ghost, who takes of the things of Christ, and shows them unto us. O brothers, will not this suffice? "Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you, that God should raise the dead?" What want ye more than He has already granted? It is unbelief that asks for sight. Faith makes no such stipulation nor petition. True trust is glad of the opportunity of honouring God by leaning on His bare word, on His unsupported dictum. What can it want besides?

Moreover, see you not that *this sort of trust is more in harmony with the Divine nature?* "God is a Spirit: and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth." They who ask for feeling, that they may trust, have not the Spirit of God whom they desire to trust; for if they had, they would say, "We prefer to set feeling quite aside; we would not mind even if our feelings spoke quite contrary to His word, that we might believe after a purely spiritual fashion. We want to be clean quit of the flesh. We long to let go every twig, and just cast ourselves upon this unseen Saviour, and upon this invisible arm of the everlasting God." They also who ask for visible results to their labour for God, and murmur if they do not at once appear, have hardly caught the spirit of the Gospel, or of the Christ. Oh, to leave everything to Him! Oh, to be spiritual in my work and in my worship, in my prayer and in my praise, even as He is spiritual! So shall I gain this special blessing.

I see, too, that *this kind of confidence is more gratifying to His heart,* and, therefore, brings the greater blessing to those who exercise it. "Without faith it is impossible to please God." You cannot put anything in place of faith. This is what He asks for, and this is what He will have, if He is to be gratified and gladdened; and the more He has of it, the gladder He grows. You fathers like to be trusted by your little ones. You mothers love to feel the clinging of your children. Faith is one of the most common principles of daily life. You must trust your fellows. Farewell to commerce, and to intercourse one with the other, unless faith be exercised. You exercise faith when you put your funds in the bank; and when you drop your post-card in the pillar-box. When God sees you doing these simple things without a question, I fancy that He says within Himself, "Oh, that My child

would trust Me thus unhesitatingly! Oh, that he would leave all with Me! He cannot see, but he may love. He cannot touch, but he may trust." Well, if you gratify God by trusting Him thus, you receive no ordinary blessing from His hands. "Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed." Lord, help us thus to please Thee!

Now concerning THE MANWARD ASPECT OF THIS FAITH. *The possession of such a faith is most desirable.* This faith is a treasure indeed. It is faith at its brightest,—it is the quintessence of faith,—faith of the best and noblest sort. Ah, my brother, if you can trust apart from sight; you have a jewel in your heart worth all the rubies and the diamonds that have ever been unearthed! All things are possible to such faith as this. It is the golden key that undoes every door; it is the "open sesame" into every treasure-house; it is a sword whose edge can never be blunted; it is a bow that, like Jonathan's, never returns empty; it is a shield that quenches all the fiery darts of the wicked one; it is a bell-rope that rings hard by the ear of God, and brings His blessings down. "Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed," for there is no difficulty insurmountable to such.

The opportunity to use and to display this faith is greatly to be prized. Faith loves elbow-room;—I should rather say it loves to be hemmed in by a crowd, and then to elbow its way through. It delights in every opportunity for exercising itself. "Hope that is seen is not hope, for what a man seeth, why doth he yet hope for?" I want to be like Abraham who against hope believed in hope. The true soldier is not afraid of the battle. He may even pant for the fray. The true Christian hails every opportunity for testing his faith. Lord, we long for more battles that we may show that we can be brave. Our craft covets the breeze that she may demonstrate how staunchly she is built. Fair-weather faith is scarcely worthy of the name. Oh, for a gale, that we may fly upon the wings of the wind! An albatross on dry land is a clumsy and ridiculous-looking creature. How awkwardly it shuffles along, nor can it get upon the wing without dropping from the edge of a cliff. But when once it is launched upon the air, it begins to wheel and to sail, and becomes the emblem of grace, and strength, and speed. So is it with our faith. Its strength is in its wings, its beauty is in its flight. So long as it has no opportunity to lift itself above the ground, it seems to grovel; but when it casts itself on God without visible support of any kind, it flies aloft, and thus brings glory to the God who is the Author of it. Thomas had a glorious chance of exercising triumphant faith, but he lost it. If he had believed without seeing, he would have been numbered with those who received this special blessing. But he was needlessly wary, claiming that he should see before he trusted. Let us not miss our opportunity, as he did his.

This sort of faith sees more than any other kind. Oh, what visions it beholds! There is no need to envy those who saw the Saviour in person. We see more than they could. The eye of faith has a far longer range than the natural eye. "Seeing is believing," says the old motto. Nay, but believing is seeing in the truest and noblest sense. Some talk of "blind faith." But faith is the reverse of blind.

*"Blind unbelief is sure to err
And scan God's work in vain."*

Faith is the quick-sighted eye of the new creature. No veil is impene- trable to it. I had almost said of it, as of its Author, the darkness and the light are both alike to it.

What glorious certainty this unalloyed faith always brings! With undimmed eye it perceives, and with unfaltering hand it grasps the blessing. If flesh and blood reveal truth to you, flesh and blood may presently obscure it; but if your Father, who is in Heaven, reveals it, nothing can obliterate the vision. If your faith leans upon an earthly prop, that prop may fail, and with it your faith; but if it leans on nothing but God,—that is, on *everything*, for He is all and in all,—it is as unfailing as Himself. Oh, that we had a desire for this faith! Oh, that we had it in actual possession! The way to get it is to exercise what faith we have. I asked a friend, the other day, about a certain matter, but it had slipped his memory. As I was merely testing his recollection, I thought at once to give the information. “No,” said my friend, “do not tell me. My memory is growing treacherous, I fear; let me exercise it. I cannot for the moment recall the facts, but they will come to me presently.” Sure enough, after a little time, the vision returned. His memory was strengthened by that exercise. It is much the same with faith. When you find it put to the test, do not give in, do not look for outward help. Just wait a while. Say, “Lord, let me trust Thee until I trust Thee better. I will exercise my faith that so my confidence shall grow.” Faith is apt to crave after the food to which it has become accustomed. Feed it with the material, and it will ask for more; accustom it to the spiritual, and it will seek no other. And *this* is its natural diet.

The result of such faith is much more lasting. Faith that is pinned to bodily sight, and earthly sense, and worldly things, is exposed to the change that affects all mundane matters. Wind and weather affect it, health and sickness touch it, wealth and poverty influence it; but the faith that is founded on invisible foundations, and hangs on an unseen arm, is beyond the reach of the things of time and sense.

And, oh, *how glad the sight will be at last!* The sight of Jesus in the glory-land must be all joyful, but is it not, perhaps, most joyful to those who never saw Him previously? Thinking this over, I found that every little lingering wish that I had been with Him in the days of His flesh was gone. Yes, they must rejoice to see Him whom they saw on earth, but they will not have the glad surprise that I shall have who never saw Him till that glad hour. Oh, the first sight of Jesus,—the first sight of Jesus! Lord, I am almost glad I cannot behold Thee now. What a rapture of delight when on my new-created eyes this blessed vision dawns,—Jesus, Jesus, the wounded Saviour, the risen Lord, the ever-living Christ, my Lord and my God! If I am to see Him, it must be after believing on Him, and I am not at all disposed to complain of the order to which I am obliged to submit. Oh, blessed faith, that sees Him even now, though not in person; for it is the vestibule of a beatific vision that shall never, never pass away!

Have all my readers for themselves believed in this dear Saviour? “Oh, if I could see Him,” you say, “I think I would believe!” I am not so sure of that. Faith does not always come through Eye-gate.

You have *heard* of Him. "Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God." If you believe not Moses and the prophets, neither would you believe if one rose from the dead, even though that one was the Blessed One. Oh, trust Him now! The story of His love is true. His life on earth is ended, but He has begun above an endless life of priestly intercession. Can you not commit your case to Him, and leave your soul in His hand? He will soon be back again. Then you shall see Him face to face, if you love and trust Him. Wait not for His return; trust Him while He is still away. Then shall we be able to say of you what Peter said to his readers, "Whom having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see Him not, yet, *believing*, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory." Yes, He will soon be back.

"A little while, but, oh, how long it seems,
My Jesus, come:
Surpass the rapture of my sweetest dreams,
And take me home!"

Robert Louis Stevenson.

A LECTURE DELIVERED TO THE STUDENTS OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE,
BY PASTOR F. A. JACKSON.

(Concluded from page 65.)

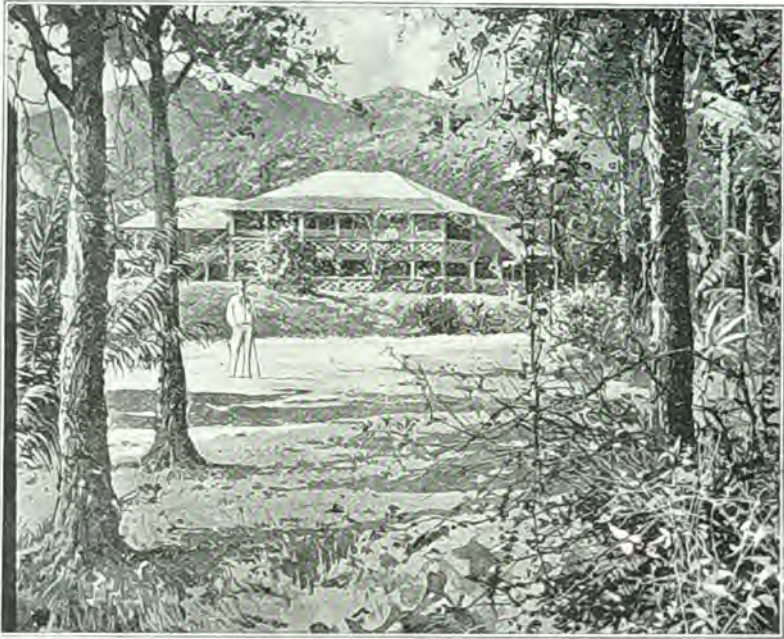
I N 1836, when thirty-six years of age, Stevenson published the book entitled "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." This extraordinary little book brought him large financial success, and added greatly to his fame. It was talked about, and written about, and preached about, almost everywhere. I was in Collège at the time, and remember the stir it made among the men. The dual character of the man, now Dr. Jekyll, now Mr. Hyde, is marvellously set forth. The blackguard and the philanthropist are described with a dramatic energy and skill which placed Stevenson at a bound in the front rank of the writers of the day. This, together with that other conspicuous achievement, the book entitled "Treasure Island," gave him a vogue which continued up to the day of his death.

As is not uncommonly the case, the work which he thought to be his best was not that which appealed most to the public, nor that which brought him most money. Personally, I like to read everything the man has written; but if asked to mention a few books from the list, I should say, "An Inland Voyage," "Kidnaped," "Men and Books," and a book of poems called "Underwoods." These I can read, and have read, again and again.

I come now to the closing chapter of Stevenson's life. During the summer of 1890, he sailed, with his wife, son-in-law, and daughter-in-law, for Samoa, in the South Pacific; and there he entered upon the four arduous years whose fruit is seen in several well-known works.

At first, under the influence of the almost tropical climate, his health seemed almost entirely restored, and he compassed a really amazing

amount of work without any deep distress. We find him writing for six or eight hours a day, pioneering his estate, riding, boating, and entertaining the island population generally, both brown and white.



STEVENSON'S HOME IN SAMOA.

They called him Tusitala, "the teller of tales," and came from far and near to listen to the legends and songs which he wove with the history of the island. Someone,—I know not who it was, I picked up the lines in a newspaper,—has set to verse the splendid tale-telling of Tusitala. Here is one stanza:—

" Do you remember all the tales
That Tusitala told,
When first we plunged thro' purple vales
In quest of buried gold?
Do you remember how he said
That, if we fell, and hurt our head,
Our hearts must still be bold,
And we must never mind the pain,
But rise up, and go on again?"

There was a great depth of personal affection in the naming of Tusitala. He was regarded as a kind of white chief out there, and counsel was sought of him on all manner of questions and disputes.

He was, moreover, a friend to the missions and the missionaries. His biographer says, "His personal relations with the Protestant missionaries in Samoa were most pleasant. He was a loyal and

generous friend to every man and woman among them, and was a most stimulating and liberal influence on their work."

For Mr. Chalmers, of New Guinea, he felt "a kind of hero worship, a greater admiration, probably, than he felt for any man of modern times except Charles Gordon." Referring to Chalmers in a letter, he says, "Christmas, I go to Auckland to meet the New Guinea missionary, *a man I love.*" The love was reciprocated, and a most interesting correspondence passed between the two men. Writing to his mother, in 1890, Stevenson says:—"I have become a terrible missionaryite of late days; very much interested in this work, errors and merits; perhaps it's in the blood, though it has been a little slow of coming out. I remember I always liked the type. Chalmers, a big, stout, wildish-looking man, iron grey, with big, bold, black eyes, and a deep straight furrow down each cheek; aged forty to forty-five."

Again:—"I have a *cultus* for Chalmers. He is a man nobody can see and not love. Did I tell you I took the chair at his missionary lecture; by his own choice? I thought you would like that; and I was proud to be at his side even for so long. He has plenty of faults, like the rest of us, but *he's as big as a church!*"

In an address, Stevenson spoke out for missions in the following words:—"Missions in the South Seas generally are by far the most pleasing results of the presence of white men, and those in Samoa are the best I have ever seen. . . . I had conceived a great prejudice against missions in the South Seas, and I had no sooner come here than that prejudice was at first reduced, and at last annihilated. Those who deblatterate against missions have only one thing to do,—to come and see them on the spot." The ordering of his own family life was a beautiful thing. Day by day, in a large room of the large house, Stevenson himself conducted a simple form of family worship. There is a book published entitled "Great Souls at Prayer," which contains the two brief prayers which Stevenson prepared for the daily worship of his household. They reveal, as it seems to me, the real spirit of the man, more vividly than anything I have yet mentioned. They set forth the depth and beauty, along with that ever-pathetic limitation of his faith. Here they are:—

"We beseech Thee, O Lord, to behold us with favour,—folk of many families and nations, gathered under this roof,—weak men and women subsisting under the covert of Thy patience! Be patient still. Suffer us yet a little while longer with our broken purposes of good, with our idle endeavours against evil. Suffer us a while longer to endure, and (if it may be,) help us to do better. Bless to us our *extraordinary* mercies. If the day come when these must be taken, brace us to play the man under affliction. Be with our friends;—be with ourselves; go with each of us to rest. If any awake, temper to them the dark hours of watching; and when the day returns, return to us.—our Sun and Comforter, and call us up with morning faces and with morning hearts,—eager to labour, eager to be happy, if happiness be our portion, and if the day be marked for sorrow, strong to endure it."

"The day returns, and brings to us the petty round of irritating concerns and duties. Help us to play the man, help us to perform our duties with laughter and kind faces. Let cheerfulness abound with

industry. Give us to go blithely on our business all this day, bring us to our resting beds weary, and content, and undishonoured, and grant us in the end the gift of sleep."

To which beautiful prayers I am sure our hearts will say, "Amen." Only, only,—oh, that he could have taken the one step more, and have felt and have uttered something of the holy peace and passion that you and I know when at the heart and at the end of every prayer, we touch eternal life as we say, "*for Jesu's sake!*"

Well, I like to think of these two prayers of his when I remember that, sometimes, the light burned low in Stevenson's heart,—when hope of the future grew pale and wan. They remind me of a song of his whose very music, so sad and haunting, seems to tell of something not unlike despair. But you shall hear the words:—

"Sing me a song of a lad that is gone,
Say could that lad be I?
Merry of soul he sailed on a day
Over the sea to Skye.

"Give me again all that was there,
Give me the sun that shone,
Give me the eyes, give me the ears,
Give me the lad that's gone.

"Billow and breeze, islands and seas,
Mountains of rain and sun,
All that was good, all that was fair,
All that was me is gone."

Well, no, not quite all was gone while he could sing like that. The boy-heart was not dead while it could hold such tender regret. He was, even then, much more a boy than he knew. Would that he had taken the one step more, and thus entered upon the life that never grows old!

In the lines of his epitaph, written by himself, there is resignation, but is there hope? These are the lines:—

"Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave, and let me lie;
Glad did I live, and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

"This be the verse you grave for me,
Here he lies where he longed to be,
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter, home from the hill."

From the point of view of poetry, this is, perhaps, the very best thing that ever he wrote; but is it not more akin to the words, "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," than to those other words of tranquil and triumphant immortality, "In sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life through our Lord Jesus Christ"?

Oh, that he had taken the one step more! Generous he was, and chivalrous, and great, and passionately loyal to his friends; and, as an old native chief said, who came to give the last look, "The day was no longer than his kindness." And yet, there was the earthward gaze, and the earthward song at the last, as though we had not a building of

God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens; and one cannot but feel that the most unlettered man, who has the joy of Jesus in his soul, has a pearl of greater price than any to be found even in the cabinet of that marvellous mind.

They buried him on the summit of a mountain above Samoa, "where, on either side, the land descends precipitously; in front lies the vast ocean and the surf-swept reefs; to the right and left green mountains rise, densely covered with the primeval forest." This is the spot where it was Stevenson's wish that he should lie. With knives and axes they had to cut a path up the steep face of the mountain. Faithful and almost heart-broken natives bore the coffin from the house to the place of its rest; and there, far from the stern shores of his native, Northern land, lie the mortal remains of Robert Louis Stevenson,—one of the most winsome and pathetic, one of the most gifted, one of the most gallant spirits of our time.

* * * *

May I, in closing, ask you to accept one or two suggestions?

I suggest that Stevenson's principle of work is a good and a great principle. Work for its own sake, work for the love of it, work to which a man is called, and into which he throws himself heart and soul, never asking for reward, and "never asking who is looking on," giving, and giving, and asking not again; he who *goes on* with his work when the rain is on the river, and the rain is on the hill, he who *must* work while it is day,—such a worker shall seldom be "out of heart," he shall put heart into others, and bring many with him "when evening brings him home." "For he that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much."

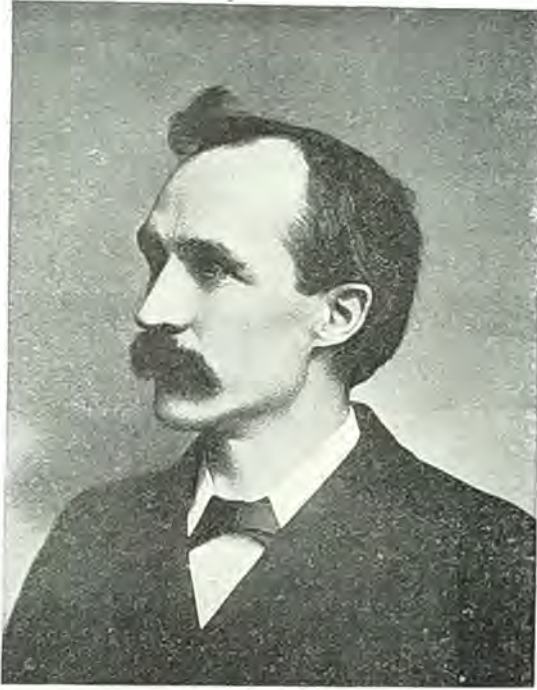
I suggest, further, that life is more than literature, as a tree is more than its leaves, as a student is more than his studies. Literature cannot be divorced from life. It is life putting forth, expressing itself. It cannot, therefore, be put on, any more than fruit can be put on. Let us live the life, the life which Christ's truth makes free, and we shall be free indeed. In the expression of that life will be found the best literature of all, namely, "living letters, known and read of all men."

Lastly, I suggest the appropriation of a deeper, surer thing than Stevenson's "task of happiness." There is a deeper thing than happiness, and that is *blessedness*,—the blessedness of the heart that has enthroned the Lord Jesus Christ, and entered into the power of an endless life. *This* happiness is no task; it is life caught up into heavenly places, a life made one with Christ, to whom all power is given in Heaven and in earth. It is the life whose strength is the very joy of the Lord. "A task of happiness,"—"the riches in glory, by Christ Jesus," are, as compared with that, what the dawn of day is as compared with the lighted lamps of a city street.

Dear brethren, "the blessing of the Lord, it maketh *rich*, and He addeth no sorrow with it." This *blessedness* is the secret of our strength, and the might of our mission. We have a message of redemption which the world is dying to hear, for it is the glory of the Cross of One who was slain from the foundation of the world.

Tabernacle Pulpit Supplies.

THE ministers who have occupied the Tabernacle pulpit, during the Pastor's absence, have rendered valuable service, for which the officers are grateful.



REV. CHAS. BROWN, of Ferme Park, preached on Lord's-day, January 24th. In the morning, he spoke upon 1 Cor. iii. 9 (R.V.): "For we are God's fellow-workers," and showed how frequently God is described in Scripture as *working*. A child once asked his mother, "What is God doing all the day long?" to which the mother replied, "God is hard at work all day making and mending the world." "But," rejoined the boy, "I thought the world was made long, long ago." "So it was, dear, but God is always busy making the world more beautiful, and mending broken hearts and broken lives." The Divine Worker seeks the co-operation of His people in His great projects, and permits them to share in the success and joy that result therefrom.

The text in the evening was 1 Peter iv. 17: "What shall the end be?" Peter feared an impending calamity to the Church and the world,—a time of testing. There were then, as now, those who were disobedient; ministers who were unfaithful; and others who neglected the Gospel and the claims of God. Death, the great white throne, and "the end" would be reached in due time; when, for these, there

must be sorrow and despair. It is noteworthy how much there is of "warning" in the teaching of Christ—"outer darkness", "weeping and wailing." We seem to hear the sob in His voice; an infinite longing to rescue men.



PASTOR J. W. EWING, M.A., B.D., of Peckham, at the morning service, on Lord's-day, January 31st, spoke from the words in 1 Cor. i. 23: "We preach Christ crucified." His divisions were:—

I. What the World Seeks.

II. What the Apostles Preached.

III. What Christ Crucified is to Men.

Reference was made to the late beloved Pastor C. H. Spurgeon, this being the twelfth anniversary of his home-going. The key-note of the great preacher's life was, "We preach Christ crucified."

In the evening, Mr. Ewing's theme was the momentous question of Pilate, in Matt. xxvii. 22: "What shall I do then with Jesus?" Pilate had now reached the crisis of his life; he was himself on trial.

I. The question had reference to JESUS,—the emphasis on "JESUS." (Here followed a beautiful description of the life, work, and influence of the Saviour.)

II. What shall *I* do with Jesus?—the emphasis on the "I." The responsibility of the decision must be accepted.

III. What *can* I do with Jesus? I must acquit or condemn. Pilate pitied Him, admired Him, desired to acquit him; but self-interest intervened, the easiest path tempted him. He tried to put the responsibility upon Herod; he tried diplomacy. He saw the right course, but deliberately chose the wrong one. Circumstances were against him, but he could have acted differently had he liked.

The preacher, in a powerful appeal, urged that each soul was responsible for a personal decision; and upon the result of the trial depended a future of happiness or of unutterable woe.



On Lord's-day morning, February 7th, REV. J. GUINNESS ROGERS, D.D., occupied the pulpit, and preached from the words of Christ as recorded in Luke xxi. 19 (R.V.): "In your patience ye shall win your souls." He remarked that the popular call was for courage; dash, and enterprise,—qualities that were often valuable. The need for patience, however, should be emphasized. Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, and His great work seemed to be to train men. He desired that the Church which He came to found should be efficient under-shepherds. In the achievement of this end, they must learn to endure and to wait. The foundation of patience is faith. Paul's patient endurance

came from the faith which enabled him to say, "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded," etc.

The venerable preacher was listened to with much interest.

PASTOR C. B. SAWDAY conducted the evening service, and preached from Paul's brave utterance in Gal. vi. 14: "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." There is every reason still to proclaim this truth boldly; and, like Oliver Cromwell, to say, "Paul's Christ is my Christ." "The cross" meant to Jesus, and to His early followers, everything that was ignominious, shameful, brutal, and humiliating; yet was it worth glorying in, for it was an exposition of the character of God; it glowed with the spotless holiness, inflexible justice, unerring wisdom, and infinite grace and love

of the Eternal Father. To the Christian, "The cross" includes all that Jesus is and has done for His people.

PASTOR CHAS. SPURGEON preached two sermons on Lord's-day, February 14th. His morning text was in 2 Cor. v. 14: "For the love of Christ constraineth us." In the evening, he spoke upon the story of Christ and the woman of Samaria, as recorded in John iv. 10: "If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, Give me to drink; thou wouldest have asked of Him, and He would have given thee living water."

Pastor C. B. Sawday has been giving a course of addresses upon The Lord's Prayer, at the Thursday evening services in February. He will continue the series during March.

Rev. Dinsdale T. Young will (D.V.) occupy the pulpit on Lord's-day, March 6th, and, as already announced, Pastor D. J. Hiley will preach special sermons in connection with the Tabernacle Sunday-school anniversary on March 13th. The evening address will be to young men and young women. Cards of invitation for circulation can be obtained from the School officers.

For the two remaining Sundays in March, the preachers will be as follows:—

March 20th, morning, Mr. W. R. Lane;
evening, Pastor C. B. Sawday;

March 27th, morning, Rev. J. Guinness Rogers, D.D. ;
evening, Pastor Archibald G. Brown.

Pastor Thos. Spurgeon will (D.V.) resume his ministry at the Tabernacle on Lord's-day, April 3rd.

F. H. F.

Ask Again.

WHEN any come to me, in the streets of London, asking for direction, I invariably say to them, "Do you see yonder church?" or whatever place may be prominent in the distance. "Well, then," say I, "go you straight to that, and *then ask again.*" This I do because I have been so often bewildered by well-intentioned folk with their elaborate instructions. "Take the first turning to the left," they say, "and then bear to the right, then take the third road on the right, and then the second to the left. *You can't miss it.*" They always wind up by saying, "You can't miss it." Well, I generally find that I do miss it, when they give such long-drawn-out directions.

God's plan for us is that we go a step at a time. We are to proceed to the spot He indicates, and then *ask again.* This prompts to prayer, and promotes humility. Some people lose their way because they do not like to make enquiries. What folly! Do not miss the road, in things Divine, through failing to ask the Spirit's guidance. Traverse the section you are sure of, and then *ask again.* Be this your prayer, "Cause me to know the way wherein I should walk."—T. S.



Green Pastures.

BY H. T. SPUFFORD.

III.—CONTINUITY OF IDEA.



AM struck, in my study of Nature, with what I shall call "the continuity of idea." Without entering into controversies as to "separate creation" or "the theory of evolution", there is, I think, overwhelming evidence for the thesis I have broached. There seem to me to be certain great elemental conceptions,—seed thoughts, if you will,—and from these arise, throughout the ages, innumerable developments and adaptations;—the elemental idea clothing itself in a thousand forms yet remaining the soul of all.

In the Cambrian and Silurian orders of rocks, there are found many remains of a creature which lived in a past so remote as to defy figures. This creature was the trilobite. Now, if you look up the description, you will be told that the trilobite is of "an extinct family of crustacea abundant in the Silurian strata, having the body divided into three lobes." The trilobite was not only marvellously jointed, and encased with armour, but this strange being had most wonderful compound eyes, giving it a mastery of vision which was something amazing. These eyes betoken the presence of enemies, of whom, in the same strata, there is no longer a trace. But the equipment of the trilobite—what does that teach? That, in the earliest found forms of life, there was perfect adaptation to the creature's environment; a skill shown in its structure, a finish, if I may so put it, for which there is no reason, unless you presume the presence of a Master Worker already, in the beginning, able to bring about a perfect adaptation of means to ends. Ah! The Creator of both means and ends!

But to hark back to my phrase,—continuity of idea. From the time of the trilobites onwards, very many differing creatures have been variously and perfectly equipped with protective armour. So, too, has complex power of vision been repeated in Nature again and again. What are the fin of a fish, the wing of a bird, the hand of a man but developments and adaptations of a great far-away thought working through ages from the lower to the higher, and the highest, till the hand reaches its sublimest use in the Person of the Man who broke the bread in the midst of the thousands of Galilee? Was it this that was present in the mind of the writer of Psalm 139? Take the line of argument I have but crudely set forth. Fill in the chalk drawing from

the Psalm named. Nay, follow me one step further, and look up Romans viii. 19. What is it? "For the earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God."

Think of the equipment of even lower life. Think of the exquisite finish, as well as the mastery of details displayed in the construction of the minute. Turn to the marvellous endowment of insect life. Find, in your study of their habits, that which suggests human qualities and human organization. Take the ephemeral, but extraordinary, colours and textures,—what are these but creative within the thoughtful mind of the suggestion of infinitely higher applications and developments? Do I wrongly interpret the hum of "things for ever speaking" when I give it a voice which says, "It doth not yet appear what we shall be"? "Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you" that, at "the manifestation of the sons of God," the creature accompaniments should be commensurate, and, for the first time, altogether harmonious?

Some may object that I have read all this into Nature; but I affirm that I have read it out from Nature. No superficial glance will do. Often, one loses his bearings, but again one comes upon the thesis as upon an outcrop of rock. Tracing the thought and purpose of God,—seeking for continuity,—is like tracing the chalk. It may dip, but it rises again, and you argue from where you stand conclusively upon it, to where you know it comes to the surface on the other shore.

* * * *

To descend from high things to matters of common observation. There is a picturesque village I know of, eleven miles from London, where a stone-built church and a brick-built church stand close to each other. The brick church is in ruins; the roof being off, and the windows gone. The tower and walls are upheld by ivy, whose giant stems are as big round as a man's head. Within the walls are many tombs,—one a recent mausoleum of considerable pretensions. Up the walls and the tower, which is out of the perpendicular, the ivy climbs. One great gnarled crooked stem grows out of the earth some distance from the building, but it has leaned over till it has mingled its strength with the rest. I came to the obvious conclusion that the ivy had ruined the church; but that, now, the ruin was just kept from utterly falling to pieces by the outside power which had proved itself the master. Within the edifice were dead men's bones, buried under an imposing stone canopy. Around were gaping walls and a nodding tower, only kept standing by the aid of the parasite which had first sapped the foundations, and then held on to what was left for its own purposes.

More than one moral presented itself, but I think the word-picture will be much more suggestive if I forbear from inflicting any application of mine upon the reader.

* * * *

The day was wretched, even for December, but my companion was an enthusiastic geologist. Neither mud, nor sleet, nor East wind could daunt him. To see Nature in all her moods, needs courage; to track her to her hiding-places, one has to brave the elements and, full often, the "Who goes there?" of some velvetreen official. A gamekeeper may be mollified, but you cannot "square" the East wind. It passes you

by with the cut direct. Well, the wind was enough to make any ordinary mortal seek for shelter, but not a geologist on the scent for a find. At last, on a bleak hillside sprinkled with snow, the cry of "Eureka!" was heard. Now, I am interested in clays and sands a bit myself; but, just at that moment, I caught sight of something which thrilled me through,—it was the blessed gorse in bloom, three days after Christmas! A golden glory in the icy wind, and in the failing light, with the dead bracken all around, and the sky like a sullen man! But my geologist was not to be denied. My gorse was to me "a psalm of life," but my friend's "find" was part of the great prose epic beginning with "the testimony rocks," and extending through all time and all Nature, having for its theme the thesis,—that the Cosmos is not "a fortuitous concourse of atoms," but a proof that, from an unfathomed deep of Capability, there has gone forth a purpose which pervades everything; which has been working through ages upon ages, upon ages, by continuity of idea and unspeakable resourcefulness,—perhaps as a *modus operandi* permitting forces called into being to determine types of life,—but working in all, through all, above all, towards some far-off Divine event which the eye hath not seen, nor the ear heard, nor the heart of man conceived.

Put into mere text-book phraseology, my friend had come upon evidence of the top of the London clay, and the oncoming of the Bag-shot sand. And I—well, I—in four lines of a newspaper, might be reported as having discovered the furze on Harrow Weald Common in blossom on the 28th of December. Bah! Is that all? Give me your "evidence", and I will make of it an "instrument of ten strings" which shall lead this anthem, "Thou, Lord, in the beginning hast laid the foundation of the earth; and the heavens are the works of Thine hands. They shall perish; but Thou remainest; and they all shall wax old as doth a garment; and as a vesture shalt Thou fold them up, and they shall be changed: but Thou art the same, and Thy years shall not fail."

The Effectual Prayer.

BY THEODORE L. CUYLER, D.D.

DOES every prayer have power with God? By no means; for we are told that we shall receive nothing if we ask amiss. But there is an "effectual prayer that availeth much." In the Revised Version, the passage is rendered, "The supplication of a righteous man availeth much in its working." True prayer is an infinitely deeper and stronger thing than the mere repetition of devout words; it is a believing soul's direct converse with God. Phillips Brooks condensed it into five words, "a true wish sent Godward." By it, adoration, thanksgiving, confession of sin, and petition for mercies and favours ascend to the throne of grace; and by means of it, precious blessings are brought down from Heaven. The pull of our prayers may not move the everlasting throne, but—like the pull on a line from the bow of a boat,—it may draw us into closer fellowship with God, and into fuller harmony with His holy will.

(1) The first characteristic of successful prayer is this: "Delight thyself in the Lord; and He shall give thee the desires of thine heart." Too many prayers are born of selfishness, and are too much like dictation or command. The indispensable quality of all right asking is a right spirit towards our Heavenly Father. When a soul feels such an entire submissiveness towards God that it delights in seeing Him reign, and His glory advanced, it may confidently pour out its desire; for, then, the desires of God and the desires of that humble and submissive soul will agree. God loves to give to them who love to let Him have His way. They find their happiness in the chime of their own desires with the will of God.

Two of Christ's disciples, James and John, once came to Him, and made the astonishing request that He would place one of them on His right hand, and the other on His left hand, when He set up His royal government at Jerusalem! As long as these self-seeking disciples sought only their own glory, Christ could not give them the askings of their ambitious hearts. Afterwards, when their hearts had been baptized by the Holy Spirit, and they had become so consecrated to Christ that they were in complete chime with Him, they were not afraid to pour out their deepest desires. As soon as those two Christians found their supreme joy in serving Christ, they received the desires of their hearts. If a minister prays for a revival in order that he may glorify himself by counting converts, the Lord does not commonly give him many converts to count.

(2) The second trait of effectual prayer is, that it aims at a mark, and knows what it is after. When we enter a store or shop, we ask the salesman to hand us the particular article we want. There is an immense amount of pointless praying done in our devotional meetings; it begins with nothing, and ends nowhere. The model prayers, mentioned in the Bible, were short, and right to the mark. "God be merciful to me a sinner," says the publican in the temple. "Lord, save me!" cries sinking Peter. "Come down ere my child die," exclaims the heart-stricken nobleman. Those men knew what they wanted. Old Rowland Hill used to say, "I like short ejaculatory prayer; it reaches Heaven before the devil can get a shot at it."

(3) In the next place, the prayer that has influence with God must be a prepaid prayer. If we expect a letter to reach its destination, we put a stamp on it; otherwise, it goes to the Dead-letter Office. There is what may be called a Dead-prayer Office, and thousands of well-worded petitions get buried there. All God's promises have their conditions; we must comply with these conditions, or we cannot expect the blessings coupled with the promises. We must be sure that we are doing our part if we expect God to do His part. There is a legitimate sense in which every Christian should do his utmost for the answering of his own prayers. When a certain venerable minister was called on to pray at a missionary convention, he first fumbled in his pocket, and when he had tossed a bank-note into the plate, he said, "I cannot pray until I have given something." He prepaid his own prayer.

When I hear requests for prayer for the conversion of a son or a daughter, I say to myself,—How much is that parent doing to win

that child to Christ? The godly wife, who makes her daily life attractive to her husband, has a right to ask God for the conversion of that husband. She is co-operating with the Holy Spirit, and prepaying her heart's request. God never defaults; but He requires that we prove our faith by our works, and that we never ask for a blessing that we are not willing to labour for, and to make any sacrifice to secure that longed-for blessing.

(4) Another essential of prevailing prayer is that it be the prayer of faith, and be offered in the name of Jesus Christ. "Whatsoever ye shall ask in My name that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son." The chief "wrestling" that we have to do is not with any reluctance on God's part, but with the obstacles which sin and unbelief put in our pathway. What Providence orders, we must submit to uncomplainingly; but we must never submit to what God can better. Never submit to be blocked in any pious purpose or benevolent undertaking if, with the Divine help, you can roll the blocks out of your path. The faith that works while it prays commonly conquers; for such faith creates such a condition of things that our Heavenly Father can wisely hear us and help us.

The firmament of Bible history blazes with answers to effectual prayer, from the days when Elijah unlocked the heavens on to the days when petitions in the house of John Mark unlocked the dungeon, and brought the liberated Peter into their presence! The early Church was born in a prayer-meeting held in that "upper room" at Jerusalem. During my own pastoral experience, the most powerful revivals in my church showed the first indications of the Holy Spirit's presence when we were "gathered with one accord" in our devotional meeting. The prayer-room is the place to hang the church thermometer. That thermometer "below zero" indicates both the cause and the effect of a terrible spiritual declension. When a pastor and even a few dead-earnest members of his church begin to feel a tremendous responsibility for souls, and an insatiate hunger for a descent of the Spirit, then there will be effectual praying, and the church will be under the baptism of fire from on high.

"Other Fell into Good Ground."

EASTERN fields differ from Western; stony places, and huge patches of thorns, sometimes abound, and might well discourage any sower; but our Lord, while true to nature as to difficulties, finished His parable with encouragement, saying, "and other fell into good ground."

Since we re-opened in October, more than 2,000 consultations have been given at the Sousse Medical Mission. In this opportunity to preach the Gospel, we rejoice, for "where the word of a king is, there is power." We wish *all* who come to us were saved, as we wish them all healed; but if this may not be, yet we rejoice that it is still true that some seed "fell into good ground."



To the right of the photograph is a man shading his eyes; he was an educated man, but probably his fear of the camera overcame him, for the evil eye, jins, and evil spirits, are very real terrors to Mohammedans. He came to us with an ulcerated leg, which vividly brought to mind the last days of Herod Agrippa. He stayed, however, in our *baraka*; we fed and taught him, and the good seed entered his heart. One morning, he bore testimony to Jesus, and His death for sinners, before a number of Moslem patients, receiving scorn for his pains. Soon after this, still brightly trusting, he went his way; and if we do not meet again here, I hope to see him in Heaven.

The old lady in front, in the white blanket, is another for whom we give thanks. She never tires of hearing about and confessing her faith in Jesus as her Saviour, and her old face has quite changed since she came. She is very poor, and also dirty, being afraid to put on a clean garment lest it should be spoilt by the rest of her clothes!

The middle man, smiling, is one who stayed in our *baraka* about six weeks, he and his friends providing their own food, and hearing the Gospel regularly. He had met with an accident through discharging his gun through his own right hand; it was in a terrible state, and would have been amputated, I feel sure, in Great Britain. This, however, he flatly refused, so we had to do our next best for him; and, by God's blessing, the broken pieces of bone finally came away, and gradually it

almost completely healed. - As he got better, he listened well, and seemed to accept Christ. When, in our reading concerning the death and resurrection of our Lord, it came out that HE, too, had holes through His hands, the man was deeply interested. He, and his friends who stayed with him, were very grateful for the help he received while with us ; and now he has gone back to his distant home, to witness to what he has heard, and we hope to bear fruit a hundred fold for Jesus.

Another old patient drew up close to Mrs. Churcher, when she was speaking, the other day, supported her words of Gospel truth, and, producing from a clean cotton bag a copy of the Gospel, he said, "I put it at night under my pillow, by day I wear it here, near my heart. I cannot read it myself, but others read it to me, and the words bring peace and rest to my heart." This poor man has been coming to us for more than a year, and is, I fear, slowly passing away, suffering from internal cancer ; yet he is very bright, and thankful for the little surgical help we can give him. Such spiritual fruit seems to us as the Master's voice still softly saying, "Other fell into good ground ;" so, while very grateful to you, dear friends at home, for still supporting us, we gladly thank God, and take courage.

T. G. CHURCHER.

Notices of Books.

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

Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster are publishing another volume uniform with "The Parables of our Lord," "The Miracles of our Lord," "Christ in the Old Testament," "The Messiah," etc. It is the series of Sermons, by C. H. SPURGEON, on *Our Lord's Passion and Death*, which he intended, if he had been spared, to collect into a volume. There are, altogether, sixty-three discourses on the scenes immediately associated with the Passion and Death of our Lord Jesus Christ. They are likely not only to be very helpful to preachers and teachers, but also as aids to private meditation upon the central truth of the Christian faith, "that Christ died for our sins, according to the Scriptures." Each of the volumes in this series is published at seven shillings.

Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. have published, at 1s. net, in art linen, a new edition of the volume

that Dr. Parker rightly called, "a book with a purpose",—*In the Valley of Decision*, by ARCHIBALD G. BROWN. The sermons contained in it were blessed to those who heard them, and afterwards to those who read them when they were printed separately. In this handy form, they would make a choice present to those who are already in the valley of decision, or who may be brought there through reading them.

Mr. Arthur H. Stockwell has issued the second edition of *What Nonconformists Stand For*, by Rev. J. HIRST HOLLOWELL (1s. 6d. net). It is a proof of the timeliness and value of the little volume that another edition is so soon required ; we wish all Nonconformists would master its contents, for it would make some of them "stand for" the right more firmly than they do at present. In referring to the differ-

ences among Nonconformists with regard to Baptism, the author pays a well-deserved tribute to Baptists.

The Religious Tract Society has published a new shilling edition of *Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress*, carefully collated with the one finally revised by the author, and printed in the year in which he died. With the eight coloured illustrations by Harold Copping, it is one of the best and cheapest editions ever offered to the public. In sending the book for review, the Society's General Manager writes:—"It is an interesting fact, as showing the universal suitability of Bunyan's allegory, that missionaries have translated, and the Religious Tract Society has prepared, editions in no fewer than 104 languages and dialects."

Mr. Chas. H. Kelly is issuing, weekly, one of a series of Popular Lectures in answer to the question, "*Is Christianity True?*" They are one penny each, and are published at 2, Castle Street, City Road. The first five are as follows:—*Jesus Christ, or Another?* By J. LEWIS PATON. *How God Prepared for Christianity.* By Rev. J. HOPE MOULTON. *Atheism and Faith.* By Rev. J. MORGAN GIBBON. *Did Jesus Rise again?* By Professor A. S. PEAKE, M.A. *Is the Bible the Word of God to Man? Why I say Yes!* By Archdeacon WILSON, D.D.

The Lectures are not all of equal merit, and one of them is not as clear upon Inspiration as we should have liked to see it. The series appears likely to be of service in counteracting the pernicious influence of Rationalistic literature, especially if too great prominence is not given to the objections to Christianity.

The Century Bible: Genesis. By W. H. BENNETT, D.D. T. C. and E. C. JACK, Edinburgh. (2s. 6d. net.)

WE heartily commended the volumes in this series on the New Testament, but we cannot so warmly

approve this, the first issue of the Old Testament series. The nature of the treatise may be best judged by the fact that, in 412 pages, precisely *twelve lines* are given to the consideration of the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch. Boldly, and without apology, it is taken for granted that the Book of Genesis is rather a compilation than a consecutive writing, a mosaic of many fragments the writings of many authors, and the traditional view is airily dismissed as untenable. We are not, however, so much perplexed about the question of authorship as about the view of Inspiration which naturally follows. Is the narrative of creation, for instance, a revelation, or only a guess?

Dr. Bennett writes in a very reverent spirit; there is nothing slovenly in his work, and it is, perhaps, not altogether a disadvantage that the general public should know exactly what the higher critics propose.

Anti-Haeckel; an Exposure of Haeckel's Views of Christianity.

By Professor F. LOOFS, Halle. Hodder and Stoughton. (6d.)

In view of the circulation, in cheap form, of Haeckel's vulgar and virulent attack on Christianity, it was, perhaps, well that this refutation should be made accessible to English readers. Professor Loofs has mercilessly exposed Haeckel's unscientific, unhistorical, and reckless method of treating a great and serious subject, and has triumphantly vindicated the Christian belief from his aspersions. Anyone who needs an antidote to Haeckel's poison will find it here; yet we cannot help regretting that the attitude of Professor Loofs himself towards "the Virgin Birth" is far from satisfactory. It greatly depreciates the value of his treatise.

Thomas Wakefield. By E. S. WAKEFIELD: Religious Tract Society. (3s. 6d.)

MR. WAKEFIELD was both the pioneer missionary of the United Methodist Free Church and of the

Galla country in East Africa. The early hardships and subsequent successes of the mission, as well as the personal history of the missionary, are interestingly set forth in this volume. In one chapter, reference is made to Galla ideas and legends, and we are promised a second volume on this subject: it might, perhaps, have been well for the general public if both had been embodied in one volume. But we are thankful to have this biography and to be able to do honour to the work of a good man. Mrs. Wakefield has performed her task with loving discretion.

The Story of the Light that Never Went Out. By AUGUSTA COOK and W. STANLEY MARTIN. Morgan and Scott. (12s. 6d. net.)

THE sub-title of this large and handsome volume is, "A History of English Protestantism for Young Readers." We may not be able to endorse every expression used by the authors, but we can heartily commend their work as a whole. We wish the book could be in every English-speaking family throughout the world, and that it might have millions of young readers. It would not do their seniors any harm if they also studied it; perhaps the best plan would be for old and young to read it together, that the more experienced might explain

anything that the juveniles found hard to be understood. The many beautiful illustrations will help to make the volume attractive to boys and girls. If 12s. 6d. is too much for anyone to expend at once, the work can be obtained in fortnightly parts at 7d. net each.

Sermons on the International Sunday-school Lessons for 1904. By THE MONDAY CLUB. Manchester: James Robinson. (3s. 6d. net.)

AN excellent idea, admirably carried out. Thirty-one American ministers have contributed to this volume, so there is considerable variety, and there is much that ought to be helpful to teachers with little leisure and few books.

More Nails for Busy Workers. By C. EDWARDS, The Soldiers' Home, Winchester. Partridge and Co.

THOSE who have the knack of driving nails will be able to make good use of these. They are of excellent quality, and of medium size.

Is Passive Resistance Right for the Citizen? By ALEXANDER SOMERTON. A. H. Stockwell. (6d. net.)

THE author answers the question in the affirmative, and gives satisfactory reasons for doing so. Whatever view our readers may take of the matter, we should advise them to read this trenchant booklet.

Notes.

Personal Paragraphs.

PASTOR and MRS. THOMAS SPURGEON have been resting at Bournemouth. They report that they have been greatly hindered by wet and boisterous weather from getting the full advantage of the change.

The Pastor is very desirous that the good works should not suffer in his absence. He is more than grateful to those who are supporting the Institutions so nobly; and trusts that, just now, there will be a large increase in their number and their gifts. "The Lord will provide."

"WESTWOOD," so long the residence of C. H. SPURGEON, was offered for sale by auction on February 16th, but was withdrawn at £5,850.

It has been suggested to the Editor of "The Sword and the Trowel" to make as complete a collection as possible of the remarkable conversions wrought by the Spirit of God through the agency of C. H. Spurgeon, whether by word of mouth or by his pen.

We have come across hundreds, we might almost say thousands, of such cases; but, unfortunately, we have not kept precise note of them.

We believe the publication of such records would be for the glory of God. We shall, therefore, be very grateful to friends, the world over, who will send us authentic details of the wonderful works of God through His honoured servant. These records should be as concise as possible. It will suffice that initials stand for names. Address, Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, Metropolitan Tabernacle, London, S.E.

* * * *

Tabernacle Tidings.

There was a good attendance at the annual free tea and Gospel service, in connection with Mrs. E. H. Bartlett's Mothers' Meeting, on Tuesday, January 10th, about 250 being present. Mr. E. H. Bartlett presided, and short addresses were given by Pastor F. W. Butt-Thompson, Mr. H. Batley, and Mrs. Bartlett. Mrs. Batley and Miss Fanny Lane sang during the evening, and an interval of fifteen minutes was allowed for refreshments.

At the prayer-meeting, on Monday, January 25th, Rev. Isaac Levinson gave an interesting account of work amongst the Jews. The New Testament has been scattered in many parts, and this effort has resulted in numerous conversions. In Russia, secret societies have been formed amongst students for the study of the forbidden book. The British Society for the Propagation of the Gospel among the Jews, of which Mr. Levinson is the Secretary, was formed sixty-one years ago, and has missionaries labouring in various countries, from which they send hopeful reports. There is a branch at the Tabernacle, Miss Higgs being the local Secretary. A special effort is being made to secure the services of Dr. Leo Levi as medical missionary. To achieve this result, £150 is needed at once, and local societies are asked to raise £5 each towards this sum.

"That and This," was the topic upon which Pastor J. W. Davies, of Lee, spoke at the "John Ploughman" Gospel Temperance meeting, on Wednesday, February 3rd. It was an extremely interesting address, and the lecturer well deserved the hearty vote of thanks which was accorded to him.

Miss Charity sang two solos during the evening.

OUR CONGRATULATIONS.—At Wren Road Chapel, on February 4th, Harry Burt Sawday, son of Pastor C. B. Sawday, and Bertha Alice Wagstaff, third daughter of Deacon Chas. Wagstaff, were united in marriage, the ceremony being performed by the bridegroom's father. We wish the young couple every blessing in their domestic partnership.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle, February 4th, nine,—Annie Coe, Ann Atkins, William Vass, James McLaren, Percy A. Massingham, Lily B. Springate, Lilian Spurgeon, Susan Besant, Agnes Allsopp.

At Haddon Hall, on the same date, three,—Emma Austin, Alice Chinnery, and Mr. Fairchild Huxtable, the Editor of "Newness of Life," who, in a short address before the ordinance, gave his reasons for desiring baptism.

At the monthly communion service, on Lord's-day evening, February 7th, thirteen friends received the right hand of fellowship upon their reception into the Tabernacle Church; and the deaths of the following members were reported:—Alfred Rosling Smith, James Wooster, and William T. Messent.

It was decided to send a message of loving greeting to the absent Pastor and Mrs. Spurgeon, and to assure them of the hearty welcome awaiting them when (D.V.) they return with fully-restored health.

The infants' treat is always a popular occasion. All the Sunday-school children of seven years and under are eligible, and they claimed their privileges to the full on Tuesday afternoon and evening, February 16th. From three o'clock, they streamed in until, by early tea-time, the Tabernacle basement was well filled both as regards numbers and noise. Games, toys, "Father Christmas," a ventriloquist, and a cart carrying many youthful passengers, helped to keep the small folk merry. When half-past eight o'clock arrived, and the mothers claimed their bairns, there were many little fingers made sticky with sweet-stuff, and pinafores stained with jam and oranges; but

there were hundreds of little hearts that loved the teachers, who so generously exerted themselves to please the children; and many a happy dreamer awoke, next morning, with a wish that the infants' treat might occur every Tuesday!

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Concerning the College.

The Inter-Collegiate Debate was a delightfully interesting occasion. The Pastors' College men entertained the students and several Pastors from Regent's Park College to tea, and found the Christian brotherly spirit which existed to be most pleasant and inspiring. This was followed by a discussion upon the House of Lords, Dr. McCaig presiding.

We hope there may be a return visit ere long, for this kind of fellowship is helpful in many ways.

Mr. Percy J. Smith has been accepted by the Committee of the Baptist Missionary Society for work in China.

Mr. E. H. Hobday has completed his course, and settled at Grays, Essex.

The following brethren have removed:—Mr. J. H. Grant, from Fulham, to St. Neots; Mr. J. H. Jackman, from Swavesey, to Mint Street, Lincoln; Mr. C. E. Palmer, from Radstock, to Castle Hill, Warwick; and Mr. B. J. Wicks, of Swadlincote, has become assistant-pastor to Brother W. D. Ross, B.Sc., Christ Church Road, Worthing. Mr. A. W. Bean, late of Emsworth, has gone to Launceston Tabernacle, Tasmania.

IN MEMORIAM.—Too late for a "Note" in last month's Magazine, we received information of the home-going, on January 2nd, of PASTOR W. CHAMBERS, after an operation at King's College Hospital. After having been a member of the Tabernacle Church and Country Mission, and Secretary of the Evening Classes, he passed through the College, and subsequently held pastorates at Newcastle (Staffordshire), Shoreham (Sussex), New Romney (Kent), and Thame (Oxfordshire). He leaves a widow and family, including one son in the ministry, with all of whom we desire to express our sincere sympathy.

After these "Notes" had gone to the printers, we saw an intimation

that another of "our own men"—PASTOR J. J. HAYMAN—had been "called home." No details concerning his departure have come to hand yet. He was formerly pastor at Newthorpe, but has lately been serving as Agent of the Bible Translation Society. We sympathize with his bereaved relatives in their loss.

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Our Fatherless Family.

Collectors for the Orphanage are reminded of the quarterly meeting on Tuesday, March 15th. Tea at 5 o'clock, followed by musical drill. At 7, the chair will be taken by John Pearce, Esq., and there will be an exhibition of moving pictures. The Secretary is always glad to send collecting boxes or cards to friends willing to collect for the Institution.

The annual festival will (D.V.) be held on Thursday, June 23rd.

ORPHANAGE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.—The annual teachers' meeting was held on February 5th, when Messrs. W. J. Evans and T. Round were re-elected Superintendents, and Mr. W. C. Field, Secretary. At the close of the business, the teachers joined the Orphanage Staff and other friends, in the large hall, for supper and social intercourse, after which a most helpful address was given by Rev. Walter Horne, M.A., Vicar of St. Saviour's, Brixton Hill, on "The Christian's Mission in Life," founded upon Christ's words in John xx. 21: "As the Father hath sent Me, even so send I you." The Christian's mission is the same as Christ's; what was that? (1) To wage warfare (1 John iii. 8). (2) To witness for truth (John xviii. 37). (3) To win souls (Luke xix. 10). Christ had the Father's authority; so have we. Christ anticipated triumph; so may we.

A hearty vote of thanks to Mr. Horne for his address, and to the Trustees of the Orphanage and Mr. Charlesworth for their admirable arrangements, closed a most enjoyable evening.

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Oolportage Chronicles.

The reports all round the Districts concerning wet weather, poverty, and dull trade, are rather dismal; but, in many directions, there is a joyous story of spiritual blessing.

In one of the Suffolk Districts, the colporteur was able to write:—"During the last month, a remarkable revival has broken out in my locality, and many souls have been saved. One evening, after my address, eight persons professed to have found Christ. A short time afterwards, when addressing a meeting of converts, six more avowed their faith; and at a meeting, in another direction, where I was speaking, a few days since, there was evidence of real blessing, and a number of converts were ingathered."

A brother in Berkshire had consented to organize a special mission; he writes:—"Do tell all the friends to praise the Lord. We have been praying, during the past nine months, for a revival, and the Lord has sent it. The nights of the mission were dreadfully wet, and the roads bad; but the people came, and there was blessing. We held the meetings a second week, and we have received from thirty to thirty-five names of those who were seeking or had found Christ."

A colporteur in Leicestershire says:—"During the last week of the month, I have been conducting a mission in one of our chapels, and am glad to report a time of rich blessing. The meetings have increased each evening both in attendance and in power, and quite a number of the young people of the villages have avowed their faith in Jesus. We give all the praise and glory to God. We hope to continue the meetings for a few evenings each week."

One of the brethren in Hampshire reports:—"I am glad to say that a work of grace has commenced amongst the young people of our Sunday-school. One of my own boys has decided for Christ, and there are

several who are contemplating joining the church."



STARTING ON HIS ROUND.

A colporteur in the Midlands tells of a visit to a person, whose mind was haunted with the fear of having sinned away her day of grace. He quietly conversed with her, and, turning to his Bible, adduced such cases as that of David, Manasseh, the dying thief, Saul of Tarsus, etc., and, directing her to the evidence that these all found forgiveness, pointed out that she was not a greater sinner than they. Prayer followed; and before he left, he rejoiced to hear the poor soul say, "I believe Jesus has saved me."

Arrangements have just been made for the opening of a new Colportage District in connection with the East London Tabernacle.

Friends are earnestly asked to become subscribers to this cheap and effective mode of working for Christ. Contributions will be gratefully acknowledged if addressed to the Secretary, Mr. S. Wigney, Pastors' College, Temple Street, London, S.E.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from January 15th to February 14th, 1904.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. S. W. M. Roche	1	0	0	Pastor G. W. Linnecar	0	12	6
Pastor Isaac Near	0	5	0	Collection at Woolwich Tabernacle,			
Pastor H. Wood	0	5	0	per Pastor J. Wilson	10	0	10
Collection at Inskip Baptist Chapel,				Mr. R. J. Beechiff	0	2	6
per Pastor F. T. White	3	2	6	Collection at Baptist Tabernacle,			
Collection at Carlton Baptist				Grimsby, per Pastor H. Spende-			
Chapel, Southampton, per Pastor				low	2	15	6
N. T. Jones-Miller	2	5	6	Miss Hetherington	0	10	0

Mr. R. J. Baker	£ s. d.	Mr. Opie Rodway	£ s. d.
Collection at Peckham Park Road	2 2 0	Part collection at Upton Chapel,	1 18 9
Chapel, per Pastor F. James	2 17 1	Lambeth, per Pastor W. Williams	2 17 5
Metropolitan Tabernacle Evangelists' Training-class	2 2 0	Collection and Weekly Offerings at Metropolitan Tabernacle	26 14 2
Mr. G. H. Atkinson	0 10 0		
"A. and M."	25 0 0		£85 0 9

Pastors' College Missionary Association.

Statement of Receipts from January 15th to February 14th, 1904.

Mr. W. Gwillim, per Mrs. T. Spurgeon	£ s. d.	"For Christ's sake"	£ s. d.
Sunday-school and Bible-classes, East Finchley, per Pastor J. J. Bristow	3 0 0	Mrs. Ellwood	0 2 6
			4 0 0
			£30 18 8

Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school Extension Fund.

Statement of Receipts from January 15th to February 14th, 1904.

Amount previously acknowledged	£ s. d.	Miss E. E. Jones	£ s. d.
Thankoffering for Mrs. T. Spurgeon's recovery:—	1194 7 1	Miss Hughes	0 10 0
Mrs. Mott	0 10 0	Anon.	0 2 6
Mr. and Mrs. Park	5 0 0	Mr. and Mrs. F. Hooker	0 10 0
Col. R. Parry Nisbet, C.I.E.	10 0 0	Mrs. Bell	0 10 0
"Winnie"	0 1 0	S. A.	0 2 6
Mr. G. Rye	0 3 6	Mrs. Rymer	0 2 6
Miss Brown	0 5 0	Mr. and Mrs. Morton	2 2 0
Miss F. Sage	0 5 0	Miss Morton	0 6 0
Mrs. M. A. Sawyer	0 2 6	Miss M. Morton	0 5 0
Mrs. Roberson	0 5 0	Mrs. Hill	0 10 0
Miss Hooper	0 10 0	Mrs. Hutchinson	0 1 0
Mrs. Eldridge	0 1 0	Mrs. Gregory	0 1 0
Miss E. Ayton	0 5 0	Mrs. Butler	0 1 0
Miss B. Larkman	0 5 0	Mrs. Wigney	0 2 6
Miss Pinnegar	0 2 6	Mrs. Barnard	0 10 6
Mrs. Horsley	0 5 0	Miss Clinch	0 5 0
Mrs. Peakman	0 2 6	Miss Hewett	0 5 0
Pastor and Mrs. T. Spurgeon	23 0 0	Mrs. Carter	0 5 0
Mr. and Mrs. Essex	1 1 0	Mrs. Lyon	0 10 6
Mrs. Douglas	0 1 6	Mrs. Butcher	0 2 6
Mr. Llewellyn	1 1 0	Miss Butcher	0 5 0
Miss Fosdick	0 2 6	Miss Stephenson	0 2 6
Mr. and Mrs. J. Warren	2 0 0	Mr. and Mrs. F. Thompson	10 0 0
Miss E. M. Coleman	0 10 0	Mr. M. M. Madley	0 3 0
Mrs. Upton	5 5 0	Mrs. Harrison	0 1 0
Mrs. Field and family	0 3 6	Miss Tesh	0 2 0
Mrs. Howard	0 2 6	Mr. C. F. Allison	2 0 0
Miss R. F. Cook	0 10 0	Miss Jones	0 5 0
Mrs. M. Davies	2 0 0	Mrs. Settree	1 0 0
Mr. W. Gwillim	1 0 0	Miss E. Beeken	0 2 0
"One of the flock"	0 1 0	Miss E. M. Keast	1 1 0
Miss S. A. Miller	0 5 0	Miss Good	0 1 0
Miss Mills	0 5 0	Dr. and Mrs. McCaig	3 3 0
Mrs. Spelman	1 1 0	Mrs. Foyle	4 0 0
Miss Grace Olney	5 0 0	Anon.	0 2 6
Mrs. Swift	0 4 0	Mr. and Mrs. Tatnell	3 3 0
The Misses Buswell	0 10 0	Mr. and Mrs. James Hall	5 0 0
Mr. W. Mills	1 1 0	Mrs. Higgs	10 0 0
Mrs. Payne	0 5 0	Miss Higgs	10 0 0
Mr. and Mrs. Walker	1 0 0	Master Haddock	0 5 0
Miss Powell	0 0 6	Mrs. Hack	0 5 0
Mrs. Paul	0 2 0	Mrs. Anthony	0 1 0
Miss Vickery	0 10 0	Miss Roberts	0 2 6
Mr. T. C. Spreadbury	2 0 0	Miss E. Stayward	0 5 0
Nurse Haynes	0 5 0	Mrs. Smith	0 10 0
Mr. and Mrs. Round	0 10 0	Miss Cook	0 5 0
		Mrs. Smith	0 10 0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. Phillips	2	0	0	Mr. Baker and Miss Allen	1	0	0
Mrs. Woodcock and Mrs. Fern	0	5	0	Miss R. Bailey	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Roberts	0	2	0	Miss L. E. Bailey	0	5	0
Mrs. Vears	0	2	6	Miss A. M. Bailey	0	5	0
Mr. Collin	0	5	0	"Anon."	0	0	6
Miss Kemp	0	2	0	Mrs. Parker	0	10	0
Miss Dyer	0	2	0	Mr. and Mrs. F. Fisher	10	0	0
Miss Wade	0	5	0	Mr. and Mrs. J. Everett	2	2	0
Mrs. Wakeling	0	2	6	Miss Rea	0	5	0
Mrs. Lowe	0	2	0	Miss Alston	0	5	0
Mrs. Ware	0	2	6	Mrs. Barrett	0	10	0
Mr. Pemberton	0	2	6	Miss Brooker	0	5	0
Mr. G. Dobson	0	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. Mackintosh	0	10	0
Mr. E. Vincent	1	0	0	Mrs. Scott	0	5	0
G. M. B. F.	0	2	6	Mr. Youden	0	5	0
Mrs. Dyer	0	0	6	Mrs. E. Ellis	0	5	0
Miss C. Higgs	5	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Fuller	2	2	0
Miss A. M. Higgs	10	0	0	Miss R. Boreham	0	10	6
Miss Spaul	0	5	0	Miss F. Jenner	0	2	0
Miss Grosser	0	2	0	Mr. E. D. Payne	0	5	0
Miss Smith	0	5	0	Miss Vanner	0	10	0
Mrs. Hawes	1	1	0	Miss Baker	0	2	0
Mrs. and Miss Harris	0	10	0	Pastor F. M. Smith	0	5	0
"Anon."	0	2	0	Anon.	0	1	0
Mrs. Haddock	0	5	0	Mrs. C. Grant	0	10	0
Miss Greenwood	0	2	0	Mrs. Sowden	0	5	0
Mrs. Tyson	0	2	0	Mrs. Cowdrey	0	2	0
Miss Cullingford	0	2	0	Mrs. Blake	0	2	0
Miss Cross	0	5	0	Mrs. Child	0	1	0
Mr. W. Vincent	0	10	0	Mrs. Chisholm	0	10	0
Miss Shepherd	0	2	0	Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Chisholm	0	10	0
Mr. Hodson	0	5	0	Miss Keys	0	5	0
Miss Thorpe	0	5	0	Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Ford	1	1	0
Miss Haseltine	0	2	6	Mr. Pound	1	0	0
Mrs. Nunn	0	2	6	Mr. Herbert Fisher	1	0	0
Mrs. Dry	0	2	6	Mrs. Scutt	0	5	0
Mr. S. Catterson	5	0	0	Mrs. Coates	0	1	0
Miss Cox	0	2	6	Pastor C. B. and Mrs. Sawday	1	1	0
Mrs. Stracey	0	10	0	Mr. T. Ward	0	2	6
Mrs. Williams	0	1	0	J. P. G.	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Barrett	1	1	0	Miss Appleton	0	2	6
Miss Winter	0	5	0	Miss A. Appleton	0	2	6
Miss E. A. Marshall	0	1	0	Mr. W. Higgs	50	0	0
Mrs. Seaward	0	1	0	Miss Dalton	0	3	0
Miss Kerridge	0	5	0	Miss Taylor	0	5	0
Miss Blackman	0	2	6	Miss Pinnegar	0	2	6
Mrs. Knott	1	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Wagstaff	2	2	0
Miss Light	0	2	6	Mrs. Fullerton	0	2	6
Miss Copelin	0	10	0	Mrs. Sawyer	1	0	0
Mrs. Allen	0	5	0	Mr. Drew	1	1	0
Miss Seymour	0	1	0	Mr. H. J. Fisher	0	10	0
Miss Tarrant	0	10	0	Miss Fuller	0	2	6
S. A. J.	0	2	6	Miss A. Fuller	0	2	6
Master Harold Spurgeon	0	2	6	F. C. A.	0	10	6
Miss Vera Spurgeon	0	2	6	Mr. W. L. Cook	0	10	0
Mr. E. Pearce	1	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Pearce	1	1	0
Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school (boys)	5	0	0	Mrs. E. James	0	1	0
Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school (girls)	5	0	0	Mrs. Underwood	0	2	0
"The Widow's Mite"	1	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. Weeks	1	0	0
Mrs. Olney and family	5	0	0	The Misses Weeks	0	5	0
Mr. Shepherd	0	1	0	Mr. Atkinson	0	5	0
Anon.	0	1	0	Mr. B. B. Blake	0	10	0
Anon.	0	2	6	Mrs. Oxenham	0	5	0
Mr. L. Lewis	0	2	6	Miss Skinner	1	0	0
Mrs. Hawkey	0	10	0	Mr. C. Stapley	0	10	0
Mrs. Millwood	0	2	6	Miss Herrng	0	1	0
Mr. Haseltine	0	2	6	Mr. and Mrs. Cook	5	0	0
Mrs. Kelsey and family	0	5	0	Mr. Thos. Cox	0	10	0
Miss Church	0	5	0	Mr. E. Barnden	0	2	0
Miss E. Church	0	5	0	Mr. R. Stewart	0	2	6
Mr. T. J. Albany	0	10	0	Mrs. Gibbons	0	1	0
Miss Ratcliff	0	2	6	Mr. Gregory	2	0	0
Mr. Crisell	0	2	6	Miss Pemberton	0	2	0
Mrs. Ward	0	5	0	Mr. G. C. Heard	2	2	0
Miss Wolland	0	3	0	Rev. D. Mace	0	2	6
Mrs. Perry	0	10	0	Miss Howells	0	4	0
A friend	0	2	0	Miss M. Beck	0	1	6
Mrs. Goddard Clarke	1	0	0	An old friend	0	2	6
Mr. and Mrs. Payne	0	5	0	"Myrtle Tree"	0	4	0
				Mrs. M. E. White	0	10	0
				Mr. G. E. Thompson	0	5	0

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Mr. W. G. Hart	0 1 0	Mr. J. Passmore	5 0 0
Messrs. Searle and Hayes	31 10 0	Mr. A. E. Passmore	5 0 0
Mrs. E. M. Wood	0 10 0	Mr. J. E. Passmore	20 0 0
Mr. Patrick	0 5 0	Rev. J. S. Hayward	0 4 0
Profit on Thanksgiving Tea	1 3 6		
Mr. W. H. Richardson	0 10 0		
			£1,543 8 7

The Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from January 15th to February 15th, 1904.

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Collected by Miss E. Butcher	0 5 0	Church Street Baptist Sunday-school, Kidderminster, per Mr. S. Church	1 10 4
Collected by Mrs. Skeet	0 2 6	Pastor G. K. Smith	2 2 0
Woolwich Road Sunday-school, New Charlton, per Mr. F. C. Parkinson	3 0 0	Miss A. Foxwell	1 1 0
Mr. S. H. Baker	2 0 0	Mr. G. F. Goldspink	1 0 0
Mrs. M. E. Sharman	1 0 0	Mrs. R. Bray	0 3 0
Miss A. Parker	1 0 0	Miss M. Jocelyne	0 2 0
Collected at social gathering of Cowfold Mission and Christian Endeavour Society, per Mr. E. L. Humphrey	1 5 6	Miss M. A. Butterworth	5 0 0
Watch-night service, Woodville Road Baptist Chapel, Cardiff, per Mr. J. Thompson	0 15 0	M. D., per Mrs. Davies	0 10 0
Mr. A. Foulkes	0 7 6	Faringdon Baptist Sunday-school, per Pastor A. C. Hodgson	0 5 1
Ellen, Ashbourne	0 5 0	Mr. W. Newman	0 2 0
Mr. W. A. Bradley	0 5 0	Per F. R. T. :—	
Mrs. Pucknell	0 2 0	Belle Isle Young Women's Bible-class (towards the support of an orphan girl)	5 0 0
Mr. Andrew Scott	5 10 0	Miss Adrian	0 5 0
Collected by Mr. A. Tulloch	3 13 6	F. R. T.	0 5 0
Miss N. Burcher	0 2 0	In memoriam, J. R. T.	0 10 0
Lynton Road Baptist Sunday-school, Bermondsey, per Mr. A. E. Crisp	1 1 0	In memoriam, C. T.	0 10 0
Mr. H. H. Bolton, J.P., per Mr. Illingworth Law	5 0 0	In memoriam, C. H. S.	0 10 0
Mrs. E. Parsons	0 2 0		7 0 0
Miss M. T. Ellwood	0 10 0	Mr. T. Ross	0 5 0
One of the Lord's poor ones, S. Croydon	0 2 6	Miss Goldup	0 2 0
A Folkestone working man	2 12 6	Mrs. A. Christie	0 5 0
"Somebody," Hackney	0 2 0	Miss J. Pearce	0 2 6
Pastor W. W. Blocksidge	0 5 0	Mrs. Lilley	1 1 0
Mrs. H. Claridge	1 0 0	Collected by the pupils of Grove College, Hammersmith, per Miss L. Perratt	0 19 0
Mr. W. Ronald	1 0 0	Rev. M. Matthews	0 10 0
Helensburgh Baptist Sabbath-school, per Mr. W. Thompson	0 18 0	Mr. Thomas Mason	5 5 0
Part collection, S. London and Brixton Auxiliaries Sunday-school Union, per Mr. W. Robinson	0 12 6	Mr. J. Varley	2 2 0
Mrs. E. Wilcox and scholars	1 0 0	Mr. W. J. Billing and family	0 10 0
Mr. T. J. Smith	1 1 0	Boyer Street Baptist Sunday-school, Derby, per Mr. S. T. Hudson	0 9 0
Mr. J. Newcombe	0 10 0	Mr. J. Niblett	0 5 0
Miss L. E. Hatherell	0 5 0	Mr. J. Torrens Stevenson	1 10 0
In memory of Thomas Eliel Davis	0 10 0	Mr. W. Smith	0 3 0
Collected by Mr. G. S. C. Eveleigh	0 12 6	Part collection, United Watchnight service, Wesleyan and Baptist Chapels, Combmartin, per Mr. G. H. Creek	0 3 9
Congregational friends at Market Harborough, per Rev. W. E. Morris	3 3 0	A friend	1 0 0
Mrs. S. R. Reed	2 0 0	Mr. Morley Phillips	1 1 0
Mr. J. Hannam	1 1 0	Mr. J. Culpin	1 0 0
Mr. and Mrs. H. Edwards	0 10 0	Mrs. Gaunt	1 0 0
Mrs. A. E. Leeder	0 5 0	Mr. H. Yorath	0 10 6
Mrs. Dodds	0 5 0	E. J.	0 10 0
In loving memory of Pattie	0 5 0	Mrs. Ray, senior	0 10 0
Mr. S. Cornish	0 2 0	Collected by Miss Limebeer	0 13 0
Miss Fair	0 2 0	Mr. J. F. Verry	0 5 0
Mr. A. Carman	0 2 6	Mr. H. Terry	1 0 0
Collected by Mr. F. R. Freeman	0 14 0	Stamps, Camberwell	0 1 0
Collected by Mrs. T. Rossiter	4 1 0	Mr. J. F. Pearmine	0 10 6
Collected by Mrs. Coles	1 1 0	Mr. J. F. Spencer	0 5 6
Collected by Mr. S. Church	0 18 8	Milton Hall Baptist Sunday-school, Kidderminster, per Mr. S. Church	1 10 6
Collected by Mrs. J. Sear	1 10 0	Per Mr. D. T. Davies :—	
		Mr. D. T. Davies	1 1 0
		Mrs. D. T. Davies	0 10 6
		Miss Nona Davies	0 5 0
			1 16 6
		Mr. J. H. Mills	1 5 0

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Mr. R. Howitt	0 5 0	M'ss E. Leeder	0 2 0
Mrs. S. J. Elvin	0 5 0	Postal Order, Maindee	0 5 0
Mr. C. Ibberson	0 3 0	Mrs. Parker	0 1 0
Miss M. Brown	0 2 6	Mr. H. Strachan	1 0 3
Postal Order, Kettering	0 2 0	Sandwich, per Bankers	2 2 0
Miss C. Coleman	1 0 0	Postal Order, Folkestone	0 5 0
Garland Street Baptist Chapel, Mothers' Meeting, Bury St. Edmund's, per Mrs. J. E. Harriss	0 8 6	Collected by Miss B. Davies (re D. Hiscocks)	1 1 0
Mrs. F. E. Davies	0 3 0	Mr. S. Calver	1 0 0
A poor widow, Sunbridge	0 5 0	Mr. T. Collins	0 15 0
Collected by Mrs. J. J. Hicks	1 11 0	Mr. E. Hankin	0 10 0
Watch-night service, Fenge Taber- nacle, per Mr. A. N. Chew	3 8 0	Mr. C. H. Brown	0 8 0
Children of Niton Baptist Sunday- school, per Mrs. S. Squibb	0 13 0	Collected by Mr. J. D. Hardle	0 3 0
Mr. J. P. Woodman (In memory of dear father and brother)	0 5 0	Dorking Baptist Chapel, per Mr. G. J. Browne	7 0 0
Mr. W. H. Skinner	0 5 0	Proceeds of entertainment, Ledburn Baptist Chapel, per Mr. H. Varney	1 1 0
Mr. J. W. Pinkney	0 10 0	Mrs. M. J. Jordan	1 1 0
Mr. and Mrs. Harding	0 3 0	Mrs. E. Jefferys	0 5 0
Postal Order, Pangbourne	0 2 6	Collected by Mrs. M. O. Smith	3 0 0
Mrs. E. Medwin	1 1 0	Collected by Miss M. Doyle	0 10 0
A thankoffering, F. S. F.	10 0 0	Woolwich Tabernacle Sunday- school, per Mr. F. Gatus Bowers	2 2 0
Nemo	1 0 0	Barking Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr. A. Rainbow	0 5 0
Zion Chapel Sunday-school, Easry, per Mr. W. Clark	0 16 6	Surrey Square Mission, Sunday- school and Mothers' Meeting, per Mr. C. A. Pavey (In memory of C. H. S.)	4 4 0
Christmas morning service, Bible Christian Chapel, Ventnor, per Mrs. Ennor	0 10 6	Mr. H. Buckley	2 2 0
A. D., God's tenth	0 10 0	Old Iron, Tatenhill	1 7 6
Mr. F. G. Burgess	0 10 0	Mr. I. Holborow	0 10 0
Mrs. M. Halstead	0 7 6	Mrs. Simpson	1 0 0
Barry Road Baptist Sunday-school, Dulwich, per Mr. G. W. Quin (In memory of C. H. S.)	0 5 6	Mrs. W. A. Kerswill	0 9 6
Mr. J. Gillett	0 3 0	Christmas Offering, Spring Hill Baptist Chapel, Birmingham, per Pastor T. E. Titmuss	1 6 0
Part collection, Watch-night service, Westbourne Wesleyan Chapel, Bournemouth, per Rev. G. D. Hooper	0 10 0	Mr. T. Lewis	1 1 0
Mr. J. Morris	0 7 6	Miss E. M. Walls	1 0 0
Mr. F. Glead	0 2 6	Mr. and Mrs. Haynes	1 0 0
Miss Colman	2 2 0	Gold Hill Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr. H. Mills	0 14 0
Miss H. C. Colman	1 1 0	Miss E. York	0 10 0
A thankful moth and sister, Whet- stone	0 10 0	Mr. W. J. Thomas, per Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster	0 0 9
Collected by Mrs. Tansley:—		Stamps, Camberwell	0 1 0
Mr. Mellow	1 1 0	Derby Street Baptist Sunday-school, Burton-on-Trent, per Mr. F. J. Glover	1 7 6
Mr. Colman	0 10 0	L. V.	1 1 0
Mr. Tansley	0 10 0	Mr. J. Barrie	1 0 0
Mr. H. F. Colman	0 5 0	Miss R. Cane	1 0 0
Mr. Hendry	0 5 0	Mr. J. Spilman	0 10 0
The Misses Hall and Torey	0 5 0	Young Women's Bible-class, Henley Baptist Tabernacle, per Mr. F. Sheppard	0 7 6
Mrs. Christian	0 2 6	Mr. R. J. Baker	2 2 0
	3 18 6	Mrs. E. M. Plumb	1 0 0
Mr. E. Rayner	25 0 0	Miss Hetherton	0 5 0
Mrs. Goater	1 1 0	Miss F. Dummer	0 7 0
Mr. T. R. Fidge	2 10 0	Mr. J. Lait	0 2 0
Lordship Lane Baptist Sunday- school, E. Dulwich, per Mr. A. J. Peacop	2 2 0	Mr. Blackwell	0 2 0
Roomfield Baptist Sunday-school, Todmorden, per Mr. J. S. Pilling	1 7 7	Orphan Boys' Collecting Cards, per list	72 17 4
Mr. J. C. Johnson	1 1 0	Orphan Girls' Collecting Cards, per list	48 12 3
Mr. E. S. Midgley	1 1 0	Executors of the late Mrs. Dinah Sarah Deex	245 8 5
Miss P. A. Blyth	1 0 0	From the estate of the late Miss G. L. Small	0 14 0
Mr. Jas. Wilson	0 10 0	Executors of the late Mrs. Jane White	100 0 0
Little David	0 5 0	CHRISTMAS DINNER-TABLE COLLEC- TIONS:—	
Miss M. Pearse (re A. Rawlins)	1 1 0	Bishop's Stortford Baptist Chapel, per Mr. W. J. Harris	1 17 9
E. M. D.	1 0 0	Wallington Baptist Christiana En- deavour Society, per Miss E. C. Smith	11 14 6
A few friends in Irvine, per Miss S. Muir	1 12 6		
A Suffolk friend	1 0 0		
Mr. D. Thomas	1 0 0		
Lossiemouth Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr. W. Cormack	0 10 0		
Collected by Mrs. Day	0 2 6		
Anonymous, Southport	0 2 6		

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Per Miss E. H. Riddington	3 10 6	Employees of Brentford Gas Works	1 13 6
Rev. C. Pummell	0 7 6	Collected by the Misses Dorothy and Wlanie Inghem	3 12 6
George Street Baptist Sunday-school, Ryde, per Mr. W. B. Savage	1 13 3	Totteridge Road Baptist Chapel, Enfield Highway, per Pastor A. W. Welch	15 13 0
Mrs. Purkis, per V. J. C.	0 10 0	Per Mr. R. J. Braitwaite	1 3 0
Mr. J. Frost	0 5 0	Mr. J. Cooper	0 6 0
Mrs. Jackson	0 11 6	Miss Hills	0 2 0
Per Mr. J. Parton	1 7 3	West Street Baptist Sunday-school, Crewe, per Mr. W. O. Salter	0 17 0
Ilford Baptist Chapel, per Mr. D. H. Muston	1 7 4	Victoria Street Baptist Tabernacle Chapel, Grimsby, per Pastor H. Spendelow	7 1 0
Houghton Regis Baptist Chapel, per Mr. F. Ellen	1 10 0	Ufculme Baptist Chapel, per Rev. W. Brown	2 7 0
Miss M. Davies	0 7 3	Mrs. Buss	0 1 4
Mr. J. Ross	0 2 6	Mrs. Butler	0 0 6
Per Pastor C. P. Sawday:—		Mrs. Warner	0 4 6
Mr. and Mrs. Davis	0 5 0	Ramoth Baptist Chapel, Cowbridge, per Pastor O. Jones	3 5 0
Mr. and Mrs. Mason	0 2 0	Aldershot Baptist Chapel, per Pastor F. G. Kemp	1 11 3
Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard	0 5 0	Rochester Baptist Chapel, per Mr. A. Knibbs	4 2 0
Mr. and Mrs. Taylor	0 2 9	Market Harborough Baptist Chapel, per Rev. S. W. Hughes	2 0 0
	0 14 9	MEETINGS BY MR. CHARLESWORTH AND THE ORPHANAGE CHOR:—	
Mr. A. J. Jarrett	0 5 0	Elm Grove Baptist Chapel, Southsea	11 16 3
Mr. A. Palmer	0 4 0	Manor Chapel, Bermondsey	4 0 5
Lower Edmonton Baptist Chapel, per Miss C. A. Croot	10 1 0	Lordship Hall, Wood Green:—	
Per Miss E. Cubitt	1 1 6	Collected by children	8 0 0
City Road Baptist Chapel, Winchester, per Mr. A. Parfitt	1 17 10	Collected at doors	2 6 5
Mrs. W. Tuck	1 1 0		
Longley Road Baptist Chapel, Tooting, per Pastor G. Hunt Rumsey	9 6 2	Conference Hall, Mildmay Park ...	2 0 0
Per Pastor G. B. Bowler:—		SEASIDE HOME, MARGATE:—	
Grantham, per Mrs. Bowler	3 7 5	Mrs. Smith	0 10 6
Per Miss A. Barber	0 13 3	A lover of children, per Miss Hughes	0 10 0
	4 0 8	Mrs. E. Bonnett	0 5 3
Per Mrs. Cattell:—			
Mr. West	0 5 0		
Mr. Whiteman	0 5 0		
Mr. Davey	0 5 0		
Mrs. Jones	0 5 0		
Mr. Cattell	0 5 0		
	3 5 0		
Park Road Baptist Chapel, Brentford, per Pastor J. H. Chapman	3 7 8		
		Total	£819 17 5

ORPHAN BOYS' COLLECTING CARDS:—Avery, A. E., 75 6d; Abbott, B., 125 6d; Alderton, F., 75 6d; Aspden, G., £1 15; Adams, W. J., 55 6d; Beazley, H., £1 35; Brubach, F., 95 3d; Brand, A., £1 25; Brookman, R., £1 15; Barlow, H., 165 6d; Buss, H., 85 7d; Bignell, E., 25; Balcombe, C., 105; Bedford, R. H., 55 4d; Boots, F. S. K., £1 15; Beckett, P., 45; Boswell, E. C., 175 6d; Bridgman, H., 165 6d; Balderston, L., 125; Buckle, C., 25 6d; Burnard, H., 25 6d; Bullock, H. H. M., 55; Bowers, C., 35 1d; Clayton, T., 55 6d; Crump, S., 135 4d; Curry, C., 45; Campbell, J. A., £1 25; Campbell, P., £1 15; Cowell, T., 65 4d; Collett, F., 25; Carrington, E., 65; Carter, F., 45 4d; Coombes, A. V., 35; Chapman, A., 65 3d; Carey, A., 25; Cope, S., 155; Camden, W. T., £1 15; Coombes, R., 75; Dutton, G., 115 6d; Dollittle, J. H., 15 6d; Day, W. T., 35; Dawkins, L., 45; Dobson, C., 125 6d; Evans, H., £1 15; Edmunds, G., £3 15; Evans, G., 105; Edwards, P., 45 6d; Emmett, J., 65; Elson, D. L., £2; Fidge, H., 65 3d; Fuller, W. J., 75; Friday, E., 15 6d; Fulton, B., 55; Galton, R., 55 2d; Gordon, C., 55; Goodyear, P., 45 6d; Godfree, A. E., 35; Geard, J., 45; Green, G., 35; Golding, W., 35; Geere, M., 135; Howes, H., 105 6d; Hodgkinson, E., 35; Hulks, S., 115 6d; Harries, R., 105; Harris, L., 155; Howe, A., 105 6d; Ibell, E. A., 65 6d; Jeffrey, A., 35 6d; Jones, T., 15 6d; Jeffrey, P., 35 3d; Jennings, L., 105; Johnson, A. S., 75; Kimber, F., £1 15; Kendall, B., 55; Knight, C., 65; Knight, J., 25 2d; Kimber, R., 25; King, H. W. F., 85 3d; Kite, A., £1 15; Lindley, E., 185 6d; Lowe, A., 25 6d; Lee, W., 55; Locke, S., 55; Morgan, H., 165 2d; Mapleston, E., 75 9d; Malsey, H., 35; Mallin, H. W., 35 6d; Miller, F., 175; Manwaring, H., 35; Moss, G., 35 6d; McDonald, W., 145 6d; Maiden, F., 7d; Northcroft, E., 125; Norie, H., 55; Osborn, F., £1 15; Oughton, A. J., 115; Pratt, S., 75 6d; Pearce, T., 105 6d; Pratt, F., 65; Parsons, P., 105 1d; Pateman, R., 115; Prew, P., 95 7d; Pyke, D., 85; Pearson, H., 55; Parsons, F., 105 6d; Patient, T., 25 6d; Payne, L., 25; Robinson, G., £1; Rowlands, E., 75 6d; Ray, L., 35; Rix, G., £1 15; Riley, H., 125; Ray, W., 145 6d; Rudd, P., 55; Ribbons, H., 35 6d; Swain, F., 55; Stephens, F., £1 15; Seaman, H., £1 15; Samuel, F., 25 6d; Smith, J., 15; Stevenson, A., 85; Strand, W., 85; Sibley, A., 185 6d; Smith, J., 35 6d; Swan, A. J., 55; Stewart, M., 45 3d; Stewart, G., 55 4d; Spurge, T., £1 25 6d; Thompson, H., £1 15; Tilling, C., 15 6d; Tovey, W., 65; Thornton, A., 55; Tarrant, H., 45 9d; Taylor, A., £1 15; Waugh, W., £1 15; Wallis, W., 55 6d; Webber, S., 25 2d; Warren, F., 165; Wood, R., 95 6d; Webb, G. E. M., £1 35 6d; Wyatt, A., 75 6d; Wells, E., 85 6d; Witchlow, G., 85; Wagner, F. T., £1 25 6d; Webb, E., £1 15; Weller, F. and H., 55; Wilby, B., 125; Yendell, F., 25 6d.—Total, £72 17s. 4d.

ORPHAN GIRLS' COLLECTING CARDS:—Atkins, F., 25 0d; Abbott, A., 15s; Adams, E., 14s; Arnold, L., 6s; Birch, K., 1s; Bennett, N., 11s 3d; Belton, M., 7s; Bedford, M., 4s 0d; Bilson, E., 14s; Briggs, M., 6s 1s; Bignell, E., 2s; Brayley, M., 2s; Brown, V., 4s; Burns, A., 5s; Brock, A., 3s; Bruns, P., 2s 6d; Briggs, A., 10s; Chilman, C., 8s 8d; Cole, C., 1s; Campbell, A., 6s; Cooper, M., 7s; Cook, K., 15s; Clark, W., 9s 2d; Cunningham, E., 19s 9d; Cook, E., 12s; Cole, D., 4s; Camden, D., 6s 1s; Chappell, E., 16s; Cooper, E., 13s 6d; Coombe, C., 3s; Cavalier, M., 3s 6d; Davis, A., 10s 7d; Dalton, F., 5s; Enson, E., 10s; Fields, M., 5s; Figg, H., 5s; Friday, C., 1s 6d; Gibbs, L., 10s; Granger, M., 5s 6d; Goddard, K., 4s; Hearnden, E., 10s; Hopkins, D., 9s; Hore, M., 4s; Hulks, F., 11s 6d; Haylock, F., 5s 9d; Hawkins, F., 8s 8d; Hutchinson, F., 15s; Heagerty, K., 2s 6d; Hinksman, E., 7s; Harrington, I., 9s; Holden, R., 6s; Jackson, N., 6s 6d; Jackson, W., 6s 6d; Kendall, E., 5s; Kent, E., 16s; Kelsey, E., 2s; Kensett, M., 8s 6d; Leaver, E., 6s 1s; Lockett, M., 11s; Lambourn, N., 4s 11d; Lauter, M., 6s; Maytum, L. and G., 1s; Mountfield, G., 7s 6d; McLaughlan, M., 9s 9d; Montford, F., 2s; Miller, A., 5s; Merrifield, M. and E., 6s; Martin, M., 1s 4d; Mitchell, J., 3s; Marshall, A., 9s; Needs, E., 10s; Nicholls, E., 6s; Nichols, M., 6s 1s; Oliver, B., 1s; Plowright, G., 3s; Parkins, L., 2s; Puxley, K., 6s 6s; Prior, M., 6s 1s; Perks, L., 8s; Preedy, D., 15s; Price, V., 3s; Plumley, W., 5s; Page, M., 3s 6d; Peterson, L., 8s 6d; Richardson, R., 10s; Reynolds, M., 7s 1d; Roylance, M., 19s; Rittman, E., 4s 8d; Rawlings, A., 5s; Surrey, K., 3s; Spurgin, G., 2s 4d; Smith, E., 10s; Shannon, R., 6s 1s; Slaughter, A., 6s 5s 6d; Smith, G., 6s 1s; Sherwood, N., 10s; Staples, M., 4s 6d; Stephenson, E. and A., 6s; Thomas, R., 5s; Thynne, D., 3s; Webber, M., 2s 2d; Weir, L., 2s; Wagg, M., 7s 3d; Wooldridge, E., 8s; Williams, M., 17s 3d; White, E., 9s; Webster, A., 8s; Wright, E., 7s 2d; Wright, G., 7s 6d; Warrall, F., 16s 6d; Waldron, N., 3s; Wilson, W., 15s; Warr, L., 4s 6d; Warner, F., 2s; Williams, M., 10s; Wilkins, E., 3s.—Total, £48 12s 3d.

LIST OF PRESENTS RECEIVED FROM JANUARY 15TH TO FEBRUARY 15TH, 1904.

PROVISIONS:—1 Sheep, Mr. C. Dewar; 24 lbs. Rice, Mr. J. L. Potier; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Sir A. Scale Haslam; 2 Sacks Flour, Messrs. Owen Clover and Son.

GIRLS' CLOTHING:—6 Articles, Mrs. Crouch; 6 Articles, Mrs. Sellar; 9 Articles, Young Women's Bible-class, Church Street Baptist Chapel, Kidderminster, per Mr. S. Church; 10 Articles (girls' and boys'), Mrs. T. Evans; 47 Articles (girls' and boys'), Reading Ladies' Working Meeting, per Mrs. J. Withers; 35 Articles (girls' and boys'), Beulah Baptist Working Meeting, Berhill, per Mrs. Greenhill; 48 Articles (girls' and boys'), Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 11 Articles, "Mary"; 68 pairs Stockings, Mrs. Smith; 10 Articles, Mrs. G. A. Bailey; 25 Articles, Tonbridge Working Meeting, per Mrs. Stockbridge; 12 Articles, Providence Baptist Sewing Meeting, Hounslow, per Mrs. S. Mortimer.

GENERAL:—1 Rocking Horse, 1 Doll's House; a number of Games, Mrs. Jones.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from January 15th to February 14th, 1904.

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
DISTRICT SUBSCRIPTIONS:—		Southern Baptist Association, per	
Wallington, per Mr. W. Davies	45 0 0	Mr. W. Haydon	60 0 0
Home Counties Baptist Association,		Evesham, per Mr. W. Ashley	10 0 0
per Mr. W. Hart	20 0 0	Widcombe, Bath, per Mr. John	
Axbridge, per Y. Z.	1 0 0	Brewer	12 10 0
Loughborough, per Mr. G. T.			£295 0 0
Levers	11 5 0	AGED COLPORTEURS' FUND:—	
Sellindge, per Mr. G. W. Tester:—		Mrs. E. Wilkes	0 1 0
Anon.	1 0 0	Mr. D. Fisher, per Mr. J. W.	
Mrs. Pout	0 10 0	Andrew	0 5 0
	1 10 0		£0 6 0
Orpington, per Mr. W. Jones	22 10 0	GENERAL FUND:—	
Brentford, per Messrs. Greenwood		Mr. H. O. Worth	0 5 0
Brothers	10 0 0	Miss Jarvis (collecting-box)	0 2 1
Chard, per Mr. T. S. Penny	11 5 0	Master Jack Gough (collecting-box)	2 2 0
Earl's Colne, per Mr. J. A. Tawell	10 0 0	Mr. G. W. Macalpine, J.P.	1 1 0
High Wycombe, per Mr. C. E.		Collection at Barrow, per Mr. F. G.	
Ashdown	5 0 0	Rose	0 15 0
Monks Eleigh, per Mr. J. G.		Miss B. Chapman	0 5 0
Stow	10 0 0	Miss Lizzie Elliott	0 3 0
Pearlswelber, per Mr. R. Cory,		Mr. T. Boulton	0 3 6
J.P.	11 5 0	Mr. A. E. Coveney	1 1 0
Maldon, per Mr. W. F. Kelsey	10 0 0	Mrs. Rayner	2 2 0
Bishop's Stortford, per Mr. W.			
Holland	11 5 0		
Fritham, per Mr. R. W. Griffiths	11 5 0		
Cardiff, per Mr. J. Cory, D.L.,			
J.P.	11 5 0		
Aylesbury, per Mr. G. Tweddle	10 0 0		

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Collections at Fovant and Alvediston, per Mr. W. Goodfellow	1 0 4	Miss S. S. Jones	0 5 0
Collection at North Cheam, per Mr. E. Piercy	0 12 5	Collection at Morden Baptist Mission, per Mr. E. Piercy	0 6 6
Mr. A. Margetts, junior (collecting-box)	0 0 6	Sale of Mottos	4 0 0
Matthew vi. 14	0 10 0	Mr. F. Collier	0 2 10
Mr. Oliver Hockey	2 2 0	Mr. Opie Rodway	8 5 0
Collection at Bethel Chapel, Minister, per Mr. W. Whitehead	1 3 4	Miss E. York	0 10 6
Mr. D. N. Howell	1 1 0	Mrs. E. A. Sinclair	0 5 0
		Mr. T. D. Ransford	1 0 0
			<u>£29 6 0</u>

Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon's Book Fund.

Statement of Receipts from January 15th to February 14th, 1904.

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Miss S. J. T., Borough	0 5 0	Mrs. H., Beulah Hill	1 1 0
Mrs. P., Toronto	0 4 0	Mr. G. R. Geary	0 10 0
Mrs. D., Alford	1 0 0	Mr. W. H., Litlington	1 0 0
Mr. H. B., Chesham	0 10 6	Miss H., Edinburgh	0 5 0
Mrs. J. H. S., Bordighera	1 0 0	Miss S. K., Buckland	0 5 0
Mrs. R., Bordighera	2 0 0	Mrs. C., St. John's Wood	10 0 0
Mr. C. P., Gurgaard	0 10 0	Mrs. C., Sermons to Missionaries	2 2 0
Mrs. P., Toronto	0 12 0	Interest on Mr. F. W. N. L.'s legacy	0 18 7
Mrs. F. E. D.	0 2 6	Mrs. K., Melksham	10 0 0
Miss E. A., E. Dulwich	0 5 0	Mrs. B., Wodonga	2 0 0
Mrs. P., Ludlow	0 13 0		
Mrs. G., Kensington	0 10 0		
Mrs. O. S., Swansea	0 10 0		
Sale of books	0 18 6		
			<u>£37 2 1</u>

Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon's Pastors' Aid Fund.

Statement of Receipts from January 15th to February 14th, 1904.

	£ s. d.
Mrs. J. H. S., Bordighera	1 0 0
Miss A., Stoke Newington	0 5 0
Miss S., Anerley	0 10 0
	<u>£1 15 0</u>

GIFTS OF CLOTHING:—Mrs. J., Hyde Park; "A friend," Braintree; Mrs. A., Halland; Mrs. H., Bishopstone; Miss A., Stoke Newington; Miss E. J. B., Thornton Heath; Miss C., Harlesden; Mrs. T. S. P. Knowles; Miss S., Anerley.

Contributions in aid of "Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon's Book and Pastors' Aid Funds" should be sent to Miss E. H. Thorne, addressed (for the present), "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, 1904.
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The Church at Work.

AN ADDRESS TO THE STUDENTS OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE, BY
C. H. SPURGEON.

IN order that his people may be kept in a thoroughly healthy spiritual state, the pastor will be wise to KEEP THE WHOLE CHURCH AT WORK TO ITS UTMOST POSSIBLE STRETCH.

A Christian church is not like a steam boiler, which is apt to blow up if you work it at too high a pressure; but the more pounds to the square inch that you can put upon the church, the more sure may you be that it will not blow up. Make the fire burn as fiercely as possible in the furnace, and then sit on the safety valve, if you like; it will be all right, and you need not have any fear as to the consequences. But if you work the church slowly, and let the fire get low, then something will burst.

Every Christian minister should seek to utilize the entire church and congregation under his charge. You will probably find a few members of your church whom God has intended to be preachers,—men who could, would, and should preach, but perhaps they have not had any opportunities of doing so. Try to find village stations for them. In connection with the church in every market-town, there ought to be five or six village stations, like satellites around a central luminary. The church, with which I was connected at Cambridge, had, and still has, I think, about a dozen stations, which are, on the whole, very well worked. The men who can preach are the most dangerous men in the church unless you keep them at work; for, otherwise, they are sure to criticize you, and, possibly, to put thoughts into the minds of others of your hearers, which would never have entered their heads if it had not been for these unoccupied amateur parsons. Send them out, brother, send them out to preach, and keep them always at it. If they can preach, it will do them good to be so employed, they will be the means of blessing to their hearers, and to you also.

In the next place, look out all the young men who should preach, but who are too modest to begin. Modesty is an almost universal fault among young men. Some of you smile so loudly at that remark that I suppose you do not think the fault is universal. Well, I do not know how many exceptions to the rule can be found in the present company; but, gentlemen, if you do not find the fault to be so common as I have suggested, you may find, among your flock, some of these modest young men, and also discover that the better sort of Christian workers are often not so forward as some who have less ability, and less grace. Get some of those young men, who say they cannot preach, to walk out with those who can, when they go to the village services. Perhaps you might give a hint to the elder brother to get his young friend to begin to speak, by some means or other. Then you might arrange for meetings where the young brethren would have opportunities for speaking,—discussion classes, preparation classes, and anything that will help to train their minds, and to develop their oratorical powers. You do not know whom you may have in your church; you may have some Whitefield, or Wesley, or other powerful preacher of the Gospel, among those horny-handed, shock-headed boys, that now follow the plough. If you can gather them together, and give them some mental and spiritual training, and frequent opportunities of speaking, who can tell what good you may be doing? You may be helping to prepare those who will occupy Metropolitan pulpits in days to come.

Look after all the young men, whether they can preach or not; and do try, as far as ever you can, to get them well instructed in the things of God; and it will be well if you can help them also to be better educated in secular matters. There are many things, that you ought to be able to teach them, which would make them better equipped for fighting the battle of life. Perhaps you fear that, if you did so, you would lose them just when they might be most helpful to you in your work. Certainly, in the country, you would do so; but, still, it would be a great gain to the general cause of God if those who come up to London, and our large towns, were not only well educated, but also thoroughly trained for various forms of Christian service. So, brethren, have plenty of societies for the young men. Let them have their Evangelists' Association, and Bible-classes, and prayer-meetings, and let them feel that they have an important part in spreading the knowledge of the Saviour's name. If it is their lot to remain with you, these young people, whom you have thus trained, will be your best helpers in after years; but if you let them rust while they are young, they will not get into habits of spiritual industry when they grow older.

Do not neglect the female part of the community. They have their own work to do; and if you do not give them plenty of it, they will find, or Satan will find for them, some work to do that will be far less useful. The sisters will be well employed in their Dorcas Societies, Mothers' Meetings, and Maternal Societies, and such work as comes under their special departments. You can pay them an occasional visit at their meetings; read a chapter to them, pray with them, and

give them a word of encouragement. They will be glad to see you, and will work all the better because they have the countenance of their minister.

Keep the younger women at work, too, for they, also, can do plenty of mischief if they are idle. I think there should be Young Women's Classes, and prayer-meetings, in which they could meet by themselves, and pray together. I strongly recommend prayer-meetings specially for females, but I hardly think they ought to pray in the general public assembly, though there is no praying like theirs. I do not know whether you agree with me, but I do not think that men know at all how to pray as women do. There is a wonderful tenderness, and a peculiar power about a woman's prayer, so that, when I have heard it, it has done me vastly more good than twenty of the usual prayers I have heard from our brethren, and it brings down unnumbered blessings from God.

For the sake of all your young people, mind that you keep the Sabbath-school in a high state of efficiency. The Sabbath-school is a perfect nuisance to some ministers. I have heard of some places, where difficulties have arisen because the superintendent has taken too much upon himself, or the school is quite a separate institution from the church. It is well, as a general rule, for the superintendent to be a deacon or an elder of the church; and the school should always be a branch of the church, and not an organization by itself. The minister should visit the school, on suitable occasions, and give an address, and so should the other officers of the church, who are qualified to do it. I do not think the teaching of the young ought to be given up, so much as it is, to those who are themselves little more than boys and girls. It seems to me that this service is so important that the very best ability we have should be devoted to it. Then you will often find a number of boys and girls, who do not like to be thought so any longer because they are getting to be their own masters and mistresses. Try to arrange classes for them just a little above the Sunday-school range, so as to retain your hold upon them rather longer than is usually the case. One of the drawbacks of the Sunday-school system seems to be that it loses the children just at the time when they are most likely to be able to understand the truth. So, have classes for the hobble-de-hoys,—those who are neither men nor boys, and for the girls who fancy they are young women. I think our church system ought to be such that we could take a child as soon as he is old enough to leave his home, and, God the Holy Spirit being our Helper, educate him right up till we could lead him to the pulpit to preach the Gospel, or land him safely in Heaven. I think there ought to be means of grace adapted to every stage of growth, both among the godly and the ungodly,—food convenient for the whole household of faith, and for all outsiders as well. He who shall succeed in doing this will have proved himself a master-builder in God's Israel.

You ought certainly to have a good Loan Tract Society, and to push its operations vigorously. You can take the Gospel by that means where you could not take it by any other. Be careful to get

good tracts; and I should recommend you always to read them yourselves before you circulate them. If you do, there are some of them which you will never send out. Some tracts you will never be able to read; they are too soporific. They really ought to be placed in the pharmacopœia, to be used instead of chloroform and opium and other things of that sort. There are many striking narrative tracts, which tell out the Gospel plainly; and if they have good illustrations to attract attention to the letterpress, so much the better.

Then there must be plenty of open-air preaching; and not only tell others to do it, but do it yourselves. Many of your people will find employment for themselves by going out with you. When I was at Waterbeach, I used to do a great deal of open-air preaching in the villages around. Sometimes, we went down the river in a barge, and several of my own people went with me, so we always had a congregation on board, beside those who were attracted by our singing. A few sturdy, strong men pulled the barge along, and we had grand times. Much good was done by that means, and some of the rough men, who helped to drag the barge, were amongst the converts. If I were in your place in the country, I would turn out into the fields, on summer evenings, as often as possible, and stand against a five-barred gate, or on the village green, or at the cross-roads, and fire away at all I could reach. Preach with all your hearts, and make the squire of the parish hear the Gospel if you can. If he will not come out to hear it, send the message through those big open windows, and make him listen to it.

In the winter, you will do well to hold plenty of cottage meetings, for you will find these exceedingly useful. Poor people often like to lend their rooms for such a purpose. They will sprinkle a little fresh sand down on the cottage floor because the minister or a deacon is coming to hold a prayer-meeting or a service. The most heathenish parts of England are not our great towns and cities, where people can hear the Gospel preached if they are willing to listen to it; but they are the hamlets, where there are but half-a-dozen houses quite away by themselves, where there are not sufficient people even to support a "Ranters' chapel" or a Baptist mission-room. In such places, you must hold cottage meetings, and your gleanings there may yield to God's granary some of the very finest of the wheat.

In a word, keep the whole church earnestly at work. Keep every member of it doing something, just as God keeps every part of our bodies to its own special service. I do not suppose that there is any one limb, or organ, or faculty, that lies dormant when we are in a healthy state; but all are moving just like clock-work, all working unanimously, harmoniously, steadily, almost involuntarily, under the power and pressure of the inner life, and so life and vitality are sustained in our whole being. So let every member of the Church be zealously at work, every one attending to his or her own special department, and all striving together for the glory of God and the good of the whole community.

Chats with the Children.

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

IV.—OSTRACISM; OR, THE SELFISH FISHES.

THEY say that what is learned young is learned for life. If this is so, how well it will be to store the mind in early days with what is most worth remembering! Certain it is that poetry, committed to memory in our early years, is retained almost without effort; and selections and quotations, with which we made ourselves familiar when we were at school, stick to us, as similar extracts refuse to do now that we are—well, much older.

It seems to me only as yesterday, when our English Composition master began that morning's class by saying, "I am going to ask you to write an essay on 'Ostracism.'" I suppose that he noticed a look of dismay upon our juvenile faces, for he proceeded to say, "Of course, you all know what 'Ostracism' is." Now, I must confess that, at that stage, I had not the faintest idea as to the meaning of the strange word, and, what is more, I don't believe that any others in the class had. Moreover, I fancy that the master knew pretty well that we were ignorant of the matter. At all events, he went on to tell us of its significance, and we were deeply interested in hearing of how, in "the brave days of old", the citizens of Athens got rid of those of their number whose presence was disliked, or feared, by writing their names on oyster shells, and voting for their expulsion.

I am pretty sure that our teacher desired that we should learn several lessons by the exercise he was about to set us. To have the sense of the word "Ostracism" intelligently laid hold upon, was one purpose. But it was not the chief. He wanted us to see that some of those persons, who are so despised that we would get rid of them if we only could, are really very useful members of society. He wished us to believe, thus early in life, that it is better to be useful than ornamental. So he gave us a lesson in Composition that had a good many other lessons hidden away within it. And this is how he set to work. Having given us a general idea of what Ostracism was, he began to write upon the black-board the outline of a story of the fishes in an Aquarium, and it was our task to fill up the outline as best we could. I fear that I may not be able to repeat the tale, word for word, after all these years; but I think I can reproduce it pretty accurately, and, as it has often helped and amused myself, I have some hope that the elder of the children with whom I chat will manage to get both pleasure and profit from it. I have told you of how the story came to me, because I feel that I cannot call it all my own. Here beginneth the tale of the fishes.

* * * *

Just at the hour when dreams are issuing through the Ivory Gate, I found myself in a spacious edifice, through whose corridors there echoed yet the last strains of The National Anthem. I glanced around, and then set forth to explore the building, only to lose myself amid marble columns and cool recesses. In my solitude, I strained.

my ears to catch some sound of life. Presently, I heard a gentle murmur; and, gliding softly down a vaulted passage, I listened to a conversation among the fish, and watched their excited movements in the tank. I had evidently strayed into some grand Aquarium of Dreamland.

The excitement of the denizens of the deep was intense. Even those who generally lie concealed in corners and crevices, came bustling forth. What could all the commotion be about? The cause was not far to seek. Lying on the ground were certain shells, which seemed to gape for breath, or which, perhaps, were trying to make themselves heard above the clamour of the angry crowd that surrounded them. The fish were evidently very angry with these harmless-looking Oysters. A bilious-looking Cod seemed to be the leader of the disgraceful proceedings. He had a capacious mouth, and kept it fully employed. "These idle, useless, ungainly things," said he, "are ever in our way, and are quite unfit to be the companions of noble-minded creatures like ourselves. If they were fair to look upon, or fit for our food, we might put up with them; but they are neither. Well may we wish them gone. Their room is better than their company." It was all that I could do to catch these words though I listened with *bated* breath,—as becomes a listener to fish,—for the hubbub increased on every hand.

Another ringleader was a good-sized Carp, which angrily exclaimed, "Shell out, ye ugly bivalves! Shell out!" and the far-off caverns echoed, "Out!" Then this carping Carp raised an Oyster from the ground, and cried aloud,—

"A good-for-nothing, lazy lout,
Ugly within, and ugly without,
Who can bear to have him about?
Turn him out! Turn him out!"

To cut a long story short, it was unanimously decided to get rid of the objectionable Oysters; and the vote was duly recorded by a Lobster, who was so red in the face that I suppose he must have reached the boiling point of excitement.

The Oysters themselves took it calmly enough, only protesting, by their beards, that their persecutors would rue the day on which they banished them.

Eventually, the Oysters were expelled,—*ostracised*, in fact,—and the era of the golden age was supposed to have commenced. But the joy was short-lived. Ere very long, the water grew dull and dirty. The stream was no longer sparkling. This change affected all the fish for ill, except perhaps the Carp. He seemed to relish his murky bath. The rest, however, were in a terrible state. The Cod became more bilious-looking than before, the Plaice seemed more than ever out of place, and the Crabs more crabbed. The Herring soon looked anything but fresh, and the Turbot, flat as he was, did not relish the flatness of the water. The Sea-horses no longer danced their gallops, and the Star-fish were by no means bright. The Whiting became so dark in hue that *Blacking* would have been a more appropriate name. Perhaps that is why they associated so closely with the Soles and (H)eels. All



THE LOBSTER RECORDS THE VOTE.

the inhabitants of the tanks began to wear a scaly appearance, and things in general were looking rather fishy. The Seal, who lived close by, chuckled to himself as he saw this state of things continuing, and invited the now almost desperate fish to share his tank with him. But a little *Maid* guessed the reason of his offer, and told a tale that she had heard of one called "Little Red Riding Hood." She added that she, for one, did not want a sealskin jacket.

At length, someone began to wonder if the absence of the Oysters had anything to do with their present miseries, and to repent the ungenerous deed that was done to them. Ere he breathed his last, (and death was nigh to all of them,) he confessed that they had been very selfish, and strongly urged the recall of the exiles. He was the Pilot-fish, and he guided them aright.

In due course, the Oysters were re-instated. They brought the sparkles back again, and presently all things went swimmingly as of yore, thanks to Nature's scavengers in the world of waters.

Then I awoke, confirmed in my belief that all things serve an end, and strengthened in my resolve to play my humble part as well as in me lies, and never more to slight the services of others, as did the selfish fishes.

* * * *

I trust that you, too, dear children, will learn such lessons from this parable, as well as something about the habits of the fishes.

The Faith that Saves.

BY THEODORE L. CUYLER, D.D.

“WHEN I was in College,” said the Rev. Dr. B——, “one of the Professors tried hard to explain faith to me. But it was a muddle until I came and trusted my soul to Jesus Christ. When I did it, I understood it.” It is the simplicity of faith that often puzzles people. They are discussing a doctrine, when they ought to be doing an act. They worry their brains, when they ought to be yielding their hearts.

Faith is sometimes defined as an assent to the truth of the Gospel which God has given us. But this is an intellectual act that is not sufficient to save a soul. Intellectual belief in the Gospel is entertained by millions, without the slightest penitence for sin, or the least step toward following Christ. There are plenty of intellectual believers, in that world of woe, where “the devils also believe,—and tremble.”

Faith has also been defined as “taking God at His word.” A very important mental act is this, too; but does any “word” of our Heavenly Father save our souls? Did the apostles ever preach, “Believe the Word, and be saved”? Paul and Silas were confronted by the mightiest question that ever agitates a human soul, when that poor jailer of Philippi lay trembling before them. They did not stop to expound a doctrine, they enforced a deed; they did not point to a system of truth, but to a personal Saviour, to an almighty Person, a loving compassionate Person, to a Divine Person, whose atoning blood cleanseth from sin. “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved;”—not in Christianity, but on Jesus Christ. That is what they told the jailer.

Mark that little and yet supremely great word—*on*. It is not enough to believe in Christ. Millions of unconverted people believe in Jesus, just as they believe in Howard as a noble philanthropist, and in Washington as a pure patriot, and in Newton as a profound philosopher. But they do not trust their souls to Jesus; they do not rest on Him for salvation; they do not build their characters on Him as the only foundation.

One of the survivors from the terrible burning of a great hotel tells us that, when he was driven back by the flames in the hall, he seized the escape-rope in his bed-room, and from an upper story he lowered himself through the smoke down to the sidewalk. He had seen that rope before, but had felt no need of it. He had a good opinion of the strength of the rope, but it was only an opinion; he put it to the test when he swung out of the window, and trusted his life to it. Now that

was a saving faith; he let go of everything else, and committed his whole weight to those well-braided strands of hemp. And when a human soul lets go of every other reliance in the wide universe, and lays hold of the sin-atonement Redeemer for salvation, that soul "believes on Christ." He entrusts himself to Jesus for pardon, for acceptance with God, for grace, for strength, for guidance, and for a full salvation.

Some anxious enquirer, who reads this article, may say that, although Paul told the jailer to believe on Jesus Christ, the apostle Peter had previously told a company of sinners, who were "pricked in their hearts," that their first duty was to "repent." Very true; and, my friend, it is your duty also if you would have a new life here, and an eternal life hereafter. But just what is genuine, and Scriptural, and effectual repentance? Is it sorrow for sin? Yes; but it is a vast deal more than that. It is the act of a soul that, with not only a sorrow for sin, but hatred of sin, turns from it to God with an earnest endeavour to obey and follow Jesus Christ. Evangelical repentance and faith go together. They are inseparable. They are the two halves of one globe. Sorrow, shame, and self-reproach, will all end in nothing unless you lay hold of Him who alone can give you the new life, the new character, and the new conduct. Is the Holy Spirit working upon your heart? Yes; then you must move whither He points, and He is pressing you right toward Christ.

Repentance is more than a mere feeling; it is an act. Saving faith is more than an opinion, or a good resolution, or a devout purpose. It is the act of yielding your heart up to the sin-atonement and loving Saviour, and joining your soul to Him as your Redeemer and Lord. When Jesus Christ called Peter, and James, and John, He said to them, "Follow Me." They did not sit down, and cry; they did not consult anybody; they did not promise the Christ that they would at some future day obey Him. "Straightway, they left their nets, and followed Him." There, my friend, is the example for you. Begin to do the first thing that the Spirit working on your conscience bids you do. When you honestly take any step either in abandoning a sin, or in doing a duty, and do this simply to please Jesus Christ, then conversion has begun, you have changed masters. To be willing to trust on Christ, and to go with Christ even for a single important step, is the beginning of a genuine Christian life.

Have you a little faith? Use what you have, and pray for more. Christ will help you when you begin to follow Him, as a child that is learning how to walk. Don't be satisfied with half-way work; no number of half-Christians can make a whole one. Make a clean break with your old sins, and your old self; and lay hold firmly on the almighty Saviour. There was a good deal of pith in the answer of a humble servant-maid, who, when applying for admission to the church, was asked by the pastor what evidence she had of her conversion. Her reply was, "Well,—for one thing, I sweep now under the rugs and the door-mats." The fatal mischief, with some professors of religion, is that they have left a sad amount of sin and selfishness under the door-mats. "Faith without works is dead." The only proof you can give that you are trusting on Christ, and following Christ, is that you begin to keep Christ's commandments.

Good Works Connected with the Metropolitan Tabernacle.

VIII.—THE SABBATH-SCHOOL.

THE great Sunday-school organizations of England and America have achieved uninterrupted success for a century. The Sunday-school system is so manifestly adaptable to the requirements of every grade of society, and is so full of the possibilities of development into all phases of religious activity, that we can but marvel at the hundreds of years lost to the Church by the delay in its inception. During eighteen long centuries, the sleeping disciples had, with a few notable exceptions, forgotten their Master's command, "Feed My lambs," and His tender admonition, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me." By coincident neglect, also, the Saviour's imperative order to carry His Gospel to the heathen world, has been sadly unheeded until comparatively recent times.

The last hundred years can, happily, show records of two great battalions of the army of Christ marching at the Commander's call, one in a brave attempt to secure the home country for the children's King, and the other in the more difficult task of bombarding the foreign ports in Immanuel's name. As the colours of the Cross are hoisted in a thousand centres at home and abroad, the victory is one, and the joy is mutual; the veterans and the recruits cry in chorus, "Hosannah! Blessed is the King!" "He *must* reign!"

The importance of the Sabbath-school to the well-being and true prosperity of the nation, was fully demonstrated at the recent Centenary celebrations of the Sunday School Union. It would be a pleasant task to trace the history of the movement, and to illustrate some of the leading events; but we must be content with a glimpse at our own section of the work.

Successful Sunday-schools are managed by business men, whose sanctified commercial abilities have been dedicated to Christ for the advancement of His Kingdom. This is conspicuously the case at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, where school life is always brisk.

Mr. S. R. Pearce, the Chief Superintendent, has been in office for twenty-six years, having been unanimously re-elected every year. His removal from Carter Street School was by the special and personal invitation of C. H. Spurgeon.

Born in London, in the year when the great and gracious Victoria succeeded to the throne of England, he has, like her, spent a long and useful life for the benefit of others. His powers of administration, the uniform serenity of his demeanour, and the warmth of his love for the children, have made him an ideal leader. In Ragged School circles, he is well known, and his generous help is much appreciated. Mr. Pearce is an honoured Deacon of the Tabernacle Church, and is officially connected with most of the allied Institutions.

Mr. Charles Wagstaff, the second Superintendent, was born on the 14th of December, 1856, and entered the school at the age of seven and a half years. He was baptized in 1876, and was received into

Church-fellowship, by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon, on Whit-Sunday in the same year. In December, 1884, he was elected Secretary of the Sunday-school, having served as a teacher for eight years. Upon the home-going, in 1893, of Mr. J. W. Goodwyn,—the aroma of whose beautiful life remains as a fragrant memory,—Mr. Wagstaff was called to fill the office of Assistant Superintendent. In the following year, he was elected an Elder of the Church, and in February, 1900, joined the diaconate. Genial in disposition, he has ever a cheery smile and a word of commendation alike for the little child arriving early at school, and the tired toiler in God's harvest-field.



MR. S. R. PEARCE.

MR. W. A. BOSHER.

MR. H. W. HARVEY.

The office of Secretary is seldom unimportant: in hundreds of Societies, the Secretary sets the standard of efficiency, and few rise above that standard. In Sunday-school work, the material success is contingent upon absolute attention to countless details; and for this, a first-class Secretary is indispensable. At the Tabernacle School, we have two; first, Mr. H. W. Harvey, who has been with us for nineteen years, during the last eleven of which he has filled the office of Secretary, and has gained for himself the esteem and regard of the teachers and the children. Being an enthusiast in matters musical, he is invaluable amongst the crowd of happy youngsters who throng our gates,—the notes of their sweet merriment and superabundant buoyancy requiring to be directed into the harmony of acceptable praise, that it may delight the ear of the listening Saviour.

The new Assistant Secretary is Mr. W. A. Boshier, who succeeds Mr. Chas. Dunn, the latter, after a long and honourable term of service, being compelled to remove into the suburbs, on account of his wife's indifferent health. Mr. Boshier served a full apprenticeship at teaching, and for several years has been an Auxiliary Officer. He has done good service in Missionary and Prayer Union Circles, and was unanimously called to the more definite post of Assistant Secretary at the business meeting of the School held last month.

* * * *

The anniversary celebrations, on Sunday and Monday, March 13th and 14th, were of unusual interest. The Sabbath morning sermon, by Pastor D. J. Hiley, was heard by "the host from below stairs", as C. H. Spurgeon used to call the School children. As the preacher spoke of the value of God's Word, illustrating his address by old-time stories of the marvellous protection of the indestructible Book, the audience listened in quiet awe; and the juvenile portion, rising at the close, sang with a sweetness that will long be remembered,—

"Book of grace, and Book of glory,—
Gift of God to age and youth,
Wondrous is Thy sacred story,
Bright, bright with truth!"

"Book of love! in accents tender
Speaking unto such as we;
May it lead us, Lord, to render
All, all to Thee!"

In the evening, Mr. Hiley preached to young men and women, the Tabernacle being filled from floor to ceiling. It was a remarkable sermon; and when he told a closing story, as the basis of an appeal, the silent interest was intense. The story related how Colonel Grey, when on duty in China, heard the thud of heavy blows, and a child's groans of agony. Approaching, he found a Chinese father attempting to kill the child because it was a girl, his wife having brought it up as a boy in order to avoid the husband's wrath. Upon Col. Grey's intervention, the blows were suspended, but soon the threats were renewed. At length, the girl was bought by the Colonel for five dollars, and taken to the British Embassy, where one of the ladies cared for her. The Boxer riots followed, and the girl, attired as a soldier, became the devoted servant of the Colonel, guarding him with untiring watchfulness. In the darkness of the night, her quick ear caught the sound of the rustling of a garment; and, creeping to her master's room, she discerned a fiend with a dagger over the Colonel's heart. With unerring aim, the young soldier-girl shot the man dead at the bed-side. Awakening, the Colonel demanded to know what had occurred, and learnt that the intended murderer was the girl's own parent. "How could you do it?" he exclaimed. "Oh!" sobbed the girl, "*he is my father, BUT YOU ARE MY SAVIOUR!*"

The Boxers surrounded the city, and the garrison appeared to be doomed; but the young girl, by her own desire, was let down over the wall, with a message tied around her finger as a surgical bandage. She was away for ten days, and then reappeared with the allied armies, having led them for six days with unerring judgment, and thus she saved the garrison.

As the words of the preacher rang out, again and again, in the beautiful Tabernacle, "*YOU ARE MY SAVIOUR!*" he pleaded with his hearers to come out boldly for that blessed Saviour, whose glorious redemption was but feebly typified in the tender devotion of that Chinese girl.

Upon the Monday evening, the annual meeting was held in the lecture-hall, preceded by a tea, to which the parents of the scholars

were welcomed. The hall was crowded, and kindly words were said by the Chairman,—Pastor C. B. Sawday, and the Superintendents. The Rev. Robt. Walker was also invited to speak.

* * * *

The Secretary's Report was a compilation of many figures, and the record of a year's good work, to which brief reference must be made. The Officers and teaching staff number 92, and the total of the scholars reaches to 1,195, of whom 342 are above the age of fifteen. One hundred and fifteen are Church-members, 19 having been baptized during the year. One of the most important sections of the work affects the young men and young women. The Tabernacle School has, for years, been remarkably strong in its Bible-classes, of which there are no less than eight. The leaders of all these Classes can show evidence of good solid work that is going on all the year round. We give their portraits, in order to interest our readers in the Classes. Perhaps some will make known these centres of usefulness, and invite young men and maidens to look in upon the happy gatherings at three o'clock on Sabbath afternoons.



MR. H. C. BUDDEN.
MR. F. A. FULLER.

MISS HOOPER.
MRS. ENDACOTT.

MR. F. H. FORD.
MISS PATRICK.

MISS HATCLIFF.
MR. G. D. WILMOT.

BIBLE-CLASS LEADERS.

In missionary effort, the School is led by Mr. E. J. Wigney, with untiring zeal. Under his guidance, the young people are instructed in regard to missionary enterprise, and the needs of the heathen world. Five missionaries have gone forth from the School, and are now at work in foreign lands; besides whom we have our own home missionary in the person of Miss A. Patrick. During last year, the large sum of £542 15s. 7d. was raised for their support.

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MEMBERS OF THE BAND OF HOPE.



MR. H. WATTS.

The Band of Hope is managed by Mr. E. Fuller, and has 150 members. Mr. D. Swift serves as Secretary.

One of the most useful adjuncts to the Sunday-school is the International Bible Reading Union, the largest local branch of which is managed by Mr. Hy. Watts, and comprises 842 teachers, scholars, and friends at the Tabernacle. It is pleasant to remember that the same Bible passages are read daily by about 850,000 persons in all parts of the world.



THE ARRIVAL.

The story of what happened, on Tuesday, July 7th, 1903, when the children were taken to Great Bookham for their "Treat", and spent one of the few fine days of the summer at "Merrylands", can best be told by pictures.

As long as funds held out, the boys indulged in high-class and expensive amusements, and paraded their hired donkeys before wondering crowds.



THE DONKEY PARADE.



"THREE SHIES A PENNY."

The girls, being more shrewd, hovered around "Aunt Sally," vainly hoping to carry off a cocoa-nut or two in exchange for each of the pennies spent in procuring the privilege of "three shies."

Most of the cash having changed owners by the early afternoon, "ring a ring o' roses" became popular, the boys witnessing the game with wistful gaze. At length, the day waned, and the merry throng returned home, the train jolting to the mingled strains of selections from "Songs and Solos," and a well-worn doggerel about certain blessings to fall upon the head of the engine-driver.



"RING A RING O' ROSES."

* * * *

Most of the Bible-classes have their own special Saturday afternoon

excursion, Box Hill being a favourite resort. Much more could be written if space allowed, for there are other important sections of the work, including the Young Christians' Association, with its 236 members, under the direction of Messrs. Harvey and Bosher; the Library and Periodical Department, managed by Mr. M. Chisholm, assisted by Messrs. A. Pearce and J. W. Chisholm; the Working Society; the Scripture Examination, resulting in the award of seven prizes and a number of certificates. Besides all these rewards, seventy-eight young friends gained prizes for early morning attendance and punctuality.



AT BOX HILL.

Here we leave these devoted labourers and their delightful work of seeking out the gems for the Saviour's crown. "They shall be Mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up My jewels."

F. H. F.

The Heart of May.

TWO men met recently, and discussed the question of age. The younger one had decided that he was old;—he was forty-two! He felt it was the age of renunciation. He had been an expert 'cello player for many years; but he had done with that, and had handed the 'cello to his son. This was one of a few signs to mark the fact that he was old,—at forty-two!

His companion was a white-bearded boy of sixty summers. He laughed, and mocked at the very idea. "Old?" he cried, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself. What will you be when you are my age? Why, I *never* felt younger than I do to-day!" Indeed, the bright, dark, laughing eyes look it. Twenty years older than the other, he is, in heart, twenty years younger. He has the heart of May. He is as happy over a bit of new scenery as a boy with a new engine. He has a quick eye for the effects of light on the trees, and meadows, and streams. He is an artist who never held a brush;—a poet who never wrote a line. A road between the hedgerows sets him a-singing. His great joyous laugh is one of the most contagious things I know. He wanders off, in his spare hours, into unfrequented country places, watching the birds, and looking for bits of beauty. If they are there, he finds them, and afterwards talks about them with as much enthusiasm as if he had discovered a new continent.

He is just as keen for stray bits of human character, and his mind is a warehouse of odds and ends, which make capital stuff for story-telling. The world is a wonderful place to him, and its inhabitants are

wonderful creatures, intensely and growingly interesting. He has not yet done with awe and wonder; it always seems as if these rare gifts had come to him for the first time; and the amusement he finds, here, and there, and everywhere,—the wholesome, eye-twinkling amusement,—is a glowing thing to warm one's heart at.

He is a child of nature to the core of him, with all a strong man's experience of life's buffetings, and limitations, and losses. I don't believe he could write a verse if he sat up all night to do it, but I am sure he knows the warm heart-beat of Wordsworth's song,—

“ My heart leaps up, when I behold
A rainbow in the sky:
So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man;
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!”

His merriment was almost uncontrollable at the idea of a man being old at forty-two, and passing on his 'cello to his son. “I never heard of such a thing,” he said.

Well, we do hear of such a thing. There are men one meets who are old before forty,—really old and decrepit in outlook and bearing, and almost too weary to be cynical. Their experience must have been unfortunate, for it is hard to believe that a young man—over thirty—is old because he wants to be old. Some, under pressure of dark events, lose heart early, and never recover it again. While the years are young, one man will miss from his side, through death or estrangement, one in whom his life was centred, and the days thereafter are without light or leading;—a weary wandering he knows not whither.

Another life struck early on the rock of unbelief; than which, there is no more lonely and desperate condition conceivable.

Another has borne the burden of ill-health and increasing depression, year after year, and is tired out with the longing for release.

Another's lot has been cast in the drive and stress of an exacting business, in which his nervous system has gone to pieces, and now the grasshopper is become a burden.

Another has lost his honour in a storm of the passions, making shipwreck of self-respect, and friendship, and moral confidence.

These are conditions of life,—grim and shattering conditions,—in which a man may very well feel old at forty-two.

And even in the absence of untoward conditions, while life has comfort and ease, a man may so lose hold on himself, and lose hold on life's purpose of work, through want of moral fibre, that the mere drift of the days shall come to be a burdensome and despairing thing.

The heart of May is the heart at rest;—not stagnation,—that least of all; but the rest of harmony and power. “The peace of God” is there, when the heart of May is at its best;—that peace which is a keep—a garrison—for the very heart and thought of a man. The weary strife of “this unintelligible world” has not only been hushed, it has been caught up and absorbed by the power of peace Divine. It is the peace of an infinite Love, and an infinite Atonement. Its august empire embraces the whole of life, holding in sweet captivity the entire

domain of thought and desire. Its power is the power of light and love. Its greatness is the gentleness of God. Its wisdom is unworldly, and therefore unselfish. "The wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be intreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without wrangling, and without hypocrisy."

What a picture of glorious summer in a man's life this is,—the winter of discontent over and gone! It is the fair fulfilment of an earlier promise in the Book Beautiful, namely, "Unto you that fear My name shall the Sun of righteousness arise with healing in His wings." It is found that there is healing in common sunshine for certain distressing maladies of body and mind. Sufferers have an instinct for the sunshine, a vehement and pathetic longing for it. A burst of spring sunshine has new life for them. "If I could only get into the sunshine!" is a cry of the maimed life, as deep as the exile's longing, "If I could only see home once more!"

The unexplored wonders of radium are simply the possibilities of light,—light living, light healing, light renewing; and so, "wings of healing" is more than a beautiful phrase, it is a profound and entrancing truth; and when it is received, the heart is at May. In the healing wings of Christ the Light, how can one's heart be other than young?

The radiant joy of a Christian heart is the smile and sanction of her Lord; "the fruit of righteousness sown in peace."

It is, of course, a mournful fact that a life may remain winter-bound whose heritage is the wealth and splendour of the spring. There is a "careful and troubled" condition of thought that defeats its own earnest purpose. The most alluring truth may be marred by over-emphasis, and a too desperate zeal may miss the charm of devotion and service.

In the life of the Master, there was an atmosphere of ease and detachment, even in the crowding of dire events, which was in correspondence with that large, calm utterance of His, "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

Who has not felt the irony of that anxiety, which, by its extreme seriousness and solicitude, has cast a gloom where the healing light of a pure joy was the chief need? It is possible for an experienced and honoured servant of God to retard his ministry by assuming a burden of distress which his Lord never intended him to carry. Burdens are self-imposed which appear, at the time, to be an inseparable part of a man's work, the dead weight of which makes impossible the very work that needs most to be done. This occurs when the sacred light, in which true discrimination is made, has burned low. And "if the light that is in us be darkness, how great is that darkness!" We stumble where we should be strong; and where "the gay cheer of a great voice" is needed, our tone is apprehensive and weak. Fresh as a breeze from the billows to a hot, tired brow, comes the spirit of the great words to our soul, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee: He shall never suffer the righteous to be moved."

It is when a man has received this promise into his inmost heart that, immediately, a space is cleared in the multitude of his thoughts for the shining presence of his Lord; and life answers to His command, as the sick, the despairing, and the very dead answered to His word long ago.

Thenceforward, the burdens that *must* be borne have this difference and distinction,—they are shared with Christ; and in that Divine companionship the deep things of God come to be revealed. "For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

The heart of May, therefore, in the life of a Christian man, is more than the optimism of abounding health, or favoured circumstances. It is life in Him who, from everlasting to everlasting, has "the dew of His youth." There is no more impressive or inspiring thing in this hard world than a Christian man of years, who, knowing life, and shouldering responsibilities, maintains the freshness and charm of youth in his feeling, and bearing, and speech,—unless, indeed, it be a Christian woman. It is uncommon enough to be a distinction where it exists: that it does exist, is one of the redeeming facts of experience, and prophetic of the Homeland where they never grow old.

F. A. JACKSON.

"Times of Refreshing."

"*Times of refreshing shall come.*"—Acts iii. 19.

THERE are times, in the flush of the morning,
 As I haste to the work of the day,
 When I hear a sweet, far-off voice calling
 For ever and ever away;
 When I hear, o'er the roar and the rattle
 Of the street-of-the-City's hoarse din,
 A whisper of hope and of heart's-ease,
 Of home and of freedom from sin.

There are times, in the stress of the noontide,
 As a lull fills the gap in the storm,
 When there steals on the air-waves a message
 Of comfort to keep the heart warm.
 Of strength for the battle that rages,
 Of cheer when the blows fall like rain,
 Of aid when the fight goes against me,
 Of peace in the presence of pain.

There are times, in the hush of the twilight,
 As the sun sinks to rest o'er the hills,
 When I catch a far echo of singing,—
 Of singing the home-land that fills;—
 And, borne on the breath of the evening,
 Floating out with the song of the home,
 Keeping pace with the beat of its measure,
 A love-voice that softly says, "Come."

E. A. TYLER.

Old College Days.

OLD College days, in London's far-off city,
 And in the far-off years,
 Wear now a charm as wonderful as pity,
 Seen through a mist of tears.

Old College days! the memories they are bringing
 Are such as haunt my heart,
 Like voices heard across the water singing
 When hours of day depart.

I see them yet across the crowded distance
 Of labour, love, and pain;
 I think of all youth's bold and bright persistence,
 The castles built in Spain.

I read again their well-remembered story
 In shapes that fill the fire;
 I feel once more the golden glow and glory
 Of souls that did aspire.

I hoard the hours of comrades' joyous greeting
 When the day's tasks were past,
 When rich young hopes and rich young dreams were meeting,
 And HE was first and last.

I hear the echoes which the halls are filling,
 The shouts upon the stair,
 The laughter, and the singing, and the drilling,
 I would that I were there!

With cordial salutations they come trooping,—
 Friends of old College days;
 Their faces hearten me when zeal is drooping
 On stony, dust-blown ways.

One day, there'll be a glorious uniting
 Upon the morning strand,
 When all the "old boys" come by God's inviting
 From many a distant land!

And *he* will greet us who so grandly led us
 Where saintly heroes trod,
 And *they* will meet us who in class-room read us
 The oracles of God!

Old College days! the years are never dimming
 My memories of you;
 And with your brightness all my heart is brimming,
 And, oh, my heart beats true!

F. A. JACKSON.

"Our Own Men" and their Work.

CXX.—DR. GEORGE A. HUNTLEY, OF HANYANG, CHINA.



DR. HUNTLEY'S sphere of labour is in the Birmingham or the Chicago of China. Six hundred miles from the sea coast, (a journey of four days and three nights,) in the very heart of the empire, and side by side, lie the three great cities of Hankow, Wuchang, and Hanyang, with a combined population of probably two millions of people.

The mighty river, Yang-tse-Kiang, on which ride the gunboats of all the Great Powers, flows past their walls. The tributary river, Han, separates Hankow and Hanyang, on the North of the main stream, and the city of Wuchang lies on the Southern bank. These cities are the heart of China's industrial life. At the Hanyang ironworks, 5,000 trained native workmen, and at the Arsenal adjoining, about 2,000 others are daily employed. The most important railway system in the empire, the Pekin-Hankow Railway, will terminate here. The rails and the other ironwork for this great enterprise, which will open up hundreds of miles of country, are manufactured in Hanyang. The cities will ultimately, by the necessity of their geographical position, be the centre of other great railway systems, as the Flowery Land, casting off the sleep of ages, awakens to modern civilization.

Dr. Huntley is the missionary representative of the American Baptist

Missionary Union, and the solitary physician and surgeon (think of it!) in Hanyang, a city of a quarter of a million of people. But the city walls are by no means the boundaries of his practice. To him come patients, by river and by road, from all the outlying district; some of them journeying, or being borne, for hundreds of miles in hope of his merciful aid.

That the blessing of the Lord abundantly rests on the labours of His servants in this vast yellow harvest-field, is shown by the fact that 2,000 converts were baptized in a recent year in the three cities. Many a tale of pathetic and thrilling interest can our beloved brother tell of his work among these swarms of piteously helpless humanity. His story of the eighteen blind men, who journeyed—linked together by a rope, and guided by one whose blindness had been cured by a skillful missionary surgeon at Hankow,—for a distance of three hundred miles, in order to seek the blessing of sight at the hands of the foreign doctor, is, surely, one of the most effective arguments for medical missions, ever presented.

Dr. Huntley is a West of England man, who has barely yet reached his prime. He is of striking presence, has a very winning manner, and is a whole-hearted enthusiast respecting Chinese missions. He comes of a Baptist stock. His father is an esteemed deacon of Bristol Road Baptist Church, Weston-super-Mare. The family were formerly connected with Counterslip Church, Bristol, so long under the pastoral care of our brother, Henry Knee.

Early in life, George Huntley was the subject of deep spiritual influences, and the object of his godly parents' earnest prayers. He dates his conversion to a day or two before his twelfth birthday, and was baptized when he was little more than thirteen years of age. The desire to consecrate his life to service in the mission field, was the first spiritual fruit of his surrender to Christ; and before he was sixteen, he had thrown himself zealously into various forms of Christian activity, including a Sunday-school class of small boys. The Bristol Baptist Itinerant Society,—the mother of so many of our pastors and missionaries,—proved good training ground for Mr. Huntley's developing powers. His testimony to the value of his commercial experience is also worth noting. He regards it as a most useful preparation for his after career.

On September 6th, 1886, Mr. Huntley, at Mr. C. H. Spurgeon's invitation, entered the Pastors' College; and, prior to leaving for China, under the auspices of the China Inland Mission, on April 4th, 1889, he spent a short time in medical studies at the London Hospital.

For five years, he and his brother Albert,—who is also a Pastors' College man,—were stationed together in Shensi province, where much blessing attended their labours in the conversion of souls, the training of native preachers, and the establishment of several native churches, which have since grown to a considerable size. There was a dispensary at the station, and Dr. Huntley was impressed with the wide possibilities of medical and surgical work as a means of reaching persons otherwise practically inaccessible, and bringing them under the gracious influences of the Gospel. After careful reflection and much prayer, he returned home early in 1894, going almost immediately to the United States, to

continue his medical studies in the universities of New York and Vermont. Three years afterwards, he received his degree of M.D., together with a special diploma of examination honours, which was given to the first five men on the results list. Dr. Huntley had earned the honour by securing the third place in a list of 77.

In the previous year,—1896,—the Dr. took to wife Miss Lizzie J. Reid, a lady who had been trained as a nurse, and who, in addition to her personal graces, has since proved herself to be eminently qualified in every way to be his co-worker. From San Francisco, they sailed for China, together to face the arduous work of establishing the Hanyang Medical Mission. The difficulties in the way of this project were many and great. Not the least was the lack of proper hospital buildings and equipment. For the past six years, they have rented a rough wooden shanty, insanitary and gloomy, where never a ray of sunshine can penetrate from January to December.

The work has flourished, however. Last year, there were 5,012 out-patient visits, and 132 in-patients, who spent, on an average, 34 days each in the hospital. On both departments, God has been pleased to set His seal; and the doctor and Mrs. Huntley rejoice, not only in physical suffering relieved, but in the conversion of many precious souls, who have found in the Great Physician a Saviour and a Friend.

Dr. Huntley is at present in the homeland endeavouring to raise funds to provide and furnish the new hospital and dispensary. He will be most grateful for any help sent to him, however small, for this sorely needed accommodation. We can scarcely realize the magnitude of the need. One doctor for a quarter of a million of people, and he without any place better than a shed to receive even the most critical cases! May I suggest, Mr. Editor, that you might invite Dr. Huntley to tell your readers something of the intensely interesting and truly apostolic story of his work, in an early issue of "The Sword and the Trowel"? There are thousands of consecrated men and women, who, while anxious to obey the command to "preach the Gospel to every creature," are yet unable to leave old England. Lend a hand to "hold the ropes," by your contribution, while our brother, Dr. Huntley, descends into yonder Oriental abyss of misery, to seek to "save some" for Jesus' sake. His present address is, Clifton Road, Weston-super-Mare.

R. S. LATIMER.

Facts and Figures for Temperance Workers.

SWEETS containing alcohol are said to be sold chiefly for consumption by ladies and children!

In a recent London County Council Report, it was stated that, of 90 arrests for habitual drunkenness, 89 were women!

The average age of barmaids, at the outset of their career, is eighteen; they are considered as past employment at thirty.

"The Liquor Trader's Gazette," U.S.A., publishes a list of States,

counties, and towns under prohibition, which includes 6 entire States, 6 others in part, 775 counties, and 4,233 cities and towns.

"The Wabash, the Rock Island, and the Alton Railway Companies have given notice to their employees that all use of alcohol and cigarettes is prohibited under penalty of discharge."—*The Homiletic Review*.

"The lines are closing up against the man who drinks. Employers everywhere are realizing that the man who gives a part of himself over to the slavery of liquor is not the man they want."—*The St. Louis Chronicle*.

Sir George White, V.C., speaking at Gibraltar, recently, said that, for one person in England out of employment through the action of foreign protected manufactures, there were a dozen idle through habits of intemperance.

Admiral Cotton, U.S.A., says:—"In our Navy to-day, the spirits' ration is a dim tradition;—those who have not already, before enlistment, formed the habit of drinking, do not have the opportunity to acquire it on board our ships of war."

"One of the good results of the fiscal controversy had been that it had compelled Liberals to scrutinize more closely the causes of, and the possible remedies for, the deplorable condition of large numbers of the people. What was the greatest and most prominently operating of these causes? He had no hesitation in saying it was the drink evil."—MR. ASQUITH, at Ladybank, East Fife.

"It is a question whether the great mass of the medical profession is as careful as it might be in the prescription of wine and other stimulants. It should not be forgotten that even a small amount of alcohol is sufficient, in some individuals, to give origin to alcoholism. Nor can it be doubted that, if the medical profession set its face against drink in the same way as it has against dirt and other causes of disease, immense good would result."—*British Medical Journal*.

"Twelve families of inebriates, and twelve families of temperate people:—

	Drinkers	Temperate.
Number of children	57.	61.
Deaths under one week old	25.	6.
Idiots	5.	0.
Dwarfs	5.	0.
Epileptics	5.	0.
Chorea, ended in lunacy	1.	0.
Deformed and diseased	5.	0.
Hereditary Drunkards	2.	0."

—*Good Health*.

Talks with our Young People on Free Church Principles.

BY PASTOR J. W. EWING, M.A., B.D.

VIII.—AS TO BAPTISM.

THE ordinance of Baptism has long been a storm-centre, around which innumerable controversies have raged. Some of these have been only the disputes of comrades, who, agreeing in their general view of truth, have differed as to the mode, or the subjects, of Baptism. With these questions, on which Free Churchmen themselves hold varying views, we have not now to deal. But there is one line of cleavage which divides, as by a gulf, two great schools of religious thought.

The cleavage takes place in answer to the question, "What is the spiritual value of Baptism?" Does it confer saving grace? Or is it simply a sign of allegiance to Christ?

A vast section of Christendom declares that Baptism does effect spiritual renewal. The Romanist writer, Dr. Hunter, speaks of Baptism as the sacrament "in which man is spiritually born again by the outward washing of the body;" and the Anglican handbook, "The Catholic Religion," declares that in Baptism "the soul is transferred from a natural condition to a state of grace."

Indeed, the English Prayer-book teaches this doctrine. In the service for "the Publick Baptism of Infants", the clergyman, after immersing, or sprinkling, the child, has to say, "Seeing now, dearly beloved brethren, that this child is regenerate, and grafted into the body of Christ's Church, let us give thanks unto Almighty God for these benefits."

And, in the Catechism, every Church child is taught to make answer as follows:—

"What is your name?"

N. or M.

"Who gave you this name?"

My godfathers and godmothers, in my Baptism; wherein I was made a member of Christ, the child of God, and an inheritor of the Kingdom of Heaven."

So then, according to the Prayer-book and the Catechism, Baptism regenerates. Let us see what the New Testament has to say.

The institution of Baptism as a Christian ordinance is recorded in Matt. xxviii. 19: "Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

Here we have no hint of Baptismal Regeneration. The nations are first to be taught, and then, on reception of the Gospel, are to be baptized in the name of the Triune God.

In the parallel passage in Mark, (xvi. 15, 16,) we read, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature. He that

believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned."

Now, here, our Lord makes *Faith* the turning-point of character! "He that *believeth* . . . shall be saved; he that *believeth not* shall be damned." Baptism is only referred to in the positive half of the declaration, and then is named after faith, evidently as its outward expression. But when we come to the solemn negative side, nothing is said of Baptism. If a man is lost, it is because he failed to trust in Jesus. Baptism is not the criterion. Indeed, when the revered C. H. Spurgeon, in 1864, preached his famous sermon against Baptismal Regeneration, he chose these two verses as his text, feeling that they were the best reply to the theory of Baptism as a saving ordinance.



C. H. SPURGEON BAPTIZING AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

In the Acts of the apostles, we have many baptisms described, but none in such a way as to suggest that Baptism is the means of obtaining the grace of God. It follows "repentance" (ii. 38), or "the reception of the Word" (ii. 41), or "belief in Jesus" (viii. 36-38), or "the outpouring of the Holy Ghost" (x. 44-48), or "the opening of the heart" (xvi. 14, 15), or "believing on the Lord Jesus Christ" (xvi. 31-34).

In all these cases, the spiritual change took place before Baptism. The only instance which, at first sight, might seem to be an exception, is the baptism of Paul: "Arise, and be baptized, and wash away thy sins, calling on the name of the Lord" (xxii. 16). But an examination of the context shows that here also the spiritual change went before the ordinance. The words quoted are those of Ananias, spoken to

Paul at the end of the three days' darkness. Now, by that time, think what had taken place.' Already had Paul called Jesus "Lord", already had he shown himself "not disobedient to the heavenly vision", already had he received Christ's commission ("I have appeared unto thee for this purpose, to make thee a minister and a witness both of these things which thou hast seen, and of those things in the which I will appear unto thee"). And can we suppose that, after all this, Paul was still an unconverted and unforgiven man, needing the touch of water upon his body to secure the cleansing of the soul? Evidently the words of Ananias were figurative; and Baptism, in this case also, was but a symbol of spiritual blessing.

The pictorial use of the ordinance is beautifully illustrated by Paul himself in Romans vi. 1—4, where he shows that Baptism is a mirror of spiritual experience. We go down into the water, and are buried beneath it, to signify our union with Christ in His death and burial. We are raised from the watery grave, to show forth our union with Christ in His risen life. But the sign does not save. The mirror of truth does not regenerate. The emblem of renewal is not to be confounded with the spiritual forces which effect the change.

There is one saying of our Lord which, wrongly understood, has often been thought to favour Baptismal Regeneration. I mean, John iii. 5: "Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the Kingdom of God." But, in the conversation with Nicodemus, in which these words occur, Jesus is dwelling, not upon Baptism, but upon man's need of renewal by the Spirit of God, and water is named, evidently, as a symbol of the cleansing influence of the Spirit's work on a human heart. Similarly, in Matt. iii. 11, fire is named: "He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost, and with fire." Will anyone contend that baptism in literal fire is necessary to salvation? "No," even our opponents reply, "the 'fire' is a symbol." And so, we say, is the "water." One element, like the other, is intended to make clear to earthly minds the high spiritual truths involved in the work of the Holy Ghost.

Space will not allow me further to examine individual passages; but, taking broader ground, I claim that Baptismal Regeneration is contradictory of the general spirit and teaching of the New Testament. Christ came to emancipate men from bondage to the literal and ceremonial. He found the Jews burdened with a weight of legal duties, with washings, and fastings, and forms of worship. Throughout His ministry, He protested that, not in these things, but in the exercise of conscience, in prayer, in faith, in love, was true religion found. He elevated the whole outlook of mankind, by teaching a religion which belongs to the soul, to God, and to eternity. And can we believe that, forsaking His own principles, He actually made the crisis of the soul's life to turn upon a new bodily "washing"?

Can we imagine Christ causing the spread of His Kingdom to depend on an act performed upon unconscious babes? Here is an infant in its mother's arms. The clergyman takes it, utters certain sentences, sprinkles water upon its forehead, and declares it a "child of God." Is this true? Is the little one a child of God now, in any sense in which it was not before? Does God think differently of that

baby because of the rite? Those who believe in Baptismal Regeneration say, "Yes." I remember a poor mother coming to me once with tears. From the bit of crape she wore, I inferred her loss. But she told me the death of her baby was the least part of her trouble. Two Church ladies, in visiting her, had asserted that her little one, having died unbaptized, was lost for ever.

Dear young people, is that according to the spirit of the gentle Jesus? Is that in harmony with what you have learned of the children's Friend? Think for a moment! Two babies die, one in a Church home, "baptized"; the other in a Baptist home, "unbaptized." Neither of them has known conscious sin. Are we to believe that one baby is in the Father's house on high, and the other one shut out? The spirit of Justice, equally with that of Love, revolts against the idea.

But suppose the babies live, and grow up, one in a Church, and the other in a Baptist, home. Will the infantile Baptism of the one make any difference to its character in life? Did the event in babyhood change its nature? Has it conferred any grace, or power, or spiritual quality of any kind, which the Baptist child is without? The Rev. H. Bickersteth Ottley, in "The Church Times," lately declared the neglect of Infant Baptism to be the chief cause of the crime of to-day.

Then, I ask, does experience prove that Church children are, as such, more moral, more religious, more high-minded than others? I make no charges. We all have our sorrows. Every family, every church, has its failures. But what I contend is,—that the water does not defend the Church child, that Baptism confers no immunity from moral evils; in a word, that it does not impart regenerating grace.

Indeed, there is a danger that the teaching of Baptismal Regeneration may lull people into a state of fancied security. Many a man thinks that, because he was once "baptized", he has no need to be converted. "Why speak to me of regeneration? I was regenerated in infancy, when, by Baptism, I was made a child of God, and an inheritor of the Kingdom of Heaven! What more can you desire?" And so, trusting in an ordinance, multitudes in our land are going down into moral and spiritual ruin.

O young people of Nonconformity, I pray you remember that no outward ceremony can ever enable us to dispense with the spiritual renewal in which we become "new creatures" in Christ! "Ye must be born again," born from above, born of the Spirit of God. No rite can replace repentance and faith in Jesus. From the riven Rock of Ages, not from the font, flow the waters which are for the life and cleansing of the world. Neither by immersion, sprinkling, nor pouring, can our sins be washed away; but—

"There is a fountain fill'd with blood,
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
 And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
 Lose all their guilty stains."

"The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin."

"Wash me, Saviour, or I die."



Green Pastures.

BY H. T. SPUFFORD, F.L.S.

IV.—NEW SENSATIONS.

WE see, in these days, a most feverish anxiety to furnish, on the one hand, and obtain, on the other, that which will stimulate the palled palate to new pleasurable sensations? Excitements are the order of the day, and the harvest that can be gathered by a quiet eye falls only to the few. Even church life becomes a whirl of engagements, and thousands of members depend upon the stimulus of religious society, the "go" and fervour of choruses and crowds, while study, reflection, the training of the memory, and the cultivation of the power of observation, are terribly neglected.

If the cry, to-day, is the old cry of restless, dissatisfied man, "Who will show us any good?" does not the answer partly lie in the putting forward of simpler tastes, and in advocating the possibility of finding healthy pleasure in the contemplation of common objects hitherto overlooked?

Even preachers, who are thought by the shallow to have nothing to do, are so hustled by the pressure of public life, that no wonder they break down, unless some quiet avenue is opened up for the mind to rest in. The writer of these sketches does not pretend that he is as busy as some of his brethren; but he holds a good many inevitable "offices", and he would place on record the relief he has found in writing, year after year, in this Magazine, edited in the past, and in the present, by far busier men than himself. But the relief has been a sequel to the cultivation of the capacity of finding pleasure in the study of common things, and the ability to enter into the shrieves of humble life. This power of observation and appreciation did not awake full-grown. It was feeble enough at first; but has become "second nature" through use. The will had, for a while, to force the steed of thought down unfrequented ways; but now, like a baker's horse, he knows his rounds.

Of course, in "mooning about", in "loitering", in staring, at "nothing at all", in making up to the uncanny, you must reckon on the jibes of the Philistines. You will be set down as a man who ought to have more to do, or as somebody who should not be allowed out alone. "He-e brings to-o-a-ds whoam in his handkercher," said

the village critic of the Rev. Theodore Wood. If you are caught looking intently at an oak fence on which the frosted webs of many spiders hang, some ignoramus will dig his bacon knife at you with the remark, "That o-o-ld gent's a tryin' to git cool." You may be reverently considering the stately movements of the constellations that rule the night, when you may be interrupted by an inebriate's cry, "Give me a light off one of them stars, guynier." All this is inevitable, but it is merely incidental.

I was out, one January morning, down by a river. My special quest was "burds", as they are called about my part. But my attention was attracted by a birch which overhung the water, and on which could be seen the empty catkin cases of the previous autumn, and the sealed and glazed catkins of the coming season. I at once began weaving a parable of life, nor did I notice, through the meshes of the tree, one of the temples of the Philistines,—a huge pile made up of dust destructor, sewage farm, and electric light works. Suddenly, I heard a voice behind me calling, "Well, sir, are you having a good look at our new chimney?" Bah! their new chimney for a man on the track of Nature similes!

The district surveyor, who shot this little joke, would have smiled compassionately had he continued to watch me. I leaned over the bridge, and tried to find words for the antics of some dab chicks bobbing up and down in the water. It was a very raw morning, with a ground mist, and an East wind. But the chicks were jolly enough. They were no sooner up than down, and no sooner down than up, letting off their vitality in a series of bobs, as if they said, "Bother the cold. Let's stand on our heads in the water, then we shan't have the wind in our eyes!" But there was the "big chimney" vomiting smoke, the sign of real work, so I turned to leave the aquatic gymnasts aforesaid.

The trouble was, to get off the bridge. There were some "tame" wild ducks complaisantly blinking on the bank below. The drake was a fine fellow, with a rich glossy green head and neck, and a snowy white collar. He squatted a little in front of the ducks, which is always the way in Nature. The male takes "his proper place." In all primitive life, this is so. I noticed an ancient peasant and his old lady on a country road. The man walked first, and the wife followed. There was room for them side by side; but the old peasant had not read "Manners for Men." It was just the natural way,—that was all. The open road was the forest track, and the "brave" went first. Since those days, "the art of civilization" has improved the male, but he lapses now and again. Alas, he lapses, and squats in front! The boy does this whenever he gets a chance. Well, the drake was only carrying out the instinct which pervades the male creation. Jacob was the first to set a good example, and put the women in front. But, then, he stayed behind to win a battle.

Those ducks, on the frosty bank, blinking and squatting, furnished quite a chapter in the volume of "poses." They were annoyingly comfortable, like to some people; and quite in contrast to four moorhens a little further on. These splashed through the water in

a state of unreasoning panic, just like some folk who rush wildly off at the least alarm.

As I walked up a steep path, with woods on each side, though it was January, blackbirds and thrushes were trying over a few songs. "Practising"—that's the word. I marked one thrush, and stood still to listen to him. He seemed like a vocalist who was not quite sure of his part. But he will listen and learn,—that's the whole gist of it, till, now April's here, the whole wood shall ring with his perfect melody.

I mind me that Charles Lamb once wrote a "chapter on ears." Quite an entertaining and moral volume might be written on the use of them. For instance, it is interest that makes a good listener. That is enough to start with.

Well, further on, I met a woodman, throwing clear of him the tangle of bush that he had cut away. An absorbed man,—blenched, battered, and brown.

I introduced myself by remarking on the lively birds.

"Yes," said he, deliberately, "that's the throosh. The air's a bit soft."

I suppose it was, so I went on to the catastrophe of a moral.

"Birds sing sooner than we do. None of us feel it to be 'soft' enough for singing."

"No-o-o," rejoined the woodman, "keep your whistle till the weather breaks."

"Then you don't believe in singing on the strength of a promise?"

"Ah, now!" said he, "that's another thing. I should sing on a promise as that throosh sings,—a bit to myself; but when the promise is kept, if it's a good one,—and I see what you mean,—then I'll sing as that throosh 'ull sing presently."

Later on, I met a policeman who is a Primitive Methodist local preacher;—a pensive man, as befits his calling;—a brother who can reflect aloud with a taking melancholy. He measured the writer once, when on duty as station sergeant. "Ah, sir!" said he, "there's been a sight of rogues under that gauge." Then he sighed. I felt as if I was in bad company, and really, Mr. Editor, a bit nervous. It was a new sensation; but, like the effect of the reply of my friend, the asylum doctor, it left a dubious impression. "Are they all mad in there?" I asked my medical friend. "No more than you," was his reply. Now that was not altogether satisfactory.

But my friend the policeman and I fell into a profitable talk on this "soft" morning. And as we walked, the sun came out. The sunshine caused quite a chorus to begin in the trees.

"Starlings!" I observed.

"Yes," said my companion, "the birds always get lively as soon as the sun comes out. Did you ever hear of that mournful preacher, who had a card sent to him on his birthday with 2 Cor. ii. 1 on it: "But I determined this with myself, that I would not come again to you in heaviness"?"

The sergeant said this quite sadly, and heaved a deep sigh at the close. Why, I could not make out. It was quite a study in the contrariness of things, for the good man meant to be humorous.

* * * *

Can you appreciate the rich colours of buds before they break? Have you an eye for the delicate flush on the rind of young wood? Did you ever notice how exposure to the winter winds gives a violet tint to the leaves of the barberry? Have you stood before a bank of daffodils, in March, and seen the cold earth crowned with glory? Have you been down to the waterfall when the snows have melted, and seen strange birds about the shallows? Or have you, in April, given yourself up to the blossom time, and drunk in the fulness of the promise? If not, and you care to take these paths of appreciation, you will be rewarded with a series of healthy new sensations.

The Garden Grave.

IT was the month Nisan,—the flowering month. Throughout the land of Palestine, the soft breath of odorous spring was bidding Nature awake from sleep, and put on her beautiful array. Not a garden, howsoever neglected or humble, but heard the call, and answered to it. The birds, which are the flowers of the sky, responded, too. The earth was redolent of choicest scents. The sky was resonant with sweetest songs. Then said the happy onlookers, "Lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land; the fig tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell." A tint of tenderest green was coming on the tilled land, and the miracle of resurrection was being wrought on every hand.

Hard by Golgotha,—“the place of a skull,”—was Joseph's garden. It, too, was bestirring itself to be ready for the bridal. All about the rock-hewn tomb, the buds were forming, and preparing to open. A few days more, and the transfiguration will be wrought. The desert will blossom as the rose.

Just then, another seed was dropped into the soil: “In the place where He was crucified there was a garden; and in the garden a new sepulchre, wherein was never man yet laid. *There laid they Jesus* therefore because of the Jews' preparation day; for the sepulchre was nigh at hand.”

No flower in the Councillor's garden bloomed so fair as Jesus,—“the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the valleys,”—when, three days after the planting, this “Plant of renown” put on its robes of light. It was fitting, surely, that He, who is the resurrection and the life, should be laid in a garden where Nature dies, and is renewed again; fitting, too, that when He rose from the dead, He should be greeted by the flowers which had themselves so recently been roused from sleep. “Nature was in the secret,” one has sweetly said, “and might well, for joy, put on her fairest.” Hasten, hasten, buds and blossoms; hasten, hasten,

springing flowers; tune your lutes, ye "flying fowl", lest ye be too late to greet the Son of God when, on the third day, He makes the garden still more fair, and fragrant, and vocal, by rising from the dead!

Come, my soul, and contemplate this precious seed, and the manner of its sowing. "In the place where He was crucified there was a garden." And who was *He*? He was the Son of the Highest, the First-born of all creation, the Lord of life and glory. "In Him was life, and the life was the light of men." While we watch the mourners place Him in the garden grave, faith whispers, "He will rise again. Death's dominion must be brief. His flesh cannot see corruption. It is not possible that the pains of death shall hold Him. This corn of wheat will germinate. In God's own time, this seed will spring up, and wear its crown of glory."

This precious seed, besides having life in itself, has been well steeped before the sowing,—steeped in blood and tears. In Gethsemane,—

"Doleful, dark Gethsemane!"—

"His sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground;" and "with strong crying and tears" He "offered up prayers and supplications." The daughters of Jerusalem, who followed in His train when He toiled along toward Calvary, wept over Him; and when the women bore Him from the cross, they bathed His body with precious tears of love. Such seed, so steeped, is not destined, surely, to abide alone. It has been prepared beforehand for the burial.

Moreover, it was suitably surrounded. Was it not appropriate that He should be wrapped about with "a mixture of myrrh and aloes"? Twelve hundred ounces of spices, the once-timid Nicodemus brought, with which to embalm His body. This was enough, indeed, to embalm half-a-dozen bodies, as the custom of the Jews was to bury; but it was none too much for *Him*. Let this seed have some very special loam about it. Our dear, dear Lord was fitly interred amid spices. Devotion wrapped Him round, and love perfumed His resting place.

The garden was the destined place of His sepulchre. The Father chose the spot. The spotless Lamb of God could not be buried in yonder valley of Hinnom, where the refuse of the sacrifices was consumed with fire. There, the malefactors, who suffered with Him, would presently be interred; but this Man had done nothing amiss. He was, in truth, entitled to lie in the Holy City itself, for intra-mural entombment was the right of kings, and He was King of kings. It is better that where He fought, and seemed to fall, He should be buried, for thence He will arise, and claim the crown upon the battlefield.

There we leave Him for the while. We scarcely care to ask what may be happening in the interim. Only little children want to disturb the seed to see "how it is getting on." There are mysteries about this sowing,—this dying in order to live. He was "in Paradise", we know, for He had made engagement to meet a dying thief there that very day. Time and place were both appointed. While His body slept in a garden, His soul delighted itself in the groves of God.

Three days sufficed for the transition. This was according to the sign of the prophet Jonas. Jesus had Himself also promised that, if

the temple of His body were destroyed, He would rebuild it in three days. Solomon's temple was raised without sound of hammer;—

“Like some tall palm,
The stately fabric grew.”

Even so, the still more glorious “temple of His body” was rebuilt. The tomb was silent all the time. There was, indeed, an earthquake when



— “FOR FEAR OF HIM, THE KEEPERS DID SHAKE.”

He quitted the prison-house,—a befitting accompaniment for such a triumph. Then was that prophecy fulfilled, “As the earth bringeth forth her bud, and as the garden causeth the things that are sown in it to spring forth, so the Lord God will cause righteousness and praise to spring forth before all the nations.”

“Come, see the place where the Lord lay.” Then see the Lord Himself. How glorious has the seed become! It was sown in dishonour, it is raised in glory; it was sown in weakness, it is raised in

power; it was sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body. Mary thought He was the gardener; but God the Father was *the* Gardener. Jesus was the buried seed that God had raised, clothed with beauty, and filled with fragrance. This dear Saviour, lacerated, blood-stained, toil-worn, crushed, slain, entombed, is declared to be the Son of God with power. His very body is etherealized. God has glorified it. But He is the same Jesus. See you not the wound-prints in His hands, the gash in His side, and the nail-marks in His feet? This fair flower is everlasting. The choicest flowers are often the frailest. Not so is it with Jesus. "I am He that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore." Hail, hail, Heavenly Immortelle; Thou shalt never, never pass away!

Oh, to share in Christ's resurrection, and to know its power! "He liveth by the power of God," and "we shall live with Him." Be ye also risen with Him. Sit with Him in the Heavenly places. Be not content to be, of the earth, earthy. Long above everything to be heavenly, to be alive from the dead, and full of fragrance and fruit, as Jesus was. Our brightening gardens bid us also awake and arise from the dead. Christ will give us light and life. The quickening Spirit will breathe upon us. "Awake, O North wind; and come, thou South; blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out. Let my Beloved come into His garden, and eat His pleasant fruits."

And we will comfort one another with these thoughts. Did they put Jesus in the garden grave only that He might rise again? You have placed your loved ones beneath the sod. Look upon them as God's own seedlings; they shall flower again. Joseph had to follow Jesus. His tomb was consecrated for all time by the presence of the Saviour in it for three brief days. But if Joseph followed Jesus into the tomb, he has surely followed Him into the skies. "If we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him." If there is a grave in your garden, thank God that there is a garden, full of His own bright flowers of promise, round about the grave.

How glorious is the springtime!

"There is no time like spring,
When life's alive in everything."

But it is not all. It is the prelude to brighter, sunnier, and more fruitful times. It is full of suggestions of good things to come. Even so, the resurrection is not all. Hail, blessed Saviour, as Thou dost burst the tomb! But there is something better on before. Thou art presently to cleave the skies. The garden, with its empty tomb, is the margin of the Paradise of God. Welcome, rising Christ, as Thou dost quit the sepulchre, and leave the cerements of the dead behind Thee! But Thy people hail Thee with still gladder hearts as they see Thee step upon Thy throne. And, O beloved, there is something better for us than the resurrection! There is the glorification in the sight of all His holy angels; there is an eternity of ever-growing bliss in the presence of the Lord.

T. S.

Christ's Teaching on Tithing and Beneficence.*

BY REV. HENRY LANSDELL, D.D.

IN passing from our Lord's example to His direct teaching on tithing and religious beneficence, we may observe that the Founder of Christianity proclaimed expressly, at the outset of His ministry, that He was not come to destroy THE LAW, but to fulfil it, and that whoever would do, and teach, the precepts of that Law, should be called great in the Kingdom of Heaven.

In harmony with this, when a lawyer stood up, and tempted Him, saying, "Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?" the Lord replied, "What is written in the Law?" besides which, we know that the Law was invariably referred to by Him as the proper standard of godly living, and, therefore, (by implication, of course,) the right standard of proper giving.

As for almsgiving and religious beneficence in general, Jesus Christ laid down several broad and deep principles, as foundations on which His followers might build. "Give," He said, "to him that asketh of thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away." "He that hath two coats, let him impart to him that hath none; and he that hath food, let him do likewise." Again, "Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, shaken together, running over, shall they give into your bosom." Another of these far-reaching principles was addressed to His apostles on the first occasion they were sent out to preach: "Freely ye have received, freely give." And our Lord enunciated one other principle which, in its own sphere, has no parallel in the literature of the world, and which, though not recorded in the Gospels, seems to have been a household word among the early Christians, so that it sufficed for an apostle to enjoin upon the elders of the Church of Ephesus to "remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how He Himself said, It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Besides the foregoing exhortations on giving generally, our Lord expressly enjoined upon His followers the habit of giving as a religious duty. "Sell that ye have," said He, "and give alms."

Nevertheless, the giving was to be no mere perfunctory distribution of money, irrespective of the motive by which it was prompted. The giving of alms and doing righteousness in order to be acceptable in the sight of God, He taught, was not to be done ostentatiously, so as to be seen by men; but rather so unobtrusively that one's left hand was hardly to know what the right hand was doing. Nor was a gift to be offered on the altar by a man at variance with his brother; but, rather, the gift should be left before the altar, and a reconciliation be first effected.

Neither, again, was almsgiving to be done with a view to reciprocal favours. "When thou makest a dinner or a supper, call not thy friends, nor thy brethren, nor thy kinsmen, nor rich neighbours; lest haply they also bid thee again, and a recompence be made thee. But when thou makest a feast, bid the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind, and thou shalt be blessed: because they have not wherewith to recompense thee: for thou shalt be recompensed in the resurrection of the just."

As a further encouragement to such almsgiving, righteousness, and kindness, the Lord Jesus taught, in effect, that such good deeds thus done would be taken as done to Himself. "I was an hungred, and ye gave Me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave Me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took Me in: naked, and ye clothed Me: I was sick, and ye visited

* One of a most interesting series of articles, by Dr. Lansdell, of Morden College, Blackheath, entitled "The Sacred Tenth; or, Studies in Ancient Tithe-Giving."

Me: I was in prison, and ye came unto Me. . . . Verily, I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these My brethren, even these least, ye did it unto Me."

As for the amount, scale, or proportion in which alms were to be devoted, no gift, Jesus implied, could be too small, if worthily offered; for a cup of cold water only, given in the name of a disciple, was in no wise to go unrewarded.

But, whatever may be lawfully inferred from this, as to the religious value of gifts of intrinsically small worth, it is quite clear that it was not intended as a standard for those who ought to give more; inasmuch as the teaching of Christ, as recorded in the Gospels, enjoins an almost lavish system of beneficence. Indeed, there seemed to be no limit to the claim which Christ made upon His followers as to the consecration to Himself of their persons and their possessions; saying, "He that loveth" (not merely his money, but even) "father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me, and he that loveth son or daughter more than Me is not worthy of Me."

In contrast to (or shall we not say, in fulfilment of?) the legal spirit of the Old Testament, which named the proportion in which men should contribute of their substance to God, Jesus Christ bade His followers to seek first, and before all else, God's Kingdom, and His righteousness, promising that all such things as food and clothing should be added to them. Moreover, they were not to lay up for themselves treasure upon the earth, but to lay up for themselves treasures in Heaven. Hence, when the rich young ruler asked the Lord what he should do to inherit eternal life, the answer was, "Sell all that thou hast, and distribute unto the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in Heaven."

If this seems to us a hard test, we may remember that it was not asking more than was implied on two other occasions, on one of which our Lord called the people unto Him, with his disciples, and said to them all, "If any man would come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow Me;" a saying that was afterwards repeated, with even more stringent conditions, when there went great multitudes with Jesus, and He turned and said unto them, "If any man cometh unto Me, and hateth not his own father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be My disciple."

It follows then, that, if a man is required to give up, when necessary, such persons, and things, as are by an ordinary person most valued of all, a man's money may not be excepted from this general surrender. Matthew, at all events, did not treat such terms as merely figurative, when, called by Jesus, "he left all, rose up, and followed Him." "But," it may be asked, "did not our Lord denounce the Pharisees?" The reply is, "Yes, on several grounds, but not as regards their tithe-paying." When they rejected a plain command of God, such as to honour father and mother; and quoted a traditional interpretation, which allowed a man to escape from his duty as such, by saying that his money was "*Corban*" (or, a gift to God), this, Christ pointed out, was making void the Word of God by reducing what was a matter of obligation to one of freewill.

In view of such perversions of Scripture as this, Jesus bade His disciples to beware of the leaven of the Pharisees, which is hypocrisy. But no disapproval was expressed with the Pharisee who went up to the temple to pray, because he said, "I give tithes of all I possess." His fault lay in trusting in himself that he was righteous, and in his contempt for others.

So, again, in that chapter of repeated woes, one of them reads, "Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites, for ye pay tithe of mint, and anise, and cummin," which is in keeping with the Mishna, wherein Rabbi Simon, son of Gamaliel, was of opinion that little buds, or sprays, of fennel and mustard were liable to tithe.

But what then? Did the Lord disapprove of this minute tithing? Far from it; for He expressed approval, and said, "These ought ye to have done." Besides which, it should be remembered that the eight woes, pronounced upon these religionists, are prefaced by the Lord's own statement, "The scribes and the Pharisees sit in Moses' seat. All therefore whatsoever they bid you observe, that observe and do."

Here then, certainly, is expressed our Lord's approval of tithe-paying, and, up to a certain point, of the teaching of the Pharisees thereon, even when that teaching seems to have been coloured with Rabbinical interpretation, such as could not be so minutely deduced from the laws of the Pentateuch.

We do well further to remember, that our Lord was conversant with certain, at least, of the traditions in the Mishna; for He sometimes used its arguments in vindication of His conduct and teaching; as, for instance, when His disciples, on the Sabbath, plucked ears of corn, and rubbed them in their hands, Jesus rebutted the charge brought against them, by quoting a maxim of the Pharisees, "The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath."

No doubt there were many varieties of Pharisees; in fact, the Talmud says there were seven. (1) The Shechemite Pharisee, who kept the Law for what he could profit thereby. (2) The stumbling Pharisee, who hung down his head with feigned humility, and frequently stumbled. (3) The bleeding Pharisee, who, in order not to look on a woman, closed his eyes; and so, sometimes, injured himself even to incurring bleeding wounds. (4) The Pharisee who wore a mortar-shaped cap to cover his eyes from beholding impurity. (5) The What-am-I-yet-to-do Pharisee, who, not knowing much of the Law, and having done one thing, asked, "What next?" (6) The Pharisee impelled by fear. (7) The Pharisee actuated by love; who obeyed the Lord because he loved Him with all his heart.

Among a class of men possessing such wide divergences of character and views, our Lord undoubtedly had many enemies; but there must have been some of them, with whom He had much in common, and who were friendly. We are told that "certain of the Pharisees" (and these with apparent good will) came to warn Him, "Get thee out, and depart hence; for Herod will kill thee."

We know, too, that more than once Jesus accepted hospitality from a Pharisee; eating with one at Nain, and afterwards entering the house of one of their chiefs to eat bread on the Sabbath. Besides these instances, we may reasonably suppose that our Lord was on intimate terms with Nicodemus, who was a man of the Pharisees, a ruler of the Jews.

These remarks may suggest, in relation to our subject of tithe-paying, that it was in matters of conduct, rather than of principle, that Jesus found so much to criticize in dealing with the Pharisees. The Pharisee, who invited our Lord to dine, was surprised that Jesus did not first wash, as no doubt the host himself had done, after having seen that what he was about to eat had been duly tithed. But the Lord said, "Rather give alms as you are able, and behold, all things are clean unto you."

I have wondered whether our Lord had this Pharisaic tithing in mind, when, after a warning against covetousness, and uttering the parable of the rich fool, Jesus added, "Seek not ye what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink, neither be ye of doubtful mind;" (that is, as to tithing?) but rather, "sell that ye have, and give alms."

But passing now from the Pharisees, and our Lord's teaching in connection with them, we may notice three persons, all of them large givers proportionately to their incomes, who offered to God more than the utmost requirement of the Law as to tithes, and each of whom was specially commended by Christ. It looks at first somewhat hard that

the poor widow of Sarepta, who possessed only a handful of meal, and a little oil in a cruse, should have been called upon to contribute to the support of the Lord's prophet: but she gave largely, and Jesus commended her as having received greater honour than all the widows who were in Israel.

Again, the crowds called Zacchæus, the publican, "a sinner." But even if he were one of the unlearned, and not instructed in Rabbinical tithing, he nevertheless gave half of his income to the poor; and the Lord Jesus called him "a son of Abraham," and was a guest in his house.

Yet another instance. When the Lord sat over against the treasury, and afterwards commended a certain poor widow who gave two mites, it was not because she paid her tenth (many of the rich, no doubt, were doing that); nor because she paid a fourth (the covetous Pharisees would do that); neither because her *demai*, or doubtful tithe, had been paid; nor because (Zacchæus-like) she gave a half; but, rather, because "she cast in all that she had, even all her living."

How, then, shall we summarize these remarks on tithes and offerings in the days of our Lord, and His relation thereto?

All must allow that tithe-paying was enjoined upon the Jews by God in the Law; and we all contend that Jesus Christ, as a Jew, kept that Law to the letter; therefore, the inference seems inevitable (and we have found not a tittle of evidence to the contrary,) that the Lord Jesus Himself paid tithes.

Nor does He appear to have expected less than this of His disciples. He knew, perfectly well, that a Pharisee was called upon to spend something like a fourth of his income for religious and charitable purposes, notwithstanding which, Jesus told His disciples that unless their righteousness exceeded the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, they should in no case enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.

Jesus Christ did not promulgate afresh for Christians, as from a New Testament Sinai, the Law against murder, or adultery, or any other Law; but to show the binding and spiritual nature of the Mosaic Law, and its far-reaching principles, He taught that these commandments may be broken by an angry word, or even a sinful look. Neither, again, did the Lord re-enact that His followers should pay a patriarchal tithe, a Levitical tithe, a festival tithe, a poor's tithe, a *demai* tithe, or any other; but so far was He from repealing the law concerning tithes, or lowering God's claims on property, that He set before those who would be His followers, a more complete fulfilment of God's Law, and an ideal more lofty by far, leaving enshrined in the memories of His hearers, those remarkable words, "It is more blessed to give than to receive;" and proclaiming to each of His would-be followers, "Whosoever he be of you, that forsaketh not all that he hath, He cannot be My disciple."

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.

Medieval England. By MARY BATESON. T. Fisher Unwin. (5s.)

THIS volume differs materially from the others of the series entitled "The Story of the Nations," in that it deals with the social rather than

with the political aspect, the authoress rightly contending that "the story of social evolution may fairly be called the national story." The result is a deeply-interesting and instructive record of life in Old England, from 1066 to 1350.

The Microbe, its Real Nature and Habitat. By J. P. SANDILANDS, M.A., T.C.D. H. R. Allenson.

OF the 209 pages of which this book consists, in 50 it is contended that the microbe, as popularly known, has no existence, and that Bacteriologists and the Medical Profession are mistaken in stating that it is a living organism. The latter part of the work is devoted to the discussion of "The Real Microbe." This term, however, is used in a metaphorical sense to represent "the mischief at work" in cooked or adulterated food, wine, mineral waters, quack medicines, etc. With much of the reasoning, and many of the conclusions arrived at, we do not agree. Our opinions are more in accord with those advanced in the latter portion of the book, wherein the use of alcoholic liquors, quack medicines, etc., is discountenanced, and general abstemiousness commended.

Mr. Sandilands' work may be of special interest to some readers because it refers incidentally to the cause and cure of cancer, and it is suggested that the remedy for that dreadful disease lies in the direction of a spare diet, consisting chiefly of fruit. That there is room for revision in the book, the following quotation will show:—"The Southport Town Council have recently come across flagrant cases of shrimp adulteration; that is, the shrimps have been 'freshened up' by the use of boracic acid, and have passed a resolution that proceedings be taken against all persons selling shrimps adulterated with boracic acid." What wonderful shrimps to pass such a resolution!

Mr. Arthur H. Stockwell has published, at 2s. 6d. net, a second edition of *The Messages of Christ*, by NATHANIEL WISEMAN, which we commended when it was originally issued. The first edition was almost immediately sold out, but so many enquiries have been made for the book, and so much blessing has rested upon it, that it is again sent forth in the hope that it may be still further useful.

Mr. T. Fisher Unwin has issued, price twopence, a booklet containing *Corn-Law Rhymes, and other Verses*, by EBENEZER ELLIOTT, which ought to help those who are struggling to keep the people's bread from again being taxed in this dear land of ours.

Foundations of the Faith. By J. R. CALDWELL. Glasgow: Pickering and Inglis. (1s. 6d.)

IN this "series of papers on Inspiration, Atonement, Regeneration, Sonship, Sanctification, and Judgment,"—the faith once for all delivered to the saints,—the author proves himself to be old-fashioned enough to believe that "all Scripture is God-breathed," that Christ died as the Substitute for His people, that Regeneration is by the operation of the Holy Spirit, that "those who are most holy, and most Christlike are generally those who are least conscious of it, and would be the last to say it of themselves," and that the doctrine of annihilation is "the devil's gospel." What the author holds, he proves from the Book. We commend the little work on these great themes most heartily.

Strong to Save; a Choice Selection of Remarkable Records of Rescue from Ruin. Edited by ALEX. MARSHALL. Glasgow: Pickering and Inglis. (1s.)

A WORTHY item in "The Gospel Library." Indeed, that would be an appropriate name for the book itself. It is replete with the Gospel,—Paul's Gospel, which does not minimize sin, and therefore magnifies the exceeding grace of God. "Put my name in," to which we once referred in this Magazine, is one of the articles; and there are several gems from C. H. Spurgeon.

Junior Endeavour in Theory and Practice. By Mrs. FRANCIS E. CLARK. Andrew Melrose. (3s. 6d.)

A "MANUAL OF METHODS" which Mrs. Clark says have been "tried and proved." To those who con-

template starting a Junior Endeavour Society, this little volume will be simply invaluable.

The Work of a Sunday School Union. A Manual of Practical Suggestions and Examples. Sunday School Union. (1s. net.)

How to form a Sunday School Union, what its purpose is, and how best to accomplish it, is all plainly here set forth.

The Truth about Baptism. By W. LEONARD GIBBS, Pastor of West Ealing Baptist Church, London, W. Price 2d.

OUR good brother's little girl of seven summers "asked one day if she had been christened; and, when she was told that she had not been christened, she cried, and said that another little girl had said, 'If we are not christened, we belong to Satan.'" Believing that the teaching behind this statement is widespread, he has issued this little book to make plain the verdict of the Scripture on this subject. Sharing his belief, we wish the brochure a wide circulation.

The Elder Brother. Who Was he? By JOHN MCMASTER. Geo. Stoneman. (6d.)

DR. ADAM CLARKE, Archbishop Trench, Dr. Wm. Taylor, Dean Alford, and "the venerable Spurgeon" are all wrong,—woefully wrong! The Elder Brother, according to Mr. McMaster, is "the angelic family." With the author's desire to emphasize the atoning work of Christ, we heartily sympathize; but we are not in the least convinced that the parable has been misunderstood.

The Century Bible: Judges and Ruth. By G. W. THATCHER, M.A., B.D. T. C. and E. C. Jack.

IN the second volume of this series on the Old Testament, as in the first, the Sacred Text is ascribed to several sources. We are told that the Book of Deuteronomy was pub-

lished in 621 B.C., and that ancient stories, cleverly edited, compose the Books of Joshua and Judges; but we altogether doubt the ability of any man to disentangle the work of various authors in a composite writing. We search this volume in vain for any trace of hesitancy in this minute analysis; but when we find, as, for instance, in Judges xvi. 31 that the six final words of the verse are ascribed to one author, and the text on either side to another, we can only smile at the air of certainty with which such results are advertized.

The Alienated Crown. By THOMAS G. SELBY. Manchester: James Robinson. (4s. 6d. net.)

MR. JAMES ROBINSON, of Manchester, is making a distinct place for himself as a publisher of sermons. This volume is one of the very best he has issued. We have, on previous occasions, praised Mr. Selby for the very suggestive and illuminating discourses which he has given to us. This volume does not strike us as having all the freshness of the sermons in "The Imperfect Angel," but it is full of good matter, and the illustrative incidents are as forceful as ever.

God's Living Oracles. By Rev. A. T. PIERSON, D.D. Nisbet and Co. (3s. 6d. net.)

THOSE who listened to Dr. Pierson's lectures in Exeter Hall, last year, will be glad to possess this volume, which is practically a report of them. It is a strong plea for the Word of God, and Dr. Pierson's characteristics are even more emphasized than usual. We can well understand that many hearts were steadied as they listened to these lectures, and we welcome the book in the hope that, through its pages, the faith of others may be strengthened in the Divine Word.

Our New Edens, and other Meditations for "Silent Times." By J. R. MILLER, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton. (3s. 6d.)

ANOTHER volume (making the

fifteenth) in the "Silent Times" Series, and characterized by all the usual marks of Dr. Miller's well-known style. The eight chapters in the book will be helpful to private devotion, and preachers and teachers will find many illustrations and quotations which they can turn to good account. The pages have decorative borders, and the binding is tasteful as usual.

The Parables of Jesus. The Miracles of Jesus. Manchester: James Robinson. (6/- net each.)

We highly commend these two volumes of sermons by various present-day authors, and especially draw our readers' attention to the discourses by Mr. Greenhough in each of the two books. His expositions are clear and practical, and are in his best literary style. These two volumes are a welcome addition to the literature already published on this part of the New Testament. Ministers, students, and lay preachers will find them of great value, and quite ornaments to their bookshelves. We congratulate the publisher upon the excellent appearance of the books.

Leaves Worth Turning. A fragment thought for every day. Collected by J. E. H. R. Allenson. (1/- net.)

THE following short Preface gives some idea of the contents of this little volume:—"These flowers of thought have been culled from many a garden, with the hope that they may prove fragrant and stimulating." We believe that many of the selections, made from both prose and poetical works, will give much pleasure to the reader, but he must not expect two different flowers of either thought or field to yield equal sweetness.

Triumphant Melodies. Part I. Compiled and Sung by R. F. BEVERIDGE. Glasgow: R. L. Allan and Son.

SIXTY sacred songs, in both notations, suitable for solo singing or for the congregations at evangelistic

meetings. Some of the music is composed by the compiler.

The Don't-Know Family. By NOEL HOPE. John Hogg. (1s. 6d.)

UNDER the form of a story, which appeared as a serial in the Salvation Army's periodical, "The Young Soldier," and which proved most interesting to many readers, both old and young, a great deal of information was conveyed to those who "don't know" as much as they ought about the effect of dirt, disease, diet, and drink upon their bodies, and, in many cases, upon their souls, too. In this handy and well-illustrated volume, the information ought to reach many more of "The Don't-Know Family," and it should do good wherever it goes.

Training of Children. By the General of the Salvation Army. S. A. Publishing Department, Fortress Road, London, N.W. (Paper covers, 6d.)

A CHEAP reprint of the half-crown volume, by "General" Booth, formerly issued under the same title. There is much in this work which should be of service to all who have anything to do with the training of children, though there is also a good deal which only applies to the Salvation Army.

The Lord's Prayer for Children. By MARTHA K. LAWSON. Fleming H. Revell Company. (2s. net.)

A COLLECTION of incidents, hymns, and pictures by a Kindergarten expert. Suggestive for teachers.

Sermonettes for Young People. By the late Rev. THOMAS FISK, of Kidderminster. With portrait. A. H. Stockwell. (2s. 6d. net.)

THERE is pleasant originality in these sermonettes. They are forceful, apt, persuasive, and Evangelical; it must have been a great privilege to listen to them. Mr. Fisk had the heart of a boy.

The Padre. By ROSE HARRISON.
R. J. James, 3, London House
Yard, Paternoster Row. (3s. 6d.)

A WELL-WRITTEN love story, showing how intense antipathy was changed into ardent affection. Incidentally, the writer deals with the drinking customs of society, and gives interesting descriptions of Continental and English scenery, and striking scenes from a clergyman's very varied career.

More Precious than Rubies. By
Rev. JAMES COCKER. A. H.
Stockwell. (2s. 6d.)

THESE "Village Idylls" have appeared in English and New Zealand magazines, and have been thought of sufficient interest to be gathered into a volume. They were founded on fact, and relate principally to Methodists in a place bearing the fictitious but flowery name of "Blossomby."

Notes.

Personal Paragraphs.

PASTOR THOMAS SPURGEON hopes to resume his ministry on the first Sunday in April. His wife and he have derived considerable benefit from their change and rest, though perhaps hardly all that they and their friends had hoped for.

(Just as we go to press, word reaches us that the Pastor has been persuaded by his Deacons to remain away an extra week; so Lord's-day, April 10th, will be the date of his return to his pulpit.)

Mr. Spurgeon hereby returns his most grateful thanks to all who have supplied his lack of service,—the dear brethren who have occupied his pulpit, the Assistant-Pastor, and the officers and members of the Church. He asks the prayers of God's people that, for the regular work, and for Conference week, there may be an abundance of power and blessing.

We hoped to have been able, this month, to give a summary of Rev. Dinsdale T. Young's sermon at the Tabernacle, on Bible Sunday, from the words, "The Scripture cannot be broken;" but we are obliged to postpone its appearance until our next number. The discourse was greatly appreciated by those who heard it, and we feel sure that our readers will be glad to share the enjoyment of the hearers.

Readers of Mr. Spufford's article, in this month's Magazine, will notice, for the first time, the letters F.L.S. printed after his name. He has been honoured by the Linnæan Society of London with a Fellowship, and we very heartily congratulate him. He has long ago proved himself a most worthy follower of Linnæus and other

devoted students of Dame Nature's secrets.

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Tabernacle Tidings.

On Wednesday evening, March 2nd, the "John Ploughman" Gospel Temperance Society, and the Sunday-school Young Christians' Association joined their meetings, in order to listen to a lecture, with lime-light illustrations, by Mr. J. H. Savager, entitled, "Passive Resisters, Past and Present." Mr. H. W. Harvey presided.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle, March 3rd, seven,—Emma Cooke, Susan Hicks, Sarah Johnson, Emily Clarkson, Mary Avant, Florence Coleman, Cecilia Langley.

The monthly communion service, on Lord's-day evening, March 6th, was conducted by the Rev. Dinsdale T. Young, whose morning and evening ministries had been a means of much blessing.

The deaths of three members were reported, viz., Alice Siddons, Annie Beckwith, and George Springett, the last of whom passed away in his sleep, after having retired to rest apparently in full health. We sympathize with the relatives of these dear friends, and desire for them the consolation of the Divine Comforter.

Since the death of the late President, (Mr. J. T. Dunn,) the Men's Bible-class has been satisfactorily maintained under the leadership of Mr. W. Jones. The Secretary (Mr. R. H. Thorn,) now states that Elder J. Russell has kindly consented to undertake the Presidency of the Class. We wish him every blessing in this important work, and the Class much prosperity.

Concerning the College.

Two students have completed their course, and accepted pastorates, Mr. W. J. Derwent at Tue Brook, Liverpool; and Mr. H. T. N. Ussher at Swavesey, Cambridgeshire.

Professor Hackney has become pastor at Lewin Road, Streatham; Mr. D. L. Donald, formerly of Chittagong, India, has settled at Station Street, Burton-on-Trent; Mr. A. C. Chambers has removed, from Belvedere, to Eltham, Kent; and Mr. W. F. Price, of Hotwells, Bristol, is going to Canada.

Special supplication is asked on behalf of the College Conference from April 18th to 22nd. The President hopes there will be a full muster of the brethren. On the Monday evening, meetings will be held at the Metropolitan Tabernacle and Battersea Park Tabernacle. At the supper, on the Wednesday evening, B. I. Greenwood, Esq., will preside, and Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll will be one of the speakers. On the Thursday morning, Dr. Torrey is to address the Conference; and on the Friday morning, the Vice-President, Pastor D. J. Hiley, is to preach the sermon before the communion.

* * * *

Our Fatherless Family.

The collectors' meeting, on Tuesday, March 15th, was well attended, and an interesting programme, executed by the children, was concluded with an exhibition of moving pictures.

It would greatly cheer the President to see a large accession to the list of our good helpers. Boxes or books can be obtained on application to the Secretary, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London, S.W.

Successful meetings were held by Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage choir at Crawley, Shoreham, Portslade, Lewes, Bexhill, St. Leonard's, and Hastings; and we desire to thank the many friends who rendered us good service during the tour.

The following circular has been issued to ministers. Mr. Charlesworth will be glad to hear from anyone who can carry out the suggestions it contains:—

"My dear Sir,

"I beg to submit for your consideration the proposal to attend one of your *week-night services or prayer-*

meetings, with a small choir of orphan boys. I enclose a hymn-sheet, copies of which we should distribute at the meeting. Our musical director and soloist would accompany the choir, and I should hope to be present, and take part in the meeting. If A SERVICE OF PRAISE AND PRAYER is announced, I think we might ensure a goodly rally of friends already interested in the work of the Orphanage; and others also would be willing, if an opportunity is afforded at the close of the meeting, to contribute to our funds. Our visit might be made the occasion, if you so desire, of securing help for your own funds, we taking a moiety for the Orphanage. If you entertain the proposal, I shall esteem the favour of an early reply, with choice of several dates.

"I am,

"Yours very sincerely,

"VERNON J. CHARLESWORTH."

Arrangements for the annual festival on Thursday, June 23rd, are well in hand; and we are glad to be able to report, thus early, the following list of Chairmen and Speakers:—Afternoon, at 3.30, Chairman, Col. R. Parry Nisbet, C.I.E.; Speakers, Revs. E. A. Stuart, M.A., W. L. Watkinson, and John Bradford; Evening, at 6.30, Chairman, E. J. Gorringe, Esq., J.P.; Speakers, Revs. C. Anderson Scott, M.A., John Barlow, and John Wilson.

* * * *

Colportage Chronicles.

The friends of Colportage will be pleased to know that the colporteurs are coming to town again this year for Conference. Will all kindly reserve the dates, May 7th, 8th, and 9th? On the Saturday evening, a Reception will be held at the Stockwell Orphanage, by the kind permission of the Trustees. Colportage Sunday will be observed at the Tabernacle with special sermons by the President; and on Monday, May 9th, there will be the Annual Members' Meeting, at 3 p.m., in the Conference Hall of the Pastors' College, open to all friends interested in the work, also the Annual Public Meeting, at 7 p.m., in the Metropolitan Tabernacle, when Pastor Edwin H. Ellis, of the East London Tabernacle, will be among the speakers.

Some of the colporteurs are experiencing trial by the enforcement of the

new Education Act in the country. During the month, one at least of our brethren has suffered restraint upon his goods as a Passive Resister of the iniquitous law.

Reports from various Districts indicate great depression of trade, which sadly affects sales of books, as will be seen from the following sample extract:—"Nearly all the mills and factories in this locality are on short time, and several have been closed for weeks."



A WELCOME COLPORTEUR VISITOR.

Following the extract from a report by a colporteur in Berkshire, recorded in last month's issue, the same brother

writes:—"The good work is still going on, and both numbers and interest are increasing. Last Sunday night, some could not get in at the mission. We are holding meetings twice in each week, together with three cottage prayer-meetings, also a Bible-reading Class for young converts. I never was so busy—blessed be God!—visiting, preaching, praying, and pointing sinners to Jesus."

In an opposite direction, another colporteur writes:—"During the month, I have been privileged to rejoice over two precious souls, who have been born again through the instrumentality of the Word spoken; and others are anxious."

Yet another colporteur says:—"I have, for some time, been visiting a poor sick woman; and failing, during the first few visits, to brighten her by reading, praying, and singing, she told me she felt so wicked, I replied, 'Bless the dear Lord, you are just the one Jesus came to save!' and I strove to lead her to look, not so much to her own feelings, as to Jesus. She is evidently longing for salvation, and I trust to see her rejoicing in Christ."

A veteran colporteur in Essex writes:—"We are seeing signs of blessing in connection with our mission work; the congregations are large, and earnest attention is given to the Word preached."

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from February 15th to March 14th, 1904.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Proceeds of lecture, per Pastor T. Hancocks	3 3 0	Miss Hadfield	10 0 0
Dr. G. A. Huetley	1 0 0	Collection at Baptist Chapel, Harringay, per Pastor G. T. Edgley	1 10 0
Pastor R. Yeatman	0 4 0	Collection at Boundary Road Chapel, Walthamstow, per Pastor W. Murray	3 3 10
X. Y. Z.	0 2 6	Mr. R. J. Beecliff	0 2 6
Collection at Lordship Lane Baptist Chapel, per Pastor F. A. Tydeman	3 5 0	Collection at New Southgate Baptist Chapel, per Pastor W. Joyner ...	4 4 0
Pastor H. Clark (Sydney)	0 10 6	Weekly Offerings	0 18 7
Pastor J. N. Rootham	0 10 6		
Mr. W. Pitcher	1 0 0		
Contribution from East London Tabernacle, per Pastor E. H. Ellis	2 2 0		
		£31 16 5	

Pastors' College Missionary Association.

Statement of Receipts from February 15th to March 14th, 1904.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school Young Christians' Missionary Union	67 10 0	Collected by Mrs. Ohora	0 9 8
Pastor A. K. Davidson	0 7 6	Collected by Mrs. T. Spurgeon	0 4 6
Miss Higgs	1 0 0	Collected by Mr. W. T. Crook	0 2 7
		£69 14 3	

Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school Extension Fund.

Statement of Receipts from February 15th to March 14th, 1904.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Amount previously acknowledged...	1,543	8	7	Mrs. W. Vincent			0 10 0
Mrs. Ellwood	5	0	0				
Miss Moore	0	2	0				£1,549 0 7

The Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from February 16th to March 14th, 1904.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mrs. Bousema, per Miss E. H. Thorne	2	0	0	Stamps, Camberwell	0	1	0
Mr. J. White	1	0	0	C. E. W., Leicester	0	1	0
Mrs. M. McIntyre	0	10	0	Collected by Miss Rolfe	0	8	6
Wellwisher, Chesbunt	0	5	0	Ceylon Place Baptist Sunday-school, Eastbourne, per Miss E. Parks ...	0	7	3
Mrs. M. A. Purvis	0	5	0	Collected by Mr. J. A. Barrett	3	5	0
S. A. S., Salisbury	0	2	6	Mr. J. Jones	1	0	0
Mr. T. Lawrence	0	2	6	Mr. J. T. James	1	0	6
Mrs. N. Beeson	0	2	6	Mrs. E. Jones	1	0	0
Collected by Miss E. M. Foote.....	0	7	0	J. B. C.	1	0	0
C.	1	0	0	Miss M. Ross	0	10	0
Mr. J. Patterson	0	5	0	Mr. W. P. Lewis	0	10	0
Rev. S. R. Young	0	2	6	F. T.	1	0	0
Mr. W. Alexander	1	0	0	Mr. T. Freezer	0	10	0
Mr. J. W. Coles	0	10	6	West Croydon Baptist Sunday- school, per Mr. W. H. Barnden ...	5	5	0
Miss Hawkes	0	5	0	Mr. F. Fitch	5	0	0
Y. S.	0	5	0	Mr. J. Farley	5	0	0
Mr. W. Hiner	0	1	0	Collected by Mrs. Halsey	0	17	0
J. W., per Mr. T. Priestman	10	0	0	Girls of Gascoigne Road School, Barking, per Miss M. J. Coles ...	0	10	0
Mr. W. T. Mackenzie	1	0	0	Miss E. M. Perkins	0	5	0
Mrs. A. B. Beddington	0	10	0	Collected by Mrs. Sageman	0	3	1
Mrs. E. Barns	0	10	0	Mr. James Wilson	0	10	0
Miss Fell	0	5	0	Miss S. Lucas	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. Redding	0	11	6	Mrs. Lovering	0	10	0
Westbourne Grove Chapel, Men's Bible-class, per Mr. W. S. Pear- man	1	1	0	Mr. W. E. Stone	0	5	0
Mr. W. C. Collins	5	0	0	Collected by Mrs. T. J. Field	1	6	8
Mr. C. Dauncey's box	8	10	7	Collected by Mr. J. Smith	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Watt	1	0	0	Collected by Mrs. Beard	0	12	6
Gildencroft Baptist Sunday-school, Norwich, per Rev. T. Bullimore..	0	8	6	Mrs. Allney	0	5	0
Nunhead Grove Baptist Chapel, Bible-class, per Mr. S. Boorne, jun.	0	10	0	Miss Emily J. Spurgeon	0	10	0
Miss Fidkin	0	5	0	Sarn Christian Endeavour Society, per: Rev. W. Jenkins	0	6	0
Mr. F. Fitchett	0	10	6	Mr. C. Ibberson	0	3	0
M. R., Llangennech	1	0	0	Mr. W. H. Roberts	1	1	0
Mr. H. Jones	0	10	0	Collected by Mrs. E. Watts	0	7	6
A friend, Llskeard	0	10	0	Sandwich, per Bankers	2	2	0
Mr. S. Edwards	0	10	0	Collected by Miss Ivy Morris	0	15	0
Halbenth Sabbath School, per Mr. W. Adamson, jun.	0	6	0	Collected by Miss I. Fish	0	14	0
Postal order, Amotherby	0	5	0	Sermon Tract Society, Willingham, per Mrs. E. Ingle	1	3	0
Mrs. C. Field	0	5	0	Mr. H. A. James	0	5	0
Edith Road Baptist Sunday-school, Nunhead, per Mr. T. G. Clough..	1	1	0	Miss M. Hadfield	10	0	0
Duke Street Baptist Sunday-school, Richmond, per Mr. C. F. Dafforne (in memory of C. H. S.)	2	2	0	Readers of "The Christian Herald," per the Editor:—			
Postal order, Salisbury	0	5	0	D. M. P.	0	5	0
Mr. J. G. Reid	0	2	6	E. B.	0	2	0
Mr. J. J. Pierce	1	1	0	Inasmuch	0	5	0
Miss Clark	1	0	0	Boscombe	0	2	6
Messrs. Jas. Watson and Smith	0	10	0				0 14 6
St. Ninians U.F.C. Sabbath School, Leith, per Mr. J. Nicolson	0	10	0	Collected by Miss E. Hobson	0	5	0
Mr. M. Steel	0	10	0	Collected by Miss H. E. Saupsou..	0	5	0
Mr. T. E. Inwood	0	5	0	Collected by Mrs. Millman	1	2	0
Brixham Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr. W. B. Jackman	0	12	3	Haddon Hall Sunday-school, Ber- mondsey, per Mr. F. E. Dilly (in memory of C. H. S.)	8	10	0
				Mrs. E. M. Plumb	1	0	0
				The Misses E. and A. Heap	5	5	0
				Miss M. Shelton	0	5	0
				Collected by Mrs. A. S. Evernden..	0	10	0

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Collected by Master H. Ottaway	0 6 6	Mr. H. A. Yerbury	0 10 0
Mrs. E. Parsons	0 2 0	Vernon Baptist Chapel, King's	
Collected by Mrs. C. E. Voysey	1 1 0	Cross, per Mr. W. Seaman	7 7 0
Collected by Mrs. A. Wheeler	3 11 0	Uxbridge Road Tabernacle, Shep-	
Collected by Mrs. Jennings	0 5 6	herd's Bush, per Mr. L. F. Carlile	2 2 0
Per Mr. H. Letch:—		Per Mr. G. Vine:—	
Parsons Heath Baptist		A. McDonald	0 1 0
Sunday-school, Colchester	0 12 9	Mrs. West	0 1 9
Mr. Jas. Letch	0 5 0	Miss Chatterby	0 1 6
Mr. H. Letch	0 10 0	Miss F. Vine	0 7 11
	1 7 9	Oud halfpence	0 0 2
Mr. G. Tolley	0 10 0		
Warwick Street Baptist Sunday-		Frinton-on-Sea Free Church, per Mr.	
school, Leamington, per Mr. T.		W. Hayne	0 13 8
Main (in memory of C. H. S.)	2 4 1	Per Pastor W. Brown (and amount)	0 1 6
Mr. C. Schultz	1 1 0	Friar Lane Baptist Chapel,	
Collected by Miss M. A. Saunders	1 1 0	Leicester, per Pastor G. H. Kilby	5 0 0
Collected by Mr. W. Bentley	0 2 0	MEETINGS BY MR. CHARLESWORTH	
Collected by Master F. G. Horsey	0 4 10	AND THE ORPHANAGE CHOIR:—	
Collected by Miss Wigley	0 8 4	Youths' section, Central Y.M.C.A.	1 6 2
Mrs. Burn, per Miss E. E. Jones	0 10 0	Crawley	9 0 0
Mr. Matthews, per Miss Dixon	0 2 6	Shoreham, Sussex	7 7 5
Collected by Miss F. Cook	0 10 10	Lewes	6 6 0
Collected by Miss A. Inkpen	0 6 8	Bexhill	7 3 9
Orphan boys' collecting-cards (as per		Portslade	6 0 0
second list)	7 19 0	Seaford	6 4 6
Orphan girls' collecting-cards (as per		Newhaven	12 4 11
second list)	12 6 9	Wellington Square Baptist Chapel,	
Executors of the late Mr. Henry		Robertson Street P.S.A. and St.	
Shipton	5 0 0	Leonards Baptist Chapel (less	
CHRISTMAS DINNER-TABLE COLLEC-		local expenses)	13 0 0
TIONS:—		Grafton Square Baptist Sunday-	
Mrs. Colley	0 0 6	school, Clapham	3 5 9
Mrs. G. Harris	0 0 6	St. John's Presbyterian Mission,	
Madame Belle Bennett	0 6 0	Kennington	5 0 0
Totteridge Road Baptist Chapel,		Grosvenor Terrace, Watworth, Wes-	
Enfield, per Pastor A. W. Welch		leyan P.S.E.	3 8 0
(and amount)	0 2 0	Dalston Junction Baptist Chapel...	12 0 0
Ceylon Place Baptist Chapel, East-		The Railway Mission, Lillie Road,	
bourne, per Pastor H. E. Barrell	1 4 0	Fulham	4 0 0
Peckham Park Road Baptist Chapel,		SEASIDE HOME, MARGATE:—	
per Mr. C. Pearce:—		Per Mrs. J. Withers:—	
Men's Class	0 11 7	Mr. J. O. Cooper	1 0 0
Sunday-school	4 3 6	Mrs. J. Davis	0 2 6
Young women's Bible-class	1 4 7		
Friends at Chapel	2 17 4	Mr. Allmey	0 5 0
A friend at Croydon	1 17 0	Collected by Mrs. Stark (home box)	1 2 0
	10 14 0		
New Southgate Baptist Chapel, per			
Mr. H. R. Johnson	4 12 6		
			£287 8 7

ORPHAN BOYS' COLLECTING CARDS (SECOND LIST):—Bothamley, J., 1s; Cooper, W., 12s. 2d; Clare, R., 1s 2d; Coppling, W., 8s 7d; Campbell, T., 10s 6d; Cole, F., 4s 1s; Fudge, F. J., 2s 6d; Goater, A., 3s 6d; Griffin, W., 1s; Gifford, L. Q., 1s; Holland, F. C., 3s 6d; Hards, P., 2s; Jago, S., 12s 3d; Laws, V., 5s; Mitchell, H., 6s; Page, H., 9s; Sanders, H., 5s; Thomas, F., 4s 1s; Wylde, D. C. P., 2s 4d; Watson, S., 6d.—Total, £7 19s.

ORPHAN GIRLS' COLLECTING CARDS (SECOND LIST):—Ablitt, M., 10s; Bradley, M., 4s 1s; Bolton, M., 5s; Barter, A., 5s; Cottrell, M., 2s; Care, M., 3s 6d; Clue, G., 2s; Cole, M., 11s 3d; Coward, L. H., 5s; Downer, B., 5s; Dempsey, F., 5s; Edwards, M., 3s 5d; Godfrey, N., 4s 3d; Gifford, M. A., 2s; Geiger, K., 2s 6d; Head, L., 9s 8d; Jordan, A., 5s 7d; Knowles, E., 2s 4d; Lamb, T., 3s; Martin, G., 7s; Oates, G., 4s 12s; Poppe, N., 2s 6d; Pike, L., 4s; Paulden, R., 4s; Rawlins, A., 8s; Sliggins, W., 4s; Stalker, A., 5s; Scouse, M. and L., 2s; Wilson, W., 11s 6d; Woodmansee, D., 4s 4s.—Total, £13 6s 9d.

LIST OF PRESENTS RECEIVED FROM FEBRUARY 16TH TO MARCH 14TH, 1904.

PROVISIONS:—12 Rabbits, Mr. C. Dewar; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Sir A. Seale Haslam; 2 Chickens, 4 Cakes (for Infirmary), Mrs. Barrah; 1 sack Potatoes, Mr. J. Walton; 224 lbs. Rice, Mr. J. L. Potier; 10 bags Greens, 10 bags Pursnips, Mr. John Norkeitt.

GIRLS' CLOTHING:—6 Articles, Miss H. Holmes; 3 Articles, Mrs. Hicks; 6 Articles, Miss S. Griffin; 11 Articles (girls' and boys'), Ladies' Working Meeting, Wynne Road Baptist Chapel, per Mrs. Downer, 32 Articles (girls' and boys'), Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 36 Articles, Tonbridge Working Meeting, per Mrs. Stockbridge; 54 Articles (girls' and boys'), St. George's Baptist Benevolent Society, per Mrs. F. West; 6 Articles, Mrs. W. Fitch.

BOYS' CLOTHING:—36 pairs Stockings, Mrs. Burgess; 6 Day Shirts, Anon.

GENERAL:—A quantity of Haberdashery, Mr. J. Bush; 16 Work Bags, Miss Emily Jarvis Spurgeon; 40 Vols. (for Children's Library), United Kingdom Band of Hope Union, per Mr. Charles Wakeley; 100 Gospel Gallery Lessons, a friend, per the Systematic Publishing Co.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from February 15th to March 14th, 1904.

DISTRICT SUBSCRIPTIONS:—		GENERAL FUND:—	
	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
High Wycombe, per Mr. Daniel		H. O. W.	0 10 0
Clarke, J.P.	5 0 0	Miss R. Daniell	0 10 0
East London, per Mrs. Lane	11 5 0	Col. R. Parry Nisbet, C.I.E.	5 0 0
Wolverhampton, per Miss E. A.		Miss Wynne	0 10 0
Tyler	11 5 0	Mr. W. Potter	0 10 0
Sellindge, per Mr. Laslett	0 5 0	Mr. Charles Muir	0 10 0
Puckeridge, per Mr. R. P. Rhodes	11 5 0	Miss Cross and Miss Light	0 6 0
Stratford-on-Avon, per Mr. J. Small-		Mr. John Gallienne	1 1 0
wood, J.P.	8 15 0	Mrs. Hoskin	1 1 0
Horsforth, per Miss Bilbrough	11 5 0	Executors of the late Mrs. Jarrett	50 0 0
	<u>£59 0 0</u>		<u>£59 18 0</u>

Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon's Book Fund.

Statement of Receipts from February 15th to March 14th, 1904.

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Capt. and Mrs. S., Auckland	5 0 0	Miss I. S., Sunderland (translation	0 10 0
Mrs. C., Thorpe	0 3 0	of sermons)	0 10 0
Pastor T. L. J. (sale of Reports) ...	0 5 0	Mr. C. F., Inverurie (translation	0 7 0
Miss S. D., Clifton	2 0 0	of sermons)	0 7 0
Mrs. J., Clapham Road	1 0 0	"Sweet recollections of Mr. and	20 0 0
Mrs. E., Toronto	0 8 0	Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon"	1 0 0
Miss S. B.	0 2 6	Mrs. W., Stonycroft	1 0 0
Pastor D. L., Grand Rapids	1 0 7		
Mrs. L.	0 2 6		
Pastor D. L., Grand Rapids	3 11 10		<u>£35 10 5</u>

Gifts of Books:—Mrs. B., Bexhill, 30 old books; Mrs. E., South Norwood, 17 old books and pamphlets.

Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon's Pastors' Aid Fund.

Statement of Receipts from February 15th to March 14th, 1904.

Gifts of Clothing—Miss G., Galgorm; Mrs. H., Roath; Miss R. B., Hammersmith; Miss A. D., Highbury; Miss W., Kensington; Pastor W. F. G., West Norwood.

Contributions in aid of "Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon's Book and Pastors' Aid Funds" should be sent to Miss E. H. Thorne, addressed (for the present), "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood, London, S.E.

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

Contributions and gifts in kind for the Spurgeon Orphan Homes should be addressed to the Treasurer, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London, S.W.

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



THE
Sword and the Trowel.

MAY, 1904.

Three Model Prayers.

A PRAYER-MEETING ADDRESS, BY C. H. SPURGEON.

WHAT is the right way to pray? I will remind you of three Scriptural models. The first is Jacob at the brook Jabbok. He is in great trouble, and he does his best to meet it; but when he has done all that he can, he feels that it is little enough, and that it will not succeed unless God's blessing rests upon his efforts. I do not know what sort of a place that ford or brook Jabbok was, but Jacob had sent over it his wives, and his children, and his servants, and his flocks and herds; "and Jacob was left alone; and there wrestled a man with him until the breaking of the day."

Now, I do not think that I could pray all night; I do not believe that, if my going to Heaven depended upon my praying all through the night, I should ever get there. I am not, at least under ordinary circumstances, able to fix my mind upon one subject for such a long time without a break; and, besides, I have such confidence in God that I have what I ask for, that, when I have prayed concerning any matter, I go about my business feeling certain that He has heard me. But, on a special occasion, in some great stress, when a man feels that he has not obtained the blessing for which he has asked, then he can keep on praying till he gets it. That is the time for an all-night prayer, and the suppliant may say, with the poet,—

"With Thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day."

That night, Jacob felt that he must have the blessing he was seeking; he was determined to obtain it; and he was driven to such desperation of mind that he grasped the angel with all his might, and cried, "I will not let thee go, except thou bless me." You must have noticed, in reading of this incident, that it does not say that

Jacob wrestled with the angel, but "there wrestled a man with him, (that is, an angel, or, probably, The Angel of the Covenant, the Lord Jesus Christ, in the form of a man,) until the breaking of the day." There was something in Jacob that was too strong, so he had to be made weaker. He was much too clever, and cunning, and crafty, for the Lord to bless him as he was; and there are many of God's children, nowadays, who are very much like him. They know too much, they feel themselves too strong, they have not enough of the true child spirit, they are not little enough and humble enough for God to bless them.

So Jacob, being so big in his own estimation, had to be taken down a great deal before he was fit to receive the blessing that God intended to give him. Yet I must say that, whatever his faults were, he had this excellence, that he meant to have the blessing; so he gripped the angel, and the angel touched the hollow of his thigh, the sinew shrank, and the patriarch fell; but, in falling, he still clutched the angel, who struggled to depart, and said to him, "Though I cannot overcome thee, I will not let thee go, except thou bless me." Then it was, when he felt his own weakness, when he could no longer stand, and wrestle, when the Jacob had gone out of him, he still, as with a dying grip, held on to the mysterious wrestler.

In like manner, there must be about prevailing prayer the resolve to have it answered. Are you quite sure that what you ask is according to the will of God? Do not pray till you are certain upon that point, and always say, in your supplications, "Nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt." But there are times when a praying man knows that what he is asking is according to God's will, that the Holy Spirit is striving within him,—the groanings which cannot be uttered have proved that he is right, and he feels that he is pleading according to the mind of the Spirit. That is the way to pray. We should have a great blessing resting upon every department of this church's work if we had among us a number of Christian men and women, weak and feeble in themselves, and conscious of their own weakness,—with the sinew shrunken as Jacob's was,—who nevertheless could, each one, say to the great Angel of the Covenant, "I will not let Thee go, except Thou bless me." That is a way of praying which I very heartily commend to you.

The next model that I commend to you is the prayer of Elijah upon the top of Carmel. That is quite another sort of prayer from Jacob's. There had been no rain for more than three years; but Elijah wanted rain that day, and the Lord moved him to pray for it. So we read, "He cast himself down upon the earth, and put his face between his knees." He was so certain that his prayer would be heard that he "said to his servant, Go up now, look toward the sea." If his servant had said, "I see a great cloud hanging over the West," he would not have been at all astonished. He knew it would come, so he said, "Go again; go again; go again seven times." Oh, what wonders such faith as that can work! That is another kind of prayer that prevails with God,—the expectant prayer. Jacob's was

the prayer of the wrestling hand and foot, but Elijah's was the prayer of the expectant eye. He knew that his prayer would be answered, so he kept on praying till it was. You do not see so much of the wrestling as in the case of Jacob, yet it was there all the while; but you do see the calm confidence that waits for the answer that must surely come. Elijah seems to say to the Lord, "I know that Thou wilt bless me; I am sure of it, so I will stand upon my watch-tower, and continue pleading until I see the blessing come." What a wonderful combination would be made if we could put Jacob and Elijah together! What a mighty man of prayer he would be who could be these two suppliants in one!

But, after all, *the* model prayer is the prayer of the Master Himself. It must have been a wonderful experience for those who were privileged to hear and see Him when He was so mightily pleading with God. I do not suppose that He ever said, "I will not let Thee go, except Thou bless Me." We do know that He said, "Father, I thank Thee that Thou hast heard Me. And I knew that Thou hearest Me always." We do not read that He ever sent one of His disciples to look for an answer to His supplication. He always felt such perfect confidence that He should have His requests granted that He did not need to send anyone to watch for the coming boon. He knew that His mind was according to the mind of God, and that He continually walked with God, so He was certain that, whatever He prayed, the Lord must and would hear Him; yet He was just as earnest as any doubter can be; in fact, it is doubt that prevents a man from being earnest. He was as a child talking to its father in simple confidence that it must be heard.

When the disciples heard Jesus pray, we find that they said to Him, "Lord, teach us to pray." They were so struck with His prayers that they desired to imitate them. I gather that our Lord's prayers were not so much notable for any one excellence alone, as for all excellences most marvellously combined. It is so in that prayer which He gave to His disciples as a model: "Our Father which art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in Heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen." It is a beautifully clear, limpid stream, which flows on without a break. There is in it no admixture of selfishness, and no apparent vehemence; yet an inward force that can be strongly quiet, because conscious of omnipotence. Oh, that we could pray as Jesus did! Brethren and sisters, imitate all those who succeed in prayer, but recollect that Jesus is the model in whom all excellences meet. In Him we have the wondrous blending of all the prayers that make up the one prayer that must for ever be utterly unmatched.

Pray for His spirit of prayer. He seemed to be always praying; He lived in the atmosphere of prayer; He was ever communing with His Father. The habit of prayer is a blessed one, but the spirit of prayer is something still more blessed. To pray regularly, is well; to pray continually, is better; but neither to be anything, nor to do

anything, except in a prayerful spirit, is best of all. That is the way to live, and the way to get great blessings. I am sure that, when once we get out of the atmosphere of prayer, we get weak, we get hasty, we get irritated, we get short-tempered, we get self-sufficient; or we get to be crafty, like Jacob; or else fiery or despondent, like Elijah; but when we are in the spirit of prayer all the day long, it surrounds us, and saturates us. You know the peculiar effect that is produced upon you by our London fogs. There is a dreary sensation upon you, so that everything seems foggy, inside and out. Well now, when you get into the light, and when you walk in the light,—and the spirit of prayer is the manifestation of light,—then everything is bright inside and outside. It seems, then, as if there is nothing that is dark, for all is light, and your heart is glad within you; or if it is not glad, it is supremely restful.

I do not know whether you have ever felt like this; but, sometimes, when I have been suffering extreme pain, and have also been so depressed in spirit that I have desponded almost to the verge of despair, I have cast myself upon the Lord in a sort of swooning away into His arms, and I have then experienced such unutterable happiness as I have never had at any other time. Feeling my Lord to be so completely my All-in-all, and myself to be less than nothing, I have entered into the spirit of Faber's lines,—

“ And when it seems no chance nor change
From grief can set me free,
Hope finds its strength in helplessness,
And, patient, waits on Thee.”

It is no good whining and saying, “I know that I do not pray as I ought.” The thing for you to do is to rouse yourself up to pray as you ought. Pray when you can pray, and pray when you cannot pray; I think you know what I mean by that paradox. There is such a thing as praying prayer into yourself, by God's grace; and, sometimes, when you have thought that you could not pray at all, you have said, afterwards, “I wish I felt more often as I did then.” The worst state in which anyone can be is that of not feeling anything at all. Someone said to me, the other day, that he felt as Cowper did when he wrote those lines,—

“ If aught is felt, 'tis only pain
To find I cannot feel.”

If that is your case, you are evidently feeling pain; and, perhaps, nobody feels more than the man who feels that he does not feel at all. Yet, surely, he who is sensible of his insensibility is not insensible. He who mourns his lack of life is not without life. He who groans because he says he cannot groan, is groaning all the while. I have heard of a man, who was so absent-minded that he thought he had lost his horse even while he was riding on its back; and I remember my dear old grandfather saying to me, “Charles, I cannot find my spectacles anywhere.” “No,” I replied, “I should think you can't, for you have got them on.” He was looking through them, and so could not see them; and there is many a man, who has been wanting to find his evidences, and his very anxiety to find his evidences is,

in itself, an evidence of the work of grace within his heart. If he had not that holy carefulness to be right, he would be far more wrong than he now is; indeed, that fear lest he should be wrong is a proof that he is right. I seldom preach a sermon against hypocrisy without some dear child of God coming to me, and saying, "Ah, Mr. Spurgeon! I know that you meant me; you did show me up dreadfully." "My dear creature," I reply, "are you afraid that you are not right with God? Then, take my word for it that you are not the person whose case I was describing. There never yet was a hypocrite who was afraid that he was not right; they know they are wrong." It is very much the same in this matter of prayer; many, who think they cannot pray at all, are really praying best of all. The Lord help all of us to be mighty in prayer, and send us gracious answers! Amen.



Green Pastures.

BY H. T. SPUFFORD, F.L.S.

V.—THE WINGS OF EAGLES.

THE Bible peoples were deeply impressed with the wonderful endowment of flight. The strength of wings, the stretch of wings, the bearing and protective use of wings, entered into their sublimest imagery, and into their grandest concrete conceptions. They set colossal winged bulls in stone to guard the gates of their cities. They carved huge composite creature forms, with the body of a lion, the wings of an eagle, and the face of a man. When Mosaic workmen, under Divine direction, constructed the mercy-seat of pure gold, two cherubim (mystic figures), also of pure gold, were set up, one at either end, the record reading as if the idea were already familiar: "And the cherubim shall stretch forth their wings on high, covering the mercy-seat with their wings, and their faces shall look one to another; toward the mercy-seat shall the faces of the cherubim be. . . . And I will commune with thee from above the mercy-seat, from between the two cherubim which are upon the ark of the testimony, of all things which I will give thee in commandment unto the children of Israel." As though through, between, and under the upstretched wings, there shone the glory of Jehovah. The Mosaic conception is simply two-winged, but when you come to the visions of Isaiah, and the much more complicated and mysterious portraiture of Ezekiel, great wings are multiplied. The seraphim of Isaiah are furnished with six wings, while Ezekiel's living creatures are so endowed as to fly without turning.

Nor do these sublime revelations exhaust the instances where wings and the endowment of flight are used to express the thoughts of the Scripture writers. The approach of the Lord God is thus described: "He rode upon a cherub, and did fly; yea, he did fly upon the wings of the wind."—"The uttermost parts of the earth" were "the wings" thereof. The oncoming forces of a terrible enemy were likened to the far-spreading pinions of a mighty bird: "The stretching out of his wings shall fill the breadth of Thy land, O Immanuel." God is said to have borne His people from Egypt "on eagles' wings;" and the psalmist, speaking of Divine protection, says, "Under His wings shalt thou trust." Furthermore, in Isaiah xl. 31, a familiar but most magnificent use is made of the simile: "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles;" or, after the rendering by Dr. Alexander: "Those waiting for Jehovah shall gain new strength; they shall raise the pinion like the eagles."

As a final illustration, the well-known passage in Malachi iv. 2 may be mentioned: "The Sun of righteousness (shall) arise with healing in His wings." Kitto, quoting from Burder's *Oriental Customs*, tells of a fresh wind from the sea which blew every morning at sunrise. This wind was always called *the doctor*, the inference of the original writer being that this breeze could be considered "as the wings of the sun." I much prefer to construe the wings of the sun as the uprising beams of the King of day. Those who make a point of observing the phenomena of Nature know what a sublime spectacle the sunrise is, under certain atmospheric conditions. Great streamers shoot up, like the plumes of some Bird of Paradise; nay, such as might have been the glory of the wing-feathers of Isaiah's seraphs. Instantly, the creatures of the day and night respond each after its kind. It is morning, and, under the outspread wings of light, "ye shall go forth, and grow up as calves of the stall."

It is the wings of great birds which impress the imagination of the prophets and poets of the Bible. Over the valleys of Syria and Edom, the eagle soared, seen by shepherds and vine-dressers alike, as, with graceful spiral curves, the mighty bird rose higher and yet higher in the heavens of glory, familiar to Eastern eyes. What wonder that, when the seer speaks of the "new strength" of those who wait for Jehovah, he should cry, "They shall mount up with wings as eagles." The imperial bird rises with every spire, though there is no perceptible motion of its wings, until it has attained an altitude at which it is hardly visible. Now think, "They shall mount up with wings as eagles."

This much ought, perhaps, to be added,—and preachers can make their own moral from it,—that, when the eagle descends to the dead level, to rise again is difficult. He can then be disabled by a slight injury. There is an instance on record where a pebble from a sling struck an eagle which was trying to mount from the ground. The bird's pinion was injured; he floundered instead of flew, and a shower of stones from the shepherds finished him.

It only falls to the lot of dwellers in wilder regions than ours to view the majestic flight of the eagle, and other birds having great

stretch of wing; though it may be mentioned that the stork and vulture are encouraged in the cities of the East. What the expanse across the wings really is, in great, sky-loving birds, may be gathered from the registered nine feet of the female eagle, and the five feet and a half of the osprey, while the vultures of Western Asia have a wing stretch of ten feet. On noiseless pinions,—at great heights,—these birds sail in the cloudless blue, merely swaying themselves easily from side to side with extended pinions, while their keen eyes search the ground or estuary for prey, upon which they fall with lightning rapidity. Such



"THEIR KEEN EYES SEARCH THE GROUND."

sights would be common enough to the shepherds of Israel. Some of the hawks of those regions are migrants, so that Job is asked, "Doth the hawk fly by thy wisdom, and stretch her wings toward the South?"

Is it any wonder that these creatures of the air became symbolic both in politics and religion? An eagle, with expanded wings, formed the imperial standard of the Persians under Cyrus long before it was used in a similar way by the Romans. In Ezekiel's parable of two eagles

and a vine, the king of Babylon is likened to "a great eagle with great wings, longwinged, full of feathers, which had divers (Margin, "embroidering") colours." The last allusion probably refers to the white scapulars of the imperial eagle, and may be used to designate the varied races of the Mesopotamian Empire. On the other hand, the king of Egypt is "another great eagle with great wings and many feathers." Here there is discrimination, and it is worthy of note as an instance of accurate description and observation. Two species of eagles are chosen as types,—Egypt, probably, by the golden eagle, which is more uniform in colour, as Egypt was more homogeneous in population, though the difference of power between the two empires is distinctly preserved in the phrasing of the simile.

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It will be quite obvious that, in the limited space of this article, only a very few of the many allusions in the Scriptures to the habits of birds can be touched upon. There is the exquisite reference to the awakening of the Spring in Canticles ii. 11—13, when "the voice of the turtle is heard in our land." This bird is put, in Jer. viii. 7, among those that know their "appointed times", and the striking contrast is made, "but my people know not the judgment of the Lord."

But to go back to the mighty swoopers of the sky. The marvellous vision of the eagle, greater perhaps than that of any other living thing, is referred to in Job xxxix. 29: "Her eyes behold afar off." In Micah i. 16, the prophet enjoins mourning for the sin, which had brought captivity upon the likeliest of Israel's sons, in the words, "Make thee bald, and poll thee for thy delicate children; enlarge thy baldness as the eagle." Some think the allusion here is to one of the vultures, whose head and neck are devoid of feathers. This strikes one as rather a tame conclusion. I think the vividness of the simile is retained if the features of the moulting of birds are understood. Then they mope, their feathers are ragged and patchy, neither do they moult as at other seasons. Birds, when they come out of the moult, feed to the full, they enjoy life, their plumage shines with fresh splendour, they rise again in flight, and their songs are largely trills of satisfaction. This is no doubt the meaning of the comparison in Psalm ciii. 5: "Thy youth is renewed like the eagle's."

In trying to reach the standpoint of the Nature student of old time, I have paced again and again the rooms devoted to Assyrian sculpture in the British Museum. There, upon the bas-reliefs, winged figures abound, eagle-headed, and equipped like to the heavenly ones of prophetic vision. The eagle type is the most pronounced. Furthermore, this bird of prey is represented as accompanying the host to the battle,—a grim reminder of the wholesale slaughter to be expected, and the anticipated feast upon the bodies of the slain: "for whosoever the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered together."

Great birds, then, with spreading wings, birds on their annual aerial journeys, the stork, too, of Zechariah and the Psalms,—these were the familiar objects of the Eastern sky, such as greeted the eye of young David as he kept his father's sheep, and are now enshrined in the similes of the Scriptures.

The Baptist.

INAUGURAL ADDRESS AT THE SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF
THE PASTORS' COLLEGE EVANGELICAL ASSOCIATION,
BY THE PRESIDENT, PASTOR THOMAS SPURGEON.

I HAVE found it in my heart to speak to you, this year, my beloved brethren, concerning THE BAPTIST. There will be no room for doubt as to his identity when I tell you that "his name is John." We are ever bound to cherish a deep interest in the founder of our line, the very first of Baptist ministers. Different as is our lot from his, and partly because it is so different, he provides a notable example for all who bear his name. Despite his disadvantages of time and circumstance, he puts us to the blush. Indeed, he might almost bid us change our name, or else our behaviour, as Alexander did his craven namesake.

I have cherished the hope that, by gazing intently at him, we may grow a little like him; that, by reciting his virtues, and recounting his exploits, we may be led to emulate them. The scion of a noble house is, by a wise tutor, made familiar with the best traits and most famous deeds of his forbears; and his fond and hopeful mother, every now and then, bids him gaze upon the full-length portrait of the most illustrious of his ancestors, while she tells him yet again how great and good he was. Let us give ourselves to the contemplation of God's picture of His servant. Maybe, we shall quit the gallery with some faint trace of resemblance upon us, or, at least, with a deep desire to be even as he was.

As they, unconsciously, grow alike who love each other, so reverent study promotes similarity. We can hardly lie a-soak, for an hour, in the story of John the Dipper, (why should we hesitate to render the Greek into plainest English?) without being at least tinted with the purple of his right royal nature. In a wheelwright's workshop, you may notice that the machine, that manufactures spokes, turns them out exactly after the pattern spoke that has been introduced, and it will continue to produce spokes of just that size and shape until the specimen one is changed. The material may differ, but the type remains. True, men are not machine-made. Alas! if they were. But God is fashioning His servants for their places in His great wheel of life, and one of His methods is to bring them into contact with the noblest of His handiworks. I venture to use John the Baptist as the model this time, nor do I think a better could be found. He, who stood like a hyphen between the Testaments, was not less than the noblest that had gone before; and not a few of those who have followed after, though they have had privileges he dreamed not of, have not surpassed him as to personal qualities.

"Among them that are born of women, there hath not risen a greater than John the Baptist." So spake the Master concerning him. Who can doubt, then, that he is worthy of imitation? His gifts and graces would stand us in good stead in these dark days. One, who wrote to me from afar, with the evident purpose of encouraging me in my task, said, "You need the faith of Abraham, the meekness of

Moses, the patience of Job, and the fervour, tact, prudence, and perseverance of Paul." Possibly, if he had been nearer, he would have added, "the strength of Samson, and the wisdom of Solomon." Even regarding those additions as appropriate, the whole might perhaps have been boiled down into, "You need to be a John the Baptist." Of this I am persuaded, wherever and whatever our sphere may be, the ministry of the Baptist is no ill model for the Baptist ministry.

Of this most high appreciation, which I have just quoted, I propose to speak particularly. It is from the highest authority, from the Searcher of hearts, who knew what was in man, and whose eyes, when the apostle John beheld Him, were as a flame of fire. There can be no mistake. We have the unhesitating verdict of Him, who trieth the reins of the children of men, and who would scorn to flatter, for putting John the Baptist in the very front rank of Old Testament saints. Is he not accredited indeed? He had honoured Jesus; now Jesus, according to promise, honours him. (That promise holds good to this day, remember.) What need had John of further witness? Such an encomium, from such a quarter, was surely enough. Christ's "Well done!" sufficed. It mattered not a jot if the Pharisees murmured, and if the Sanhedrim ridiculed. It is by no means certain that this young prophet would have been "recognized" (Do you like the sound of that word? I confess it rather grates with me.) by the ecclesiastical authorities of to-day. True, he came of a pretty good family, and that would tell greatly in his favour; but his education was, I am afraid, somewhat neglected, unless, indeed, you reckon what of training he may have received direct from Heaven while he was in the deserts. He does not appear even to have passed an examination ere he set out to warn men to flee from the wrath to come, and to point them to the sin-bearing Lamb of God. The whole secret lies in these two sentences: "There was a man *sent of God*," and "*The Word of God came unto John in the wilderness.*" I like right well what Dr. Reynolds, in his remarkable lecture on John the Baptist, says in this connection:—"No training, no human guarantee of fitness, no rank, no appointment by bishop or presbytery, no certificate of education from university or hierarchy, can constitute a true minister of Christ. The prophetic call, accepted by those who are themselves alive unto God through Jesus Christ, has, in every age and church, overstepped the bounds which human institutions and conventions have erected with a view of limiting and modifying its influence."

Jesus declares John to be unrivalled. He was equalled, perhaps, but not *surpassed* by the great prophets who had been sent to the world before his time. He appears to us to possess a combination of the best traits of the noblest Old Testament characters. Like righteous Abel, he sealed his testimony with his blood. Who can doubt that, in the deserts, he walked with God as Enoch did, and found them populous enough because he had His blessed company? He preached righteousness, like Noah, while the better ark was a-preparing, wherein *many*, that is, ten thousand times ten thousand souls, were saved. "This is Elijah that was for to come." He came, as Gabriel said he

would, in the spirit and power of Elijah. They were both men of fire and rock. Samson and he were Nazarites; but, whereas the one was the slave of his own passions, the other boldly denounced the licentiousness of the reigning monarch. Like Samuel, the grand old man of the Judges, who listened for the Word of the Lord from the days of his childhood, John heard the very voice of God. The psalmist, man after God's own heart though he was, must yield the palm, in some respects, to the Baptist, for, on *his* life-page, there is no ugly blot. Solomon told the Queen of Sheba all her questions, but even he could not have given more appropriate answers than John returned to enquiring soldiers, and publicans, and "the people." Like Hezekiah, he was a true reformer, though his only throne was the rock-pulpit of the wilderness. The Gospel according to Isaiah, sweet and clear though it is, has not the summer light upon it of John's testimony, for, in his day, the true Light was breaking forth. "He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter," and "The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all," are as the crocuses and daffodils of springtime. "Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world," is as the first red rose of summer. "There is a time to weep, and a time to laugh; a time to cast away stones, and a time to gather stones together." Jeremiah wept full sore, for there was cause, in his day, for floods of briniest tears; but John rejoiced with a joy that was "fulfilled", because the Bridegroom had come to claim His bride, and in that he was privileged to gather out the stones for the jubilant procession. Ezekiel saw the visions of God, but it was given to John to say, "I have beheld the Spirit of God descending as a dove out of Heaven, and it abode upon Him; and I have seen and have borne witness that this is the Son of God." Verily, Jesus knew whereof He affirmed when He declared, "Among them that are born of women, there hath not risen a greater than John the Baptist."

But wherefore was John so highly praised? On these two accounts,—the sterling nature of his personal character, and the peculiar dignity of his calling. Jesus eulogized him, first, for his sterling qualities. He was already popular, but Jesus did not simply join the clamour of the crowd. Nor did He merely admire him as a genius who said unusual things. It was not that He was fascinated by his startling career, the whole of which, from his wondrous birth to his glorious death, was open to His view. He praised him for what he was "in the sight of God." To Jesus, greatness was identical with goodness. It was his moral stature that He measured; it was his spiritual quality that He weighed. He is the greatest man who is the greatest saint. Character is everything. Oh, when will men come to estimate each other and themselves according to this rule?

Foremost among his characteristics was his fortitude, his holy boldness. He was one of the stalwarts. He was an independent Baptist. "What went ye out into the wilderness to see? A reed shaken with the wind?" There were plenty of these, by Jordan's banks, bowing gracefully when the breeze passed upon them;—a type of men, unworthy of the name, who yield to every breath, and nod approval to all suggestions. Such might have been found without a journey to Jordan; and if John had been one of them, who would have gone out for to

see him? But he was of another order;—not a reed, but a rock; a deeply-rooted cedar of Lebanon, rather than an osier by the river's brink. He was no feeble, fickle, undecided creature, "without settled convictions," no vacillating orator, who suited his message to the taste of his hearers, like a London hawk, who sold ice-creams at one end, and roast chestnuts at the other end, of his barrow. He flinched not from denouncing sin in prince and peasant, in Pharisee and publican. Amaziah said to Amos, "Prophesy not again any more at Bethel, for it is the king's sanctuary, and it is a royal house;" and there were, doubtless, voices bidding John be politic, but he shunned not to declare the whole counsel of God, till all the people took him for a prophet, and Herodias, tigress that she was, thirsted for his blood. John was no vulgar demagogue, yet polite language was discarded when wickedness had to be characterized. "Then said he to the multitude that came forth to be baptized of him, O generation of vipers, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come?" He was armed with an axe, nor did he spare the tree whose evil fruit proved it to be corrupt.

For this style of preacher, there is need enough to-day. O men of God, declare God's truth at all hazards! It does not need toning down, nor trimming up. Peep-show preaching is contemptible. However much they pay, they must not take their choice. Our appeals are to be made, not to sense and taste, but to heart and conscience. It was a glazier's son, I believe, who declared that the first man was made of putty. GOD never made a man of putty, but men have allowed themselves to be reduced to such pliable consistency that other men can fashion them with thumb and finger. The pulpit has been falsely termed "Coward's Castle," because the right of reply is not accorded to the hearers. It is "Coward's Castle" only when the occupant fears to offend, and prophesies smooth things; when sinners are tickled in their ears, instead of being pricked in their hearts; when truth, which is voted out of date, though it is for all the ages, is kept in the background, and when testimony is withheld, the sounding forth of which might injure reputation, or diminish income. Mr. Facing-both-ways is bad enough, but Mr. Bowing-all-ways is despicable. See that you merit not so hateful a name.

It was the custom of the family for each to read a verse in rotation at prayer-time, (a right good custom, too,) and the place of the Scripture which they read was the sixth chapter of the Book of the prophet Daniel, and the third verse fell to the lot of a little fellow whose reading powers were limited. He stumbled at the word "spirit", and rendered the passage, "Then this Daniel was preferred above the presidents and princes, because an excellent *spine* was found in him: and the king thought to set him over the whole realm." The error was not a serious one. Backbone was Daniel's strong point. It was this "excellent spine" (or spirit) that made him purpose in his heart that he would not defile himself with the portion of the king's meat, nor with the wine which he drank; it was this "excellent spine" that prompted him to interpret truly even the unfavourable portion of Nebuchadnezzar's dream; it was this "excellent spine" that caused Daniel faithfully to read to king Belshazzar God's awful writing on the

palace wall; it was this "excellent spine" that enabled him to defy Darius, and his idolatrous decree. If the lions had ventured to set upon him, methinks they would have found him mainly backbone. It was because of this "excellent spine", if I mistake not, that he was "a man greatly beloved." For this cause, John also was commended of Jesus.

What need have we, in this day of trouble, and of rebuke, and of blasphemy, to cultivate this excellent spirit! We, too, must stand for temperance and self-control. We, also, must declare the truth to "the powers that be." We, too, must resist unrighteous laws, and refuse to render to king or priest the things that are God's alone. Albeit, that, to win souls, and to feed the flock of God, is still our first employ, and he who does these duties truly will have his heart and hands well filled, we are citizens as well as saints. Our voice must be raised and our vote must be given against legislation that furthers bloodshed, fosters drunkenness, bolsters priestcraft, and favours slavery. Great God of peace, and purity, and liberty, if we protest not against these horrors, in Thy name, how shall we face Thy throne in that great day?

Of the austerity and plainness of John's mode of life, I will only remind you. None of the prophets lived delicately, but John excelled them all in simplicity of dress and fare. "And the same John had his raiment of camel's hair, and a leathern girdle about his loins, and his meat was locusts and wild honey." "But what went ye out for to see? A man clothed in soft raiment? Behold, they that wear soft clothing are in king's houses." Herod sent for John, and John went to Herod, but he "went *for*" him, too. He spared him not, but laid down God's law to the royal adulterer without fear or favour. Hereafter, his acquaintance with palaces was confined to the castle of Machærus, where he lay bound in the dark dungeon beneath the festal halls, until the home-call came.

We need not imitate John's asceticism, but it becomes not ministers of the Gospel—still, a wilderness Gospel,—to pamper the flesh, and to fare sumptuously; and purple and fine linen are not suitable for the pulpit, even if they are for the choir. You, brethren, whose stipends can hardly be described as magnificent, are scarcely likely to go far astray in this direction; yet, for the poorest of us, there is the opportunity of catching John's spirit, keeping under the body, and living after a simple, homely, non-artificial fashion.

Magnanimity is the bright particular star in the firmament of John's character. He is among the greatest who is content to be least. It is the little men, who want to be big, who are, of all men, the smallest. They asked him if he was Elijah, and he answered, "No." He protested that he was but a voice,—a short, shrill, piercing cry that woke the wilderness. Some suggested that Jesus was more successful than he. He replied, "A man can receive nothing except it be given him from Heaven." He recognized that his work was preliminary and temporary. Without a grudge, he declared that he was unworthy to unloose the latchet of his Successor's shoes. "He that cometh after me is preferred before me." "He must increase; I must decrease." These things he said, not in the mournful tones of disappointment,

but with the gusto that is born only of utter self-effacement. He would have been content to vanish like a falling star, I am sure, for he was more than ready for the still more difficult task of dwindling, while the Sun grew brighter unto the perfect day. Ah, me! how few great souls there are who are content to dwindle, "for the sake of the Name"! The scaffolding, all too often, mistakes itself for the building.

In what striking contrast to his own sublime self-abnegation, does the anxiety of his disciples stand! They are jealous for him, and for his waning reputation. He quickly shows that that which prompts their envy is to himself the cause of greatest gratification. In what Matthew Henry styles "an elegant similitude", he declares his willing subordination to the Messiah. "This rush to Jesus," he seems to say, "is but the fulfilment of my deep desire. He is the Bridegroom, and I am His friend. I have been negotiating this marriage, and helping to bring it about. My life-work has been to prepare the heart of the bride for this espousal. I see now the reward of my pains and toils. Bride and Bridegroom are one eternally. My heart is full to overflowing because of the Bridegroom's voice."

The friend of the bridegroom performed, as you know, an important function in the East. It was his to prepare the way for the course of true love, and to smooth difficulties if they appeared. It was his to prepare the feast, and to preside at the festival. Selected by the bridegroom himself for this delicate office, it was, of course, essential that he should be loyally devoted to him. He would, indeed, desire the best welfare of both the parties. This being so, the celebration of the nuptials could be, to him, nothing but a source of abounding joy. The crown of his rejoicing was when, at the well-ordered feast, the bridegroom and his bride, and all the guests, were brimming with delight. "He that hath the bride, is the bridegroom. This my joy is fulfilled." You have supposed that I had cause for complaint. On the contrary, Heaven fills my heart when I see Jesus loved and honoured. I have no thought of securing for *myself* the affection of the bride. I woo the world for Him. The Bridegroom's voice is the sweetest sound I have ever heard." "The stern prophet," says Dr. Reynolds, "is shouting, 'Hallelujah!'"

Brethren, Christ has called every one of us to just such a task as John's. He woos and wins the world by proxy. It is ours, God helping us, to prepare the hearts of men to accept the overtures of Jesus. We must love the Saviour, and the sinner, too, or we shall never hear the plighting of their troth. Above all, we must be loyal to the Bridegroom. There is always a possibility of putting ourselves in the place of Christ. To rob Jesus of any of the trust and love which He is seeking, is robbery indeed. O ye friends of the Bridegroom, do not get in His way, do not stand in His light, do not filch so much as an atom of His love! "He that hath the bride, is the *Bridegroom*,"—not, oh, not the Bridegroom's friend!

If John's spirit were always ours, his joy would oftener visit us. That self-abnegation is the mother of this delicious thrill. When a soul is converted to God, we will say, "This my joy is fulfilled. What if it was not through my sermon? That does not matter a

fig, if the bride has come to the Bridgroom. Suppose a so-called rival was the instrument? So much the better, —our only real rivalry is in the attempt to serve the Bridgroom best. The soul is saved, the bride is won, the nuptials have been celebrated, there can be no divorce; therefore, I do rejoice, yea, and I will rejoice."

Christ's own name for John must not be overlooked. "He was a burning and a shining lamp." A lamp, mark you; not "that Light." There could be no doubt as to the shining. His far-flung beams lit up the desert, and penetrated the gross darkness of a licentious court. But where there is real shining, there is also burning. There can be no light without loss. It is said of that well-nigh miraculous mineral, radium, that, as it ceaselessly pours forth its energy, the waste is so infinitesimal as to be imperceptible; but I believe that it has yet to be demonstrated that it remains absolutely intact. If it does, it is indeed a new thing in the earth. All else wastes as it works; and, the brighter the blaze, the swifter the consumption of the illuminant. (Since first writing this, Sir Wm. Ramsay has declared that radium disintegrates and vanishes in 1,150 years.) Such shining as John's meant much burning. Wick and oil were speedily consumed. His ministry lasted only a few short months, and his flame was roughly quenched at last. We must be as content to burn as we are glad to shine. Let zeal eat us up, let sympathy with sorrow drain the "virtue" from us, let compassion for the souls of men consume us. Burn, burn, thou sacred fire; our highest honour is to be thy fuel!

For all these qualities, Christ admired the Baptist, nor did He hesitate to sing his praises. Ah, brethren! the Master loves His faithful servants still, and does not fail to note their toils, their struggles, and their deprivations. Napoleon said, "My soldiers are my children," and *sometimes* he treated them as such; but our Commander is ever mindful of those who fight beneath His banners. Henceforth, He calls them, not servants, but friends; not soldiers, but children. Wherefore, it is better to be great "in the sight of the Lord" than to shine in courts.

The Messiah's commendation, however, was not only because of moral fibre, but also by reason of the peculiar dignity of the office which John so worthily filled: "But what went ye out for to see? A prophet? Yea, I say unto you, and much more than a prophet." A prophet he was indeed, and not without honour even in his own country. A prophet is a seer, a man whose eyes can pierce the veil that hangs so dark between us and what is yet to be. A prophet stands before God, and speaks to God. The working of wonders was the only sign of a prophet that was wanting, but there was something better; "John did no miracle, but all things that he spake concerning this Man were true." Speaking concerning "this Man" was his more than prophetic task.

"Much more than a prophet," that is, not a whit behind the chiefest of the prophets; a prophet of prophets, but even more than this. His office was not prophetic merely. He was the personal forerunner of the Messiah; the messenger before His face, to prepare His way before Him. He was the clasp of the Covenants; the loop which couples Old and New Testaments. "The Kingdom of Heaven is at

hand," was his watchword; and, presently, all flesh saw the salvation of God. *He thought and taught imperially*; and while he was yet speaking, the King appeared. To no other prophet was this honour given.

Oh, that was a wondrous time when the morning star, bright harbinger of day, still lingered in the heavens, paling, while the Sun, which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chambers, began to run its race! I once beheld, from mid-ocean, a sight of surpassing charm, when, the day being still quite young, the ascending sun, a crescent moon, and the morning star shone in close proximity to each other in the blue dome that spanned the sea. One marvelled that the moon and star retained so much of their lustre, yet never doubted that the sun would win the day. Ere long, its companions melted into the brightening blue. At this stage of Sacred History, the Mosaic dispensation was as the waning and fading moon, which had been appointed to rule the night. But the true Light had broken forth. The Sun was climbing the sky. And there, beside them both, still brilliant, though its task was nearly over, beamed the morning star, its joy fulfilled, because the Dayspring from on high was visiting the world, "to give light to them that sit in darkness, and in the shadow of death."

Moreover, the Baptist was a successful preacher. This the prophets can hardly be said to have been. The people flocked to hear him, and hung upon him listening. Mr. Mudie-Smith and his skilled enumerators would have found it very difficult to count John's congregation, for they crowded together in a place of worship which was all doors. He was the man of the hour, the outstanding figure of the time. He was the great power of God, so that both Church and State (they were happily separate then,) were compelled to reckon with him. Nor did he merely gather the multitudes around him. He reached their inmost souls. He brought them face to face with sin, and with its inevitable doom. To such good purpose did he bid them repent, that many of the children of Israel were turned to the Lord their God, and the pool hard by his pulpit was stirred by many a baptism. It was in the days of John Baptist that the Kingdom of Heaven began to suffer violence, and the violent took it by force.

How great is the honour of being a preacher; and if the ear of the people has been gained, how great the responsibility! If it is gained and kept by faithful teaching, all is well. The wooing note is wanted, as we have seen; but the warning note must not be silent. Men must be told of their danger, and directed to a place of safety. A while ago, as I steamed towards the entrance of a harbour, the master of the vessel said to me, "Do you see those buoys?" Truth to tell, I was looking at them with some surprise,—they marked so circuitous a course. "They've been shifted by the recent gales," said he; "this one should be there, and that one should be yonder." A little later, I called the captain's attention to a strange-looking craft in the distance. At first, he could not make her out. At last, he said, "Oh, that'll be the harbour tug, with a lighter in tow. She'll be going out to put the buoys right." I fear me, the buoys have drifted not a little in recent storms. Currents of modern thought,

and winds of false doctrine from the German Ocean, have carried them away. See to them, brethren, see to them! See that Repentance and Faith are firmly moored, and plainly inscribed, for these are the bell-buoys that mark the entrance into the fair Havens of Salvation.

We have not forgotten that this high encomium was qualified by an astounding reservation: "Notwithstanding, he that is least in the Kingdom of Heaven is greater than he." We have been dwelling among the mountains, and there is nothing so calculated to make one feel his littleness. Some may even be disposed to despair of ever reaching to John's altitude. Christ's "Notwithstanding" comes to our rescue, and assures us that, if we are not ourselves so high, we have the advantage of springing from the table-land of the New Dispensation. John was the greatest of his order, but ours is nobler and better. The least of the greatest is greater than the greatest of the least. A dwarf on the hill-top stands higher than a giant in the vale. The darkest day, generally speaking, is brighter than the lightest night. The faintest sunbeam must be golden, the brightest moon-ray can be but silvery. The humblest Christian enjoys a higher dispensation, and greater privileges, than the last and noblest of the prophets. *These* are the good old days; and *we*, on whom the ends of the earth have come, are the most favoured of men. Jesus has been "here among men." His bright example is our pole star. His "wonderful words of life" have been recorded for our profit. The sweet harmonies of the Sermon on the Mount echo from the hillside still. The earth has been enriched with His sympathetic tears, and with His sacrificial blood. He has borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows. He has ennobled toil, and uplifted womanhood. His sacred sorrow sighs in the wind like a long lament. His holy joy lingers in the sky like a roseate after-glow. He has consecrated for ever the birds of the air, and sanctified the flowers of the field. He has kept the law, and made it honourable. He has reared His cross on Calvary, and slept in the garden grave. He has made an end of sin, and brought in everlasting righteousness. He has spurred the acclivity of Olivet, and soared into the light, with nail-pierced hands outspread in benediction.

"But warm, sweet, tender, even yet,
A present help is He;
And faith has yet its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

"The healing of His seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch Him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again."

The Spirit, too, has been outpoured. To what a vantage-ground this lifts the least of us! John knew not Pēntecost, albeit he was no stranger to the Spirit's power. The Comforter has come, and carries still.

"Our bodies are His shrine,
And He the indwelling Lord."

He is here to convince the world of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment. He speaks through every fire-touched lip; by Him, Jesus knocks at the door of each man's heart. What is He not willing to do for His people if they do not quench or grieve Him? To dwell in the dispensation of the Spirit, is to live in a tropic clime of which He is the Sun,—“the life of everything that spreads.” I have known four summers in succession, but a winter had to be experienced at last, and what a cold one it was! It is one long summer where the Spirit rules, nor need it have an end, for it is written, “He shall be with you for ever.”

Our knowledge, consequently, should be greater than John's. We do not yet see face to face, but the glass the Baptist looked through was less transparent than is ours. Our opportunities for service are wider, and more full of hope than his were. The great commission is now in force. We are to go “into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature.”

Certainly, ours is a more glorious message. It has been suggested that John was “almost a Gospel preacher.” I am inclined to believe that the words in John iii., which some suppose to be the comment of the Evangelist, are rather the statement of the Baptist: “He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him.” Are not these the true Gospel bells? How they ring, how they ring! Yes, yes, he was “almost a Gospel preacher.” In comparison with some of the pulpiteers of to-day, he was *quite* a Gospel preacher. Some of these can preach on so good a Gospel text as, “These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb,” and never so much as mention the sacrifice of Calvary; and we hear, from the high places of the ministry, such strange teaching as that the notion that the form and details of the crucifixion were fore-ordained, is a popular fallacy; that Jesus endured no equivalent for the appropriate penalty of wrong-doing; and that total depravity is “a terrible Reformation doctrine.”

John, as soon as he saw Jesus, proclaimed Him to be the Lamb of God,—and John knew what the Lamb meant, for was he not the son of “a certain priest named Zacharias, of the course of Abia”? John's message was a grand one; but we, yes, we poor Baptist ministers of The Pastors' College Conference, and those who are least among us, too; ay, and the least in our smallest flock, have a greater and loftier theme than his. Christ coming, Christ commencing His saving work, was his subject; but as for us, we tell that Christ has “done it, done it all, long long ago.” “We preach Christ crucified.” We tell of “Jesus and the resurrection.” We declare that “once, in the end of the world, hath Christ appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself.” He who goes before the King, great as his honour is, cannot be compared with those who follow in His train. It is better to be an ambassador of the cross than to be the forerunner of the Christ. To prepare His way, is glorious; to proclaim Him as the Way to God, is infinitely more so. Our Gospel is complete, for redemption's work is fully done. John, as it were, cried out, “Now

is the great work of saving men inaugurated." It is ours to insist that that work needs neither adornment nor supplement. "It is begun," said John. "It is finished," say his successors. Hart's quaint couplet rings in my heart as often as I repeat my dear Substitute's triumphant cry,—

" 'It is finished,' said the Lord,
In His dying minute;
Holy Ghost, repeat the word,
Full salvation's in it."

We have a better baptism. It was well to baptize multitudes of men and women, "confessing their sins." It is better to immerse converts upon profession of faith. Those who knew only the baptism of John, needed to follow on to know the Lord. Our baptism, when we ourselves submitted to the rite, and every time we administer it, means infinitely more than John's. It means burial and resurrection with Christ; it involves open acknowledgment of life-long allegiance to a once-crucified, but now risen and exalted Saviour. It is to us the vestibule of the Church, and the season of the sealing of the Spirit. John baptized Jesus, but Jesus baptizes us. Both John and Jordan received their crown when the dear Son of God stepped into the rippling backwater of the rushing river. Many a wonder had Jordan seen,—the ark in the midst of the river-bed, the swimming axe-head, and the cleansing of the Syrian leper; but herein lay its greatest honour, that Jesus found baptism in its stream, and that its troubled surface, as He rose, bore the broken reflection of the excellent glory, and of the dove-like Spirit. Well might John shrink from the awful privilege of immersing Jesus. "I have need to be baptized of Thee, and comest Thou to me?" Oh, how great our honour is, in that by this same Christ we have been baptized with the Holy Ghost and with fire!

We were cantering home from a service in the Tasmanian bush,—the preacher and a company of friends. The night was clear and cool. The shadows of men and horses danced jet black in front of us, for the most silvery of moons shone brightly behind us. Anon the light grew pale; and glancing back, we found the Queen of night sailing through fleecy clouds. Sometimes our shadows disappeared entirely for a while, for a thicker cloud than usual had veiled the silver lamp. Looking forward over the valley we approached, a vision met our wondering eyes the like of which I had not seen before, and have only dreamed of since. The cloud that lately shaded us had travelled on, and was now pouring its treasures on the hillside, to replenish the stream that twinkled through the vale; and as its rain-drops fell to earth, the moon, pale image of the orb of day, shone silvery on the prisms, and painted on the cloud a fair, faint rainbow. Its radiance was of the mild, soft kind, with a beauty all its own, but pale and undecided. Its hues were scarcely distinguishable. The arch was true, but frail. No one could imagine that a pot of gold might be discovered at its foot. There was not enough of glow and glory in it for that. Yet this was the best the moon could do. On how many of these spring days, before the sun has attained its summer strength, a jewelled bridge appears upon the morning cloud, so instinct with

light and colour, that, though the wonder has been seen a hundred times, it still entrances us! How often, when his course is nearly run, and strength is waning, he paints upon the bosom of the evening vapour the promise of a finer day, and paints it clear and bright! A solar rainbow, at its worst, outshines a lunar rainbow at its best. The one is a child of the day, the other of the night. On us, beloved, the true Light hath shined, and is shining. We are in the Kingdom of God. We are the children of light. Let us walk as children of light. Our rainbows must be vivid, and conspicuous, for the showers of this dispensation have the largest of drops, and the Sun in His strength shines brightly through them.

I must speak a word of encouragement ere I close,—a cheery note from the horn as the coach pulls up. The weary and the faint are with us always, and, maybe, our message thus far has tended only to depress them. The Greathearts of the Bible are grand examples; but, for us to be as they were, seems out of the question. Perchance, some have been saying within themselves, "We are not built that way. We are men of moods, and frames of mind, with a preponderance of nerves. We have domestic trials of which none know, and burdens none can share. We have had sorrow upon sorrow, and it has happened to us according to the proverb that 'trials come on horseback, but go away on foot.' As to the difficulties of our spheres, they multiply, and still increase. Our years are multiplying, too, and what shall we do in the end thereof? Moreover, the religious outlook is far from glad. Iniquity abounds, the love of many waxes cold, and false doctrine holds the ear and lulls the conscience of the people. We feel perplexed, and dismayed. Our faith has not, thank God, relaxed its hold, but we sometimes fear that it may. We find ourselves asking many a question. 'Why are we thus? Has God forgotten to be gracious? Are the days of revival postponed indefinitely. Are false teachers, in press and pulpit, to spread their soul-destroying errors without let or hindrance? Is not the fan still in the Master's hand? Why, then, does He not thoroughly purge His floor?'"

There is a message of hope, from John's experience, for these. He, too, was "an ambassador in bonds," and while in prison, he sent two of his disciples to Jesus, saying, "Art Thou He that should come, or look we for another?" We need not stay to decide what stone he stumbled over. Even if it be allowed that he enquired not for his own, but for his disciples' sake, we may conclude that he himself was sad, for there is no greater cause of heart-ache to a minister than the discovery that certain of his well-trained and much-prayed-for flock are yielding to unbelief. It may be that the disquiet was in every heart. They had caught it, perhaps, one from the other, for doubts are horribly infectious. You remember Mr. Haslam's story of the bed-ridden couple. "Ah, sir," said the old man, "I'm sore troubled wi' doubts and fears. They comes over me like dark clouds,—they do. I has 'em dreadful bad; don't I, Mary?" turning to his wife. "Yes, John," the old lady replied, "you do, indeed; and you gives 'em to me, too." Just so, just so;—and they were catching in the Baptist's time, and imprisonment does not help to kill the microbe.

There come times, to most, when that, which once inspirited, fails to cheer. Even the starlings, I am given to understand, do not say, "Keep it up!" this spring; "they only talk Japanese." (But perhaps they are saying the Japanese for "Keep it up!") Ah! but things may come to such a pass with us that, as the old glee has it, "The gay lark's celestial chime shall tell the soul to grieve." What then? Ah, then we must "look away to Jesus," and draw our inspiration from the upper springs!

And how did Jesus hearten John? By assuring him that, in God's own way,—a quiet, unobstrusive, humble way,—the work was going on: "Go your way, and tell John what things ye have seen and heard; the blind receive their sight, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, the poor have good tidings preached to them. And blessed is he, whosoever shall find none occasion of stumbling in Me." This is His answer to *our* enquiries and misgivings. The work proceeds at God's own pace. It is not for us to murmur that "the mills of God grind slowly." And then He bids us see some saving work of His, just newly done, or brings to mind some showing forth of His glory in the former times. Thank God for these happy memories. I often think of Wordsworth's experience with the daffodils. He wandered lonely by the lake-side, and saw "a host of golden daffodils," fluttering and dancing in the breeze. He sings, —

"I gazed,—and gazed,—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought.

"For oft, when on my couch I lie,
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude,
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils."

Let us bear in mind "the years of the right hand of the Most High." Remember, weary worker, the fruitful days. Forget not how you pointed Jesus out, and two of your hearers became His disciples. Till God sees fit to do as He has done, we will let the glad scenes we saw long since, and lost awhile, flash upon "the inward eye." Daffodils never danced more gaily than did the happy hearts of those we won for Christ, and we ourselves "could not but be gay, in such a jocund company." I sometimes take a glance at a precious note-book containing a list of those who professed decision for Jesus during my evangelistic tours. I read the names, and, in many instances, recall the cases,—

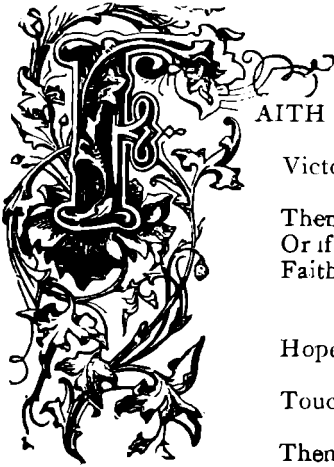
"And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils."

Perhaps, dear brother, your sun is westering. It cannot always be high noon. But it will not set in blood, as brave John Baptist's did. There will be some clouds, perhaps; and clouds cast shadows. There will be some storms, perchance; and storms bring fears. Yet, for you, as for John, and for all the faithful, that sweet promise stands, "It shall come to pass that at evening time it shall be light." So, with

chastened hearts and trustful, we await God's will, and lift our closing prayer,—

"Bring to mind my past experience,
That shall take my fears away;
For Thy goodness and Thy mercy
Shall be mine till close of day
Through the tears, the clouds, the tempest,
Shine on me, O Crucified!
There's a promise in God's rainbow,—
Light shall be at eventide.

"Lead me onward to the future,
Where I fear one step to move;
Still the love of God will keep me,—
Love beyond a mother's love:
Calvary has said sufficient,—
Hear them sing on yonder side:
Though the Cross stand in the pathway,
Light shall be at eventide."



"Keep it Up!"

FAITH should lead to bold endeavour:
Keep it up!

Victory will crown it ever:

Keep it up!

Then, if lurking foes assail you,
Or if friends prove false, and fail you,
Faith will more than conqueror hail you:
Keep it up!

Hope will lighten every duty:

Keep it up!

Touch the darkest cloud with beauty:

Keep it up!

Then, if disappointment checks you,
Work and worry oft perplex you,
Hope will soothe the griefs that vex you:
Keep it up!

Love will sweeten every sorrow:

Keep it up!

Smile to welcome each to-morrow:

Keep it up!

Then, till Jesus comes or calls you,
Though the gloom of death appals you,
Love will sing whate'er befalls you:
Keep it up!

V. J. CHARLESWORTH

“ Our Own Men ” and their Work.

CXXI.—PASTOR GEORGE MENZIES, ARBROATH.



OUR OWN MAN" for this month is one who has spent the bulk of his life in two regions that have been made classic by the genius of Sir Walter Scott. Born in Perth, he has been familiar, from his early days, with the ground that has been invested with such a charm by the story of "The Fair Maid." Like Ian Maclaren's "Young Barbarians", he has played all sorts of games on the North Inch, that broad meadow, skirting the banks of the Tay, where the Clan Chattan and the Clan Quhele struggled for the mastery, and hewed at each other with their two-handed swords till hardly a man was left alive, where Hal o' the Wynd "fought for his own hand," eager to draw the blood of his rival lover, the coward chief of the Clan Quhele, who only escaped by swimming across the Tay. Arbroath; where Mr. Menzies has spent the ten years of his ministry, is the "Fairport" of "The Antiquary." A few miles round the coast is Auchmithie, the Mussel Crag of the romance, where the pathetic funeral of Steenie Mucklebackit took place, and all round are spots identified with the doings and sayings of Sir Arthur Wardour, Jonathan

Oldbuck, Edie, Ochiltree, and other characters whom Scott has sketched with such a graphic pencil.

It was late in the sixties when George Menzies opened his eyes on the "Fair City." It has grown considerably since then, but has not greatly changed in appearance. The broad Inches are as green as ever. The full-bosomed Tay flows past with the same majestic sweep, and occasionally swamps the Inches as of old. From the massive bridges which pass over to the beautifully wooded hill of Kinnoull, one can sometimes descry big salmon disporting themselves in the clear waters. The hub of the life of Perth is its railway station, which has been called "the Charing Cross of the Highlands,"—a busy spot any day, but specially in the neighbourhood of "the twelfth", when crowds of sportsmen, in their picturesque garb, are hurrying North to the moors. Dyeing is the great industry of Perth, and it is interesting to know that the heads of the chief dyeing firms are Baptists.

Mr. Menzies traces what he might call his intellectual awakening to the learning of Pitman's Shorthand, and the reading of "Paradise Lost." This introduction to Milton's masterpiece was the beginning of several years' enthusiasm over the poets. At various periods of his boyhood, he was the subject of distinct religious impressions; but it was in his seventeenth year, when his pastor, Rev. Clarence Chambers, talked to him, one Sunday, at the close of his Bible-class, that he definitely decided for Christ. About six months later, he was baptized in the modest chapel in South Street which was then the home of the Baptist Church.

For some years, George assisted his father, who was in business as a tailor and clothier. His spare time he devoted freely to Christian work of various kinds,—Sabbath-school work in connection with the church, open-air and evangelistic work in connection with the Y.M.C.A., of which he was Secretary for some years. His introduction to open-air speaking came about in a tragically interesting way. Along with a companion, he was in the habit of going around among the neighbouring villages, on Saturday afternoons, distributing tracts. On this particular Saturday, a third young man volunteered to accompany them. Having planned a circuit of about ten miles, they were returning home, and as they came in sight of the river Earn, they were tempted to have a bath. All three plunged in, but George and the new friend, being poor swimmers, got caught by a strong current, and swept down into a big hole just above the old Bridge of Earn. The other, who had got safely to the further side, was horrified, on looking round, to see no trace of his companions, but two bubbling places on the surface of the water. Swiftly taking in the situation, and thinking it just a bare possibility that he might save both, he made first for the one further down the stream. That one was George, and he was got out just in time. The other lad's body was not recovered till some hours afterwards. The mother of the boy who was drowned, on considering the story, said of George, "Perhaps his Master has something for him to do yet;" which, surely, has been abundantly verified. George's own conclusion was that he ought to take the place of this lad at the open-air meeting he had been

accustomed to attend. This he did, with fear and trembling enough, but also under a conviction that it was the path of duty. At his very first attendance, he was called on to read out a hymn; and easy as the task may seem, it was in a semi-conscious state that he struggled through it. From this simple beginning, he passed on to a more important part of the work, and he can now see that it was God's method of calling him to be a preacher of the Gospel. It is interesting to note, here; that the first one who attributed his conversion to Mr. Menzies, in pursuit of his testimony while residing in Perth, is now the Rev. A. Stewart, who is working on the Orange River, in Gordonia Country, Cape Colony.

In the hope of proceeding to the foreign field, Mr. Menzies applied to Mr. Spurgeon to be received into the Pastors' College, and received the following characteristic reply:—"Dear Sir,—I should have wished to see you before accepting you; but as the distance is long, I must run the risk. You can come in August to the College. If we then think you will not do, you know we shall be bound to dismiss you; but I have no fear as to *that*. May the Lord come with you!"

After three years in College, not finding an opening with the Missionary Society, and being invited simultaneously to undertake the pastorates of Leslie and Arbroath, he chose to go to the latter place, believing that to be the one where the Lord would have him settle.

Arbroath forms a fairly attractive sphere for a Baptist minister. There are difficulties in every sphere, and Baptist principles cannot be said to be popular in Scotland; but, here, there is a good population of hard-working people engaged in a variety of industries, and with a reputation for hard thinking as well as hard work. It is a pleasant town to live in, with its pebbly shore and breezy cliffs washed by the waters of the German Ocean. It is a town of hoary ecclesiastical tradition. Its abbey, massive and impressive even as a ruin, was built by William the Lion, and was served by a long succession of mitred abbots, the last of the line being the notorious Cardinal Beaton. Politically, Arbroath is staunchly Liberal, being one of the burghs that are proud to be represented in Parliament by "honest John Morley."

Mr. Menzies' ten years in Arbroath have been full of faithful and earnest labour in the Gospel. The Doctrines of Grace find in him a clear and cogent exponent, his hold of Evangelical truth having become all the firmer as the result of careful examination. And not only has he remained faithful to the theology taught in College, but he has maintained the habits of College life, being as much a student as ever. He works constantly at both the Old and New Testaments in the original tongues. A year or two ago, we found him purchasing a Hebrew New Testament because he had read the whole of the Old. He has also dipped a little into kindred Semitic tongues. His strenuously studious habits, without giving a pedantic tone to his preaching, insure fulness and freshness of matter. His sermons are strong, not only with the strength of firm conviction, but also with the force of clear and vigorous thought.

In the Arbroath church, you find most of the usual agencies busily at work,—Bible-class, Sunday-school, Endeavour Society, open-air

preaching, etc., and Mr. Menzies is in them all. Not afraid of the bracing breezes of the German Ocean, he stands up boldly in the streets, and makes them ring with the clear notes of the Gospel.

Not content with the constituency which can be reached with the living voice, he has made some little essay in the field of authorship. A year or two ago, he published, in a neat three-and-sixpenny volume, a series of "Pictorial Sermons in Industries." Under such headings as "The Permanent Way," "Gospel Foot-gear," "The True Impression," "Toiling and Spinning," etc., he described the leading industries of the neighbourhood, and drew spiritual lessons from them. The book is illustrated by a large number of specially taken photographs exhibiting various manufacturing processes, etc. Month by month, also, Mr. Menzies contributes a "Children's Page" to "The Scottish Baptist Magazine." This page used to be supplied by the late Rev. F. H. Robarts, who had a charming gift of speaking to children. It was no easy task to follow him; but, certainly, the papers by Mr. Menzies are of high quality, and must be interesting to children. In a penny pamphlet on "The Christian Ordinances," published by Mr. Stockwell, he states very clearly our position both on Baptism and the Lord's Supper.

Surely all "our own men" will pray that Mr. Menzies may have abundant success in proclaiming, by tongue or by pen, "the unsearchable riches of Christ."

T. W. LISTER.

"Even so, Come, Lord Jesus."

COME to my heart, as when the clean, warm springtime
Spreads her green opulence on wood and dell,
And all the grey, cold aspects of the winter
Yield to the joy the newborn glories tell.

Come to my heart, as when the radiant morning
Softly ascends above the heights of night,
Claiming the continents of land and ocean;
And everywhere abounds the healing light.

Come to my heart, as when—the day's march over,—
The angel of the eve the gate unbars,
And, trooping down the deep, delicious darkness,
Come sacramental hosts of gleaming stars.

Come to my heart, and, oh! let all its longings
Find tower and temple in Thy winsome will;
Come and reveal the Homeland of Thy presence,
Thy truth and tenderness my being fill.

F. A. JACKSON.

The Invincibility of the Bible.

NOTES OF A SERMON, PREACHED IN THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE,
ON LORD'S-DAY MORNING, MARCH 6TH, 1904,
BY DINSDALE T. YOUNG.

"The Scripture cannot be broken."—John x. 35.

A TREMENDOUS ASSERTION! And when you remember who was the Asserter, the assertion accumulates tremendousness. It was the incarnate and infallible God who made this stupendous avowal.

To what "Scripture" does our Lord allude? There are those who say that His reference is only to the particular passage He had just quoted. But that is a very inadequate exposition. He is really referring to the whole Bible. He, the Prophet of prophets, has the whole Canon of Scripture before Him as He speaks. He reviews our Bible as we have it to-day; and He endorses it all. He puts His sovereign *inprimatur* upon the whole Book. He writes His autograph upon it. He throws His Divine *ægis* over the Divine Volume.

Really the words are a parenthesis, as the Revised Version shows. Now, what is a parenthesis? A truth which is, however true in itself, not necessary to the validity of the particular argument. The Lord Christ is conducting a specific argument; and, in the midst of it, He halts, and utters this glorious generality, "The Scripture cannot be broken."

Some of the loveliest and profoundest of Scripture oracles are parentheses. The parenthetic words of the Bible amply repay study. This is one of the very richest of them. It is an episodic message, yet an eternal message. It is a beautiful and fragrant flower which the Divine Traveller drops as He passes along His path.

What a "cannot" is this! "The Scripture *cannot* be broken." Have you ever pondered the "cannots" of the Bible? They are deeply suggestive. These grand and solemn impossibilities of Scripture are a fruitful study. Nor is there a more inexorable "cannot" in the Book than this. Had the Lord said, "The Scripture *must* not be broken," it would have been an admonition to lay to heart. Had He said, "The Scripture *shall* not be broken," it would have been a fountain of reassurance regarding the Holy Book. But He declares, "The Scripture *cannot* be broken." It is a matter of impossibility. No weapon that is formed against this Book can ever prosper.

"Broken" is a significant word. The vocabulary of Jesus is a rich study. What a contribution He has made to human speech and human literature! This seems to have been a favourite word of our Lord's in reference to Scripture. In another place (John vii. 23), He spoke of the law of Moses being "broken." The literal word occurs many times in the New Testament, now in a literal, and now, as here, in a symbolical sense. It has had varied English renderings, such as "destroyed" and "loosened." Good old Adam Clarke rendered it "dissolved." He conceived of the Lord as saying, "The Scripture cannot be dissolved." The Bible is a grand solid integrity,—a close-

fibred substance. All manner of corrosive and destructive acids shall be brought to bear upon it; but it shall resist them all. No potency can disintegrate this rock.

When I turn to Godet,—that seer-like student of this Gospel,—I find this note upon my text:—"The expression shows the unbounded confidence with which the Word of Scripture inspired Jesus." Yes; the Old Testament inspired unbounded confidence in Jesus! My text strikingly illustrates that unbounded confidence. His words may be paraphrased thus:—"The Scripture cannot lose its binding power." Or thus:—"The Scripture cannot be set aside as wrong." Or thus:—"The Scripture cannot be taken exception to." Verily, He had unbounded confidence in the Bible.

Is there not a remarkable contrast between the "unbounded confidence" of Jesus and the "bated breath and whispering humbleness" with which some of His followers speak of the Bible? It really appears to inspire anything but "unbounded confidence" in many religious teachers to-day. Whence arises this *hiatus* between our Lord's attitude to the Bible and that of certain modern Christians? Oh, that we could recover our Lord's "unbounded confidence" in the blessed Book! He declares it to be invincible. He describes it as an infallible guide. He avows that it will outlast all its critics, and march in the vanguard of all civilization and all intellectualism. We are bound to be optimistic about the Bible, if we receive His word, "The Scripture cannot be broken."

I. LET US EXAMINE OUR LORD'S CLAIM FOR THE BIBLE.

What an area that claim covers! How vast is Christ's endorsement of Scripture!

(1) He claims that the Bible is invincible *in every part*. It appears to me that the Lord's verdict involves no less than that. He is speaking of the Bible as a whole. Note that He calls it "The Scripture." That was His favourite designation of the Bible. He best loved to speak of it by that name. It became also Paul's favourite name for the Book. Christ uses the term of unity and inclusiveness. He includes every Book of the Bible in His designation. And it is when thus speaking of the Book in its completeness that He declares, "The Scripture cannot be broken." It is invincible every whit. There is no weak link in the chain. It is Divine and during in every part. *All* is of permanent power and grace. A tremendous claim indeed! And many dissent from so inclusive a pronouncement. They say that certain parts of the Bible *can* be broken. They will have it that there are tracts of Scripture which can be set aside as wrong, emphatically taken exception to. But I call your attention to the fact that Christ made no exception. If He did not, and there *are* exceptions, then He seriously misled us. I believe He made no exceptions because there are none to be made.

But what of the Book of Esther? Cannot *it* be broken? Some say that it has no right to be included in our Bible. They assure us that the name of God does not occur in those pages. Now, is that not a somewhat puerile criticism? Is it not a piece of literary Ritualism? The great question is not, whether the name be in the Book, but whether the spirit and the teaching of God are in the

Book. The Christian consciousness, and not scholarship, is the final arbiter in these matters; but the multitudinous Christian consciousness declares that the Book of Esther is a noble treatise on Providence in public affairs. Were such a Book absent from the Scripture, by so much the Holy Book would be incomplete. Christ made no exception of the Book of Esther, and His believing people declare that He was right.

What of the Book of Ecclesiastes? Many say that *it* can be broken. Again I reply that Christ did not except it. What is the quarrel with it? It is alleged to be cynical. Are there no cynical moods in human life? And would the Bible truly reveal God if it were not an accurate moral history of man? It is charged with being undiluted pessimism. I demur to the charge. It is pessimistic in its view of everything apart from God, and experience of modern life confirms such pessimism. Fundamentally and finally, it is an optimistic Book. "Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God, and keep His commandments." That is true optimism, not pessimism. In the life of to-day, we have great need of such a Book as Ecclesiastes. Christ did not except it, and Christian consciousness says He was all wise in refusing to except it.

But what of the Song of Solomon? The Lord included it; yet many say that it is an erotic song, and nothing more. I believe it to be greatly more. It is, as Mr. Spurgeon described it after one of the early Fathers, "The Most Holy Place." It is no Book for spiritual tyros. It is a mystical allegory: a rich parable of the relations between the loving God and His lovers. No place of Scripture expresses the rapture of Christian experience as does that Eastern love-drama. It is spiritually valid for aye. Christ made no exception of it, and His devoutest followers have abundantly endorsed His attitude.

So with every Book of Scripture, however assailed. "The Scripture (in its entirety) cannot be broken." In every part it abides the test. The Bible is invincible in every part.

But (2) our Lord's claim involves yet more. He implicitly asserts that the Bible is invincible *in every point*. The setting of the text is full of significance. They had charged the Saviour with blasphemy; and it is part of His answer to this indictment to quote Psalm lxxxii. 6: "I have said, Ye are gods." He argues that, as the title god was applied to those ancient Hebrew magistrates, it cannot be assumption on His part to say, "I am the Son of God." It is in connection with a quotation of an obscure sentence of an obscure Psalm that our Lord declares, "The Scripture cannot be broken." Even in its remoter parts, even in its nooks and crannies, the Bible is irrefragable. Not the most obscure portion of this Book Divine can be invalidated. And this is Christ's invariable attitude towards Scripture. He pronounced that whoso should break "one of these least commandments" should be "called least in the Kingdom of Heaven." He said, "It is easier for Heaven and earth to pass away than for one tittle of the law to fail." A "tittle" is the tip or horn of a letter; how could the great Teacher have indicated more vividly the invincibility of the minutest points of Scripture? *All* its moral and spiritual teachings are true for ever-

more. Thus our Lord associates Himself unreservedly with the absolute invincibility of the Bible in all its parts, and in all its points.

II. ON WHAT GROUND DOES THIS CLAIM REST?

The answer of the Christian expositor is, that *it is a Divine Book*. As such, Christ is ever treating it. To Him, it never stood for less than absolutely the Word of God. I said that "The Scripture" was Christ's favourite name for the Bible. Is not that name an implied tribute to the Divinity of the Book? "*The Scripture*"—*The writing!* Is there no other writing? We preserve that Divine implication in the name "The Bible", which means, "*The Book*." Is there no other book? The title of the Book tacitly claims the Divinity of the Book. Daniel spoke of "*The Scripture of truth*." Paul spoke of "*The Holy Scripture*." But the great unqualified phrase "*The Scripture*" seems to me to signify most.

How do we arrive at belief in the Divinity of the Bible? Bengel calls my text "a most firmly-established axiom." That great scholar thus claims that the assertion is self-evidently true; so true that no amount of argument could make it more assuredly true. That is a strong position to assume. But it is a warranted position for a Christian. The invincibility of Scripture is axiomatic to a Christian believer. How so? Because he discerns the Divinity of the Book by a spiritual vision. Not intellectually, but spiritually, is the Divineness of the Bible seen. A trustful heart is the great medium of vision. We must hold to this doctrine. The Bible itself claims that it is spiritually discerned. The disciple-heart sees what the brilliant intellect cannot descry. Let a man thus read his Bible, and it will be to him "a most firmly-established axiom" that the Bible is invincible because, to him, the Bible is entirely Divine.

If the Bible's Divinity be an axiom to the believer, is it yet provable to the non-believer? I believe that such is the case, paradox though it may sound. Can you prove the inspiration of Scripture? Yes, by moral demonstration, but not by mathematical demonstration. Take one or two lines of evidence from among many. Thank God there never was such an armoury of weapons for the literary defence of the Bible as to-day.

If you have a sceptical friend, tell him that the Bible is many, and yet one. It is the miracle of literature. Here you have sixty-six Books, by some forty different authors. Most of them did not know one another; indeed, most of them lived far from each other alike in respect of time and place. You would not expect unity in a Book with so varied an authorship; yet you have it. There is no contradiction between them, no difference on any vital point. As an old writer put it, "They wrote without collusion and without collision." There is development in the Book, but no opposition of teaching. How is this accounted for? It is phenomenal,—such variety, and yet such unity. Surely, the only reasonable explanation is in the words of Henry Rogers, "there was an Author behind the authors."

Not only does the composition of the Bible argue its Divinity, but *its very existence to-day* is a proof. Is it not wonderful that, through all these ages, the Book has been preserved? All manner of foes have come out against it, yet it lives! Dr. W. B. Pope made "the per-

petuation" of Scripture part of his definition of its inspiration. Assuredly, the vitality of the Book is no small evidence of its supernatural character. It is invested with the immortality of its great Author.

The universal adaptability of the Bible again evidences its celestial origin. Wherever it goes, it meets man's deepest needs. It regenerates. It transfigures. It ennobles. Where the Bible reigns, homes are made heavens, and States are established in righteousness and peace. Nowhere is this Holy Book out of place. Its universality is a sure sign of its Divinity. Of such a Book it must be true that "The Scripture cannot be broken."

The fact that *the Lord Jesus Christ authenticated the Bible* is, to the believer, proof positive that it is invincible. Whatever He says must be true. There is no court of appeal from His decisions. Nothing is more impressive than Christ's constant authentication of the Bible. Bishop Ellicott has pointed out that He cites or refers to the Old Testament probably more than four hundred times. What need have we of further witness? To us, Christ is God; and whatever He says concerning the Bible is, to us, an end of all controversy. To overthrow the Bible, Christ must first be discredited. The logical outcome of all anti-supernaturalistic criticism of Scripture is Unitarianism. If the Bible be not what Christ declared it to be, then His Divinity has vanished; but that can never be. And we hold it true for evermore, because He avowed it, "The Scripture cannot be broken."

This being so, let us use our Bible as *a weapon of defence*. Meet all attacks on the faith with this true Damascus blade. Meet your own sins and the sins of the age with Scripture truth. No other weapon can lay the foe. Say of this goodly "sword of the Spirit" as David did of Goliath's sword, "Give me that, for there is none like it."

Use your Bible as *a fountain of consolation*. Amid all the trials and sorrows of life, drink comfort from this inviolable well. Paul speaks of the "comfort of the Scriptures." There is no comfort so deep and sweet. "This is the Book one always comes back to," said Henry Drummond in his last illness. Oh, come back to it continually amid the pains of life and death!

Believe and preach this invincible Bible *as a Gospel*. Here is the way of salvation, and here alone. Here is God's good news of a Saviour, who can and will deliver from the wrath to come, and clothe the soul with graces.

Realize this invincible Bible as making *a demand upon you*. Read it! God's Book is the unread Book. That is the tragedy of present-day life. We need nothing so much to-day as a revival of Bible reading. It would cure all our ills,—political, social, moral, and religious. Read, not only books about the Bible, but read the Book itself. God has written a Book, then better neglect all other books than ignore it. Practise this wondrous Book. Turn it into deeds. Be a Bible by reading the Bible. Let your grand life-endeavour be to attain Bible-Christianity. Spread this invincible Book! Probably, four hundred millions of our race have as yet no Bible in any tongue

they can understand. Oh, give to every creature this Book Divine, which is his birthright!

Pray your way into the innermost core and secret of this Holy Book. Cry, "Open Thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy law." Prayer is the King's highway by which we travel into the central glory of the City of Revelation.

Christian Friends of Long Ago.

(Suggested by Pastor F. A. Jackson's touching poem, "Old College Days," in the April number of the "Sword and Trowel.")

IN the distance far behind us,
 Where the morning greets the sun,
 Hangs a clearness to remind us
 That the day is wearing on.
 Wearing on! And, worn and weary,
 We are singing soft and low,
 Thinking of the kindly, cheery
 Christian friends of long ago.
 Christian friends of long ago,
 Lingering yet where love-lights glow;
 Oft we see you in the gloaming,
 Christian friends of long ago!

Oh, the hillsides' heavy climbing!
 Oh, the windings of the way!
 But the twilight bells are chiming,
 Telling of the close of day;
 Bearing thoughts to Him who loves us,
 And we love you better so,—
 Better for the joy He gives us,
 Christian friends of long ago.
 Christian friends of long ago,
 Singing when the sun is low;
 Oh, to hear you in the twilight,
 Christian friends of long ago!

In the distance there before us,
 Where the light grows soft and dim,
 Where the angels sing the chorus
 Of Time's last, sweet evening hymn;
 When we reach the road's last turning,
 When our step grows faint and slow,
 We shall greet, at Life's long dawning,
 Christian friends of long ago.
 Christian friends of long ago,
 Linger long when shadows grow.
 We shall meet them in the morning,
 Christian friends of long ago.

E. A. TYLER.

Chinese Proverbs, with Every-day Lessons.*

BY JOHN A. STOOKE, C.I.M., CHEFOO.

I.—“A HUNDRED PATHS PRESENT A HUNDRED DIFFICULTIES.”

(PAI-PAN TAO LU, PAI-PAN-NAN.)

A MONG the thousands of proverbs and witty sayings of the Chinese, none strike the missionary so much as those which deal with every-day practical truths; and I propose, in a series of short talks, to make some of these interesting, as well as instructive, to the younger portion of my reading audience. Possibly, I may have the added pleasure of winning the attention of the older folk; anyhow, I hope I shall.

* * * *

How very often our young folk find themselves wanting to be anything and everything but what they are, and wishing to be anywhere but where they are! I have just a suspicion that we, older and graver folk, also have this failing at times. If so, how helpful is it to have this Chinese proverb constantly before us:—“A HUNDRED PATHS PRESENT A HUNDRED DIFFICULTIES.”

I feel sure that there are hundreds of youthful readers of the “Sword and Trowel” who are bent upon “getting on.” They do not mean to be left behind in the race. It is their ambition to do, to dare, and to succeed. Grand ideals are ever before them, and it is well that it is so, especially if they sing,—

“Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees,
And looks to God alone;
Laughs at impossibilities,
And cries, ‘It shall be done.’”



OUR good friend, Mr. John A. Stooke, of the China Inland Mission, Chefoo, is kindly supplying us with a series of bright little papers on Chinese proverbs, which will be illustrated by the Chinese characters, and by some striking photographs. Our brother is an Associate of our Conference. We wish him and his work all blessing.—ED

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In this connection, I may remind my readers of how Count Von Zinzendorf, (founder of the Moravian Brotherhood of Hermhut, the pioneers of all Protestant missions,) when only ten years old, founded the "Order of the Grain of Mustard Seed," based on our Lord's own words: "If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, . . . nothing shall be impossible unto you." This text would also make a good motto or watchword for us.

It is sad to know that many a young life is shipwrecked because of the constant desire for change. This often results from forgetting that every path has its difficulties. "What is a difficulty?" asked someone, the other day, of a scholar. The reply was smart, and to the point, "Something to get over, sir!" Yet how often we meet with those who look upon difficulties as things to overcome them, not things for them to overcome! Here, for instance, is a young man, who is getting on fairly well, but he suddenly becomes dissatisfied with his position because things have got into a bit of a tangle. He foolishly imagines that a different road will not present the same obstacles, so he tries a new route; but, before he has travelled that way many days, other difficulties present themselves. He would have been wise if he had taken "John Ploughman's" advice:—

"Make as few changes as you can; trees often transplanted bear little fruit. If you have difficulties in one place, you will have them in another; if you move because it is damp in the valley, you may find it cold on the hill. Where will the ass go that he will not have to work? Where can a cow live, and not get milked? Where will you find land without stones, or meat without bones? Everywhere on earth, men must eat bread in the sweat of their faces. To fly from trouble, men must have eagles' wings. Alteration is not always improvement, as the pigeon said when she got out of the net, and into the pie. There is a proper time for changing, and then mind that you bestir yourself, for a sitting hen gets no barley; but do not be for ever on the shift, for a rolling stone gathers no moss."

To Pay, or Not to Pay?

BY PASTOR G. D. HOOPER, OF BOURNEMOUTH WEST.

THAT is the question for free men to ask, as the rate-collector calls for the rate, levied with the poor-rate, for educational purposes, including the maintenance of Anglican, Roman, and some Wesleyan Schools. Never before, since Education became a public charge, have Free Churchmen been rated to teach the doctrines against which our whole history and our very existence are a perpetual protest. Whether we teach the error, or willingly pay for others to teach it;—whether we force others to deny their convictions that we may make them proselytes, or whether they rate us to proselytize our children (as Sir George Kekewich puts it);—were we to willingly pay, we should turn our backs on all that is faithful and heroic in our Free Church history, and be recreant to the Word of our God. Hence, we decide NOT TO PAY.

Passing by the purely civil and educational aspects of the question, and dealing only with the religious, can we doubt that this is a grave crisis in our history? Admit the right of those who rule, whether autocratic Czar or transient parliamentary majority, to order what we shall believe, or how we shall worship, and the Reformation is undone. The right of private judgment, that corner-stone of Protestantism, is undermined. The Word of God is dethroned for the will of man; and Conscience displaced by Complaisance.

When Nebuchadnezzar gave the command for all to worship the golden image (Dan. iii.), the faithful three, who passively resisted, were in the right, and the king, who sought to rule where God alone should reign, was in the wrong. When Darius ordered none to pray save unto himself (Dan. vi.), the man, who "dared to be a Daniel," passively resisted the decree, and was vindicated by God. When the Jewish rulers forbade Peter and John to speak in the name of Jesus, their appeal was from man to God, "for we cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard" (Acts iv. 20). That reply is still ringing down the ages. When clerics and justices clapped John Bunyan into Bedford jail, for no crime but that of preaching the Gospel, who was right,—the passive resister in his prison, or his persecutors? Within living memory, when parish churches were repaired from rates paid alike by all, whether they worshipped there or not, what freed the land from such a tyranny but the passive resistance in which our Baptist fathers and the faithful "Friends" played such a leading part? And now, to-day, they rate us anew, not to repair their fabrics, nor merely to teach their children, but to teach *ours* the doctrines that we count deadly error. Even if we were not sure that our stand would overthrow this tyranny, our duty would be the same,—not willingly to teach or support error in our public schools.

What manner of men are they who "passively resist"? Men who fear God, and, therefore, fear not the face of man;—men who "reverence their conscience as their king," and cannot do it such despite as to forge and rivet priestly fetters on the children's minds;—men who can neither be coerced by threats nor cajoled by flattery. These are the men who make commonwealths and churches; men who will suffer for truth, and count it joy, but who can never be bent to ill. When Jenny Lind was asked by the Swedish king to sing at a Sunday entertainment at his palace, she refused. The king called to remonstrate with her. "There is a higher King, sire," she replied, "to whom I owe my first allegiance." So, when a priest-cum-Jingo party calls on us to pay for teaching Popery, more or less diluted, we answer, "There is a higher King, to whom we owe our first allegiance!"

By this stand, we witness our loyalty to Christ, to the reality of our Nonconformity, to the cause of civil and religious freedom, and to the speedy emancipation of the rising generation from priestly bondage in the nation's schools.

Facts and Figures for Temperance Workers.*

IT is one of the features of Government monopoly or municipalization that it encourages illicit drinking.

A report, just issued in St. Petersburg, states that there is much drinking in underground dens, and that the law, making drinking in the streets penal, is a failure.

In the early part of the nineteenth century, Sweden was a very intemperate country; but there are now, in rural Sweden, only 251 spirit licences,—that is, 1 to 16,000 people.

“In Britain, the drinking is mainly done by about one-third of the population,”—hence the fearful amount of open drunkenness, since our average of consumption per head is so high.

Early in the last century, Norway was, like Sweden, exceedingly intemperate. In 1845, Local Option laws were passed, and in 1854, further restrictive measures. So freely was the power of the veto used, in the country districts, that, in 1892, there were, in the whole of Norway outside the towns, only 27 licences to sell spirits.

In Michigan, a magistrate, on a sworn complaint that anyone has been intoxicated in a public place, may compel the drunkard to testify as to where he obtained the liquor. Proceedings are then taken against the publican. Exemplary and actual damages may be recovered by a parent or master for the illegal sale of liquor to a minor.

“Debts for malt liquors have not been recoverable, in England, since 1888. The trade is now a ready-money trade, so far as drinking on the premises is concerned. Debts for spirituous liquors, consumed on the premises, have not been recoverable for a century and a half, and the taking of pledges was made illegal at the same time.”—This does not refer to the taking of Temperance pledges!

Canada is the most temperate section of the British Empire. It is also more temperate than any other country either in Europe or North America.

In the Province of Quebec, out of 900 municipalities, 377 either have the Dunkin Act (Local Option) in operation, or grant no licences at all.

In Ontario, if any person is killed by accident, or commits suicide whilst drunk, his representatives may claim damages up to one thousand dollars from the person who supplied the liquor.

In Toronto, where the population is over 180,000, there is one licence to every 1,000 persons, about one-fourth the number that would be found in England in a town of the same size.

* See Review of “Alcohol, its Place and Power in Legislation,” among Notices of Books in this month's Magazine.

In New Brunswick, the Council of any municipality may prohibit all retail licences, or limit their number to any desired extent.

In Nova Scotia, an application for a licence must be accompanied by a certificate signed by two-thirds of the ratepayers of the districts. In Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, no licence has been issued for fifty years.

Salutations.

PASTORS' COLLEGE men, attending the Indian Baptist Missionary Triennial Conference sitting in Calcutta, send heartiest greeting to their brethren of the Pastors' College Conference.

New experiences and interests have not blurred our memory of happy College days, for our Alma Mater still stands prominent in our affectionate remembrance and prayerful sympathy. We are proud of our College, and its past; but it is to the future, and not to the past, that our eyes are turned. There is "a joy set before us," and our faces are towards the dawning of the day. We earnestly hope that, in the days yet to come, foremost among those who reverence God's Word, love Evangelical truth, and exhibit a Christlike catholicity of sympathy for sin-wounded humanity, may be the men of the Pastors' College Conference.

We follow, with intense interest, the struggle of our English brethren with ecclesiastical intolerance on the one hand, and chilly indifferentism on the other. We are not mere spectators; but, in spirit, are participators with them. We, too, have entered on no mean struggle. We are a tiny band of Christian witnesses in a vast land of false faiths and hoary superstitions. We express our hope that we, too, may be cheered by the prayer and sympathy of our common brotherhood.

JAMES G. POTTER.	F. W. JARRY.
GEO. J. DANN.	GEO. W. SHAW.
JOHN STUBBS.	JOHN REID.
W. S. MITCHELL.	PETER NOBLE.

The 40th College Conference.

THE 40th Conference of the Pastors' College—the 17th Conference of the Pastors' College Evangelical Association—was commenced, on Monday afternoon, April 18th, by a prayer-meeting, presided over by the President, (Pastor Thomas Spurgeon,) in the Battersea Park Tabernacle. This was followed by a tea, generously given by the friends there, for which they and their Pastor (Brother Edward Last) were very heartily thanked. At the public meeting in the evening, the President again occupied the chair, and spoke upon the work of the College. Addresses were also given by Pastor W. D. Ross, B.Sc. (Worthing), and by Mr. W. J. Mayers, into whose charge the work at Battersea was committed by C. H. Spurgeon, when the school-chapel was erected.

Simultaneously, a similar meeting was held at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, at which the Deputy-President (Pastor Charles Spurgeon) presided, and addresses were given by Pastors D. Barron (Portsea), and F. H. Smith (Raleigh Park, Brixton).

On Tuesday morning, during the season of praise and prayer, messages from absent brethren were read, and they were sympathetically remembered in prayer, as were also the wives of the President and Deputy-President, both of whom were still suffering.

Then followed the President's Address, which is given in full in the present number of the Magazine. At the succeeding business session, special mention of the timeliness and appropriateness of the message was made by Pastors Frank H. White and Archibald G. Brown, who proposed and seconded the re-election of the President and Deputy-President. They were unanimously and enthusiastically asked to serve the brethren again in the same capacity, and both of them consented to do so.

The deaths of seven members of the Association, and of one associate, were reported; four names were removed from the roll; and fifteen students, who had been six months in College, were admitted to membership in the Association (on condition that they complete their course to the satisfaction of the President and Tutors).

The afternoon was spent, as usual, at the Orphanage, by the kind invitation of the Trustees. After tea, and a display of musical drill by the children, a meeting was held, at which the Deputy-President occupied the chair, and addresses were given by the following brethren from abroad:—Dr. Huntley (from China), and R. L. Jennings and S. O. Kempton (from the Congo). At the same time, evangelistic services were being held for the orphans.

On Wednesday morning, the season spent in devotion was followed by a conference on the important subject of "Individual Dealing with Souls." Papers were read by Pastors T. E. Titmuss (Birmingham), and C. H. Clapp (Horsham), and short addresses were given by other brethren.

B. I. Greenwood, Esq., presided at the annual meeting of subscribers and friends. The President gave a Report of the work of the College, Mr. Mayers sang, Mr. R. H. Miller spoke, and Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll delivered the very notable address which, no doubt, many of our readers have seen in "The British Weekly." At the supper, which followed, contributions amounting to £1,076 were announced. This total was afterwards increased to a little over £1,200.

On Thursday morning, after prayer and praise, a conference on "How to Gain the Ear of the People" was opened by Pastor W. R. Chesterton (Elswick), who was followed by Rev. F. B. Meyer, B.A., and Pastors W. K. Bryce (Nottingham), Thos. Greenwood (Balham), E. Last (Battersea), and A. G. Brown (West Norwood). At the business session, Pastor W. Williams was elected Vice-President for the ensuing year, and the officers were all re-elected.

The public meeting, in the evening, was a magnificent one. The President presided, the Deputy-President summarized the work of the past year, and addresses were delivered by Mr. J. W. Humphreys, (a student in the College,) and Pastors A. Dewdney (from New Zealand), T. Hancocks (Ramsgate), and H. Knee (Peterborough).

On Friday morning, following the devotional session, hearty thanks for hospitality and Conference gifts were accorded, and a resolution relating to the death of Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon was passed. The Vice-President, Pastor D. J. Hiley (Bristol), preached a powerful sermon on our Lord's thrice-repeated question to Peter, "Lovest thou Me?" Then followed the communion, with the touching farewell Psalm sung, as usual, by the whole assembly standing with hands linked.

At the closing dinner, Professor Hackney, the Remembrancer, reported that the contributions and collections of the brethren for the College, during the year, had amounted to £421 10s. 3d.

In Memoriam — Elder Thomas Fuller.



OUR beloved Brother, ELDER THOMAS FULLER, was called home to his rest and reward on Wednesday afternoon, April 20th. For many months, he had been a very great sufferer; and he endured without a murmur, and with sweet resignation, the weakness and pain of his long illness. His dear partner in life and nine children mourn the loss of one of the best of husbands and fathers, but all are comforted by the assurance of glad re-union when the Lord shall come.

Brother Fuller was converted to God under the ministry of the late beloved Pastor, C. H. Spurgeon, and was baptized and joined the Metropolitan Tabernacle Church in November, 1873. He served for many years as a seat-steward in the lower gallery, and proved, by his gentleness and courtesy, that he was admirably adapted for this post. In October, 1896, he was elected by the Church to be an Elder, and well has he served the Church in the Elders' Court. Regular and punctual in his attendance at the Elders' meetings, gentle and eminently Christlike in his disposition, a loving counsellor to young believers, and a sympathetic visitor of the sick, a devoted friend to the Pastor, an ardent lover of the Truth, and a generous supporter of the work, he will be sorely missed by us all. He died in his 68th year. We pray the Lord to comfort and sustain the bereaved wife and family.

"Only 'Good-night,' beloved,—not 'farewell!'
A little while, and all His saints shall dwell
In hallowed union, indivisible,—
Good night!

"Until we meet again before His throne,
Clothed in the spotless robe He gives His own,
Until we know even as we are known,—
Good night! Good night! Good night!"

C. B. S.

Notices of Books.

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

Gambling: An Analysis. By Rev. G. ESTWICK FORD. Religious Tract Society. Price sixpence.

God Manifest in the Flesh. By PERCY W. HEWARD. Arthur H. Stockwell. Fourpence net.

A STRONG indictment of a national curse, tracing it to covetousness.

A PAMPHLET on the four Gospels, devout, but somewhat fragmentary.

The Century Bible: I. and II. Kings. By JOHN SKINNER, D.D. Edinburgh: T. C. and E. C. Jack.

A GREAT deal of learning and industry must have gone to the writing of this volume. The microscopic nature of the analysis is shown by the fact that no less than seventeen authors are suggested for the two Books of Kings; while, in the old days, in our simplicity, we attributed all to one writer. Dr. Skinner's standpoint may be guessed when we find him saying, on 1 Kings iv. 4, "A particularly stupid interpolation absolutely irreconcilable with ii. 35." There is, however, much that is suggestive in his work.

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton have issued (at 6s.) a third edition of *The Cross in Modern Life*, by Rev. J. G. GREENHOUGH, M.A. The continued demand for the work shows that it meets with acceptance in certain quarters; but we still feel, as we did at the first, that the preacher's optimism is not warranted by the Word of God.

Alcohol: its Place and Power in Legislation. By ROBINSON SOUTTAR, M.A., D.C.L. Hodder and Stoughton. (3s. 6d.)

THIS is a most admirable and clearly-written review of the whole question, which needs more than ever to be kept to the front. It contains a vast amount of valuable information, and is just the book to put into the hands of J.P.s, Town Councillors, and Members of Parliament who are on the wrong side on this question, or whose movements are uncertain or unsteady. Our Facts and Figures for Temperance Workers, this month, are culled from its pages.

"*Old, Yet Ever New.*" By J. OSSIAN DAVIES. Second Edition. Of the Author, "Woodville," Shortlands, Kent. (3s. 6d.)

A TRUE title, for the substance of these five sermons is as old as the Bible, but the treatment is as new and dewy as the primroses in a spring copse. It has been a soul-

refreshing exercise to read them, and one feels eager to preach straight away after revelling in their inspiring influence.

If this was the kind of sermon that Bournemouth and Paddington enjoyed, we can understand the popular power and Divine blessing that attended Mr. Davies' ministry, and keenly regret his present enforced silence. Every sentence is suggestive; and ministers, in particular, will find these discourses of great value in hinting at all manner of topics for pulpit treatment. Instead of merely a second edition, we shall hope soon to see a tenth, and shall then want another series of the same quality. We cannot understand why a London publisher has not seized on this volume as his production.

Rousseau, and Naturalism in Life and Thought. By W. H. HUDSON. *Descartes, Spinoza, and the New Philosophy.* By J. IVERACH, M.A., D.D. T. and T. Clark. (3s. each.)

TWO new volumes in The World's Epoch-makers Series, and each in its own way of distinctive value. The story of Rousseau, and his remarkable life and writings, is told with much wisdom and delicate reserve; so that no fear need be felt as to its being read by the young student. The volume on Descartes and Spinoza is by a master-hand at his theme, and will well repay most careful reading. We regard both as well maintaining the generally high average of this capital series.

Life and Times of Girolamo Savonarola. By Professor PASQUALE VILLARI. T. Fisher Unwin. (2s. 6d. net.)

AN amazingly cheap book,—792 clearly-printed octavo pages, with 28 admirable illustrations. There can be no excuse for any student of history remaining ignorant concerning the great Florentine monk, preacher, reformer, and martyr, now that this standard life of him can be obtained for half-a-crown:

Young Sir Harry Vane. By JANE E. STRICKLAND. A. H. Stockwell. (1s. net.)

A BOOKLET of 87 pages, reproducing the salient features of the 600 pages of Professor James R. Hosmer's life of this seventeenth century Nonconformist. It is the second in the series of British Free Church Heroes, and should be read and studied by all Free Churchmen, and by all who wish to know what Nonconformists in the past had to suffer in order to procure for us the civil and religious liberty of which others are seeking to deprive us. We are just a little sorry that the exaltation of Vane to his proper position among the worthies of the Commonwealth somewhat reflects upon the judgment and action of Cromwell, but perhaps it is well for us to be reminded that our noblest earthly heroes were none of them perfect.

The Religious Life of London.
Edited by R. MUDIE-SMITH.
Hodder and Stoughton. (6s.)

IT is impossible to exaggerate the value of this remarkable compilation undertaken at the expense of "The Daily News," and now issued to the public at a price considerably below its cost. To those who would learn the growth of Nonconformity, and especially of Baptists, in London, during the last twenty or thirty years, it will be a fascinating study; and to all who are interested in Christ's Kingdom in the world, it is full of instructive lessons. Not only are there reliable statistics as to church attendance at every place of worship, but charts giving, at a glance, comparative attendance of the different divisions of the Church at the morning and evening services. Then, again, to each section of London, is devoted an able descriptive analysis by a well-equipped writer, which crowns the usefulness of the more technical and statistical portion of the work. This volume—or tome—for such it is, should be in every minister's library, and be well studied. The whole religious world is deeply indebted to

those who have produced so reliable and admirable a book.

"*Clarion*" *Fallacies.* By FRANK BALLARD, M.A., B.Sc. Hodder and Stoughton. (1s. net.)

WE suppose it is needful to answer all the modern attacks on Christianity; and if so, this book, at this small popular price, is as good as anything we have seen upon its special line of defence. But it is a sorry business at the best. Mr. Ballard has not erred on the side of brevity; he has treated his opponent with royal fulness of attention, but we trust that his effort will be successful in re-establishing the faith of any who have been unsettled. What the Church needs, just now, is a re-baptism of Holy Ghost power; that would quicken saints anew, bring many sinners to salvation, and so stop the mouths of the gainsayers more effectually than all else can do.

The Touch of God. By HUGH MACMILLAN, LL.D. Brown, Langham, and Co. (3s. 6d.)

THIS is, perhaps, the most noteworthy volume yet published in The World's Pulpit Series; and being posthumously issued, it has double interest, containing the final words of Dr. Macmillan, whose admirable portrait is given as a frontispiece. The title is taken from the first sermon; but, in the chaste and mature discourses which follow, picturesque in style, and spiritual in essence, one cannot but realize that here, too, is "the touch of God."

Why did Christ Come into the World? By PASTOR F. E. MARSH. A. H. Stockwell. (1s.)

IN the writings of Pastor Marsh, we always find sound doctrine, quaint illustration, and "alliteration's artful aid." This is another volume of "The Shilling Pulpit" which Mr. Stockwell is issuing, and it is likely to be very useful. The sermons would lose nothing if the Greek references were omitted.

The Trial of Anti-Christ. By a friend to St. Peter. Chas. J. Thynne. (1s.)

THE case against Romanism judged

by history, and put in the form of a trial at law. We wish for this original booklet a large circulation, and a careful and prayerful reading.

Notes.

Personal Paragraphs.

PASTOR THOMAS SPURGEON was welcomed to his pulpit by large congregations on Lord's-day, April 10th.

REV. JOHN MCNEILL is to preach at the Tabernacle, on Whit-Sunday morning and evening, May 22nd.

* * * *

Tabernacle Tidings.

The annual meeting of the Haddon Hall work was held on Wednesday, March 23rd. S. Barrow, jun., Esq., presided, and deeply-interesting addresses were delivered by Pastor Frank H. White and Professor Walter Hackney, M.A. The Report stated that, since the last annual meeting, 23 friends had been baptized at the Hall. The register of members communing, after deducting some who have not recently attended, stands at 340. The Tract Society reported nearly 50 regular and occasional workers; the Sunday-school, 55 teachers and 1,025 scholars on the books; Gospel Total Abstinence Society, Mothers' Meeting, Onward Mission Band, Open-air Services, "Haddon Hall Evangelist," Penny-a-week Auxiliary to the Baptist Missionary Society, and other agencies, are all being used of God to the extension of His Kingdom.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle, March 31st, five.—Beatrice Read, Amelia Jordan, Florence Jordan, Marion Carlisle, Maria D. Hicks.

At the monthly communion service, on Lord's-day evening, April 3rd, seventeen friends received the right hand of fellowship upon their reception into the Tabernacle Church.

The afternoon of the same day had been an important occasion for the Men's Bible-class, it having been the time for welcoming the new President, Elder J. Russell. There was an unusually large attendance, and the whole Class gave evidence of intense interest and pleasure in the proceed-

ings. The spirit of prayer and praise, pervading the gathering from beginning to end, promises well for the future of the Class. The President gave a brief address, and his remarks were much appreciated.

On Wednesday evening, April 6th, at the monthly meeting of the "John Ploughman" Gospel Temperance Society, Pastor E. A. Tydeman delivered a lecture bearing the somewhat startling title, "Beware of the Dog." The Lecturer, being introduced by the Chairman, Pastor C. B. Sawday, speedily told his audience which of the canine tribe they were to beware of, proving conclusively that the Drink Dog is the most expensive, the most useless, the most vicious, and the dirtiest of all dogs. "Beware of dogs," and especially of the Drink Dog, was the warning clearly sounded out, and right glad are we to report that some, who heard it, heeded the alarm, and signed the pledge. This action, coupled with the all-necessary grace of God, is the best possible way to "hang the Dog" that has rightly been given so bad a name.

The annual meeting of the Ladies' Benevolent Society was held, on Monday evening, April 11th. A goodly company assembled to tea. Mr. Wm. Olney read an encouraging Report, in which appropriate reference was made to the death of the late President, Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon.

A telegram of sympathy was sent to Mrs. Thomas Spurgeon, the new President, who was not well enough to be present. Mr. Sawday presided over the meeting, at which addresses were given by the Pastor and by Pastor Wallace Pettman. The occasion was deeply interesting and very successful. God speed these faithful women in their labour of love!

* * * *

Concerning the College.

The following brethren are removing:—Mr. J. Easter, from Wattisham, to Koppel Street Memorial, Bassett

Street, Kentish Town; Mr. W. H. Tomkins, from Yalding, to Park Road, Batley, Yorkshire; and Mr. James Young, from Normanton, to Northallerton. Mr. F. A. Hogbin, of Lynton, is going to Hinckley, Leicestershire.

Dr. Huntley asks us to acknowledge, with thanks, 2s. from "an old woman over eighty," for his much-needed hospital in China. He still lacks £450 of the amount required.

IN MEMORIAM.—Mr. Charlesworth's circular, issued in January, will have prepared many of our brethren for the announcement of the home-going of **PASTOR R. E. CHETTERBOROUGH.** That event happened on Lord's-day, April 3rd, when the disease, from which he had long been suffering (Addison's disease), terminated fatally. Our brother was beloved by all who knew him, and he had done good work for the Lord in each of his five pastorates,—at Peckham (James's Grove), Blackheath (Shooter's Hill Road), South Croydon, Leighton Buzzard, and Whitstable. To his widow and family, we tender the assurance of our sincere sympathy and prayers.

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Our Fatherless Family.

Our readers have, no doubt, made a note of the date of the Orphanage Festival, — Thursday, June 23rd. Further particulars next month.

ORPHANAGE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.—The quarterly united service was held on April 9th, in the C. H. S. Memorial Hall, when a thoroughly Evangelical address was given by Pastor Wallace Pettman, of New Park Road Chapel, Brixton. The annual Sunday-school gathering was held on April 13th, under the presidency of J. H. Seaverus, Esq., Parliamentary candidate for Brixton. The Report, presented by the Superintendent, showed good work done during the year, but mentioned the need of more teachers. The collections for Home and Foreign Missions, and Temperance Hospital, and Band of Hope work, have amounted to £45 18s. 6d. The rewards for 1903, provided by the teachers, were presented to the successful boys by Mrs. Seaverus, and to the girls by Mr. Seaverus, and a very happy meeting was brought to a conclusion by hearty cheers for the kind interest thus shown in the work of the Institution.

Colportage Chronicles.

The Colporteurs' Conference arrangements are now practically complete, and all friends of the work are heartily invited to come to any of the following gatherings:—Reception of colporteurs, at Stockwell Orphanage, Saturday, May 7th, at 7 p.m.; Chairman, Frank Gough, Esq., and among the speakers, Alderman O'Connor, who will tell the story of his experiences as a Passive Resister in Chelmsford Gaol. Colportage Sunday, May 8th, sermons by the President, at 11 a.m., and 6.30 p.m., in the Tabernacle. Members' meeting, Monday, May 9th, in Conference Hall of Pastors' College, at 3 p.m., and public meeting in the Metropolitan Tabernacle, at 7 p.m. The President takes the chair at each of the Monday meetings, and Vice-presidents, Revs. H. J. Harvey and E. H. Ellis, are among the speakers.

Friends will note, by the current list, how extremely small the contributions to the General Fund have been; and an earnest appeal is made for help in this direction. There is no deficit to be made up for last year, but the present year's fund is sadly behind-hand.



SELECTING NEW WALL TEXTS.

One of the brethren describes a man, known to him, as having sunk so low, by means of drink, as to go for a whole week without taking his clothes off, just spending the bulk of his time between his work and the public-house. The colporteur has been interesting himself in the case, and reports:—"The man's wife and son are now converted, he has left off spending his time in the tavern, and my visits to him have greatly moved

and softened him, so that I am praying that the Lord Jesus may claim him also as His own."

Another of our brethren tells of his visit to a large house, in the Midlands, where he came into contact with several servants. As the result of

special testimony to the value of the Word of God, he sold no less than five Bibles among them.

Gifts to the General Fund will be gratefully acknowledged by the Secretary, Mr. Stephen Wigney, Pastors' College, Temple Street, London, S.E.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from March 14th to April 15th, 1904.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Moiety of collection at Shirley Baptist Chapel, Southampton, per Pastor E. R. Pullen	0 14 4	Communion collection at Walkley Baptist Chapel, Sheffield, per Pastor A. G. Haste	1 0 0
Pastor E. R. Pullen	0 2 6	Mr. J. Wilson	1 10 0
Pastor C. L. Gordon	0 5 0	Mr. D. Kerr	0 10 0
Collection at Wharf Road Chapel, Grantham, per Pastor C. Deal	0 7 0	Mr. A. Field	1 1 0
Contribution from Coalville Baptist Church, Leicester, per Pastor S. W. Twigg	1 0 0	Mr. Thos. Moore	5 0 0
Contribution from Baptist Church, Bexhill, per Pastor J. S. Hockey	5 0 0	"B. and Co."	5 0 0
Rev. A. Billington	10 0 0	Mr. E. Rawlings	5 5 0
Contribution from Hornsey Rise Baptist Church, per Pastor J. E. Joynes	1 15 0	Contribution from Old King Street Church, Bristol, per Pastor B. J. Gibbon	5 0 0
Rev. D. Taylor	0 10 0	Mr. G. Fisher	5 0 0
Mr. T. D. Ransford	1 0 0	Mrs. Scandrett	0 5 0
Rev. W. L. and Mrs. Lang	5 0 0	Mrs. Spelman	0 10 0
Mr. R. P. Higgs	1 1 0	Miss M. E. White	1 1 0
Mr. J. Attenborough	1 1 0	Rev. R. J. Beercliff	0 2 6
Collection at Rye Lane Baptist Chapel, per Pastor J. W. Ewing, M.A.	6 0 0	Mrs. J. J. Turner	0 5 0
Anon.	0 1 0	Mr. R. Brazil	5 0 0
Anon.	0 2 0	Collection at Clarence Road Chapel, Southend, per Pastor G. T. Ennals	1 10 0
Miss Ferris	0 10 0	Pastor W. T. Shepherd	0 2 6
Pastor J. W. Ewing, M.A.	1 1 0	Mr. Herbert Knott	2 0 0
Mrs. Nagle	1 1 0	Mrs. J. B. Mead	1 1 0
Mr. Robert Gunstone	1 1 0	Mrs. Ellwood	10 0 0
Sir Fredk. Howard	2 2 0	Mr. Charles Phillips	5 0 0
Mr. C. J. Melland	2 2 0	Miss M. Phillips	2 2 0
Mr. J. La Touche	5 0 0	Mr. F. Leete	1 1 0
Mr. J. A. Tawell	5 0 0	Mr. Joseph Leete	1 1 0
Pastor D. Mace	0 7 6	Miss E. E. Jones	0 10 0
Mrs. Pringle	4 0 0	Mr. H. W. Chatters	0 10 6
Rev. James Stephens, M.A.	1 0 0	Collection at Edith Road Chapel, Nunhead, per Pastor C. P. Sawday	2 2 5
Rev. W. May	5 0 0	Mr. E. Brayne	1 1 0
Mr. Thos. Harris	2 2 0	Mr. A. C. Wilkin	1 1 0
Mrs. H. Keevil	5 0 0	Mr. H. Marnham	3 3 0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Higgs	30 0 0	Mrs. Hawkey	1 1 0
Mr. W. Campbell	0 2 6	Pastor A. R. Morgan	0 7 6
Postage stamps	0 0 10	Collection at Queen's Road Baptist Chapel, Wallington, per Pastor J. E. Jasper	2 6 4
Mr. J. F. Pullar	10 10 0	Contribution from Baptist Church, Cornwall Road, Brixton, per Pastor C. H. Sheen	1 11 6
Mr. W. Willett	2 0 0	Mrs. Philpott	0 10 6
Mr. C. P. Arlow	5 5 0	Mrs. H. Proctor	1 0 0
Miss C. Sherman	1 1 0	Mrs. E. Phillips	1 1 0
Mrs. S. Dales	0 5 0	Mr. O. Hockey	2 2 0
Mr. S. Pewtress	0 10 0	Mrs. D. Baker	1 1 0
Mr. Pitches	1 0 0	Pastor G. D. Hooper	1 1 0
Mr. W. Park	1 1 0	Mrs. J. R. Haywood	1 0 0
Mr. W. Vickery	1 0 0	Mrs. J. B. C.	1 0 0
Mr. Geo. Virgo	1 1 0	Mr. W. H. Cook	0 10 6
Postal order	1 0 0	Mrs. I. Lewis	1 1 0
Mr. G. Harris	1 1 0	Mr. E. Gibbons	1 1 0
Mrs. L. Betts	5 0 0	Pastor A. W. Payne	0 2 6
Mrs. L. M. Mason	5 5 0	Miss St. Clair S. K. Trotter	2 2 0
Anon.	0 1 0	Pastor John Bradford	3 3 0
Pastor T. L. Stockley	0 10 6	Mr. H. Keen	3 3 0
Mrs. Mott	1 10 0	Weekly offerings at Metropolitan Tabernacle	1 3 7
Mr. J. Chamberlain	1 0 0		
Mrs. Richard Rodgett	2 0 0		
Mrs. Tice	1 0 0		

£236 12 6

Pastors' College Missionary Association.

Statement of Receipts from March 15th to April 14th, 1904.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. G. H. Atkinson	0	5	0
For Christ's sake	0	5	0
H. McC.	1	1	0
	£1	11	0

Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school Extension Fund.

Statement of Receipts from March 15th to April 14th, 1904.

	£	s.	d.
Amount previously acknowledged	1,549	0	7
Mr. Hopkins	0	1	6
Rents, Temple Street property	25	19	0
	£1,575	1	1

The Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from March 15th to April 14th, 1904.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. E. Conway, per Mr. S. Gage...	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. W. Vinson	3	0	0
Collected by Mrs. E. Foster	2	3	0
The Young Women of Christian Endeavour Society, Victoria Baptist Chapel, Deal, per Miss F. Pledge	1	9	0
Collected by Miss E. E. Horn	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. M. Perrla	0	9	0
Collected by Mr. P. T. Carter	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. E. Fuller	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Kite	0	4	6
Collected by Mrs. Buss	0	4	0
Collected by Mr. W. Franklin	0	4	0
Collected by Miss Gates	0	4	0
Miss K. Wick	0	1	6
Collected by Miss C. M. Bidewell...	0	7	6
Collected by Mr. J. Merson	0	1	0
Collected by the late Mrs. S. Hinton, per Miss Armistead	0	12	0
Collected by Mrs. E. M. FitzGerald	0	10	0
Collected by Miss Stevenson	0	12	6
Half-year's dividend on 40 £70 preference shares, Penrikyber Navigation Colliery Co. (Mr. R. Cory's gift)	10	0	0
Collected by Miss Cobleby	0	3	6
Collected by Mr. T. M. Powell	0	2	0
Mr. J. Crocker, M.D.	2	10	0
Mrs. A. E. Gregory	0	5	0
Collected by Miss E. J. Smith	1	2	0
Collected by Mrs. Tucker	0	6	0
Collected by Mrs. Pankhurst	0	5	0
Collected by Miss E. Lock	0	3	0
Collected by Mr. R. H. Smart	0	1	6
Collected by Mrs. S. A. Ward	0	1	0
Collected by Mrs. Golds	0	2	0
Collected by Miss Hutchinson	0	7	3
Mr. E. W. Diver	0	2	6
Miss Aukland, per Mrs. V. J. Charlesworth	2	3	0
Collected by Miss A. Orsman	1	0	0
Collected by Miss A. Walker	0	11	0
Stamps, Camberwell	0	1	0
Collected by Miss N. Lamb	0	4	0
Collected by Mrs. W. Vincent	0	7	0
Mr. J. Hughes	0	5	0
W. H. W.	1	0	0
Mare Street Baptist Sunday-school, Hackney, per Mr. J. F. Sorrell ...	2	15	0
Mrs. M. A. Young	0	2	0
Collected by Mr. S. Cornish	0	2	0
Mr. A. P. Blaxter	5	5	0
Kenyon Baptist Sunday-school, Brix- ton, per Mr. J. Keevil (in memory of C. H. S.)	5	13	7
Miss M. A. Dobson	1	1	0
Mr. W. E. Eastman	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. W. Brazier	0	2	0
Collected by Master S. Finch	0	2	2
Collected by Miss K. E. Buswell :-			
Mr. T. Woodley	2	0	0
Mr. M. H. Rackstraw	0	10	0
L. H.	0	2	6
	2	13	6
Mrs. S. Smith	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. A. F. Loveridge ..	0	17	6
Mr. L. Haigh	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. R. C. Allen	0	6	0
Mr. J. J. H. Gardner	1	0	0
J. B. C.	1	0	0
Per F. R. T. :-			
Mr. Probin	0	5	0
In memory of E. P.	0	10	0
Mr. T. R. Johnson	0	5	0
Mrs. Howard Blight	0	10	0
	1	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Beaven	0	11	7
Mr. B. Whitworth	0	10	0
D 45,374	25	0	0
E. J. Furneux Pelham	0	10	0
Miss Hayward	0	10	0
Mr. R. C. Robinson	2	0	0
J. H. and S.	0	10	0
Postal order, Darwen	0	2	0
Mr. T. L. Hankin	0	5	0
Sandwich, per Bankers	2	2	0
Z. X.	3	0	0
Mr. W. Woolidge	0	10	6
Mr. J. Stamp	0	2	6
Miss M. Morrell	0	2	0
Mr. W. J. Hieron	0	5	6

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	
Blake, Master C.	0	1	2	Osborn, Mrs.	0	5	2				
Burton, Miss	0	1	8	Pain, Mrs.	0	14	9				
Belben, Miss F.	0	2	0	Pavey, Miss	1	0	0				
Brice, Master S.	0	7	11	Plummer, Miss N.	0	7	1				
Burn, Mrs. S.	0	3	5	Patrick, Mr.	0	9	6				
Beeston, Mrs. A. L.	0	6	9	Robert Street Sunday-school, per Mr. Everett	0	17	10				
Cooper, Mr.	0	9	3	Rance, Miss	0	1	7				
Carter, Miss	0	9	2	Reynolds, Master S.	0	1	2				
Cornish, Mrs.	0	7	7	Roper, Mrs.	0	5	9				
Clinch, Miss	0	6	7	Rendall, Miss H.	0	1	8				
Carter, Master L.	0	3	0	Rider, Miss G.	0	1	4				
Ching, Miss F.	0	5	3	Sedgebeer, Miss	0	1	1				
Cantlebury, Miss	0	5	6	Sheard, Master F.	0	11	0				
Cochrane, Miss	0	1	7	Shears, Mrs.	0	4	3				
Carse, Miss D.	0	1	11	Swan, Mrs.	0	3	6				
Carpenter, Miss	0	3	0	Stainthorpe, Miss	0	1	1				
Colley, Mr. G.	0	3	0	Thomas, Miss W.	0	1	1				
Dennish, Mr. A.	0	14	5	Thomas, Miss M.	0	1	0				
Dobson, Mr.	0	9	8	Thompson, Miss	0	1	4				
Davies, Mrs.	0	4	3	Thorn, Miss	0	3	7				
Draper, Master	0	3	4	Tyson, Mrs.	0	8	0				
Dyke, Mrs.	0	16	0	Vogt, Miss	0	1	5				
Farley, Mrs.	0	4	7	Whiting, Mrs.	0	4	3				
Felton, Miss	0	4	6	Whittington, Miss	0	17	4				
Field, Miss	0	5	1	Watts, Miss L.	0	2	6				
Field, Mrs.	0	2	6	Webster, Mrs.	0	5	6				
Fury, Miss	0	2	0	Wallis, Miss E.	0	1	0				
Fryer, Mr. D. W.	0	12	6	Wilkins, Miss E.	0	3	1				
Goodwin, Miss	0	6	6	Webb, Master K.	0	1	9				
Grant, Miss	1	4	8	Watling, Mrs.	1	3	0				
Griffiths, Mrs.	0	2	0	Willis, Miss	0	3	3				
Gaskell, Miss A.	0	1	2	Woolnough, Miss F.	0	10	3				
Gibbs, Miss	0	2	6	Weller, Miss F. R.	0	9	0				
Higgs, Mr. W. M.	2	2	4	Wren, Mrs.	0	5	2				
Haddock, Mrs	0	5	10	Young, Miss	0	1	4				
Harvey, Miss E.	0	1	10	Boxes under a shilling, and odd farthings and halfpence	0	9	11				
Howe, Mrs.	0	4	10					38	1	11	
Harvic, Miss G.	0	4	6	Books:—							
Hanne, Master L.	0	1	2	Broughton, Mrs.	0	15	0				
Hillier, Mrs.	0	10	7	Brown, Miss J. H.	0	10	0				
Hull, Miss M. E.	0	3	4	Coleman, Mrs.	0	5	0				
Hobbs, Miss E.	0	13	9	Everett, Miss	2	10	0				
Hawkins, Mr. D.	1	15	0	Howes, Mr. C.	0	13	0				
Hes, Miss C.	0	6	2	Pike, Mrs.	1	0	1				
Jenkins, Miss K.	0	4	2					5	13	1	
Johnston, Miss E.	0	13	8	Donations:—							
Johnston, Miss	1	2	1	A friend	1	1	0				
Jones, Mrs.	0	7	0	Everett, Mrs. and Son	0	5	0				
Kerridge, Miss	1	8	7	Jones, Miss M.	0	5	0				
Larkman, Miss B.	0	4	8	Limebeer, Miss	0	5	0				
Mackey, Mrs.	0	11	6	Moore, Mrs. D. H.	0	5	0				
May, Miss	0	5	1	Pearce, Mr. John	10	0	0				
Middleton, Mrs.	0	4	10	Seaverns, Mr. J. H.	2	2	0				
Margetts, Miss E.	0	3	9					14	3	0	
Moore, Miss E.	0	4	7					£	326	11	9
Mason, Master T. W.	0	1	3								
Murby, Miss E.	0	1	4								
Metropolitan Tabernacle											
Mothers' Meeting, per Mrs. Bartlett	1	12	3								

LIST OF PRESENTS RECEIVED FROM MARCH 15TH TO APRIL 14TH, 1904.

PROVISIONS:—1 New Zealand Sheep, Sir A. Seale Haslam; 12 Rabbits, Mr. C. Dewar; 1 cwt. Blacking, Messrs. Carr and Son; a quantity of Buns, Mr. J. Law; 1,000 Buns, Mr. W. Medcalf.

GIRLS' CLOTHING:—4 Articles, Miss M. Reeder; 94 Articles (girls' and boys'), Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 40 Articles, Cheam Baptist Working Society, per Mrs. Cox; 10 Articles, Mrs. Sellar; 36 Articles, Tonbridge Working Meeting, per Mrs. Stockbridge; 21 Articles, Newbury Baptist Working Party, per Mrs. Nias.

BOYS' CLOTHING:—6 Day-shirts, Mrs. Curtis; 1 Waistcoat, Mrs. Wilkin.

GENERAL:—1 Patchwork Overspread, Mrs. Overbury; a few Remnants, and 19 bound Vols. of "The Sword and the Trowel," Miss Armistead; a Booklet for each child in the Orphanage, a friend, per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon; 7 Scrap-books, Belmont Road Congregational Sunday-school, per Miss A. Evans; a box of Flowers, Uckfield Baptist Y.P.S.C.E., per Miss Dumsday; 2 vols. "Boy's Own Paper," 1 vol. "Young England," Mr. H. Thomas Nunn.



THE
Sword and the Crowel.

JUNE, 1904.

“His Heart’s Desire.”

AN ADDRESS, AT A TABERNACLE PRAYER-MEETING, BY C. H. SPURGEON.

“Thou hast given him his heart’s desire.”—Psalm xxi. 2.

DEAR FRIENDS,—I thought I might speak to you, for a few minutes, upon the words of David which I have just read to you: “Thou hast given him his heart’s desire.” They were spoken concerning “the king”, but they are, in a still more emphatic manner, applicable to King Jesus. I believe that it is of Him that the psalmist says, “Thou hast given Him His heart’s desire.” Our Lord Jesus was always a man of desires, as all gracious men are. You know that the expression used to Daniel, “O man greatly beloved,” may be read, “O man of desires.” He was full of desires, and all whom God loves are brimming over with desires. God gives one grace that He may make room for two, and He gives two graces that He may make room for twenty. Wherever He gives grace, it is with the object of giving more grace; so that, the more grace a man hath, the more grace he doth desire. I never yet knew any man who had so much grace that he did not long for more. I have heard of some simpletons, who thought they were as full of grace as it was possible for them to be; but I thought there was a great leak somewhere in the bottom of that tub. The more grace a man hath, the more he desires, just as the Lord gives most to those who have most. The Lord said, of the man that hid his talent in the earth, “Take away the talent from him, and give it unto him which hath ten talents;” which seemed to surprise those who heard it, for they said, “Lord, he hath already ten talents.” The Lord knew all about that; and that is His usual plan, He loves to give more grace where there is already some grace, He delights to give grace for grace, grace upon grace; though He is so gracious that He often gives grace where there is none.

The Lord Jesus, being a perfect man, was full of desires; and inasmuch as His desires, were in perfect accordance with the will of

God at all times, it could truly be said concerning Him, "Thou hast given Him His heart's desire." You recollect how He said to His disciples, on that night in which He was betrayed, "With desire I have desired to eat this passover with you before I suffer;" and His Father gave Him that desire of His heart. He was not hurried away to die at an untimely hour, but He had what He wished for, the opportunity of celebrating the paschal feast with His disciples, for the last time, in an orderly, leisurely, devout, and quiet manner. Thus He had His heart's desire. He had also long had a desire to give Himself for His people. He said, "I have a baptism to be baptized with: and how am I straitened till it be accomplished!" And, ah! He had His heart's desire in this thing also, for He was submerged in grief, immersed in agony, in that wondrous death which He "accomplished" on Calvary. His Father gave Him that desire of His heart, which had been so strong upon Him when He set His face steadfastly to go up to Jerusalem, and then gave Himself up, most freely and most resolutely, to die, "the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God."

He had a further desire, that, after He had died, He might rise again from the dead. No doubt His holy soul rested confidently upon that word of the inspired psalmist: "For Thou wilt not leave My soul in hades; neither wilt Thou suffer Thine Holy One to see corruption." He was quite certain that both soul and body would be raised up again, and His Father gave Him His heart's desire in that matter also. In the first grey light of the morning of the third day after His crucifixion, the Master Himself unwound the napkin that was wrapped about His head, folded up the grave-clothes for which He had no further use, and came out into the liberty of life and light again.

After a short sojourn with His disciples, giving them instructions as to their work in His absence, He had a great desire to go back to His Father, that He might prepare a place for His people; and again the King had His heart's desire, for He ascended to Heaven, in the act of blessing His followers, and in full view until a cloud received Him out of their sight. They saw Him depart from them in the act of blessing them, and beheld, to the last, His pierced hands, uplifted in the act of benediction. The last time that Christ was seen on earth, He was blessing His people, and He has never left off blessing them. He had previously prayed, "I have glorified Thee on the earth: I have finished the work which Thou gavest Me to do. And now, O Father, glorify Thou Me with Thine own self with the glory which I had with Thee before the world was;" and God gave Him His heart's desire; for, there, in the midst of the throne, He stands, as a Lamb that had been slain, surrounded by even more honour and glory than were His before He emptied Himself that He might fill His people.

But, dear brethren and sisters, this is not the only way in which God has given to Christ His heart's desire. Our loving Lord still longs to see the tears of repentance, and to hear the cries of godly sorrow for sin; and, blessed be His holy name, we can say, in this Tabernacle, and it can be said to God in many other parts of the

world also, "Thou hast given Him His heart's desire." In fact, I hope that most of us here can say, "Thou hast given Him His heart's desire in my salvation." There is a great joy in Christ's heart over every sinner that repenteth, but His joy is of such a kind that the angels can observe it. He Himself said, "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." Now, who is in the presence of the angels of God but the Lord Jesus Christ Himself, and the Father, and the Spirit, and the redeemed from among men? These saved ones cast their crowns before His feet, and worship Him; and looking into His face, they see the joy that is upon His glorified countenance, and it gives them joy also. When a poor penitent sinner at last looks to Jesus, and finds that—

"There is life for a look at the Crucified One,"—

his burden is removed, his troubled heart is quieted, the prisoner is brought out of his dungeon, the captive's chain is broken, the sick one leaves his malady behind, the blind one sees, the dead one lives, and then these words are again fulfilled concerning Christ, who has wrought that miracle of mercy, "Thou hast given Him His heart's desire." His Father is continually giving it to Him, and this is an argument that we may well use in prayer, "O Lord, give Thy beloved Son His heart's desire! Holy Spirit, bring sinners to Him, for He said, 'I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me,' O Lord, give Him His heart's desire!"

Then, after sinners have believed in Him; and, resting in Him, have received eternal life, the Father gives to His Son His heart's desire in the communion that He has with His people whom He has loved from before the foundation of the world. He loves to see them, to hear their voices, to dwell near to them; He calls His Church His sister, His spouse, His love, His dove, His undefiled, and He says to her, "Let Me see thy countenance, let Me hear thy voice; for sweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is comely."

Christ's heart's desire is also given to Him as we grow in holiness, for He has an ardent desire to perfect His people, that He may present them "faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy;" and every time we, by His grace, conquer sin, every time we press forward to a higher plane of Christian life, every time we grow in knowledge, every time our character becomes more pure, more strong, more consecrated, every time the image of Christ is photographed afresh upon us, and shines out more clearly from us, then indeed it may be said, "Thou hast given Him His heart's desire."

He has another strong desire, which He thus expressed in prayer while He was upon the earth, "Father, I will that they also, whom Thou hast given Me, be with Me where I am; that they may behold My glory;" and, in answer to that petition, they keep on going home. If our eyes were opened widely enough, we should see, in that new way which Christ has opened by His death, a constant stream of blood-washed travellers ascending to His Father and theirs, to His God and theirs. Can you not see many of them even now, and can you not detect among them some of your dearest earthly friends? You are weeping because you have lost them, but they are not weeping as

they ascend to their Lord. Who are these travellers, whose weary feet are now reaching the pearly gates? Who are they, and whence came they, who are now climbing the steps of the New Jerusalem, entering in to enjoy its glories for ever? These are they whom Christ desired of old, whose names were written in the Lamb's Book of Life, and also were engraved upon the breastplate and upon the heart of our great High Priest. These are the sheep and lambs that He hath purchased with His own blood; and as they enter the Heavenly fold, it may again be said, "Thou hast given Him His heart's desire."

Up to this point, I have been speaking of matters of fact; but there are matters of promise which will be equally matters of fact in due time. Depend upon it, brethren, Christ has a desire much larger than anything that has yet been fulfilled, and this desire shall be granted unto Him. He has a desire to reign universally upon this earth, and that desire has this promise to support it: "He shall have dominion also from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth. They that dwell in the wilderness shall bow before Him; and His enemies shall lick the dust. The kings of Tarshish and of the isles shall bring presents: the kings of Sheba and Seba shall offer gifts. Yea, all kings shall fall down before Him: all nations shall serve Him." He has also a desire to come again, in fulfilment of His own promise: "If I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto Myself; that where I am, there ye may be also." He is coming soon; we cannot tell how soon; perhaps, to us, it may seem a long time, but His own word is, Surely I come quickly;" so we may sing, in joyful anticipation of His appearing,—

"Lo! He cometh! countless trumpets
Blow to raise the sleeping dead!
'Mid ten thousand saints and angels,
See the great exalted Head!
Hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome, Son of God!"

When He cometh, and His feet stand again upon mount Olivet, whence He ascended, and He gathers all nations unto Him, and reigneth, as King of kings, and Lord of lords, amongst His ancients gloriously,—when He has given to His people to sit upon thrones with Him, to judge even the angels with Him, and to be His co-assessors at the last great assize, then shall we say, "Thou hast given Him His heart's desire."

Now, ere I close, I want to urge you to put your prayers into Christ's hands, so that He may present them for you. As it is true of Him, "Thou hast given Him His heart's desire," then, if I can get my prayer into His hands, so that my prayer becomes Christ's desire, then I shall be sure to have my desire fulfilled. Even Solomon said that "the desire of the righteous shall be granted;" so we cannot do better than go to Him who is greater than Solomon, our Heavenly Advocate, who has gone within the veil, there to appear in the presence of God for us.

"He ever lives to intercede
Before His Father's face:
Give Him, my soul, thy cause to plead,
Nor doubt the Father's grace."

Do you ask, "How are we to get our prayers into His hands?" I remind you of George Herbert's quaint poem called "The Bag," in which he represents the Saviour pointing to His open side, and saying to His people,—

"If ye have anything to send or write,
 (I have no bag, but here is room,)
 Unto My Father's hands and sight
 (Believe Me,) it shall safely come.
 That I shall minde, what you impart;
 Look, you may put it very neare My heart.

"Or if hereafter any of My friends
 Will use Me in this kinde, the doore
 Shall still be open; what he sends
 I will present, and somewhat more,
 Not to his hurt. Sighs will convey
 Anything to me. Hark despair, away!"

Oh, happy they who can thus put their prayers into the very heart of Christ! Poor troubled soul, if thou canst pray in no other way than this, pray this way, put thy desires into thy Saviour's wounds. It is the best way to pray of which I know; therefore, do so, and may the Lord bless you evermore! Amen.

Chats with the Children.

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

V.—QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

WE know very little about the childhood of Jesus, but we know quite enough. It would be nice, we fancy, to have a fuller record of what He did and said, and of what He looked like; but we may be sure that God has told us all we need to know. So strong has been the desire, with some, to peer into the secret place of the Saviour's boyhood, that they have actually imagined things that we have no reason to suppose ever happened. According to these, the young child, amongst other things, wrought certain miracles; but the stories do not commend themselves to us as being true; they have evidently been conjured up by some futile imagination, prompted, doubtless, by the longing I have spoken of. It is better to be satisfied with what God has given us, and not to wish to be wise above that which is written.

We have some peeps into Christ's early life, that ought to be the more valued because they are so few. Besides, they are very beautiful. Of them all, there is none more delightful than the story of His visit to Jerusalem, with His parents, when He was twelve years old. When they had fulfilled the days of the feast of the passover, "as they were returning, the boy Jesus tarried behind in Jerusalem; and His parents knew it not. But supposing Him to be in the company, they went a day's journey; and they sought for Him amongst their kinsfolk and acquaintance: and when they found Him not, they

returned to Jerusalem, seeking for Him. And it came to pass, after three days, they found Him in the temple, sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them and asking them questions." It is concerning the last few words of the verses I have quoted that I want to have a little talk with you.



JESUS AMONG THE DOCTORS.

I want you to picture Jesus to yourselves, sitting among all those learned men, answering their questions with a wisdom beyond His years; and asking questions even as other children do. There is nothing surprising in a child asking questions. Some of them are like big interrogation marks, so full are they of enquiries about everything. How they ply their parents and their teachers with question after question; and, often, the answer to one query only gives rise to yet another. Well, this is as it should be. God has planted in you, dear children, the desire for knowledge, and you do quite well to ask, and ask, and ask. I fancy it is just possible that some of the questions, if you thought a while, would not need to be put; but it is better to ask too many than too few.

Asking questions is an acknowledgment of ignorance, and the surest way to knowledge. The child (or, for that matter, the "grown-up"), who is ashamed to admit that he doesn't know, deserves to remain a

dundce. It is no disgrace to be seeking information. They are wise already who want to be wiser; who, when they *wonder* why, are not above *saying*, "WHY?" Someone has said, "The wisest people are those who keep on wondering about things long after they have got used to them, and you are unwise as soon as you cease to wonder." So, do not cease to ask questions, and you will find your parents and friends ready to do all they can to help you to the knowledge you desire.

And you must not mind when they turn the tables on you, and ask *you* questions. They want to see how much you know, and you must try your very best to give intelligent replies. You may learn almost as much by being asked questions as by answering them. In your reply, tell all you can possibly think of, and then take the opportunity of saying that you would like to know much more about the matter.

Perhaps you have thought within yourselves, "Oh, if Jesus were here now, what a lot of questions I would ask Him!" Yes, yes; and what about the questions He might ask you? Do you think you could stand being cross-questioned by Him? It depends upon what the questions might be, doesn't it? Well,—do you know?—I cannot help noticing that, what Jesus did as a boy, He continued to do through all His wonderful life; and there is a sense in which He is doing the same even now. While He was on earth, He kept hearing and asking questions. Some of the questions that were put to Him were asked only to catch Him in His speech, and "that they might accuse Him." Wicked, unkind men put them to Him in the hope of entangling Him as in a net. But they never succeeded; and when He said, "I also will ask you one question," they soon found themselves outwitted.

When others, really anxious to have their doubts removed, came as enquirers to Him, He did not send them empty away, unless *their questions* were such as should not have been asked. It would be, I think, a delightful exercise to look up the questions the disciples put to Jesus, as well as the enquiries Jesus made of His disciples and of others. There are some that come into one's memory before the search begins.

Questions put *to* Christ:—"Behold, we have forsaken all," said Peter, "and have followed Thee; what shall we have therefore?" "Good Master, what good thing shall I do that I may have eternal life?" said the rich young ruler. Another of Peter's questions was, "Lord, how oft shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him? Till seven times?" Do you remember Christ's reply? "I say not unto thee, Until seven times: but, Until seventy times seven." We can never forget the question that the disciples asked, at the Supper, when Jesus had told them that one of them would betray Him. "They began to be sorrowful, and to say unto Him one by one, Is it I? and another said, Is it I?"

Questions put *by* Christ:—He said to the leper, who returned to give praise unto God, "Where are the nine?" He asked the sorrowing sisters of Bethany, "Where have ye laid him?" When a poor sick woman stole behind Him, in the crowd, and touched the hem of His garment, He exclaimed, "Who touched My clothes?" Having told

the story of the two debtors and their creditor, He asked Simon the Pharisee, "Which of them will love him most?" He challenged His enemies to prove anything against Him, saying, "Which of you convinceth Me of sin?" To the sleepy saints in Gethsemane, He said, "What, could ye not watch with Me one hour?" Of those who journeyed towards Emmaus, He enquired, "What manner of communications are these which ye have as ye walk, and are sad?" After His ascension, He asked the arch-persecutor, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me?" There are many more. Hunt them up, and think over them. And what Jesus did in the temple as a boy, and continued to do until "He was hung up, and crucified," He is doing still. He sits in the Heavenly Temple of the New Jerusalem, and we on earth are at His feet. By His Spirit, through His Word, and by means of His ministers, and His providences, He is still asking questions of the boys and girls. I think He says to each of us, as once He said to Peter, "Lovest thou Me?" What is your reply, dear reader? Can you truly say,—

"My Jesus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine,
For Thee all the follies of sin I resign;
My gracious Redeemer, my Saviour art Thou,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now"?

Or, maybe, He says to you, when you are tempted to forsake His ways, or to turn from His truth, "Will ye also go away?" Our blessed Lord has none too many faithful disciples. Will *you* follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth? Come, let the answer be made forthwith, and with all boldness:—

"What anguish has that question stirr'd,
'And wilt thou also go?'
Yet, Lord, relying on Thy Word,
I humbly answer, 'No.'"

And when He says to you, as He did to the blind man, "What wilt thou that I shall do unto thee?" be sure to ask for something as necessary to you as sight was to him.

"None can ever ask too much."

And what about asking Christ some questions? Would it not be well to call upon Him while He is near? I would like to put one or two enquiries into your lips. Ask him, when you kneel in prayer, if He will heal your sick friend; and whether this or that is according to His will. Ask Him what He would have you do for Him. Ask Him how to be holy, and patient, and forgiving, and truthful, and brave. I believe that, if you take your difficulties to Jesus, He will help you out of them. He has wonderful ways of answering questions still. You will not hear a voice, or see a vision; but, if you trust your case and your question with the Lord, He will see to it that you get to know the truth. Somehow or other, sooner or later, He will send the answer along. Will you try this? With loving confidence, talk to the dear Saviour about your troubles. However small they may seem to others, He will not refuse to listen to your question, and to reply to it, for He loves to hear and answer prayer.

"Our Own Men" and their Work.

CXXII.—PASTOR J. J. BRISTOW, EAST FINCHLEY.



PASTOR J. J. BRISTOW is a brother beloved. If some of God's gifts to men are men, the people at East Finchley believe that their Pastor is one. To all who know him, he is good without being goody, faithful without being fretful. He was born in the Sussex village of Ditchling, not far from breezy Brighton, thirty-four years ago. After a good home training, and solid scholastic education, he came to London as an apprentice to the drapery trade. The knowledge thus gained, of men and measures, pins and pence, on both sides of the counter, has been no mean equipment for the greater business of dealing with saints and sinners.

Up to this time, he was a child of the so-called Mother Church, properly "christened" and confirmed. Yet he felt the need of more life and more light. *That* came through the ministry of Rev. Henry Denig, of West Kensington, who was the means of leading him to Christ as his personal Saviour. But the Holy Spirit was willing even to go further than this, and so led the subject of this sketch to see the need of believers' baptism as essential to complete obedience to Christ. So he was baptized, at the West London Tabernacle, in the year 1886. The proper "atmosphere" for the due development of his spiritual life was now desired, and he became a member of the

church worshipping at Talbot Tabernacle, under the soul-nourishing ministry of Pastor Frank H. White.

Most of Mr. Bristow's leisure hours from business were spent among the slums of Notting Hill, seeking to lead the people to Christ. He became Superintendent of a Ragged School, and took part in open-air meetings on Sunday evenings, as well as founded and conducted a weekly Bible-class in the large house of business in which he was employed. Becoming possessed by an unquenchable desire to devote the whole of his life to the work of Christ, he sought and followed the advice of his Pastor, and applied for admission to the Pastors' College. The late beloved President, C. H. Spurgeon, was convinced that the applicant had gifts of grace and nature, as well as a certificate of good works, so he was admitted in August, 1891.

College life was a positive delight to him. The present writer was his senior by a year; but, so far as he remembers, Mr. Bristow never took any part in the College debates, nor in criticising other students' sermons. He was known as one of the "quiet brothers", who studied to be quiet, and to do his own work. This he did prayerfully, conscientiously, diligently, and successfully. The Tutors were delighted with him; his fellow-students loved him.

During the earlier part of his College course, he was student-pastor at Cheam; and, during the latter part, at East Finchley. It says something for the insight as well as the foresight of the church-members that they asked the student-pastor to become their settled Pastor. This he did at the close of his College course.

Two of the most successful Baptist churches in North London owe their inception to the General Baptists,—Ferme Park and East Finchley. When Mr. Bristow became the Pastor of the latter, the membership was only thirty-five; to-day it is two hundred and twenty-five; then, there were only 80 Sunday-school scholars; now, there are 400; and "still they come," both to church and school. The late Principal Gracey, then living in the neighbourhood, did much to encourage Mr. Bristow, and to "father" the cause. It may be of interest to many readers to know that Mr. Bristow has baptized one of the sons and the only daughter of the late Principal of the College.

All that the Tutors predicted of our brother, as a preacher and pastor, is being amply fulfilled. He is not one of the "unfulfilled prophecies." His sermons are always well prepared, very Scriptural, expository rather than topical, blending the doctrinal with the practical. By this preaching, a good church has been gathered and a beautiful building erected. The church is prayerful and united, earnest and generous, contributing more than £100 a year to foreign missions, including £25 a year towards the Pastors' College Missionary Association. All the agencies usually found in connection with a "live" church are to be found here,—open-air services, Home Mission Band, whose object is to visit the people of the neighbourhood, Mothers' Meeting, etc., etc. The generosity of the church to the Pastor, when he entered the "United States" of Matrimony, was demonstrated by the presentation of suites of furniture for the dining and drawing rooms. Mrs. Bristow is a real helpmeet in every good word and work,

adorning, with a meek and quiet spirit, the doctrine of God her Saviour in all things.

The present beautiful school-chapel was opened, a little more than a year ago, at a cost of £4,000. The site and structure are the admiration of all beholders. The building is comfortable for worship, beautiful for situation, and well suited for people who are alive unto God, and who want to be the means of saving those who are dead in trespasses and sins. Only £500 remains as a debt upon the premises, and this sum both Pastor and people are anxious to raise speedily. The Lord's stewards, who will send something towards this desirable object, will be encouraging a deserving people, and helping "a going concern." Cleared the debt must be before long. The rapidly-increasing neighbourhood calls for advance. Where the church is as a lighthouse, giving light and saving life, people are sure to come. The members of East Finchley Baptist Church believe that the demand ought to create the supply, so plans have been passed for the



larger building, capable of seating 900 people. The needed advance is somewhat retarded by the £500 still required for the present premises. Will not some "Sword and Trowel" readers come "to the help of the Lord" and His people in this matter? In doing so, they will be helping people to help themselves, who, in a little while, will be strong enough to help others to help themselves in their turn. It will be a sound investment, producing real and renewed interest both to giver and receiver. The Pastor's address is "Saxonhurst," Durham Road, East Finchley, London, N.

WILLIAM JOYNES.



PRESIDENT, VICE-PRESIDENT, AND TUTORS OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE.
PROF. W. H. GAUSSEN, M.A., LL.B. PRINCIPAL A. MCCAIG, B.A., LL.D. PROF. W. HACKNEY, M.A.
THOMAS SPURGEON, PRESIDENT. CHARLES SPURGEON, VICE-PRESIDENT.

The Tutors of the Pastors' College.

"THEY have some immortal Tutors, and I trust the Institution will become immortal." So said C. H. Spurgeon, at the College Annual Meeting, in 1875. The Tutors of that day still live;—their worth and work can never be forgotten, and their influence is with us still. But they themselves have passed away, and he, who predicted for them the immortality that they have surely gained, is himself with those servants who "do Him service," and "see His face."

The Institution, thank God, still lives, as its Founder hoped it would. And more,—it has other Tutors destined to be "immortal" in the grateful memories of all who love the College. Of these God-sent men, the following details are of interest.

PRINCIPAL A. McCAYG, B.A., LL.D., was born again in 1868, and became a worker together with God at the same time. He served later, as a Colporteur, and as virtual Pastor of two Churches in Hunts. All that time, he was a student. Eventually, he entered the Pastors' College, and soon became Students' Secretary. While there, he was Pastor of the Church at Streatham; and when his College course was run, he settled at Brannoxtown, Ireland, where, for eight years, he laboured in the Gospel, and studied for his degrees. He was invited to become a Tutor in the College where he had received his first training; and, in 1898, he became the Principal of the Institution. He is the right man in the right place. He is a champion of the faith, as witness his volume of lectures on Inspiration, entitled "The Grand Old Book." As one of the Secretaries of the Pastors' College Evangelical Association, he renders invaluable service to the President and the Brotherhood.

PROFESSOR WALTER HACKNEY, M.A., our Classical Tutor, is also one of "our own men," having entered the College in 1875. After a successful student-pastorate at Henley, he settled at Commercial Road, Oxford; and during his ten years' pastorate there, he took his M.A. degree. In 1887, Mr. Hackney became Pastor of the Church at Graham Street, Birmingham, and remained there till 1898, when he began his work among us. We have every reason to rejoice that he accepted our invitation. Mr. Hackney has proved himself an apt teacher, a loving friend, and a missionary enthusiast. He has lately accepted the oversight of the Baptist Church at Lewin Road, Streatham, in which we wish him all good success.

PROFESSOR W. H. GAUSSEN, M.A., LL.B., bears an honoured name, and bears it right worthily. He distinguished himself at Trinity College, Dublin, gaining a Hebrew "entrance prize", gold medal in Logic and Ethics, and first honours in English Literature. We cannot claim him as a Pastors' College man, but this is our misfortune, and it certainly is not his fault. But he has been closely and happily associated with our dear friend, Frank White, at Talbot Tabernacle; and he is, of course, *ex officio*, a member of our Conference. He is also the beloved Pastor of the Baptist Church at Woodside, South Norwood. All blessing be with him in both spheres!

A Pilgrimage to Fletcher's Madeley.



[From a valuable miniature in the possession of Mr. John Randall, of Madeley.]

FLETCHER OF MADELEY.

IN never-to-be-forgotten days, long ago, one often heard, from the lips of C. H. Spurgeon, the name of Fletcher of Madeley. Again and again, in moments of lofty rapture, or when urging some passionate appeal to fervency of spirit or spirituality of life, he would invoke this saintly memory. It was C. H. Spurgeon's words which sent me to the books of Fletcher; in later years, they sent me on pilgrimage to a little town in Shropshire, where, with such uncommon zeal, this flaming apostle of the eighteenth century lived and laboured.

A hundred and twenty years have passed since Fletcher lived; and, in that period, places least affected by the change of passing time alter beyond recognition. So, it may be, if Fletcher himself returned in the flesh to Madeley, he would need someone to show him round! The very church in which he preached is no more; but his vicarage remains; and, in it, his furniture, his books, and even his sermon-notes. The present vicar, too, is a descendant of Fletcher's curate; and, what is more, the Rev. G. E. Yate embodies, and has carried forward for forty years, the splendid Evangelical traditions with which the name of Fletcher was associated.

"When I came here, forty years ago," said the vicar of Madeley to me, one day, "I found an old man, ninety years of age, who, as a child, remembered Fletcher in the street, on account of the silver buckles on his shoes, one of which he afterwards took off to give to a poor beggar he met who asked alms of him."

By birth, Fletcher was a Swiss, and his earliest years were marked by a deep and rare piety. This led his friends to take steps towards

finding a place for him in the Swiss Protestant Church. "The Church," they said among themselves, "is his career." But Fletcher himself scorned this worldly idea of the ministry; he abhorred the thought of the sacred office as a means of making his way in the world. The very suggestion savoured of infamy, and he turned elsewhere. Two of his uncles held commissions in the Dutch army, and Fletcher modestly said the life of an officer would be more in keeping with those meagre gifts and graces with which he considered himself endowed. A soldier he would be, he said; and, for a time, a soldier he was. The weakness and effeminacy, which his portrait suggests, had no existence in fact. As a boy, he loved to have a skirmish with his brothers. One day, when fencing with a real sword, he received a thrust in his side, the scar of which he carried to the end of his days. In Madeley, there is the neat little sword which he carried during his brief period in the Dutch army. But he was destined to nobler warfare. His self-discipline, conscientiousness, and fortitude were required for better service. He was called to take in hand another weapon, "sharper than any two-edged sword."

Upon his arrival in England, he became tutor to an old county family in Shropshire, the Hills, of Attingham Hall; and here, for the next seven years, he coached two lads for the University; and, at the same time, "worked out his own salvation with fear and trembling." Here it was that his life underwent the great change; here his piety deepened into saintliness. He attended the regular services at Atcham Church; and he spent days and nights in communion with God. After service on Sundays, he would gather together the most spiritually-minded of the worshippers, and take them apart into some shady dell on the banks of the Severn,—“by the riverside, where prayer was wont to be made,”—where, in holy converse with one another, they might enjoy the fellowship of saints.

To the family at the Hall, in whose service Fletcher lived, the young tutor appeared "righteous overmuch." They doubted his wisdom in refusing the good and rich things of their table, to live on simple, and, sometimes, insufficient fare. What could be his gain, they asked, in rising at four or five o'clock in the morning for the purpose of religious talk with the common servants employed about the estate, or in sitting up two whole nights a week by himself to read and pray? "He would become a Methodist, some day," the lady of the house once chaffingly said to him; a prophecy which came very near fulfilment. Nevertheless, the Hills admired him. When, in later days, a church living, in their gift, became vacant, they offered it to him. It was a snug little living,—with next to nothing to do,—and £400 a year for doing it! But Fletcher was not happy there; the money was too much, he said; and the work was too little! He would be much happier elsewhere. He had once preached at Madeley, —a black little spot a few miles away, where hundreds of colliers and iron-workers were drinking themselves to destruction,—that was the type of parish he preferred. He wondered whether the vicar of Madeley would be willing to change parishes with him? The vicar of Madeley, when Fletcher asked him the question, replied that he would be very glad to get out of it! Thus Fletcher left Dunham

for Madeley, a salary of £400 a year and nothing to do, for a salary of £25 a year, and a work which might well fill an angel's hands.

The congregation at Madeley, when Fletcher commenced his ministry, was very small. After six days' labour in mine and forge, it was impossible for his parishioners to rise so early on Sabbath morning; the spirit was willing, but the flesh was weak, they frivolously said. Fletcher accordingly purchased a big bell, and very early, each Sunday morning, he went through the little town, calling out his own people, and making it impossible for any to sleep. Before long, the old church, which seated five hundred persons, was filled. By-and-by, half the congregation could not get into the church; a great crowd assembled in the graveyard, and Fletcher left his pulpit, and sat in the window, where the people could see and hear him, whether they were inside the building or out. In fine weather, when large numbers travelled to Madeley from surrounding places, the whole congregation gathered in the churchyard; and there, under the open sky, with a tombstone for his pulpit, Fletcher preached the Word of Life.

But it was not sensationalism, in the usual sense of the word, which drew these crowds to Fletcher's services,—except what may be termed the higher sensationalism, that which searches out the sinner, and leads him to the Saviour. His sermons contained a strain of scholarship, which appealed to the more cultured among his hearers; at the same time, he had certain popular gifts, which did not fail to reach the working population, which, in his day, stood most in need of his ministrations. But it was the simple charm of the Gospel he preached, and the constant miracle of the conversion of the "characters" of the district, which won for him a name. In Madeley, to this day, one hears stories of thrilling pathos, some of them legendary maybe, but all breathing a tribute to the Gospel preached by Fletcher, as the very "power of God unto salvation."

At Madeley Wood, for instance, there is a cottage, which, at my visit, contained a big oven, but which is now destroyed, of which the following story is told. The good housewife, who once lived here, used to go to hear Fletcher, every Sunday morning, much to the annoyance of her ungodly husband. One Saturday night, in a drunken mood, he vowed that, if she dared to leave home the next day, he would heat the big baking-oven for her by the time she returned, and put her inside! In face of such a threat, the woman hesitated a moment; but, at length, decided that she would go to Madeley, as usual, and at all costs! But she purposed, in her heart, not to return home at once; she would remain at Madeley that whole day, and the next, till her husband's fury had passed. But Fletcher's sermon that morning changed her plans. My friend, the vicar of Madeley, has shown me the well-worn and discoloured notes, in small and exquisite handwriting, used by Fletcher in preaching that particular sermon,—a sermon which, by the way, is referred to by Dean Stanley in his "Lectures on the Jewish Church." The sermon was on Nebuchadnezzar, the burning fiery furnace, and God's marvellous deliverance of His chosen servants from the flames. For one hearer, at least, that sermon had special applicability. As this woman, from Madeley

Wood, listened to it, the spirit within her was changed. Her timorous resolutions vanished; she prayed more earnestly for the conversion of her husband, she resolved to go back to him immediately, and to brave, if need be, a sevenfold heated fire. In this spirit, she returned home. As she drew near to the house, sure enough she saw the oven heating, and hotter than she had ever known it, and her heart for the moment almost failed her. But bravely she lifted the latch, and prepared to face her infuriated husband. To her amazement, he did not spring to the door to seize her! But, there, yonder, in the far corner of the cottage, he was,—upon his knees! Instead of curses and vile imprecations, he was actually in prayer! The lion had become a lamb! In one short hour, by the finger of God, to this brutal blasphemer had been given the heart of a little child!

Pass inside the front door of Madeley vicarage, and on the left one finds Fletcher's study, just as he left it, the vicar explains, except for necessary repairs. It is a small room, and somewhat gloomy, which the window, with its ever-so-many tiny panes of glass, does little to brighten. Yonder is the bureau whereon Fletcher wrote his books; in the drawers beneath, are stored many relics. The wall, by the side of the fireplace, has never been papered; on that spot Fletcher used to pray; the wall is stained, the vicar says, with the breath of his fervent prayer.

"This is the room in which Fletcher died," said Mr. Yate, later on, opening a door at the head of the stairway. "You will notice that the bed is in the same position as Fletcher's was," said he, pointing to an old print of the death-bed scene hanging on the wall. As I lingered at the door, it was not difficult to imagine the weeping parishioners passing slowly, one by one, this open door, to catch a farewell glimpse of the face of their pastor whom they loved so well.

He watched for the souls of his people as one who must give account. In private life, he never ceased to warn and to teach in all wisdom. Was a poor washerwoman struggling under a heavy load? He would take her burden from her, and, carrying it along the way, would ask her whether she had been delivered from the burden of her sin? Walking through the wood, he came across a shooting party; and he did not leave them till he had faithfully warned them not to miss the high mark of the Christian calling. When his friends insisted upon his sitting to an artist for his portrait, his chief anxiety appeared to be that he himself might be able to paint the face of Christ on the artist's own heart. The doctor, who attended him in his last illness, said that the dying pastor, to the last, persisted in prescribing remedies for his (the doctor's own) soul.

His end came very suddenly. He contracted a chill while visiting on a Thursday. No one could keep him out of his pulpit on Sunday, and the result was fatal. The congregation was awestruck at sight of him; when he began to preach on the mercy of God, tears could not be restrained. After his sermon, he approached the communion table; and, as he took his place there, he said, "I am going to throw myself under the wings of the cherubim before the mercy-seat." He used to say, "If ever I overdo myself, I have but to step from my pulpit to my bed, and from my bed to my grave;" and so it was.

From pulpit to bed was not more than fifty yards; and, within a short week of the scene in the church, he was laid to rest in the churchyard, just outside the vicarage, half way between the church and his home. There his tomb stands, a tomb which is also a shrine. His name is honoured, his memory is an inspiration to many whose life and work lie far afield. But the grass around his tomb is never allowed to grow very green. It is too well worn by the feet of pilgrims. Sometimes, it is said that the hand of a stranger places on the tomb of John Fletcher, of Madeley, a wreath of immortelles.

"LAWLEY."

"Lovest thou Me?"

SERMON DELIVERED AT THE SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF
THE PASTORS' COLLEGE EVANGELICAL ASSOCIATION,
BY THE VICE-PRESIDENT, PASTOR D. J. HILEY.

"So, when they had dined, Jesus saith to Simon Peter, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou Me more than these? He saith unto Him, Yea, Lord; Thou knowest that I love Thee. He saith unto him, Feed My lambs. He saith to him again the second time, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou Me? He saith unto Him, Yea, Lord; Thou knowest that I love Thee. He saith unto him, Feed My sheep. He saith unto him the third time, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou Me? Peter was grieved because He said unto him the third time, Lovest thou Me? And he said unto Him, Lord, Thou knowest all things; Thou knowest that I love Thee. Jesus saith unto him, Feed My sheep."—John xxi. 15—17.

I THINK that all careful students of the spiritual life and development of Peter would say that the most formative and important period of his spiritual life was that between his denial of Christ and the Ascension of the Saviour,—what we call "the great forty days." Every Christian life has its great experiences, that permanently affect all after life;—moments, it may be, of awful agony, when we pass through our Gethsemane, and sweat as it were drops of blood;—or moments of high inspiration and great vision, for, as Wordsworth says,—

"One moment now may teach us more
Than fifty years of reasons."

I say that such a period was "the great forty days" to the apostle Peter.

The records of that solemn interval, which relate to Peter, are not many; yet quite sufficient to account for the great transformation. There is, first of all, the message of our risen Lord to the backsliding and denying apostle, which I consider one of the most exquisitely tender that ever fell even from the lips of Jesus. It is in Mark xvi. 6, 7. The connections of that text are familiar to you. When the Saviour rose, on the morning of the third day, He left the grave in charge of the angels, and He gave to them a message that they were to deliver to

the women, who were already on their way to the tomb; and the angels, with memories which forget nothing, passed it on, in these words, to the early visitors:—"Ye seek Jesus of Nazareth, which was crucified: He is risen; He is not here: behold the place where they laid Him. But go your way, tell His disciples and Peter"—and so on. Now, I say, there is no tenderer Gospel of pity and love than that contained in those last two words, "*and Peter*"—"tell His disciples and Peter." They are the first words of the risen Lord, as if He had lain in the grave thinking about Peter. Oh, what a Gospel that must have been to the broken-hearted apostle! What a revelation of infinite love! When we remember the last time they had met,—in the hour of the Lord's great extremity in that judgment hall, the denial thrice-repeated, corroborated by oaths and curses, the ignominious retreat of Simon Peter, that last look of the wounded Son of man,—we might expect the message, "*Go, tell His disciples, but not Peter.*" But, instead of being left out, he is specially put in;—not, "*Go, tell His disciples,*"—a term that would have included Peter; but, "*Go, tell His disciples and Peter;*" and if the tradition be correct, that Mark's Gospel was written at the dictation of Peter, I can quite understand the place these two words have here. The other disciples might take it as a matter of course as indicating more particularly Peter's leadership; but, to Peter himself, it was "the glorious Gospel of the blessed God" to a broken-hearted backslider; and I can understand Peter asking the women, for his own confirmation, "What did the angels say?" They repeat, "*Go, tell His disciples, and Peter;*" and that he would enquire, "Did they say, '*and Peter*'?" and when they would say, "Yes," that, again, *he would go out, and weep bitterly.*

But there is another thing that accounts for the wonderful change in Peter, and that is the record of a personal interview that Jesus had with him on that Easter morning. Now, amongst the instructions of Jesus to His apostles, and to His disciples for all time, is this, "If thy brother shall trespass against thee, go and tell him his fault between thee and him alone." That Peter had trespassed against his Lord, there is no doubt;—he had wounded his Lord deeply, and in a tender place, because it was a wound that He had received at the hands of His friend;—and the Master resented it, and had this private interview to tell him so; for you notice that, when the two disciples returned from Emmaus, to tell their great experience, they were greeted with the words, "The Lord is risen indeed, and hath appeared to Simon;" and you recall the record in 1 Cor. xv. 4, 5, "and that He rose again the third day, according to the Scriptures: and that He was seen of Cephas, then of the twelve." What transpired in that interview, concerns no one but the Master and the disciple; hence the seal of sacred secrecy is upon it; but Jesus thought it worth while to use the first hours of His resurrection life to settle that personal matter, and to lead the prodigal back. And oh, what a difference it would make, to the Church of God, if that simple rule were acted upon! Most of the rents of Christendom would thus have been avoided. When a brother trespasses against us, we generally tell everybody but the individual whom it most concerns, or we nurse it in our own breasts until it grows into a great hatred, that does

irreparable mischief to our own Christian life, and to the Church of God.

But, then, Peter sustained a relationship, not only to the Lord personally, but also to the other apostles; and, hence, something more was needed. He had publicly denied, he must publicly confess; he had forfeited the position of leadership by that denial. Christ does not permit Peter or the other apostles to think that what he had done was trivial; it was of paramount importance. So he is here being restored to the forfeited leadership, to the confidence of the other apostles.

I. THIS RESTORATION WAS WROUGHT BY A RE-AFFIRMATION OF PETER'S FAITH IN CHRIST.

But, before I come to that, I want to note that Jesus brings Peter face to face with that arrogant self-confidence that induced his fall. You note that Christ's first question instituted a comparison between the love of Peter and that of the other apostles, "*Lovest thou Me more than these?*" I know that some say the "these" refer to the boats, the fish, and the trade of the fisher, but that appears to me to be altogether below the significance of Christ's suggestion. It rather took Peter back to the comparison which he made, or suggested, between his loyalty and the loyalty of the other apostles: "Though all men shall be offended because of Thee, yet will I never be offended." "There may be possibilities of mischief lurking in other hearts, which, under great trial, may start into gigantic manifestations; and, under the pressure, they may forsake Thee; but I never will. 'I am ready to go with Thee, both into prison, and to death.'" So Christ, in this comparison, brings Peter face to face with his impertinent self-conceit, and his completely false estimate of himself and of his brethren. He seems to say, "Simon, son of Jonas, in the light of all that has transpired, are you perfectly sure that you love Me more than these?" Peter feels the point of that blade; the lesson is sent home; and, hence, Christ leaves it.

But as I understand it, the great point, the outstanding intention of Jesus, in the question thrice put, is to give Peter the opportunity of re-affirming his faith in the Deity of Jesus;—yes, the Deity of Jesus, the fact upon which the Church of God is built. That is my understanding of it.

Let me, in a few words, recall that incident in the coasts of Cæsarea Philippi, when Jesus put the question, "Whom do men say that I the Son of man am?" That question is merely introductory to the great question, "*Whom say ye that I am?*" In His earlier ministry, Jesus makes scarcely any direct claim to be the Son of God. His method appears to be to go on performing His mighty works, and speaking His mightier words. Now He seeks to elicit from His disciples the result of His entire ministry up to this point. He seems to say, "You have seen My works; you have heard My words; what is your final impression concerning My personality, My relation to God and man? '*Whom say ye that I am?*'" "*'Thou art the Christ,'*—the Messiah, the Sent and Anointed of God,—'*the Son of the living God*' in a sense in which no other man has been or ever can be." As I understand it, that conception of Jesus Christ is

the “rock” upon which His Church is built, and against which the gates of hell shall not prevail.

My interpretation of these questions in my text is, that Jesus is eliciting from Peter a re-affirmation of that fundamental article of his faith; and that is done by the words used by Jesus, and the reply given by Peter. Of course, all of my brethren are perfectly familiar with the words for “love” used here: ἀγαπάω and φιλέω. Jesus used the first of these words in his question, and Peter, in his reply, used the second; and it is perfectly clear that the word used by Jesus is a larger word than that used by Peter. As Trench says, “It shows a more reasoned attachment,”—not less of emotion, but more of reason and judgment; or, as Alford says, “The distinction seems to be that the larger word is more used of the reverent love grounded on the high graces of Christian character, which is borne towards God by His child, whereas the lesser word describes the personal love of human affection; and wherever, in the New Testament, men are bidden to love God, the larger word is always used; and the smaller word, never.”

Now, when Jesus, in the first question, said to Peter, “Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou Me?” He used that larger word; and when Peter replied, he used the smaller one; and, hence, Christ put the question again simply, as I think, because the question was not fully answered. Hence, Jesus seems to say, “Peter, you have evaded the point of My question. I do not ask, ‘Do you love Me as a man?’ You could hardly do otherwise after My years of intimacy. But I ask you, ‘Do you love Me with that love which begins in reverence, and widens into wonder, and deepens into worship?’ I take you back to your own great confession, and I ask, ‘Do you still regard Me in that light, and love Me with the reverent love that is the outgrowth of it?’”

So is it in the second question, “Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou Me?” Christ still uses that larger word, but again Peter replies with the smaller one. Hence the question is put again,—not simply that each denial may be covered by a re-affirmation, but because the question was not fully answered. But, in the third question, you notice that Christ drops the larger word, and uses Peter’s word, and thus He seems to say, “Peter, in the light of all that has transpired, are you perfectly sure that you love Me in the sense you say?” “Peter was grieved because He said unto him the third time, Lovest thou Me?”—not so much because He put the question thrice, but because He put it in that third form, that appeared to cast doubt on any love at all; and, under the pressure of it, he said, as I think, what the Master was in quest of, when he appealed to the omniscience of Jesus, and said, “*Lord, Thou knowest all things,*”—the secrets of all hearts are naked and open to Thine eyes with which I have to do,—‘*Lord, Thou knowest all things: Thou knowest that I love Thee.*’” The reticence of Peter was not on account of any doubt, but by reason of the great humility that had come from an awful experience. When he loved less, he could say a lot more; now he loves more, he says a lot less.

Faith in the Deity of Christ is a fundamental article in the creed of

every preacher and teacher in an Evangelical Free Church. I, for one, would allow considerable liberty in many things, in matters of faith and doctrine. Christian charity demands it; but we must all be perfectly clear where charity ends and where treachery begins. The frontiers of righteousness must be accurately defined; and, on this matter of the Deity of Christ, there must be no doubt. We will not, we must not speak harshly of those who may abandon it; but there is no place for such in the Baptist ministry, or amongst the men of the Pastors' College.

II. THE GREAT WORK COMMITTED TO MEN WITH THIS FAITH.

Jesus, from the first, from His personal interview, had no doubt about the love and faith of Peter. He knew the humiliation that compelled the restraint, and He also knew that, now, Peter had the martyr spirit, as He shows in the words He addressed to him. (See verse 18.) Hence, from the first, He committed to him the care of His flock.

Now, by way of exposition, notice that the work which Jesus committed to Peter is variously described. In the second case, he is to "shepherdize"—that is the larger ministry that would cover all the duties of care, and watchfulness, and patience which belong to the shepherd; and the third is, as the first, "feed"—"provide food for My sheep."

But also very striking, I think, are the words used to describe the flock, in its totality, that is committed to Peter's trust, "*Feed My lambs.*" "*Shepherd My sheep,*"—"the lamb-bearing sheep,—gently lead those that are with young;" and then, for the last, there is a reading that is probably the right one, as Godet says, "Provide food for My fatlings,—the diminutive form being used, as the symbol of choice ones;"—and Dr. Weymouth renders it, in his Greek Testament, "*Feed My lambs,*" "*Shepherd My sheep,*" "*Provide food for My dear sheep.*"

Now, all this brings before us a ministry that may well make us say, "Who is sufficient for these things?"

(1) *Provide food for the lambs, the lambkins,* the very little and tender and young ones who are in Christ's Church,—those whom He calls "My lambs." This brings before my mind that great and solemn problem of the religious education of the young, that at present convulses the nation. First of all, we must never forget to enforce the great truth that the first charge of the religious education of the young is not upon the State, and not even upon the Church, but upon the parents of the children. It is only when the home is also a church, and the father and mother, shepherd and shepherdess, feeding the lambs, that God's ideal is reached. I have heard great and noble preachers, but no ministry ever arrested and controlled my life like the ministry of my mother, when she read the stories of the Bible, excited my wonder, peopled my imagination, called forth my reverence, evoked my pity and love, and brought me under the spell of the good Shepherd.

But there is also the great work of the Church; and if we say that it is not the function of the State, or of unregenerate people, to

provide spiritual food for the lambs, the Church of God must devote vastly more time to the task than she has hitherto done. The one hour per week, in the Sabbath-school, is not adequate; one hour out of every 168! And, then, can the children understand us when we preach? Is the food so broken up that they can easily appropriate it? Dr. Culross told me that, when he began his ministry, I think in Stirling, he always, when he made his sermons, had in his mind a certain average boy, of ten years of age, and he would ask himself, "Can he understand this? If not, I must so alter it that he can." That remark helped me to understand the perfect sympathy of that great teacher.

(2) Then there is *the shepherding and feeding of those who are bearing the burden and heat of the day*,—those called by Jesus "*My dear sheep*",—the fatlings of the flock,—the strong men who need strong meat. Now, this is the children's age, when childhood comes to its heritage with children's services and children's sermons, which is as it should be; but the Church is not merely for the young, they must not be led to think that they have a monopoly of the Gospel; the welcome of and the provision for Christ's "*dear sheep*" must in no sense be modified. But there must be that gracious combination where the Spirit of the Lord will come upon all, where the young men shall see visions, and the old men shall dream dreams.

Then there is that great subject of the pastoral office in its totality; that is of paramount importance to the success of our Free Churches. We sometimes speak disparagingly of curates, whose only capacity seems to be to go from door to door, leading captive silly women; but I always think such criticisms are out of place except in the case of those whose one purpose is to make proselytes. There is hardly a greater need, in the Free Churches of to-day, than a proper discharge of the pastoral office. There is an idea that, if a man is a good pastor, he must almost necessarily be a poor preacher; but that is not true. Pastoral work need not involve neglect of study. While we have not, any of us, preached too well, in many cases pastoral work has been neglected; the tendency is, to become all preacher, and no pastor. If we do so, we are false to every Biblical conception of the pastoral office.

I expect you all know that matchless poem of Milton's, *Lycidas*,—perhaps the greatest he ever wrote, in which he describes the false bishops as those,—

"Who, for their bellies' sake,
Creep and intrude and clime into the fold;
Of other care they little reaoning make
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest;
Blind mouths;"—

and you can, I expect, recall Ruskin's exposition of it in "*Sesame and Lilies*." When Milton describes the false shepherds as "*blind mouths*", Ruskin imagines some critic saying, "*'Blind mouths'*—a strange expression, a broken metaphor, careless, unscholarly," and then says that, when Milton calls the false shepherd a "*blind mouth*", he uses two words that express the direct contraries of what the true

shepherd is. He goes on to tell us that, in the New Testament, there are two words to describe the true shepherd,—the word "*bishop*", which means a *person who sees*, and "*pastor*", "*a person who feeds*." Now, *what could be a more unbishoply character than to be "BLIND", and what more unpastoral than to be a "mouth"*—a person thinking, not of feeding others, but of being himself fed,—whose one idea is, to scramble at the shearers' feast, and shove away the worthy bidden guests? And, continuing, Ruskin says:—"The bishop's office is, to oversee the flock, to number it sheep by sheep." In the back street, Bill and Nancy are knocking each other's teeth out; does the bishop know about that? Has he his eye upon them? If he has not, he is no bishop, even though he has a mitre as high as Salisbury Cathedral. Someone says, "That is not my idea of a bishop;" but it is Milton's, it is Paul's, it is Christ's. Brothers, do we know our flock sheep by sheep? Do we care for them one by one? I expect there is hardly any pastor of a large church who is not made sad by such questions as these; yet all this is involved in being "a good minister of Jesus Christ," feeding Christ's lambs, shepherding Christ's sheep, and providing food for His "dear sheep."

III. THE ONLY ADEQUATE MOTIVE TO SUSTAIN ANYONE IN THE PASTORAL OFFICE IS LOVE TO CHRIST.

(1) *Duty* is a great and noble word, but that is not enough; it is a hard, cold word, and the inspiration from it is inadequate to a proper fulfilment of the pastoral office.

(2) *Love of men*, philanthropy, otherism, Altruism,—noble ethical words describing high motives, but not sufficient, I think. Some of the best workers I have known began with the altruistic motive, the enthusiasm for humanity; (I would not say half a word in disparagement of it;) but they have found that men, for whom you work in public life, can be ungrateful; and, so, these great workers have been stung, by man's ingratitude, into misanthropists (haters of mankind); and, now, their work is to write down, savagely and cynically, the new enthusiasm for men. Many men find it difficult to credit you with disinterested and unselfish motives; and when you have served on County Council, or in the House of Commons, they say, "He does not do it for nothing;" as if, at the heart of the service, there was some mean, corruptible, and corrupting selfishness. No, love of men is not enough.

(3) Nor is *love of the Church* sufficient. Jesus did not ask, "Do you love the lambs, or the sheep, or the dear sheep?" but, "Do you love Me? The sheep may play a strange part; their heart may be bruised, and well-nigh broken; but your obligation to Me will never alter." That was the motive which prompted a Carey, a Moffat, a Livingstone, or a Comber, to go, with bleeding feet and bleeding heart, to seek "that sheep which was lost," and those "other sheep", that they also may be brought, that there may be one fold and one Shepherd; and for love of Him we gather around this communion table, and, in remembering Him, pledge ourselves again to Him, whose we are, and whom we serve.

The Courage of Defeat.

BY PASTOR F. A. JACKSON.

DEFEAT is a hard word for all who have put heart into life. In the words of one of our most expressive idioms, "it goes against the grain." We did not shirk the contest; perhaps, like Robert Louis Stevenson, we were "made for a contest," and never felt life responding so nobly as when the contest absorbed every power of body, soul, and spirit.

The struggle for existence, the struggle against failing health, against misunderstanding, against powers of darkness, against loss and loneliness,—in the thick of all this, we had a heart to sing,—

"Say not the struggle ought availeth."

We felt that it availed everything;—everything that was worth while. We sought and found companionship in all that was virile, venturesome, and enthusiastic. We answered with joy the appeal of stern winds, the booming breakers, the wild songs and legends of the North. Kingsley's Song to the Nor'-Easter was music and food,—

"Come, and, strong within us,
Stir the Viking's blood;
Bracing brain and sinew,
Blow, thou wind of God!"

It is good to strive and fight, to toil and endure, to square the shoulders, and set the jaw, and forge right on. There are achievements to win, and fruits to gather where the sun lies warm, and where all is happiness and peace.

With some natures, the instinct to strive will remain through thick and thin; but there will be a difference when they have known the courage of defeat. The difference is felt, rather than seen, in certain reservations, in a certain tone and touch of character, instantly recognized by those of kindred spirit. The under world of pain and irony has had its voice, too; and now there are spaces of deep silence, where once the war-note alone was heard.

The truth is, there has been defeat;—a defeat not momentary, but utter and eternal. Some things have gone out of life that will never come back. We do not talk about them; but their going has disclosed, at our feet, an abyss of need of which we had not dreamed. Certain limitations have emerged from the mist of the years,—bold, black, rock-like limitations,—against which the seas of irresponsible optimism wash in vain. The defeated do not begrudge the gay-hearted and impetuous their counsels of perfection; but they have their own thoughts, born of an unsought knowledge; and they give and do the best they may, without bitterness, and without complaint.

In the last analysis of life, the courage of defeat will be found clothed with Divine and exceptional sanctions.

There is courage under fire, and it is a fine thing. But there is courage under water,—the courage that has no accompaniment of

excitement,—the courage that goes down, down into the great darkness and silence of the deep; and *that*,—ah, well, *that* is different! *That* was the courage of Christ, and it thrills and wins our very heart like no story of furious conquest that we ever read or heard.

The courage of defeat is, often as not, quite out of sight. It has no "show" qualities; they are all of the homespun kind, in the sense that they shrink from display. For the sake of the Truth, a servant of Christ will risk the coldness of unfriendliness, or the power and pride of position. For the sake of honour, a comrade of Christ will sacrifice the communion of years; in the conflict between love and duty, he will accept the defeat of his dearest pleasure, rather than sell his soul and his Lord. For the sake of conscience, he will accept the defeat of popularity, and will go forth unto his Master, "without the camp, bearing His reproach."

These things he will do, not making a virtue of necessity, and not clothing his grief with gloom; but, for the love of love, he will do them; and, most of all, for the love of his Lord: he will be like one—

"Set down in some strange jeopardy on enormous hills,
Or swimming alone at night upon the sea,—
Whose lesser life falls from him, and the dream
Is broken which held him unaware;
And with a shudder he feels his naked soul
In the great black world face to face with God."

"Face to face with God,"—*that* is, at once, his refuge and his strength. Face to face with some of the men he must meet, he may involuntarily close his heart, for the want of their understanding, or their sympathy; and he may have to go his way unstrengthened by anything they can say to him, or do for him. But "face to face with God," he is, with all his mind and heart, at home. He is not a man with a grievance. Life is great, and work is great, and God is great,—and good; and the defeat he has come to accept has, in the acceptance, revealed to him a world of spiritual life, along with certain rare opportunities of ministry, unsuspected before. "O Lord, by these things men live, and in all these things is the life of my spirit."

If the defeat had soured him, or had left him estranged, then the defeat had been tragical indeed. But the *courage* of defeat is in its frank acceptance, for the sake of the will of God. This is the way the Master went, and it is the way of eternal life. For, in this way, lose what we will, we lose nothing that is essential to our well-being, or to our true service in the world. Some of our Heavenly Father's richest gifts are in His withdrawals. "We resign nothing that endures. We may have to part with it for more or fewer years; but it awaits us in the world of eternal and complete restitution." We stand in nervous, jealous guard over our possessions, fearful lest one of them should be withdrawn. It is in our human heart to do that. And then, little by little, we learn the better way of confiding all to Him, who "is able to keep that which we have committed unto Him against that day." "Able to keep" is the apostle's restrained suggestion of the infinite love and might of our Lord Jesus Christ.

"Able to keep." It is love's mild way of stating its deepest and most confident things.

And so comes peace; and so comes the ample opportunity of the happy, unshaking, enduring work. We go, day by day, to meet again, in the eternal Light, that which we lost awhile; and, day by day, we gather manna for the soul that we knew not of, before He taught us the courage of defeat.

"I wonder," writes Rose Porter, "why we forget so, and seem to think the dream-days belong only to the young;—never having a thought for the stories written on hearts that are hidden by wrinkled, careworn faces: never seeming to think of the pathos of lives grown silent and tired with the long journey,—of the struggles, the noble deeds looking from dim eyes, sounding in voices from which the music has gone, in steps grown slow and halting, hands trembling and strengthless."

Well, we do not forget these things; we are not unconscious of the beauty of holiness, behind the worn exterior, when we have learned well the courage of defeat. There are swift, intuitive perceptions, warm and kindling sympathies, which have a language of their own,—brief and tender,—that speaks unerringly to the heart. Rich depths of experience are disclosed, that the world wots not of,—experience which will clothe life as with the sun, when this world's fashion and fame have gone like a dream.

It may happen that these words will be read by some young man, who is feeling, at present, only the pain and bewilderment of defeat. Perhaps some serious illness has appeared for the first time;—or some dream has broken "that held him unaware;"—or some high endeavour has yielded indifference where he hoped for affectionate recognition;—or ambition has bruised its wings against the cold walls of the world. There is sore temptation, now, to accept defeat,—not with courage, but with weakness, or with cynicism;—the temptation to lower, if not to abandon, the life's ideal; to be content with the commonplace, or even with the sordid.

It is the time of testing, the most momentous period of a young man's life. On his decision, now, will turn his destiny. It is the hour of supreme opportunity.

First, let him not think that his experience is unique. For himself, it is unique; but it is a common experience.

Next, let him be sure that there is a purpose in it,—a Divine purpose, which—if he will wait in hope,—will be revealed to him in Divine strength and loveliness. Then, let him believe this,—that the enchantment of his brightest hour is not fugitive, not detached from the Divine scheme of life; but will, if he be faithful, continue to repeat itself; until, at last, his soul shall know its full emancipation in the grace of Jesus Christ. "The Lord will perfect that which concerneth me." In the morning light of Heaven, the courage of defeat will be seen to have been the profoundest triumph of all.

Chinese Proverbs, with Every-day Lessons.

BY JOHN A. STOOKE, C.I.M., CHEFOO.

II.—“WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO, DO WITHOUT DELAY.”

(TENG TEH 'HUANG-HO' CH'ING REN SHOU CHI HO? Literally:—“Wait till the Yellow River becomes clear, and how old will you be?”)



等得黃河清人壽幾何

PASTOR THOMAS SPURGEON'S exhortation, “Now, then, Do it,” in “The Sword and the Trowel,” recalled to my mind the above Chinese proverb. Is it not a capital one to wake us all up? Most of my readers have never seen “the Yellow River”; and, therefore, they know only by report about its length, its volume, its treacherous deviations, and the red mud and yellow sand which it brings down in its rapid course,—the latter giving it the name by which it is usually known.

The pith of the proverb lies in the fact that *the Yellow River never will become clear*, so its lesson can be learned by the youngest reader:—“Don't wait till to-morrow, but seize to-day's opportunity, and make the most you can of it. Don't wait for something to turn up, like Charles Dickens' Mr. Micawber, but go and turn it up yourself.” Remember what “John Ploughman” wrote “On Seizing Opportunities”:—“Some men are never awake when the train starts, but crawl into the station just in time to see that everybody is off, and then sleepily say, ‘Dear me, is the train gone? My watch must have stopped in the night?’ They always come into town a day after the fair, and open their wares an hour after the market is over. They make their hay when the sun has left off shining, and cut their corn as soon as the fine weather is ended; they cry, ‘Hold hard!’ after the shot has left the gun, and lock the stable door when the steed is stolen. They are like a cow's tail, always behind; they take time by the heels, and not by the forelock, if indeed they ever take him at all.”

If you, my youthful reader, wait to see the Yellow River become clear, old age will

creep over you ere you are aware of it, and still the swiftly-flowing stream will be as yellow as ever. "Hurry up!" then, is the message to us from this Chinese proverb. Pastor Thomas Spurgeon says, in the exhortation I mentioned at the beginning of this article, "I like those words in the Bible, old-fashioned though they are, that tell of immediate action. 'Forthwith.' It means, 'with forwardness.' 'Immediately.' It evidently means that no time is allowed to intervene. Best of all is that word 'straightway,' which someone has called 'a business word.' You have long desired to be a Christian. Repent and believe, forthwith. You have thought to be baptized; 'now then, do it;' and do it straightway. You have thought to be engaged in Christian service; up, up, and do it, straightway." To this injunction, I add my most hearty "Amen!"

A similar message to earnest young workers for Christ is contained in Mary's instructions to the servants at the wedding feast in Cana of Galilee:—"Whatsoever HE saith unto you, do it." The pity is, that so much is left undone because we are dreaming and scheming instead of daring and doing; or,—keeping to the metaphor of the Chinese proverb,—sitting idly by the Yellow River, waiting for it to become clear. Alas! while the sentimental dreamer is thus wasting precious hours, and missing golden opportunities, the tide of human sin and woe is rushing on towards the ocean of eternity, and the idler is doing nothing, and attempting nothing, in the great work of rescuing the perishing. Many of these Do-nothings are no longer young; old age has already arrived for them, white hairs are upon them, but they know it not, and they are still waiting for the Yellow River to become clear. Let us not be like them; but let us, "forthwith," "straightway," put our whole soul into Christ's work, keeping that good old English motto ever before our eyes,—

"DOE YE NEXTE THYNGE."

Sir Henry Lawrence, the heroic defender of Lucknow, who wrote his own epitaph, "Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty," prayed this prayer, "O Lord, help me to do to-day's work to-day!" This is a prayer that I cordially commend to every reader of these lines.

Is the Armour of God Wearing out?

BY THEODORE I. CUYLER, D.D.

EVERY attentive reader of the religious journals of the different Evangelical denominations must observe how generally they lament a decrease in the number of conversions, and a falling off in the admissions into membership by "confession of faith." Many reasons are suggested for this declension; and one of the most startling is that old methods have worn out, and revivals have become obsolete, and that this "advanced age" requires entirely new methods and a new style of preaching, and what is called an "up-to-date gospel." If this be true, it is so serious a truth as to demand universal attention. Is it true?

No one can read the New Testament honestly without seeing what the methods of the early apostles were. They believed in prayer-meetings; they preached a simple but very rousing Gospel of repentance of sin and faith in Jesus Christ; they had a baptism of the Holy Spirit; they strove to save souls, and to bless their fellow-men by deeds of practical beneficence. In fighting sin and error and human misery, their greatest leader exhorted them to "put on the whole armour of God." The weapons of that panoply were "the girdle of truth", and "the breastplate of righteousness", "the shield of faith", and "the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God;" and these were to be backed up by "prayer and supplication in the Spirit." Eighteen centuries have rolled away; but the Holy Spirit has not changed, the Bible has not changed, human nature has not changed, God's promises have not changed, and yet we are told that the methods and the weapons of those successful early Christians have worn out, and this age of advancement demands something new!

Let us face a few facts. About the middle of the eighteenth century, Great Britain and her American colonies had fallen into a spiritual torpor. The two Wesleys in Britain, Edwards in America, and Whitefield in both countries, led off in a mighty awakening, one of the outgrowths of which is the immense Methodist denomination. These men simply put new life into the old methods.

The experience of Christian churches, even in these latter days, has ever been that solid success has always followed the legitimate use of the old Gospel weapons when attended by the blessing of the Holy Spirit. In order to fill empty pews, some churches have been tempted to resort to certain sensational devices. Such devices have no permanent value; like the use of alcoholic stimulants, there must be an increase of the dose, and a final reaction to feebleness is almost certain to follow. To draw people to the house of God, is very well; but unless they are drawn to Jesus Christ and a better life, the supreme purpose of attending Sabbath services is not attained. An industrious minister, who carefully prepares practical Evangelical sermons, and maintains thorough pastoral visitation, and wisely directs the working machinery of his church, rarely fails to hold his Sunday congregations. The weapons from God's armoury are not worn out yet; when they are, Christianity may go into bankruptcy.

I do not question the usefulness of what are called "Institutional Churches"; but they are only practising the principles of the early apostolic Church, which were a Christian socialism in many features. It is a noteworthy fact that the chief pioneer in "institutional" methods was the late Charles H. Spurgeon, and he was the prince of old-fashioned Gospel preachers. He never thought of regarding his Orphanage and other benevolent adjuncts of the Metropolitan Tabernacle as substitutes for the sovereign purpose of his whole work, which was to convert people to Jesus Christ. He subordinated the physical, the mental, and the social, to the spiritual; rightly judging that making clean hearts was the best way to secure clean homes and clean lives. The glorious old Gospel weapons never wore out in his hands, nor need they do so in any churches that are actuated by his spirit.

No one, who carefully observes the state of things in our land, will seek to belittle the difficulties which Evangelical religion has to contend with. Worldly prosperity has demoralized multitudes of rich church-members, and the gulf between wealth and poverty is widening. Brains and culture in our Colleges are increasingly drawn into other pursuits than the pulpit. There is a lowering of the observance of the Lord's-day, and hundreds of thousands of immortal beings bury their souls every Sabbath morning under the unclean blankets of a godless Sunday press. I fear, too, that household religion is at a lower ebb than formerly, and family worship is too much neglected, or made an empty form. The atmosphere is charged with scepticism, and the young breathe in the malaria. Is there as much fervent, faithful preaching to the unconverted, as much personal effort to win souls, and as much earnest, untiring, and loving work for our Master, as when the sowers went forth bearing the precious Gospel seed, and came in again with rejoicing, bringing their sheaves with them?

This is no time for a blind and boastful optimism; neither is it a time for a blear-eyed and blasting pessimism. Let us face painful facts,—not as cowards, or as compromisers with error, or as carelessly content to see things grow worse. If the artful adversary can persuade Christ's Church that the old Gospel armour, wielded with such mighty power by the Wesleys, the Whitefields, the Guthries, the Finneys, the Lyman Beechers, and the Spurgeons, is wearing out, then there might well be a jubilee in hell over our suicidal folly! May God in His infinite mercy forbid!

Green Pastures.

BY H. T. SPUFFORD, F.L.S.

VI.—VISITORS.



THE days of June relieve the long-drawn pressure upon the Northern lands. And they have all come, those summer guests, whose whole life is lived in the presence of the sun, whose retainers they are, following him as closely as did, of old, the yeomen of a feudal chief, or barons at the bidding of their king. They have come,—some in leagues of flight over sea and land; and others, by halting stages, spread through the breaking of the spring. Woe be to many of those that halt, for they meet their doom as choice morsels for Southern palates! Quails—crossing the inland sea, pursuing the same course as when, in the time of Moses, they “came up, and covered the camp of the Israelites,”—fall as

victims to their own plump condition. The garden warbler is the far-famed *beca-fico* of the Italians, while even the nightingale is not spared; its ranks are sadly thinned to satisfy the epicures of Mediterranean lands.

But they reach us at last;—the turtle-dove, which begins its journey North in March, and is heard in our woods in May; the cuckoo, whose welcome note is eagerly caught by the infirm, as the voice of respite; the swift, that could, if it so willed, cover its journey from Central Africa to our church towers in six hours;* the swallows from the historic kingdom of the Pharaohs; the nightingale, the blackcap, and a host of other warblers; the night-jar and the flycatcher bringing up the rear. Do my readers realize what the incoming of this marvellous host means;—that, as far away as the bleak Orkneys, the migratory birds penetrate;—that, in Norwegian forests, the redwing and the fieldfare lift up their voice and sing, for they have reached home;—that the stork walks, with secure gravity, by the waterways of Holland, for he is home, too, in a land where he is honoured;—that the nightingale and a hundred more of choristers, of varying name, make glad the hours of “merrie England”, while twilights join across the Northern sky, and Night resigns her sway? Do my readers grasp what an increase to the expression of “Summer!” the advent of the birds conveys? Think, if one could listen to the aggregate of song poured out upon the Northern air! Our ear is only equal to small things, and our knowledge of bird voices is lamentably deficient. But what of Him who “giveth to the beast his food, and to the young ravens which cry”? What of Him who has differentiated from the beginning, and worked out His deliberate purpose through the ages? Think of that great anthem on Creation set out in the last verse of the first chapter of Genesis. Have we not the antiphony in Rev. iv. 11: “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.”?

But again I ask,—Do my readers grasp what far-away influences still exert their sway over this immense exodus? The study of the migration of birds is in its infancy, but sufficient seems to have been determined to suggest that the causes, which started migration, operated in geologic ages; and, call it instinct, hereditary memory, or what you will, the reflex action of these remote causes is felt in bird life still. If this be fairly established, it opens up the thought, so amply illustrated in the sphere of morals, that, however far back may be the originating force, the consequences of the cause operate from generation to generation.

* * * *

For a moment, let the mind dwell on this theory,—the geologic origin of bird and animal migrations. Then, from “the testimony of

* It has been computed that the greatest speed of the common black swift of Europe is about 276 miles an hour, which, if maintained for about six hours, would carry the bird from England to its winter home in Central Africa.—PROFESSOR LEITH ADAMS, F.R.S., F.G.S.

the rocks," the imagination pictures a period when the Northern lands were warmer, and were peopled by the quadrata of a more genial clime; when the hippopotamus waded through the swamps of a mightier Thames; when plants of the Equator flourished here; when the North Sea, now swept by piercing winds, was dry land; when Southern Europe and Northern Africa were one, and a continuous earth-area stretched from Scotland to the Atlas mountains. In those far-distant ages, birds basked in Northern Europe and Asia without fear of cold. Then, gradually came less torrid heat, when the vine and the flora of Southern Europe flourished in the far North. Following on these, were periods of variation, and, in the end, the ice, resulting in shortage of the food on which bird life subsists, and, thus, in the seeking of both food and warmth further South. Unreckoned ages passed, while the Glacial Epoch came and went, "whilst Ireland was gradually separating from Great Britain, the latter from the Continent, and the Straits of Gibraltar and the great Inland Sea were forming." These new barriers gave rise to fresh distributions, to the multiplication of species, the adoption both of more and other routes of travel, and modified habits of life. It will be one of the feats of the scientific imagination of the future to reconstruct, by proper deductions, the world as it was ere the era of migration began, and then to go on to depict the successive lengthening of bird journeys to warmer lands.

There is a phrase in use among the learned on this question of migration which may mean much or little as more is known. While geologic changes are held to have been the starting force, the long journeys, the sudden impulses of birds and animals, and the unwonted appearance of even fishes in localities where they have not been seen for a lifetime, are put down to "transmitted memory." The argument is, that the forms of life, which are now restricted to certain areas, or only journey to further limits each season, or at periods far apart, were once indigenous over the whole range, and that it is an irresistible impulse which carries them back to native haunts where they dwelt long ago. Salmon will suddenly appear—only to die,—in some mill-polluted stream of the North. The stork's bones have been found by the side of those of Dutch cattle away in Central Africa. The American bison is described, by former observers, as being seized by what they call "a wandering fury", forcing its way, past all impediments, to localities far from its usual feeding-places.

The term "transmitted memory" gives scope for startling reflection and application; but we may well pause. Enough has been said to show that these great movements in Nature are not of the historic yesterday. There is, however, much to learn, and little reason for even the scientific to be dogmatic.

* * * * *

The migration of birds did not escape the eyes of the wise men of the East. There are several very vivid allusions to it in the Scriptures. Particularly is this so in Jeremiah viii. 7: "Yea, the stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed times; and the turtle

and the crane and the swallow observe the time of their coming : but My people know not the judgment of the Lord." The obvious moral is, that birds have instinct enough to change their quarters as the temper of the air alters, but Israel, "My people", as God calls them, know not how to improve either seasons of grace or seasons of judgment. The force of the comparison is exceedingly strong ;—"Yea, the stork in the heaven knoweth ; . . . but *My people* know not." The very birds put to shame those who had both conscience and revelation to guide them. By the way, this is a subject which might be taken by the preacher at the turn of the year, after all the winter pleadings with some souls.

The turtle of Jeremiah viii. 7 is the select bird of the Song of Solomon. What more delightful picture of the spring is to be found than the poetic outburst of Canticles ii. 12? "The flowers appear on the earth ; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land." "The turtle," says Matthew Henry, "is one of the season birds, mentioned in Jeremiah viii. 7, that 'observe the time of their coming,' and the time of their singing, and so shame us who 'know not the judgment of the Lord,' understand not the times, nor do that which is 'beautiful in its season,' do not sing in singing time."

We are told that, immediately on its arrival in the countries bordering on the Mediterranean sea, the turtle pours forth its soothing "coo" unceasingly from dawn to sunset, in every garden, grove, and wooded hill. It is very abundant, and, together with the palm dove and pigeons, supplied the offerings presented by the Jewish poor. When Mary brought the infant Jesus into the temple, the offering, which was admissible either as trespass, sin, or burnt-offering, was proffered with Him who was to cover all.

In our own land, the turtle dove is oftener heard than seen. It is a late comer, and its brooding cooing is mostly an accompaniment of soft airs, May blossoms, and dewy mornings and evenings, redolent with the fragrance of flowers. Some think its note plaintive, and it is thus, doubtless, that the psalmist uses the comparison in Psalm lxxiv. 19. But the "coo" is really a note of complacency. To its mate, this bird shows a life-long attachment. Onward, from the times of the classics, the turtle dove has been held up as a type of matrimonial perfection ; but, for the matter of that, the great eagle and the croaking raven, with many a lesser bird, can share with it a like eulogy.

Of the other birds mentioned in Jeremiah, the Numidian crane and the swallow, I cannot speak, nor enlarge upon the habits of the stork,—one of the most interesting of the migrants,—nor do more than quote the passage, in Job xxxix. 26, where the Lord asks the patriarch, "Doth the hawk fly by thy wisdom, and stretch her wings towards the South?" This most fascinating topic must be left, the writer being amply repaid if the reader's wonder has been awakened, his reverence deepened, and his observation quickened.

Facts and Figures for Temperance Workers.

“WE have no moral right to vote a moral wrong.”—ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

“Why do they let men sell the drink? They know very well what it does.”—A SCOTTISH MOTHER.

“Drink is the most authentic incarnation of the infernal principle yet discovered.”—THOMAS CARLYLE.

“It is worth a life's effort to lift up a man from degradation, but to prevent his fall is far better.”—JOHN B. GOUGH.

“Rum and milk in the morning is the best thing in the world to *pour down a rat's hole.*”—DR. GORDON STABLES.

“Prayerful thinking prevents thoughtless drinking, and thoughtless drinking prevents prayerful thinking.”—JOHN B. GOUGH.

“The moderate drinkers are the unconscious seducers of the people.”—VON BUNGE, in “The Medical Temperance Review.”

“Alcohol means disease, tuberculosis, decay, sterility, impotence; it is another word for wickedness, cruelty, vice, and insanity; it means misery and the downfall of nations.”—The Paris “Figaro.”

Wm. McCrindle, Secretary of the Glasgow Branch of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, said, when giving evidence before the Glasgow Housing Commission, that, in 1,080 out of 1,200 cases, the alleged cruelty was attributed by the officers to drink and drunkenness.

“Oh, madness! to think use of strongest wines
 And strongest drinks our chief support of health,
 When God, with these forbidden, made choice to rear
 His mighty champion, strong above compare,
 Whose drink was only from the liquid brook.”
 MILTON'S “Samson Agonistes.”

“There are two vices which, once they get hold of a woman, refuse to be conquered. Perhaps her nature is to blame; perhaps her moral strength is far below the standard of a man's. In either case, one fact remains as an almost unbroken record. She cannot be cured of drunkenness. She cannot ever give up gambling once she seriously takes to it. Even ruin won't stop her.”—“Rita,” in “The Gentlewoman.” (We hope the case is not as bad as this.)

“Compensation” means the conversion of a gratuitous yearly licence into a permanent vested interest. If granted, it will mean, according

to Mr. Arthur Chamberlain's calculation, the addition of HUNDREDS OF MILLIONS OF POUNDS to the already enormous fortunes of brewers and distillers. Others estimate that IT WILL DOUBLE OUR NATIONAL DEBT; but why should *the nation* compensate publicans or brewers when their own system of Mutual Insurance secures all that can reasonably be asked? Here is a recent instance, described by "The National Guardian," the organ of "The Trade":—

"Three licence-holders in Glasgow, who, by the long occupancy of their premises, (from eleven to thirty-five years without fault or complaint,) might reasonably have considered themselves safe from the vagaries of the Magisterial Bench, nevertheless thought it advisable to insure their licences, last year, with the Scottish Licences' Mutual Insurance Association, Ltd. The result of their Scottish caution, in doing so, should surely prove a wholesome lesson to every member of our much-harassed trade. Each of them had his licence refused last April, and they have now secured compensation, from the Association, of sums of £5,000, £2,000, and £1,000, their contributions to the Association, in respect of the same, being the trifling sums, respectively, of £37 10s., £12 10s., and £1 17s. 6d."

"Gratefully Received."

OUR good brother, Dr. Geo. A. Huntley, in asking us to print a list of contributions toward his New Hospital in Central China, says:—"The old, insanitary shanty, which I have worked in for six years, nearly cost me my life last summer. I am willing for that though, if I can in this way most glorify my Master. But it is sad to think that even that place is now closed, and that the sick flock to the doors in vain; and since that building cannot again be used for hospital purposes, it is evident that the millions, who fall within the 'parish' of our Church,—the only Baptist Church in Central China,—must look in vain for us to 'heal the sick' as well as preach the Gospel until we have built and equipped our new hospital."

We need only say that this good work has our fullest confidence and sympathy. Contributions may be sent to Dr. Huntley, "Claudius," Clifton Road, Weston-super-Mare; or Pastor Thomas Spurgeon (Metropolitan Tabernacle, London,) will receive and forward them. The following amounts have been gratefully received from Readers of the "Sword & Trowel":—

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Field, Torquay	...	1	0 0
Mr. J. Gallienne	...	1	1 0
Mr. A. E. Coveney	...	1	1 0
Mrs. Hunt	...	0	10 0
Miss Spliedt, Germany	...	2	0 0
Mrs. Field (2nd donation)	...	5	0 0
Miss Emily Ireland	...	0	5 0
Acknowledged last month	...	0	2 0
		<u>£10</u>	<u>19 0</u>

Annual Gathering of the Colporteurs.

THE Conference of "the House-to-House Brigade" is over; but it has left blessed impressions, which are not likely quickly to fade from memory. Although not favoured with very bright or genial weather, the most of the brethren could tell of "sunshine in the soul" throughout the gatherings; and, at the close of the Conference, they pronounced the meetings "second to none."

On Saturday, May 7th, nearly all the brethren arrived, and met with a hearty greeting in the grounds of the Stockwell Orphanage. Old and familiar faces were in evidence, and former companions in service brightened up when receiving the warm grip from the hand of a comrade or friend. It seemed as if tiredness was relieved, and care became unburdened, as, in little groups, the colporteurs narrated to one another the experiences of another year of hard but happy toil. Snap-shots were taken, the orphan children were watched at their play; and, presently, the welcome invitation to tea brought all around the hospitable tables, where they could eat, drink, and be merry.

At 7 p.m., a good audience had gathered for the public welcome meeting in the Memorial Hall. The Orphan choir delighted the audience, while assembling, and at intervals during the evening, with their sweet and inspiring songs. Alderman Henry Potter, F.S.S., very ably filled the chair, and gave some profitable and practical hints to the colporteurs, whom he described as "commercial travellers." Brief words of welcome were spoken, and some of the colporteurs suitably and interestingly responded to them.

The novel feature of the evening was the address by Alderman A. O'Connor, who, after relating the experiences of his early life, and expressing his warm fraternal interest in the colporteurs, went on to narrate the story of the fortnight which he spent in Chelmsford Gaol as a Passive Resister. The narrative was listened to with keen relish and evident sympathy, the applause being enthusiastic and frequent from the colporteurs, some of whom have already had to suffer restraint in connection with "the priests' rate." Altogether, a high key-note was struck, and the men departed to the households, where hospitality had been provided for them, tired with the travel and excitement of the day, but with hopeful anticipations for the coming Sabbath.

As a preliminary to the Sunday morning worship, the brethren assembled at the Pastors' College for the "Sweet Hour of Prayer." Here there was evidence of eagerness and appetite for spiritual things in the spirit which was manifested. Prayer was poured forth, with marked volume, during the all-too-short season, the colporteurs sometimes rising three or four at once to engage in the sacred exercise.

At 11 a.m., all had gathered within the Tabernacle, awaiting the special sermon which the President was to deliver. They were not disappointed when it came, the discourse being founded upon 2 Chron. xxx. 6-12, the subject being "Colporteurs as God's Postmen." The "postmen" were described as numerous, expeditious, conscientious, zealous, industrious, and courageous, all illustrating the characteristics which should be found in a colporteur, or any other Christian worker.



IN THE VILLAGE.

The "letters" were referred to as "messages received directly from the King," which must be delivered faithfully and intact. Then came an application, from the narrative, as to "the reception of the King's message." Altogether, it was felt to be a word in season, which made an impression upon the brethren, to which they referred again and again.

A long session had been arranged for the afternoon, when the colporteurs were to give their testimony; the disappointment, arising from Lord Kinnaird's inability to keep his engagement to preside, being relieved by the receipt of a very kind letter from him. The speaking was interspersed with prayer, new colporteurs were introduced to the older workers, and there was a happy blending of narratives of the experience of the younger men and the veterans of more than a quarter of a century in the work. The Chairman of Committee (Mr. S. R. Pearce) wound up with a very gracious address.

Tea followed, and it was a pleasant and refreshing time of preparation for the activities of the evening. Of course, many of the brethren were again present at the Tabernacle service. Some, however, had been engaged to speak at various missions; others preached from the Tabernacle steps; some joined the open-air workers in the streets around; and a few, as is usual, went to conduct evening worship with the orphans at Stockwell. It was a busy day of mingled worship and service, the desire of every heart being to get a large blessing, and to be also made a blessing to others.



IN THE TOWN.

The colporteurs were at the Dépôt, looking round, before 9 a.m. on Monday, utilizing a spare hour by examining the stock before the day's programme commenced. It had been planned to hold a brief season of prayer, a full hour's business, and again a time of devotion, which should lead up to a communion service. This arrangement, however, could not be carried out. It soon became evident that a spirit of prayer was present, and, once started, the season of intercession went on, without a break, for close upon two hours, when it became necessary to withdraw to another

apartment for the observance of the ordinance. Thus, business concerning the work was excluded, as all were engaged in business with God. Assembled at the Lord's table in such a frame, it was no wonder that the Lord made Himself known in the breaking of bread. Rev. F. B. Meyer, B.A., had come to preside; and, in doing so, he gave two addresses, which made a deep impression upon all hearts, and which will not soon be forgotten by those who listened to them. As the morning closed, it was felt that it had been a most precious time of uplifting, calculated to prepare the brethren for a new period of consecrated service.

A substantial hot dinner had been prepared on the premises, and was much enjoyed. This was followed by the taking of the annual group photograph, and a little break before the meetings of a more public character. At 3 p.m. the members' and subscribers' meeting was held, lasting until five o'clock. The President (Pastor Thomas Spurgeon) was in the chair. Business and Reports were introduced; addresses by the President, G. H. Dean, Esq., J.P., and Rev. H. J. Harvey, and by several of the colporteurs, followed. It was a quiet, pleasant occasion, which left much food for thought for both colporteurs and subscribers when it was concluded. The address by Rev. H. J. Harvey was a striking

and logical argument to demonstrate that "Colportage" is needed in the present day as fully as at any previous period.

Tea followed, and the usual votes of thanks were accorded by the colporteurs to various friends and helpers. At 7 p.m., the annual public meeting of the Association was held in the Tabernacle. The President was again in the chair, supported by Col. R. Parry Nisbet, C.I.E., who has recently been elected to the Vice-Presidency. The Report was followed by brief addresses from both



IN THE MARKET.

the President and Vice-President, after which the colporteurs spoke with much acceptance, their testimonies being interspersed with a special address by Pastor E. H. Ellis, of the East London Tabernacle, who claimed that colportage is an effective form of Christian work for towns as well as country places. It has been a pleasing feature of this Conference that the Report indicated the steady maintenance of the number of Districts, recorded a year of much spiritual blessing, and included a balance-sheet without a deficit.

On the following day, the colporteurs, for the most part, returned to their homes, to take up anew the work of selling and telling the Gospel from house to house, until a call to Conference once more comes round.

Notices of Books.

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

Friends who desire to have Pictorial Post Cards, either for preservation or distribution, should procure copies of the Keswick series, which are beautiful from an artistic point of view, and still more valuable because of the choice Scripture Texts printed on them. Packets, containing six cards, can be obtained, post free for sixpence of the Colportage Association, or six packets for half-a-crown; or any of the colporteurs can supply them.

The A B C Church and Chapel Directory and May Meeting Handbook for 1904. Robert Banks and Son. Price twopence.

IT is rather late to issue a May Meeting Handbook; but, as the meetings announced go on until July 12th, it is in good time for the later gatherings. In other respects, it is, as its

title-page claims, "A Book of Reference for All the Year Round," and a very useful and cheap compilation it is.

Mr. Charlesworth's special musical composition for this year's Stockwell Orphanage festival is *Onward March!* adapted to Costa's "March of the Israelites" from the Oratorio "Eli." The music is well known, and the words are most appropriate to it. Its price is 1s. net; vocal parts, 2d., band parts, 3d. each. Other new issues are *The Angel of Hope* (6d.), and *Stockwell Gems*, "The Children's Friend," "Sing On, Dear Heart, Sing On," and "Don't Hold Back!" (one penny each). All can be obtained of Partidge and Co., 32, Stockwell Road, London, S.W., or at the Orphanage on the day of the festival, June 23rd.

The Gospel by Signal. By A. W. WEBSTER and Rev. WM. DRYBURGH, M.A., B.D. Sunday School Union. (1s. 6d. net.)

THE sub-title explains the purpose of this book:—"Simple Methods of Visible Illustration:—Applied to Bible Subjects." Most ingenious and suggestive, certainly. Our only fear is that the little ones may be too much taken up with the flags and pictures to learn their deepest meaning. Everything will depend upon the lecturer. Still, even illustrating can be overdone. We confess to a fear also of the "public performance at anniversary or other gatherings."

Christ and the Christian Faith. By the Rev. Principal CAIRNS, D.D. Religious Tract Society (6d.)

A REPRINT of the five powerful Essays contributed by Principal Cairns to the series of "Present Day Tracts." To publish this masterly treatise at so cheap a rate, at this particular time, is the sign of the "scribe which is instructed unto the Kingdom of Heaven." To scatter it broadcast, is to play the part of the man "which sowed good seed in his field." We are disposed to say to our readers, what Joseph said unto the people, "Lo, here is seed for you, and ye shall sow the land."

Service and Inspiration. By ALEXANDER SMELLIE. Andrew Melrose. (2s. net.)

THE majority of these Addresses were delivered in London at the Centenary of the Sunday School Union. It must have been good to be there, for the *reading* of them is delightful. We like their ring and tone, as much as their delicate and expressive phrasing. Here is a sample:—"Let us receive the Holy Ghost in the quiet of the Upper Room, and in public our Master will win His captives and His servants through us. We can guess with what sort of message the Spirit will send us forth. It will be one in which there is a grave and thorough-going doctrine of sin,—sin which, in its guilt and blackness, deserves the

wrath of God. It will be one which holds Christ up for the acceptance of men; and, most especially, Christ crucified, our Sin-bearer and Substitute." We pronounce it a gem of a book.

God's Witness to His Word. By HUGH D. BROWN, M.A. Hodder and Stoughton. (376 octavo pages, 6s.)

READERS of the "Sword and Trowel," who read these powerful papers, in the Magazine, month by month, will warmly welcome them as a permanent volume. But many others will now read, and greatly profit thereby. As the title-page truly states, it is "A Study of the Self-witness of the Holy Spirit to His Own Writings;" and, from that standpoint, Mr. Brown has produced one of the most remarkable books we have ever read. Large scholarship and keen logic are here used to enforce the unique claims of the Scriptures as the infallible Word, and completely to refute the destructive effects of modern unbelieving criticism. But, behind both scholarship and logic, is an enthusiastic love for the Bible, and spiritual affinity with its lofty truths, that enable the writer to penetrate and expound its teachings, where mere intellectual equipment utterly fails. No minister should fail to read this stimulating and enriching book; and the rank-and-file Christian will find his faith greatly strengthened by its prayerful study. It is no milk-and-water booklet for babes; but strong meat for grown men and women. Mr. Brown does not believe in trifling with so intensely important a theme, but gives to it the best of his mental and spiritual powers, and these at their best.

We wish for this valuable volume the widest circulation, and should rejoice greatly if some means could be devised by which ministers, whose means are small, could secure a copy. We heartily echo, for this production, the verdict given, some years ago, by the beloved C. H. Spurgeon concerning another volume,—

"RARA AVIS: A BOOK!"

Some of My Proofs Developed.
Snapshots by KODAK. A. H.
Stockwell. (1s. net.)

FIVE charming little idylls of London life, told in admirable style, and having a powerful moral of religious appeal in them.

Your Opportunity. W. J. Hutchings, Uxbridge. (9d. net.)

A DAINTY booklet, written by an aged Christian, setting forth the warnings and appeals of the Gospel. It is broken up into short chapters, and written in a terse, almost staccato style. Here is Evangelical earnestness *on fire*.

What Does the Resurrection of Christ Mean? By F. E. MARSH. Marshall Brothers. (1s. 6d.)

THE fact of the Resurrection, and the consequent influence it should have upon our lives, are the lines upon which Pastor Marsh writes,—with illumination and force, and with abundance of apt illustration. The reading of the little book has done us good.

Notes on the Intermediate State and the Resurrection. By FRANCIS GELL, M.A. Charles J. Thynne.

CONCISELY, and with saintly spirit, the truth as it is in Jesus is here set forth, in contradistinction to the theories of "the larger hope" and "life in hades." The teaching of the booklet is Scriptural, scholarly, and timely.

Our Marching Orders. By Dr. R. F. HORTON. Religious Tract Society. Price threepence.

THIS splendid plea for missions abroad, delivered from the chair of the Congregational Union, is issued in a handy form, and is worthy of the widest distribution.

The Riches of Christ. By FREDERIC B. MACNUTT. Rivingtons. (6s.)

THIS is a volume of discourses by a young clergyman, who has evidently a bright future before him

if he keeps an even keel. Mr. Macnutt knows the Gospel, and is manifestly devoted to his own Church. He has a light touch, and a literary style; and we are not surprised that those who heard these sermons at Wimbledon desired a permanent memorial of them.

Honour towards God. By JOHN KELMAN. Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier. (1s. net.)

REV. JOHN KELMAN is the nearest successor we have to the late Henry Drummond; and this book, though bound in a different style, suggests the series that began with "The Greatest Thing in the World." It has the same blemish, addressing all men as if they were regenerate. We are accustomed to emphasize the need of trust on our side toward God; Mr. Kelman's thought is, that God trusts us, that He puts us on our honour. Alas! if that is the case with us, where is the man who has not betrayed his trust?

The Master's Questions to His Disciples. By G. H. KNIGHT. Hodder and Stoughton. (5s.)

BEAUTIFULLY printed and bound, this volume enshrines fifty-two chapters which treat most of the questions of Christ recorded in the Gospels. It is a capital idea, and Mr. Knight, of Garelochhead, has worked it out well. He has evidently drunk deeply of the spirit of Christ, and meditated much. This is a book for careful reading; there could be nothing much better for Sunday afternoon portions; suggestive thoughts abound, and there is not a slovenly or jejune page. We thank you, Mr. Knight.

The Outpoured Spirit and Pentecost. By R. C. MORGAN. Morgau and Scott. (1s.)

A VALUABLE and dainty little volume. Everything that Mr. Morgan, the Editor of "The Christian," writes, is full of sound doctrine and sound sense. Ripe experience and wide knowledge are revealed in these chapters.

The space available for Notices of Books is so small that we cannot, as a rule, do more than just mention the later editions of works that have been reviewed in our pages when first published. The following have just come to hand:—*Home Truths*, by the late Bishop J. C. RYLE, D.D. (New edition, first series. Drummond's Tract Depôt, Stirling.) *The Bible and the Prayer-Book*, by W. M. (Fourth thousand, revised and enlarged.) "*A Lamp unto my Feet*," by M. BIDDER. (Cheap edition.) The two latter works are published by Mr. Elliot Stock, at 1s. each net. *How to be Happy though Married*. (T. Fisher Unwin, cheap edition, 6d.)

The Ethics of "Moderate" Criticism. By Rev. R. O. O'CONNOR. The Bible League. Sixpence net.

WE have too long been on the defensive in meeting the attacks of Bible critics. In this admirable treatise, an Irish clergyman leads us to the attack on the enemy's position. His views are stated with force and moderation.

A Woodland Romance. By G. S. ASTINS. A. H. Stockwell. (1s. net.)

A STORY, in verse, of love, and treachery, and Divine over-ruling. Pleasant and pure, if not profoundly poetic.

Notes.

Personal Paragraphs.

Our appeal to be furnished with records of striking conversions and restorations, through C. H. Spurgeon's sermons, whether heard or read, has brought us only a few responses. We therefore reprint the original statement and request, and we must see that it is sent further afield this time.

"It has been suggested to the Editor of 'The Sword and the Trowel' to make as complete a collection as possible of the remarkable conversions wrought by the Spirit of God through the agency of C. H. Spurgeon, whether by word of mouth or by his pen.

"We have come across hundreds, we might almost say thousands, of such cases; but, unfortunately, we have not kept precise note of them.

"We believe the publication of such records would be for the glory of God. We shall, therefore, be very grateful to friends, the world over, who will send us authentic details of the wonderful works of God through His honoured servant. These records should be as concise as possible. It will suffice that initials stand for names. Address, Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, Metropolitan Tabernacle, London, S.E."

We are most thankful to record that Mrs. CHARLES SPURGEON has so far recovered from the successful operation, performed during Conference week, as to be able to reach Folkestone. We trust that her convalescence will

brighten as speedily as possible into full health and vigour.

We desire to call special attention to a notice, in our Review columns, of the issue of our good friend, Hugh D. Brown's work on Inspiration. "The Sword and the Trowel" was the honoured medium of the communication of these trenchant and timely papers, in the first instance, to the Christian public. We are delighted to find them brought together in a comely volume. They are only good. How C. H. Spurgeon would have revelled in them!

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Tabernacle Tidings.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle, April 28th, six,—William Hicks, Selina R. Taylor, Susan C. White, Lucy Butler, Frank L. Houser, Florence Cramp; at Haddon Hall, same date, three,—Kate Venimore, John M. MacMillan, Lizzie Davis.

At the monthly communion service, on Lord's-day evening, May 1st, twelve friends received the right hand of fellowship upon their reception into the Tabernacle Church, and the deaths of the following members were reported:—Susan Halls, Ellen Tinniswood, Ann Howlett, and Elder Thos. Fuller.

"Why be a Teetotaller?" This question was answered, wisely and

well, by the Rev. R. Harris Lloyd, at the monthly meeting of the "John Ploughman" Gospel Temperance Society. It was demonstrated, beyond all doubt, that the evils arising from the use of strong drink abound, continue, and increase. What advantage, then, hath the teetotalter? "Much every way," is the answer, whether considered from the commercial, national, moral, or spiritual standpoint. We were confirmed in our opinion (and trust others were converted to our view, and the apostle Paul's,) that it is good neither to drink wine, nor anything whereby a brother is caused to stumble, or is offended, or made weak. The best thanks of the meeting were given to and acknowledged by the lecturer.

A demonstration against the Government Licensing Bill was held, in the Tabernacle, on Saturday, May 14th. It was organized by the Central South London Free Church Council, and the speakers included Revs. F. B. Meyer, A. W. Jephson, and J. Scott Lidgett, and Messrs. W. Steadman and S. Collins. Processions, with band and banners, started from the Central Hall, Bermondsey, Camberwell Green, Kennington Park, and St. George's Circus. The meeting was of a most enthusiastic character, the speakers being most emphatic in their condemnation of the Bill, and the audience most vehement in its protest against the attempt of the Government to endow the Brewer. The following resolution was moved by Rev. A. W. Jephson, M.A., L.C.C., seconded by Rev. J. Scott Lidgett, M.A., and carried unanimously:— "That this meeting of the citizens of South London condemns the Licensing Bill, now before Parliament, because (1) it is an unwarrantable interference with the discretionary powers of the Magistrates; (2) it creates a permanent vested interest in licences, which has never existed before, thereby turning a yearly permit into a freehold property; (3) it will more firmly entrench the liquor traffic in the life of the nation; and (4) it will effectually prevent all National Temperance Reform;—and pledges itself to do everything in its power to prevent the passing of the Bill into law, so that the Statute Book may not be disgraced by its enactment, and the nation afflicted by its operation."

A resolution, thanking the Pastor

and Deacons for the use of the Tabernacle, was moved by Rev. R. Harris Lloyd, seconded by Rev. C. Rounsfell, and carried with acclamation.

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Concerning the College.

Mr. E. Spanton is removing from Landbeach and Milton, Cambridgeshire, to Stogumber, Somersetshire.

Pastor George Dunnett has been appointed Evangelist (for twelve months at least,) to the West Midland Federation of Evangelical Free Church Councils. He will be occupied, for about six weeks in August and September, in the Midland Mission to the Hop-pickers of Herefordshire and Worcestershire; the rest of the year will be devoted to his new service, in which we wish him every blessing.

IN MEMORIAM.—While the Conference was proceeding, on April 20th, BROTHER A. MAYO, of San Salvador, was "going home." He was a dear fellow, greatly beloved by all who knew him, and "a good soldier of Jesus Christ." He only went out to the Congo about two years ago, and his wife went only a year ago. They were both members of the Baptist Church at Boxmoor; and were the representatives, in the foreign field, of the Salters' Hall Baptist Church, Islington. This early termination of a promising ministry is a mystery that we cannot comprehend. We can only bow before the will of the Lord, and lovingly plead with Him to sustain all who suffer through this sore bereavement.

Only four days later, April 24th, one of the veterans in our ranks—PASTOR JOHN MARKHAM, of Sheffield, Bedfordshire,—was "called home." He left the College in 1869, and settled at Forres, and afterwards laboured, with much acceptance, at St. Alban's and Sheffield. For twenty years, he had been, at least partly, invalided, and was a great sufferer. His affliction was, however, borne with gracious submission to the Divine will, and it has been a means of grace to many to visit him. During his latest days, after a severe attack of pain, he looked into the face of his son,—Pastor J. H. Markham, another of "our own men," and said, "Preach Christ,—nothing but Christ." His widow and family may rest assured that they have the prayerful sympathy of the whole brotherhood.

* * * *

Our Fatherless Family.

Now that the College Conference and the Colportage Convention are over, the Orphanage Festival, on Founder's Day, June 23rd, is the event to which the attention of our friends must be directed. As already announced, the programme for the day will equal in interest and importance the most successful of recent years. From half-past two o'clock till the grounds are illuminated at dusk, there will be a series of engagements, which cannot fail to commend the work of the Institution, and to secure the sympathy and support it needs for its maintenance. We hope that all our readers, who cannot be with us on that day, will remember to send a generous contribution to the funds. The Chairmen at the two public meetings will be Col. R. Parry Nisbet, C.I.E., and E. J. Gorringe, Esq., J.P., of Seaford; and the speakers will be Revs. W. L. Watkinson, E. A. Stuart, M.A., John Bradford, C. Anderson Scott, M.A., J. Barlow, and John Wilson.

Our friends will be glad to know that H.M. Inspector of Schools has anticipated his official Report to the Board of Education by the record, in our Visitors' Book, of the following personal impressions:—

"I have been greatly struck by the carefully contrived arrangements for the mental, moral, and physical education of these orphan children, as observed by and detailed to me to-day. It is quite

unusual to find an Institution of so thoroughly homelike a character, and the appearance and bearing of the children are the surest evidence how they are being influenced by it for their highest good.

"(Signed) ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES."
"11th May, 1904."

Our boys took part in the annual meeting of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society at the Mansion House; and were waited upon at tea by the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress and their daughters, who were greatly interested in them.

Our Sunday School teachers had the satisfaction of passing a large percentage of scholars at the recent Scripture Examination, one boy being selected, for the excellence of his paper, to compete with all England.

There was an increased attendance at Gresham Chapel, Brixton, when Mr. Charlesworth and the orphan choir took part with the Pastor in the week-evening service. Will Pastors of Churches, in and around London, bear in mind the offer of a visit to their week-night service or prayer-meeting? They should write to Mr. Charlesworth, and give a choice of dates in June, July, and September.

Visitors to Margate should not fail to look over our Sea-side Home. The matron will gladly welcome them at any reasonable hour, Sundays excepted.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from April 15th to May 14th, 1904.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Pastor E. Ashton	0	2	6	Mr. W. P. Harrison	0	10	6
Mr. and Mrs. E. Barrett	1	1	0	Miss M. M. Ewing	2	0	0
Mrs. E. A. Newland	1	1	0	Mr. Alex. Christie	1	1	0
Mr. Henry Hayward	1	1	0	Miss Knott	0	5	0
Mr. P. A. Shiner	1	10	0	Mr. Blackford	0	10	0
Mrs. Kelly	2	0	0	Rev. J. L. Bennett	1	0	0
Mr. F. Whittle	10	0	0	Mr. J. Woodgate	1	1	0
Misses R. and M. Oyer	0	5	0	Mr. E. S. Boot and family	3	3	0
Mr. A. Southwell	0	10	0	Mr. F. Hlggs	3	3	0
The Misses Gould (in loving memory of our beloved mother)	4	0	0	Mr. J. G. Hall	1	1	0
Mr. J. C. Smith	3	3	0	Contribution from Baptist Church, Ashdon, Essex, per Pastor T. H. Smith	0	8	6
Mr. Ed. Dawson	2	0	0	Mr. C. F. Brust	1	1	0
Mr. W. Edwards	21	0	0	Mr. Horace Wiles	1	1	0
"C.D."	1	1	0	Miss E. A. Tunbridge	0	2	6
Mrs. J. Manning	1	1	0	Mr. A. C. Pensam	0	10	0
Mr. K. Manning	1	10	0	Friends at Guildford, per Pastor J. Rankine	1	16	6
Mr. Geo. James	0	10	0	Collection at Centenary Chapel, March, per Pastor F. G. Smith ...	1	4	0
Contribution from Baptist Church, Yalding, per Pastor W. H. Tomkins	1	1	0				

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Pastor C. T. Johnson	0	5	0	Mr. and Mrs. J. Hall	10	10	0
Pastor T. Breewood	0	10	0	Miss L. Hall	5	5	0
Collection at Zion Baptist Chapel, Chesham, per Pastor A. Priter ...	0	16	6	Mr. and Mrs. Tatnell	5	5	0
Pastor A. Priter	1	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. C. Marsh	2	2	0
Contribution from Crewkerne Baptist Church, per Pastor G. Walnwright	1	13	0	Mr. G. T. Drew	1	1	0
Contribution from Hatfield Baptist Church, per Pastor J. H. King	0	17	0	Mr. F. G. Buckmaster	1	1	0
Collected by Pastor A. Phillips ...	1	10	0	Mr. W. T. Dives	1	1	0
Collection at Christchurch Baptist Chapel, Hants, per Pastor R. J. Peden	0	5	0	Mrs. R. G. Clarke	2	2	0
Mr. J. W. Harrauld	1	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. J. Barrett	2	2	0
Pastor E. J. Edwards	1	1	0	Mrs. Nagel	0	5	0
Mr. F. Adams	3	3	0	Mrs. E. Raybould	2	2	0
Mr. Wm. Vinson	10	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Percy	2	2	0
Mrs. Vinson	2	2	0	"Ebenezer"	3	0	0
Mr. T. W. Doggett	2	2	0	Miss Johnston	1	0	0
Rev. S. Atlee	0	10	0	Mr. W. J. Bigwood	2	0	0
Mr. G. W. Rabbich	1	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. J. Warren	5	0	0
Per Pastor I. A. Ward:—				Mr. W. Godbold	1	5	0
Mr. J. G. Graves	1	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. P. R. Phillips	3	3	0
Mr. J. Stephens	3	3	0	Anon	0	10	0
Mr. Geo. Gunston	0	5	0	Mr. W. Davis	1	1	0
Mr. T. Wilson	3	0	0	Miss Wade	2	2	0
	7	8	0	Mr. A. W. Mills	1	1	0
Contribution from Nottingham Baptist Church, per Pastor Kirk Bryce	2	12	6	Mr. and Mrs. W. Mills	5	0	0
Pastor W. Goacher	0	7	6	The Misses Crompton	3	3	0
Contribution from Chatsworth Road Baptist Chapel, per Pastor A. G. Brown	10	7	6	Mr. W. Johnson	5	0	0
Contribution from New Brompton Baptist Chapel, per Pastor W. W. Blocksidge	3	0	6	Contributions from Manor Park Baptist Chapel, per Pastor C. Pummell	1	1	0
Collection at Commercial Road Baptist Chapel, Oxford, per Pastor C. Potter	1	7	0	Mr. and Mrs. Wilson	3	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. E. Smith	0	10	0	Miss E. J. Emery	15	0	0
Contribution from Derby Street Baptist Church, Burton-on-Trent, per Pastor J. Askew	1	0	0	Mr. J. A. Dry	1	1	0
Pastor W. Seaman	0	10	0	Rev. E. Isaac	0	10	0
Contribution from Salem Baptist Church, St. Peter's, per Pastor J. T. Castle	1	0	0	Rev. W. J. and Mrs. Mayers	2	2	0
Contribution from Octavius Street Baptist Church, Deptford, per Pastor D. Honour	1	0	0	Mrs. Smith	1	10	0
Mr. J. Mead	2	2	0	"Anon"	0	10	0
Mr. Albert Mead	10	0	0	Mr. Wm. Smith	2	2	0
Pastor and Mrs. T. Spurgeon	25	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Ladds	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. B. I. Greenwood	100	0	0	Pastor T. and Mrs. Greenwood	10	0	0
Rev. J. A. Brown, M.R.C.S.	5	5	0	Mr. and Mrs. G. Osborne Neal	3	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. F. Fisher	5	0	0	Miss Kerridge	1	1	0
Mrs. W. Payne	1	10	0	Mrs. Sillitoe	1	1	0
A friend, per Mrs. W. Payne	1	10	0	Mr. J. Everett	2	2	0
Mrs. and the Misses Bailey	5	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Blake	1	10	0
Mrs. W. Olney and family	20	0	0	Pastor W. Williams	2	2	0
Mr. W. Olney	10	0	0	Mr. James Clark	20	0	0
Pastor D. J. Hiley	2	2	0	Mr. J. B. Meredith	10	0	0
Pastor W. Stott	2	10	0	Rev. E. S. and Mrs. Neale	4	10	0
Miss Knowles	0	10	6	Mr. W. Wooland	10	0	0
Mr. J. Ellington	0	10	0	Mr. S. Wooland	10	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. T. Summers	5	5	0	Mr. and Miss Spreadbury	4	4	0
Mr. E. Vincent	1	1	0	Pastor C. B. and Mrs. Sawday	2	2	0
Mrs. M. Vincent	0	10	6	The Misses Buswell	1	1	0
Mrs. Tyson	1	1	0	Mr. W. W. Thompson	10	10	0
Mr. Hill	1	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. C. Wagstaff	5	5	0
Mr. A. Dickson	0	5	0	Mr. and Mrs. Arnold	5	0	0
Mr. W. Coleman	1	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Essex	5	5	0
Mrs. Coleman	0	10	6	Mr. and Mrs. Hornblow	1	1	0
Rev. S. O. Kempton	1	1	0	Mr. G. C. Heard	5	5	0
Mr. B. T. Foyle	1	1	0	Mr. C. Savage	2	2	0
Mrs. Foyle	1	1	0	Mr. T. Round	1	1	0
Miss Foyle	0	10	6	Mr. and Mrs. J. Savager	2	2	0
Mrs. J. B. Parker	5	0	0	Mrs. M. Walker	0	10	0
Pastor W. P. Hodge	2	12	0	Mrs. W. J. Burgess	0	10	0
				Mr. E. Walker	1	1	0
				Mrs. E. Walker	1	1	0
				Mr. and Mrs. S. Wigney	2	2	0
				Miss J. Pearce	1	1	0
				Mr. E. Pearce	3	3	0
				Miss L. Pearce	1	1	0
				Mrs. Drayson	1	0	0
				Mr. Upton	6	6	0
				Miss Upton	2	0	0
				Mr. J. W. Ottaway	1	10	0
				Dr. and Mrs. McCaig	5	0	0
				Pastor J. Doubleday	1	0	0
				Mrs. and Mrs. H. W. Harvey	1	1	0
				Mrs. Higgs and family	50	0	0
				Collection at Edmonton Baptist Chapel, per Pastor D. Russell	2	14	6
				Miss Dransfield	1	1	0
				Judge Willis, K.C.	0	10	6

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Collection at East Dereham Baptist Chapel, per Pastor R. Layzell	0	10	0	Mr. and Mrs. Spice	2	0	0
Mrs. J. Neal	2	2	0	Mr. T. A. Denny	50	0	0
Friends at Kirkstall, per Pastor C. Welton	0	16	0	Mr. and Mrs. G. Higgs	5	0	0
Mrs. K. B. Wheeler	1	0	0	Mr. Frank Hooker	1	1	0
Mr. F. Sexton	1	1	0	Mr. W. Jones	5	0	0
Mr. Geo. Gibbs	1	1	0	Mrs. M. Bluett	1	0	0
Pastor G. Turner	1	1	0	Contribution from Brunswick Road Baptist Church, Gloucester, per Pastor W. E. Rice	4	0	0
Mrs. Lane	2	0	0	Mr. R. Sortwell	3	3	0
Mr. A. E. Goodbody	1	0	0	Mr. W. J. Graham	5	0	0
Mrs. M. Davies	2	2	0	Mr. J. Hughes	1	1	0
Collection at Landbeach Baptist Chapel, per Pastor E. Spanton	0	7	8	Collection at Abingdon Baptist Chapel, per Pastor W. H. Doggett	1	11	10
Mr. E. Wollacott	5	0	0	Pastor R. Scott	0	5	0
Collection at Cotton End Baptist Chapel, per Pastor W. H. Smith	0	4	6	Contribution from Southwood Lane Baptist Church, Highgate, per Pastor J. H. Barnard	0	10	0
Mrs. E. Oldfield	2	2	0	Pastor A. K. Davidson	0	10	6
Collection at Baptist Tabernacle, Stockton-on-Tees, per Pastor N. H. Patrick	6	10	0	Pastor J. H. Banfield	0	2	6
Mr. John Chivers	3	3	0	Mr. W. A. Devenport	5	0	0
Miss Hooper	1	1	0	Professor W. Hackney, M.A.	5	5	0
Contribution from West Park Street Baptist Church, Chatteris, per Pastor T. Knight	1	0	0	Mrs. Devenport	5	5	0
Contribution from High Street Baptist Church, Ilford, per Pastor F. H. Smith	7	0	0	Pastor W. Gillard	0	5	0
Contribution from Aldershot Baptist Church, per Pastor F. G. Kemp	0	7	6	Pastor J. Dupee	0	5	0
Collection at Blackmore Baptist Chapel, per Pastor H. A. Fletcher	0	10	0	Pastor F. D. Tranter	0	5	0
Mrs. E. E. Huntley	3	3	0	Contribution from Barking Tabernacle Church, per Pastor H. Trueman	1	10	0
Rev. L. Levinson	0	10	0	Miss H. F. Smalridge	0	10	6
Mr. H. O. Serpell	1	1	0	Mr. Sedcole	1	1	0
Mr. Wm. Mannington	25	0	0	Mr. Richard Cory, J.P.	10	0	0
Mr. M. H. Hodder	2	2	0	Mr. and Mrs. F. Thompson	6	0	0
Mr. L. T. Narzaway	5	0	0	Miss Thompson	2	0	0
Mr. F. W. Ward	1	1	0	Contribution from Queen Street Baptist Church, Peterborough, per Pastor H. Knee	7	0	0
Contribution from Bunyan Tabernacle, Norbiton, per Pastor I. O. Stalberg	3	3	0	Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Willcox	10	10	0
Miss Spliedt	2	0	0	Mr. G. Finch	1	1	0
Miss J. H. Brown	1	1	0	Rev. F. C. Carter	3	3	0
Contribution from Isleham Baptist Church, per Pastor J. A. Wilson	1	1	0	Mons. Buchel	2	2	0
Contribution from Longley Road Baptist Church, Tooting, per Pastor G. H. Rumsey	2	2	0	Mr. and Mrs. J. Russell	3	3	0
Pastor J. C. Carlile	5	0	0	Per Pastor T. W. Medhurst:—			
Contribution from Winchester Baptist Church, per Pastor A. W. Wood	1	0	0	Mr. J. Davis	2	2	0
Mr. J. Coutts	5	5	0	Mr. S. Grey	1	1	0
Miss S. E. Mannington	1	0	0	Mr. W. Grey	1	1	0
Pastor E. A. Carter	2	2	0	Contributions from Crawley Baptist Church, per Pastor J. McAuslane	1	1	0
Mr. A. C. Hollands	1	1	0	Pastor G. K. Smith	2	2	0
Rev. G. D. Cox	0	5	0	Pastor W. Slater	0	10	6
Mr. J. Measures	1	1	0	Pastor A. W. Welch	1	1	0
Collection at Slough Baptist Chapel, per Pastor Theo. Cousens	1	10	0	Pastor G. Pring	0	5	0
Mr. J. J. Cook	3	3	0	Pastor J. Briggs	0	10	0
Mr. C. F. Allison	2	2	0	Mr. S. P. Catterson	4	0	0
Mr. H. Packham	5	0	0	Pastor F. G. Greening	0	9	0
Mr. S. Rogers	3	3	0	Pastor J. R. Cooper	0	2	0
Mr. W. J. Evelyn	2	0	0	Pastor A. C. Burley	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Morton	2	2	0	Pastor G. Whittet	1	10	0
Messrs Morgan and Scott	5	5	0	Pastor H. Kidner	0	10	0
Colonel R. Parry Nisbett, C.I.E.	10	0	0	Pastor J. M. Cox	1	1	0
Miss Butcher	1	1	0	Pastor C. Chapman	0	7	6
Miss Stephenson	0	5	0	Contribution from Istock Baptist Church, per Pastor A. E. Johnson	0	11	6
Mr. J. Winckworth	5	5	0	Mr. J. Williamson	1	1	0
Mrs. Fuller and family	2	2	0	Mr. D. C. Apperley	5	5	0
Pastor J. G. Williams	1	1	0	Contribution from Immanuel Baptist Church, Southsea, per Pastor J. Kemp	2	2	0
Contribution from Twickenham Baptist Church, per Pastor S. Jones	2	2	0	Pastor W. C. Minife	0	9	6
Mr. Pound	0	10	0	Collection at Conference Annual Public Meeting	21	9	3
Mr. J. Hill	5	0	0	Miss Gannaway	0	10	0
				Mr. T. R. Dicks	0	10	6
				Mr. W. Rogers	2	2	0
				Collection at Queen's Park Baptist Chapel, Glasgow, per Pastor T. L. Edwards	3	0	7
				Mrs. E. F. Hannay	3	3	0

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Mrs. M. A. Bucknell	1 1 0	Contribution from Broughton Baptist Church, per Pastor H. A. Tree ..	1 0 0
'A and M.'	1 1 0	Pastor L. S. Steedman	0 7 6
Collection at Conference Meeting at Batterssea Park Tabernacle. per Pastor E. Last	3 7 0	Mr. F. Danzelman	1 0 0
Pastor Hugh D. Brown, M.A.	5 5 0	Contribution from Baptist Church, E. Finchley, per Pastor J. J. Bristow	4 0 0
Rev. J. Burnham	2 2 0	Contribution from Baptist Church, Brixham, per Pastor H. H. Hill ..	2 5 11
Mr. A. H. Bullman	1 1 0	Mr. G. H. Dean, J.P.	25 0 0
Mr. W. Greatrex	1 1 0	Mr. F. L. Edwards	15 0 0
Pastor I. Bridge	0 2 6	Contribution from Willesden Green Baptist Church, per Pastor W. J. Sears	0 10 6
Professor W. H. Gausson, M.A., LL.B.	3 3 0	Collection at Burnham-on-Crouch Baptist Chapel, per Pastor C. D. Gooding	1 3 9
Pastor A. J. Parker	0 2 6	Contribution from Horley Baptist Church, per Pastor H. R. Cripps ..	1 1 0
Collection at Rochester Baptist Chapel, per Pastor G. A. Miller ..	1 5 0	Mr. and Mrs. Butler	0 7 0
Pastor J. E. Perrin	0 2 6	Pastor H. B. Bardwell	1 0 0
Mr. John Yeo	5 0 0	Mr. Lewis G. Lyon	1 1 0
Mr. E. Johnson	2 2 0	Mr. W. Andrews	1 1 0
Mrs. E. Jeffery	1 1 0	Mr. W. C. Greenop	1 1 0
"An old friend from Vernon" ..	0 10 0	Miss Greenop	1 1 0
Friends at Kirkstall, per Pastor C. Welton (second amount)	0 4 0	Mr. W. H. Gausson, sen.	5 0 0
Friends at Weston-super-Mare, per Pastor R. S. Latimer	1 0 0	Pastor G. A. Ambrose	0 10 0
Pastor R. Ensell	0 5 0	Mr. T. S. Price	3 0 0
Mr. J. G. Priestley	5 0 0	Weekly Offerings at Metropolitan Tabernacle	0 18 11
Collection at Claremont Baptist Chapel, Bolton, per Pastor C. Cole	4 16 0	"For 46 years' mercies"	1 6 0
Collection at Paradise Row Baptist Chapel, Waltham Abbey	1 1 0	Legacy, "Thirlstane"	252 13 0
Rev. R. J. Beecliff	0 2 6		
Contribution from Enfield Baptist Tabernacle, per Pastor G. W. White	1 18 8		
			<u>£1,375 2 4</u>

Pastors' College Missionary Association.

Statement of Receipts from April 15th to May 14th, 1904.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Miss Spilled	2 0 0	Legacy, "Thirlstane"	252 13 0
Mr. J. Hughes	0 10 6		
Pastor G. W. Linnecar	2 0 0		
Bow Baptist Sunday School	0 10 0		
			<u>£257 13 6</u>

Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school Extension Fund.

Statement of Receipts from April 15th to May 14th, 1904.

£ s. d.	
Amount previously acknowledged ..	1,375 1 1
Mr. and Mrs. Butler	0 7 0
	<u>£1,375 8 1</u>

The Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from April 15th to May 14th, 1904.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
The Trustees of the Thomas Porter Equipment Fund	160 0 0	Half-year's Interest on £300 Redeemable 1st Mortgage Debenture Stock, Anchor Line (Henderson Bros.) (Mr. R. Cory's gift)	6 8 11
Half-yearly Dividend on 60 £10 Cumulative Preference Shares, Albion Steam Coal Company (Mr. R. Cory's gift)	17 3 6	Mrs. S. Evans	1 0 0
		A friend, Donegal	1 0 0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mrs. Cheney	0	4	0	Miss N. Bryson, per Mr. R. Graham	0	10	0
Mr. J. Wilson	0	10	6	Mr. R. Graham	0	10	0
S.P. Horsford	0	2	0	Mr. T. S. Stevenson	1	1	0
Market Harborough Baptist Sunday School, per Mr. H. Godfrey	0	10	6	Mrs. B. M. Harrison	0	10	0
Dugdale Street Baptist Sunday School, Camberwell, per Mr. F. Hutchinson	0	4	0	Anonymous, Haverstock Hill	0	2	6
Mrs. Everitt	1	0	0	Stamps, Abergavenny	0	1	1
Mr. T. Bedford	0	2	6	A soldier, Malta, per Rev. Z. T. Downen	0	2	6
Miss E. L. Fisher	0	10	0	Mr. T. R. Hooper	0	10	0
The Leathersellers' Company, per Mr. W. Arnold Hepburn	10	10	0	Old iron, Tatenhill	1	0	0
Mr. J. H. Steward	0	5	0	Mrs. S. A. Evans	0	5	0
East Dereham Baptist Church, Mothers' Meeting, per Mr. J. W. Ottaway	0	12	0	Mr. W. Hancock	0	4	0
Mr. W. Ward	0	2	0	Mr. J. Winkworth	1	1	0
Rev. and Mrs. Firby Neale	1	1	0	Mr. Dowson	0	10	0
Collected by Rev. C. A. Ingram	0	14	0	Inasmuch	0	2	6
Burley Road Baptist Chapel, Leeds, per Pastor H. W. Walter	1	1	0	Mr. J. Riley	0	1	0
Postal Order, Torrington Place, W.C.	0	5	0	Mrs. E. Montgomery	1	1	0
Miss J. Roberts	0	5	0	Mrs. E. Staines	1	1	0
One who loves Jesus; postmark Chorley	0	5	0	Mr. J. Leedham	0	5	0
Mrs. Cunningham	0	5	0	Queen's Road Baptist Sunday School, Wimbledon, per Mr. T. A. Holton (In memory of C.H.S.)	4	0	0
Mr. C. W. Bull	1	0	0	Mrs. Beesley	0	2	6
Miss Barrett	0	5	0	Per James Cogle:—			
Miss Jeffreys	0	1	0	Mrs. Fall	0	1	0
Miss E. Carter	0	1	0	James Cogle	0	1	6
Mr. and Mrs. Ely	2	0	0				0 2 6
Mr. J. Kench	1	1	0	Christmas Dinner Table Collection, Brighton Road Baptist Chapel, South Croydon, per Pastor H. J. Milledge			3 19 0
Mr. R. Dawson	0	5	0	Jubilee	10	0	0
Castle Street Baptist Sunday School, Guildford, per Pastor W. Chisnall:—				Postal Order, Mutley, Plymouth	1	0	0
Young Women's Bible Class	0	10	3	Mrs. Leaver	0	5	0
Young Men's Bible Class	0	7	3	Mr. W. J. Hieron	0	2	6
Girls' Classes	0	15	8	Mr. J. B. Meredith	2	2	0
Boys' Classes	0	16	2	Mr. J. T. Ford	1	0	0
Infants' Classes	0	9	4	Per Mr. F. H. Alden:—			
Miss Parsons' Box	1	0	0	New Road Baptist Sunday School, Oxford	0	15	0
			3 18 8	P.S.A. (In memory of C.H.S.)	0	9	0
The Trustees of the Delmar Charitable Trust, per Messrs. Kerly and Sons	5	5	0	Collected by Miss E. Butcher	0	5	0
Mr. E. W. Diver	0	10	0	Subscriptions, B. B.; Lightcliffe	1	0	0
Miss Jarvis	0	5	0	Mrs. E. Oakes	0	5	0
Mr. W. Reeves	0	2	0	Mrs. M. A. Stringer	0	2	6
Mr. E. E. Mercer	1	1	0	Kennington Y.M.C.A., per Mr. W. H. Boucher	2	2	0
Mrs. G. Dannatt	1	1	0	Rev. Jas. Smalley	0	5	0
Mrs. Dundas	0	2	0	Rev. E. Ashton	0	2	6
Mr. D. P. Barrie	1	1	0	Mrs. Richmond	1	5	0
Mrs. L. Rosevear	0	2	6	Mr. Jas. Hughes	1	1	0
G.F.B., N.Z.	50	0	0	A. and M.	1	0	0
Rev. G. W. Linnecar	0	12	6	Friends, per Rev. R. S. Latimer	0	10	0
Mrs. Silvey	0	10	0	Mr. T. S. Price	2	0	0
Miss Gazeley	0	5	6	Sandwich, per Bankers	2	2	0
Miss Fleming	0	5	0	Executors of the late Mrs. Ellen Rees	50	0	0
Mr. C. Foster	0	5	0	From the estate of the late Miss Susan Allen, per Mr. J. Toller	4	8	6
Mr. J. Watt	0	2	0	Executors of the late Mr. John Flintoff Leatham	50	0	0
Mr. Wm. Knight	1	0	0	Thirlestane, per Messrs. J. and J. Milligan	202	2	6
Stamps, Camberwell	0	1	0	MEETINGS BY MR. CHARLESWORTH AND THE ORPHANAGE CHOIR:—			
Mrs. Newman Hall	5	0	0	Lake Road Baptist Chapel, Portsmouth	16	19	9
Postal Order, Bishop's Stortford	1	0	0	Wood Green Baptist Chapel Literary and Debating Society	6	13	6
Mr. W. Brown	0	5	0	Christ Church, Westminster, P.S.E. Cambridge Auxiliary, per Mr. G. Apthorpe	1	12	0
Mr. A. K. Craggs	0	5	0	Great Central Hall, Bermondsey	5	9	2
Mr. Ll. Thomas	0	2	0	Fulham Congregational Church, P.M.A.	7	7	0
Mr. A. Halliday	0	4	0	East London Tabernacle	3	16	0
Mr. J. G. Priestley	10	0	0	Gresham Baptist Chapel, Brixton	7	0	10
Miss R. Shaw	1	10	0		0	16	6
Mrs. Harding	0	10	6				
Mr. J. Barmore	1	1	0				
Mrs. Yallop	1	0	0				
Mr. Jas. Wilson	0	10	0				
"For Jesus' sake," Willie, Sittingbourne	0	1	0				
Mrs. J. Gregory	0	2	0				

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
SEASIDE HOME, MARGATE:—				Miss L. Ireland			
Mrs. C. C.	1	0	0	Miss R. Shaw	0	6	0
Miss E. L. Fisher	0	10	0	Mrs. Harding	0	10	6
Mr. J. Kench	1	1	0	Miss E. Bell	1	0	0
Mr. R. Dawson	0	2	0				
Miss A. Halsey	0	5	0				
Mrs. Bonnett	0	6	0				
							£702 8 11

LIST OF PRESENTS RECEIVED FROM APRIL 15TH TO MAY 14TH, 1904.

Provisions:—54 lbs. Butter, Mr. J. W. Ottaway; Quarter of Beef, Mr. Chas. Dewar; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Sir. A. Seale Haslam; 224 lbs. Rice, Mr. J. L. Potter; 12 Bath Chaps, 34 lbs. Lard, Mr. W. Dixon.

Girls' Clothing:—2 Articles, Mrs. R. Oakley; 25 Articles (Girls' and Boys') Benlah Baptist Working Meeting, Bexhill, per Mrs. Greenhill; 90 Articles, Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 17 Articles (Girls' and Boys'), Mrs. Wilson; 9 Articles, Mrs. Hewlett; 36 Articles, Tonbridge Working Meeting, per Mrs. Stockbridge.

Boys' Clothing:—16 pairs Knitted Socks, Miss J. Roberts.

General:—1 Rocking Horse, Mrs. Thomas Spurgeon; 4 Vols. "Girls' Own Paper," 4 Vols. "Christian World Circle," A quantity of Magazines, Miss Upton; 1,000 Booklets, "Get Right with God," etc., Mr. W. Jones; 1 Scrap Book, Miss L. Thomas; 49 Articles (for Sale Room), Mrs. Hitchman.

Colportage Association.

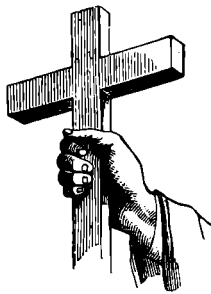
Statement of Receipts from April 15th to May 14th, 1904.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
DISTRICT SUBSCRIPTIONS:—				Mr. Preston	0	2	6
Ealing, per Mr. A. J. Young	11	5	0	Mr. Robbins	0	2	6
Freemantle, per Mr. R. Beck	11	5	0	Mr. Bradford	0	2	6
Loughborough, per Mr. G. T. Levers	11	5	0				
Sellingde, per Mr. C. Walter	6	0	0	Mrs. R. Vickers, per Mr. A. P. Smith	0	10	0
Axbridge, per Mr. E. Garrett:—				Miss Wigney	0	10	0
Mrs. W. Day	0	10	0	Miss Permain	0	10	0
Mr. J. A. March	0	5	0	A lover of Colportage	0	10	0
Mr. H. Spencer, sen.	0	5	0	Miss Grace Olney	2	2	0
				Mrs. Curtis	1	0	0
Evesham, per Mr. W. Ashley	10	0	0	Mrs. Evans, per Mr. T. McMahon	1	0	0
Kent and Sussex Baptist Association, per Mr. S. J. Hart	30	0	0	Collection at Sittingbourne, per Mr. T. McMahon	0	13	0
Aylesbury, per Mr. G. Tweddle	10	0	0	Mr. W. Cooper	0	5	0
				Mrs. F. H. Ford	0	10	0
	£90	15	0	Miss C. Bacon	0	2	6
AGED COLPORTEES' FUND:—				Mr. R. Cope Morgan	3	3	0
Mrs. Morton	0	5	0	Mr. J. Passmore	5	0	0
Mr. C. Walter	1	0	0	Mr. J. Manning	1	1	0
Mr. F. Collier	0	2	6	Miss Spliedt	2	0	0
Collected by Mrs. H. Mcars	0	18	6	Mr. James Hughes	0	10	6
Mrs. J. J. Cook	0	10	0	Mrs. Ellwood	3	0	0
				Mr. J. G. Priestley	5	0	0
	£2	16	0	H. O. W.	0	10	0
GENERAL FUND:—				Mr. and Mrs. Butler	0	7	0
Mr. John Harvey	0	5	0	Miss Cockshaw	0	2	6
Mr. W. P. Reavell, J.P.	0	10	6	COLLECTING BOXES AND CARDS:—			
Mr. H. P. Gould	1	1	0	Mr. C. Neale	0	11	0
Mr. J. T. Taylor	0	11	6	Miss Matilda Ead	0	4	4
Mr. John Yeo	1	0	0	Master Bell	0	1	5
Miss Gunner	0	6	0	Miss Bell	0	1	7
Mr. Joseph Everett	1	0	0	Mrs. Curtis	0	9	4
Mr. and Mrs. J. Chamberlain	1	0	0	Miss Brook	0	6	6
Mr. W. Beer	0	3	0	Miss McMahon	0	5	0
Mr. E. Little	1	1	0	Mr. T. McMahon	0	8	0
Mrs. E. Raybould	1	0	0	Master Sydney Botwright	0	4	3
Mr. Charles Wagstaff	1	1	0	Mr. G. Botwright	0	15	9
Mr. John Chivers	1	1	0	Mr. E. Garrett	0	11	6
Mr. G. C. Heard	3	3	0	Mr. J. P. Allen	0	17	8
2 Cor. ix. 15	1	0	0	Miss M. Howard	0	2	4
Miss Jones	0	5	0	Mr. Nettle	0	10	1
Colonel R. Parry Nisbet, C.I.E.	10	0	0	Mr. T. M. Mead	0	6	2
Mr. Frank Gough	5	0	0	Mrs. Hyde	0	4	2
Per Mr. H. Mears:—				Mr. C. Payne	1	3	11
Mr. H. Band	0	10	0	Miss Flossie Payne	0	10	1
Mrs. Hethrington	0	4	0	Mr. E. Piercy	0	8	0
				Miss Lily Piercy	0	7	0

ANNUAL PAPER
CONCERNING
THE LORD'S WORK
IN CONNECTION WITH
THE PASTORS' COLLEGE,
NEWINGTON, LONDON.

1903-1904.

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Printed for the College Trustees by
ALABASTER, PASSMORE AND SONS, LONDON, E.C.

1904.

Founder, and President 1856—1892,

C. H. SPURGEON.

COLLEGE BUSINESS OFFICERS, 1903-1904.

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REV. W. H. GAUSSEN, M.A., LL.B.

PROFESSOR OF ELOCUTION, JOSIAH RICHARDSON.

Secretary,

MR. E. H. BARTLETT.

President's Report.

“THE age requires more than ever men who are God-called, Christ-taught, and Spirit-filled; and many of these will still be found in the humbler walks of life.” So said our Report a good many years ago. It is as true to-day as it was in 1897, and we who are in the places of the mighty dead do, as earnestly as they, desire to see *such* men discovered and equipped. It is still the aim of the Pastors' College to search out those “in the humbler walks of life” whom God is calling, whom Christ is teaching, and whom the Spirit is filling. We believe that, whatever “walks of life” they come from, these men are the men “the age requires.” Do they not, then, need to be educated? Yea, verily;—for this purpose the College exists, and we make bold to say that the education they receive is such as fits them to be good ministers of Jesus Christ. We are quite in favour of still further raising the standard of the education of our ministry, but we will ever guard most jealously against subordinating the spiritual to the intellectual. Both in our choice of applicants and in our training of the students we desire to remember that “God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are: that no flesh should glory in His presence.”

The year has been comparatively uneventful, and much as other years. We have had the same earnest and faithful work in the College, both on the part of the staff, and with the students themselves. The Trustees have been as interested as ever in the business affairs of the Institution which C. H. Spurgeon committed to their care. Domestic arrangements, as well as certain classes, have remained in the charge of my dear brother, Pastor Charles Spurgeon, despite his removal from a London pastorate, and subscribers have still remembered that to help men to preach the Gospel better is one of the noblest works entrusted to the people of God. Again the men have gone forth into the great harvest-field, both at home and abroad, to make disciples.

In the matter of funds, we have scope for faith and hope rather than for exceeding joy. We do rejoice for all that has been freely given, and we are grateful to the givers, but the income is far from sufficient. We therefore cry unto God to undertake for His work in this respect, and we appeal to His stewards to support the work generously and regularly.

To all who have aided the President in any way,—his heartiest thanks; and to God over all, blessed for ever,—our united praise, for another year of favour.

THOMAS SPURGEON.

Vice-President's Report.

IN connection with the work of the College, I am glad to say, "Familiarity does not breed contempt;" indeed, the longer one continues in it, the intenser becomes the love for it.

There can never be any monotony in this blessed service, for every man who comes under our influence creates variety in the methods and manner of his individual training. Fortunately, this does not involve any change in our doctrinal beliefs, or our convictions concerning the unalterable verities of Divine truth, but rather strengthens our faith in, and our hold of, these fundamentals. The men, with all their differing mental capacities and varying moods of mind, are amenable to the inherent power found in "the old Gospel," which is still honoured, loved, and taught in the Pastors' College. The more we have to do with the culture of both heart and head, the more we discover how all-sufficient is the Word of God as an educational force to fit and furnish the divinity student for his future career as "an able minister."

The deep thinker, the enlightened scholar, and the man of letters, can be produced by a course of studies, pursued in an atmosphere of spirituality, and while living a life of faith in Christ, as successfully, and certainly from our standpoint more satisfactorily, than when these sacred influences are wanting. Our beloved College still maintains its time-honoured reputation for a high-toned consecration and holy enthusiasm among the brethren, and I gladly, with much thankfulness to God, place on record my personal testimony, that there is a growing earnestness and prayerfulness in our midst, and so marked is this spirit of holiness that I cannot fail to recognize the presence and power of the Lord in this work committed to our hands. The result cannot be other than beneficial, both to the students during their period of preparation and when they are "called" to take the pastoral oversight of the churches. It has been my pleasure to preside over the weekly prayer-meetings, and to enjoy with the brethren these seasons of soul-refreshing, and truly it has been good to be there.

The sermons and essays delivered by the students in my classes have been uniformly above the average, and have shown that the men have profited by their training; while the appreciative attention given to my lectures has greatly helped me in the delivery of them. So much for the internal spirit and work of the College. May I add a word from personal knowledge of the work done by those who have gone forth into the ministry? I have naturally taken a great interest in the careers of those brethren who were once under my care, and rejoicingly I report that they have proved themselves to be "workmen that need not to be ashamed." Many of them are to-day holding important positions in the ministry, while the rest are doing heroic service in our rural districts and villages where priestly intolerance, State patronage, and the squire's purse hold sway.

A sturdy race of uncompromising Puritans and non-conforming Protestants is being raised up and nourished by these preachers of the Gospel, and their Alma Mater is justly proud of her sons.

Lovers of the Founder and the truths he stood for will do well

to support by increased gifts the Institution which holds on to the good old way, and sends forth to-day men who are loyal to the doctrine of the Cross and the Christ of Calvary.

CHARLES SPURGEON.

Dr. McCaig's Report.

A TRUE report of our school of the prophets is a testimony to the goodness and faithfulness of our covenant God, who has, throughout the years of its existence, prospered the work of the Pastors' College. With thankfulness and gladness we can say that the work goes on as usual, and that is equivalent to saying that "all is well."

During the year, our theological subjects have been, in the Hodge Class, the Inspiration, Authority, and Canonicity of Scripture; and in my Lecture Class, the Immortality of the Soul, the Condition of Man as affected by Sin, and the Old Testament Revelation of Redemption.

The seniors have been studying, in the Greek Testament, Ephesians, Philippians, and 1 Peter; in the Septuagint, Genesis; and in Hebrew, the Book of Jonah and the early chapters of Isaiah. They have also given some attention to New Testament synonyms; and I have continued my lectures to them on Homiletics.

The middle men have made good progress in Hebrew, having read three chapters of Genesis, besides going very carefully over all the paradigms of the verbs. They have also had a class in New Testament Introduction.

The juniors did good work in Paley's "Evidences", and, since Christmas, have been grappling manfully with the Hebrew Rudiments.

The weekly Discussions have been well maintained; and the Sermons by the students, with the criticisms thereupon, have been, I think, equal to the efforts of former years. The preaching gift is still with us, and is duly exercised.

The serious illness of our classical tutor, Mr. Hackney, cast a shadow over us for a time, and to some extent the work was hindered; but we were able, by a little re-arrangement and extra effort, to provide for the more important of his classes, Mr. Gausson taking the juniors in the Greek and Latin Rudiments, while I took the middle and senior men in Xenophon and Cæsar, Aristotle and Cicero. Mr. Hackney's illness evoked much sympathetic prayer, and great was our thankfulness when he was able to return to his work.

The missionary spirit, as well as the general spirit of devotion, is good. We have had some interesting visits from missionary brethren, whose earnest words have helped to keep the missionary fires burning. Two of our students have been accepted by the B.M.S., one for India and the other for China.

We are thankful to report that we experience no difficulty in finding spheres for the men when their course is finished; often, the appropriate sphere for the particular man opens up in a remarkable way.

As we look abroad upon the hosts of Sacerdotalism, Rationalism, and Indifferentism, we feel more than ever persuaded of the need for our College, and we believe that the men we send out will bravely take their part in the conflict with the forces of evil, having as their watchword, in a Christian sense, that of the Persians of old,—“God our Saviour and Leader.”

ARCHIBALD McCaIG.

Report by Prof. Hackney, M.A.

THIS year has been broken in pieces for me by a serious illness which prevented my consecutive teaching for some months, and might have ended my career.

I am glad to be back again now, with renewed purpose to devote the best of my strength and skill to training young preachers of the Word, rejoicing also in a fresh vitality of body, mind, and spirit.

I ought not to pass over without grateful acknowledgment the generous self-sacrifice of Dr. McCaig and Mr. Gaussen, who took a large part of my work during my absence, in addition to their own.

The men have studied well, and in my various classes have made satisfactory progress.

Aristotle's Ethics in Greek; Cicero's "De Officiis" in Latin; Paul's Epistle to the Colossians in the Greek New Testament, have occupied the seniors.

Xenophon's "Anabasis" and Thucydides' "History" in Greek, Cæsar's "Gallic War" and Virgil's "Æneid" in Latin, with Greek and Latin Composition, have been the Classical authors and work with the middle men. They have also studied the Greek New Testament in St. John's Gospel and the First Epistle to Timothy. The juniors have been dealing with the Rudiments of Classical Latin and Greek, and have advanced excellently.

The monotony of repetition is transformed into intense interest by the eager desire of the men to acquire all they can for their life-work as preachers of the Gospel of Jesus, and by the deep sense of His presence and help, who is all-sufficient to satisfy the hearts of His servants, and to make all work for Himself infinitely blessed.

WALTER HACKNEY.

Report from Prof. Wm. G. Gaussen, M.A., LL.B.

IN connection with the recent celebration of the Centenary of the Bible Society, many of us have been greatly cheered by the remarkable testimony borne to the perennial freshness and exuberant vitality of the Word of God, and cheered also by the knowledge that it is being disseminated far and wide. There are sure, however, to be still many successors of the Ethiopian eunuch, who, to the question

of the Evangelist, "Understandest thou what thou readest?" replied, "How can I, except some man should guide me?" This College aims at sending forth living expositors of the Undying Word.

In addition to reading the Scriptures (with my colleagues) in the original languages, the students spend one class with me in direct Bible study.

No person, possessed of the least literary sensibility, can fail to be charmed by the pure, strong English, and possessed by the rhythmic felicities of our English Bible. We are obliged to recognize that the form of the message, whilst relatively unimportant, is often important in gaining the ear for the message. It falls to my lot to give some instruction, which it is hoped forms at least the foundation of a correct and potent English style. We gain some acquaintance, too, with the history of our own literature, and with a few of its poetical masterpieces.

The Bible appeals not only to the affections of man, but also to his conscience and his reason. We think that a course of Logic and of Geometry is likely to guide and develop the reasoning faculties, and that the knowledge of moral anatomy conveyed in Ethics should serve to direct some shaft meant to produce conviction of sin. Butler's "Analogy" is intended to contribute towards an acquaintance with "Christian Evidences."

We recognize also that the Bible, while essentially Divine, is also eminently human. Its opulence includes history, poetry, and philosophy. All knowledge may be focussed upon it, and the mind of the preacher cannot be too well stored. We dip a little into the history of Philosophy and into that of ancient Greece or Rome.

It has been a year of not a little gloom, arising from the loss of Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon, and the long and trying illness of Mrs. Thomas Spurgeon and Professor Hackney. We rejoice, however, that brighter days have come, and we praise God who has answered prayer.

I believe that the students have worked manfully and conscientiously in all the subjects for which I am responsible, and that those who have gone into the field, either at home or abroad, are good workmen, needing not to be ashamed, and, by reason of their knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, are thoroughly furnished unto all good works."

WM. H. GAUSSEN.

Prof. Richardson's Report.

I AM very thankful to be able to report that the elocution class has made a satisfactory advance, both in interest and result. For some years past, I have been able to write favourably about the work done by the men. But this year, progress has been made past any point reached in previous years. I cannot easily express my joy and thankfulness in being able to make this report. Quite apart from the pleasure I have as a teacher, I rejoice that the manner in which the Gospel is spoken is receiving something of its due.

JOSIAH RICHARDSON.

The Pioneer Mission.

OUR work of winning men and women to Christ has continued with success during this past year. Christ and Him crucified has been preached, and we trust His name glorified. We are rejoiced to state that, during the year *three new school chapels* have been opened in connection with the Mission, and under the auspices of Pastors' College men, viz., Pastor R. A. E. Anderton, at Kelvinside, Glasgow; Pastor A. A. Harmer, at Godalming, Surrey; and Pastor B. Wicks, at Swadlincote, near Burton-on-Trent.

Our friend and Hon. Secretary, Pastor G. T. Bailey, very generously took the oversight of the Church at Blackhorse Road, Walthamstow, in addition to Leyton, with Pastor W. J. Hurlow as assistant at both. Much blessing has followed, but Mr. Bailey having accepted the charge of the new L.B.A. Church, Streatham, built under the presidency of Pastor T. Greenwood, the church lost his most valuable help, but we are glad Mr. Hurlow has agreed to remain as sole Pastor at Blackhorse Road, Walthamstow. During Mr. Bailey's oversight considerable progress has been made toward a permanent chapel, and Mr. Hurlow hopes, by God's blessing, before long to erect some part of the building.

Pastor H. Passmore, one of the College men, has taken up the new work at Newquay, Cornwall, and is doing well.

Pastor J. Collins' anniversary at Church End, Finchley, was attended by Mr. Hayward and myself, for our Mission, and we found the work in a very hopeful condition. Here a new building is a necessity as soon as God shall provide the funds.

At Douglas (Pastor W. R. Foster) we rejoice that the church started by Mr. Westlake, under our auspices some years ago, is building a permanent chapel.

Withington, Manchester. Mr. Vinson and I have just visited Pastor J. F. Taviner, and Dr. Maclaren paid them a visit this month. The work here is full of promise.

Mr. Welton, a student in the College, is doing excellently at Church Hill, Walthamstow.

During the year Mr. Nash has entered College, having done good service at St. Budeaux, Devonport, and erected a chapel before he left. This makes at least fourteen young men who have gone from our Mission into College the last few years.

In addition to these, two Pastors' College men have charge of our work in France, at Rouen, Pastor Gross, and at Nimes, Pastor Dubarry. Both are doing a good work and God is blessing them.

It is a great joy to have the help of the President and Principal of the College on our Council.

Our prayer is that the College funds may be greatly increased, so that the forward movements of the day may be supplied with the right men.

E. A. CARTER.

26th March, 1904.

Settlements.

The following brethren have either accepted Pastorates or gone forth as Missionaries during the past year:—

- Cartwright, William*, May, 1903, Ashfield, Sydney, N.S.W.
Morgan, David, May, 1903, Argoed, Monmouth.
Mayo, J. W., June, 1903, Lake Street, Leighton Buzzard.
Dobson, Frank G., June, 1903, Fleet, Hants.
Hodge, Wilfred P., August, 1903, York Road, Battersea.
Noble, Peter, August, 1903, B.M.S., Dacca, India.
Stanton, Arthur, August, 1903, Newhaven.
Pope, A. E., September, 1903, Avenue Road, Shepherd's Bush.
Juniper Kerrison, October, 1903 (Assistant Pastor), Charles Street, Leicester.
Morgan, C. S., November, 1903 (Assistant Pastor), Kensington, Liverpool.
Hobday, E. H., February, 1904, Grays, Essex.
Derwent, W. J., March, 1904, Tue Brook, Liverpool.
Ussher, H. T. N., March, 1904, Swavesey, Cambridgeshire.

In Memoriam.

We have to record the "home-going" of the following brethren:—

- Pastor W. L. Mayo, of U.S.A., April, 1903.
 Pastor W. Whale, of Brisbane, Queensland, September, 1903.
 Pastor Jesse Aubrey, of Bexhill, September, 1903.
 Pastor W. Corden Jones, October, 1903.
 Pastor J. J. Kendon, of Jamaica, October, 1903.
 Pastor W. Chambers, of Thame, Oxon., January, 1904.
 Pastor J. J. Hayman, of New Southgate, February, 1904.
 Pastor R. E. Chettleborough, of Whitstable-on-Sea, April, 1904.
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STATISTICS						
INCREASE.						
Return for the Year.	Number of Pastors making Returns.	By Baptism.	By Profession of Faith.	By Letters from other Churches.	By Restoration.	Total Increase.
1865	71	1,224	224	367	47	1,862
1866	101	1,774	218	544	51	2,587
1867	121	2,098	208	593	67	2,966
1868	140	2,175	186	529	43	2,933
1869	150	1,958	244	670	92	2,964
1870	157	2,032	236	602	73	2,943
1871	169	1,768	299	648	72	2,787
1872	172	2,053	222	741	98	3,114
1873	197	2,633	334	899	150	4,016
1874	230	3,173	358	1,134	109	4,774
1875	237	4,284	317	1,242	208	6,051
1876	264	3,752	456	1,322	148	5,678
1877	283	3,655	479	1,456	193	5,783
1878	296	3,600	557	1,655	142	5,954
1879	305	3,479	701	1,631	121	5,932
1880	330	3,950	699	1,723	156	6,528
1881	363	4,642	838	2,106	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	809	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	447	5,130	1,193	3,014	217	9,554
1902*	424	4,033	1,159	2,949	250	8,391
1903	400	3,792	1,080	2,897	171	7,940
TOTAL . . .		148,689	30,655	74,990	7,070	261,414

* The discrepancy between the figures for 1902 in this year's Report and that of 1903, is due to the addition of 6 returns received too late for insertion last year.

OF THE CHURCHES.

DECREASE.						
By Death	By Dis- mission to other Churches.	By Exclusion.	By Erase- ure for Non- Attendance.	Total Decrease.	CLEAR INCREASE.	Total Number (returned) of Members in Church Fellowship.
100	195	89	67	451	1,411	7,359
133	309	168	111	721	1,866	10,222
138	347	93	150	728	2,238	12,502
158	364	92	257	871	2,062	14,716
202	433	79	404	1,118	1,846	15,784
234	460	84	511	1,289	1,654	17,536
295	495	94	417	1,301	1,486	18,640
255	580	95	416	1,346	1,768	19,925
337	731	88	455	1,611	2,405	24,435
368	813	134	486	1,801	2,973	29,746
426	886	119	534	1,965	4,086	32,263
446	943	172	902	2,463	3,215	35,812
447	1,121	146	921	2,635	3,148	39,121
487	1,097	114	1,095	2,793	3,161	39,951
487	1,279	159	1,402	3,327	2,605	42,324
500	1,386	156	1,354	3,396	3,132	46,185
636	1,608	225	1,270	3,739	4,169	53,660
654	1,650	200	1,670	4,174	3,978	56,264
699	1,871	153	1,769	4,492	3,818	59,524
738	1,788	174	1,959	4,659	3,942	62,478
748	2,113	402	2,046	5,309	3,876	67,334
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	81,961
860	2,888	231	2,219	6,198	3,356	87,264
992	2,830	290	2,206	6,318	2,073	84,435
753	2,900	143	2,014	5,810	2,130	79,954
23,005	62,403	6,404	54,257	146,069	115,345	

400 Churches furnish returns for 1903: of these, 252 show an average increase of 13 members per church; 106 an average decrease of 12 members per church; 42 show the same numbers as in previous return; thus giving an average INCREASE OF 5 MEMBERS PER CHURCH.

PASTORS' COLLEGE.

Account for the Year ending December 31st, 1903.

RECEIPTS.				PAYMENTS.						
				£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	
To Balance in hand, January 1st, 1903				39	11	4	By Salaries and Lecturers' Fees	1,245	16	0
„ Donations	1,603	7	11	„ Board and Lodging and Medical Attendance	1,525	13	7			
„ Legacies	370	0	0	„ Books, Printing, Postage, and Office Expenses	109	10	1			
„ Weekly Offerings and Collections at Metropolitan Tabernacle	278	16	2	„ Clothing	3	10	0			
„ Dividends and Interest	213	12	11	„ Book-grants to Students	64	10	5			
„ Collections and Donations from Churches whose Pastors passed through the College	579	4	8	„ Preaching Stations	62	15	0			
„ Balance due to Treasurer, December 31st	209	17	7	„ Furniture and Fittings	33	15	2			
				„ Annual Conference and Supper	249	0	4			
				<u>£3,294</u>	<u>10</u>	<u>7</u>	<u>£3,294</u>	<u>10</u>	<u>7</u>	

Audited and approved, January 13th, 1904.

FRANK THOMPSON, *Treasurer*,G. P. JOHNSTON,
SAMUEL R. PEARCE, } *Auditors.*

LOAN BUILDING AND RESERVE FUND.

Account for the Year ending December 31st, 1903.

RECEIPTS.				PAYMENTS.										
				£	s.	d.								
To Balance in hand, January 1st, 1903	401	19	4	By Loans granted to Churches	500	0	0		
.. Repayments of Loans	645	0	0	.. Balance in hand, December 31st, 1903	546	19	4		
				£1,046	19	4					£1,046	19	4	
				£	s.	d.					£	s.	d.	
Loans outstanding	4,571	5	0								
Cash at Bank	546	19	4								
Total of Fund	£5,118	4	4								

FRANK THOMPSON, *Treasurer.*

Audited and approved, January 13th, 1904. { G. P. JOHNSTON,
SAMUEL R. PEARCE, } *Auditors.*

PASTORS COLLEGE MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.

Account for the Year ending December 31st, 1903.

RECEIPTS.				PAYMENTS.									
				£	s.	d.							
To Donations	93	10	8	By Salary, Dr. Churcher (N. Africa)	180	0	0	
.. Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school Young Christians'	85	0	0	.. Part support, Pasteur A. Blocher (Paris)	60	0	0	
.. Proceeds of Collecting Boxes	7	4	10	.. " " Rev. R. F. Elder (Argentina)	50	0	0	
				185	15	6					290	0	0
.. Balance in hand, January 1st, 1903	139	11	7	.. Balance in hand, December 31st, 1903	29	7	1	
				£310	7	1					£319	7	1

FRANK THOMPSON, *Treasurer.*

Audited and approved, January 13th, 1904.
G. P. JOHNSTON, } *Auditors.*
SAMUEL R. PEARCE, }

SUMMARY OF RESULTS.

DURING the past forty-eight years, one thousand and fifty-eight men exclusive of those at present studying with us, have been received into the College, "of whom the greater part remain unto this present, but some (one hundred and fifty-three) 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 ninety-one brethren. Of these six hundred and forty-five are in our own denomination as Pastors, Missionaries, and Evangelists. They may be thus summarized:—

Number of brethren who have been educated in the College	1058
" now in our ranks as Pastors, Missionaries, and Evangelists...	645
" without Pastorates, but regularly engaged in the work of the Lord	91
" not now engaged in the work, but useful in secular callings...	30
" Educated for other denominations	3
" Dead—(Pastors, 142; Students, 11)	153
" Invalidated	26
" Names removed from the College List for various reasons ...	110

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 BEQUEST.

*I Give and Bequeath the sum of _____
pounds sterling, to be paid out of that part of my personal estate which may by law be given with effect for charitable purposes, to be paid to the Treasurer for the time being of the Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington, Surrey, and his receipt shall be a sufficient discharge for the said legacy; and this legacy, when received by such Treasurer, to be applied for the general purposes of the College.*



THE
Sword and the Trowel.

JULY, 1904.

The Minister's Three Gs.

AN ADDRESS TO THE STUDENTS OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE, BY C. H. SPURGEON, AT A MEETING HELD AT "WESTWOOD."

DEAR BRETHREN,—I thought I would say a few words to you, this afternoon, on a topic suggested by this short paragraph, which I recently read in a newspaper:—
"Grace, Gumption, and Greek are the Three Gs with which a speaker, at the Congregational Union meetings at Edinburgh, wished ministers might be endowed." I was very glad to see those three words, all beginning with G, put in such a connection; and, in talking to you about them, I will begin with the last, go back to the first, and finish with the one in the middle.

First, as to GREEK, brethren,—I do not know how much of that fine old classic language you have acquired. I have rather more than a suspicion that some of our brethren have not made much progress in it, and that they never will, while they are with us, notwithstanding all their tutors' efforts. I hope you will all learn as much of the Greek tongue as you possibly can; I am very gratified to find that so many of you are anxious to know more of it. I believe that some of you, as the poet says,—

"Speak Greek
As naturally as pigs do squeak;"—

and, to finish the quotation, it may be said of such brethren, that—

"To them the Latin is no more difficile
Than for a blackbird 'tis to whistle."

I trust that you will go on learning more of both languages, and especially the Latin, for Latin lies at the very root of our own language, and we cannot thoroughly understand English unless we know at least a good deal of Latin. I do not think that there can be a better language than the English, for it contains the means of expressing every form of thought; and if there is any thought which you cannot

express in English, you had better suppress it. I find that all my thoughts, except my "unthink" thoughts, can always be uttered in English.

But the Greek is specially useful to us as Christian men, and as Christian ministers, because, by means of it, we can understand the New Testament; and he who can understand the New Testament is in possession of greater mental and spiritual wealth than if he had all the discoveries that have been made by modern thought. I believe that, to know the exact meaning of each Greek word, so as to comprehend the correct and precise sense of it, is of the utmost advantage to us. I shall never pose as a classical critic, but I know enough of Greek to be able to use other people's criticisms; and, by setting one critic against another, I am able to become a critic myself by criticising the critics, and finding out between them what is the exact meaning of the various words under consideration. I never dare pronounce upon the meaning of a text, upon my own authority; nor may you do so. You would need to be very proficient in Greek before you dared to do that. Still, to be able to read and understand the Greek tongue, is a great acquirement, which must not be neglected by any of us. I suppose the word Greek, in the connection in which we have it here, means all kinds of science, languages, and everything else that helps to make up a thoroughly educated man. Well then, brethren, get plenty of Greek into you, for it is certain to be useful to you in your future ministry.

Now, going back to the beginning, and putting the beginning in the middle,—which is very irregular, but we are irregular here to-day;—we have next to consider that which is all-important to a minister,—GRACE. That is the foundation, not only of our ministry, but of our whole spiritual life. Grace is the most needful thing for the upbuilding and perfecting of a minister of Jesus Christ; yet, alas! how many ministers there are who do not appear to have any of it! There are some men whom I know, and very able men, too, who would have made admirable ministers of the Gospel if they had only been converted. There are some, who are eminent as lecturers; but, if they only knew the grace of God in truth, what a power for good they might be! It is a horrible thing for a minister of the Gospel to be without the grace of God in his heart, yet we must have met with many in that sad condition. When Mr. Haldane went to Geneva, to speak to the students there, young Merle D'Aubigné was selected to be the spokesman to reply to him. The good man spoke about the doctrine of the depravity of human nature, and the young man admitted that he saw that truth in the Bible. "Yes," said Mr. Haldane, "that is all very well; but do you know it to be true in your own soul?" And that pointed question was used by the Holy Spirit to open the door of the young man's heart; it was the means of his conversion, and so prepared him for the great work for the Lord which he afterwards accomplished. That is the way you must know the grace of God, brethren. I believe that we really know nothing thoroughly until we know it in our inmost soul,—until it is burned into us as with a hot iron,—until it becomes part and parcel of our very being. I believe that the best possible education for a minister is for him to become impregnated

and saturated with the Word of God. When that is the case with you, then you can go, and speak of the truth as a thing that you have tasted, and handled, and felt; and going forth to preach thus, you will be sure to be blessed. Get plenty of grace, brethren; you know where it is to be had. If you want Greek, you must go to Mr. Gracey for it; but if you want grace, you must go to the source of all grace, that is, to God Himself. It is to be had, freely, to the full extent of our need; and we can get it by crying to God for it, and by continuing to trust the Holy Spirit to fill us with it.

Then, the third thing needed is GUMPTION. I do not know exactly what that word means, nor from what root it is derived. I do not think it is a Suffolk word, because Suffolk is called "Silly Suffolk." Where does gumption come from? It is generally found in certain districts; there are immense crystalized masses of it among the Scotch. They are usually supposed to be the canniest of all people, but that is not exactly what gumption means. Gumption is, well, what is gumption?

Well, brethren, when you cannot define a thing, it is a help to remember what its opposite is. So, gumption is not making a bigger fool of yourself than you are by nature. It is needless for some men to make fools of themselves, for they are ready-made fools; but there are others, who seem resolved to make themselves bigger fools than they are by nature. When I think of some brethren, I am really astonished at the amazing profundity of their stupidity. I know a brother, who seems to take a delight in going out of his way to get into a mess; he appears to be always trying to find out how it is possible for him to spoil everything that he touches, and to spoil himself, too. Everything is getting on well in the church; and then, all of a sudden, he upsets the whole coach. One brother, whom I know, fell foul of his deacons for no earthly reason that I could find out. They appeared to have been quite satisfied and even pleased with him; but he got the notion that they were a bad lot, and therefore nothing would do but that they must be stamped out. Of course, the result was that *he* had to stamp off. When I heard the story, I thought the brother was a little wrong in his upper story. There is another man, who was as happy as possible with his people, and they with him; yet he went, and deliberately, as if with malice aforethought, married a young woman, who was the very person from whom I would have taken care to keep away,—a woman without any education, and utterly unfit to be a minister's wife. She soon picked a quarrel with somebody in the church; and, as a consequence, her husband had to resign his pastorate, and now he cannot get another. He preaches very well, and the people would have him, but his wife is such a dreadful woman that they cannot. Why did he do such a foolish thing as to marry her? There are so many difficulties in the ministry that, for a man to go and select an opportunity for creating some more, does seem sheer madness. I have seen a brother pick out something in himself, that is evil, put it under a glass, knock up a forcing-house, and do his very best, or worst, to increase it to an enormous extent. There is really no need for any of you, brethren, to do anything like that; on the contrary, do try to get all the gumption

that you can before you go forth to the work. Of course, in the College, there is such a stock of wisdom and common sense, that one student borrows from others; but when you get out into the world, you will need all your wits, and all the grace you can get from God, if you are to make full proof of your ministry. Therefore, brethren, be men of God to the full; seek a full endowment of grace, gumption, and Greek, and then you will do well anywhere, at home or abroad, wherever the Lord may please to send you.

Curing Dull Prayer-meetings.

BY T. L. CUYLER, D.D.

EVERY intelligent pastor recognizes the vitally important place which the prayer-meeting holds in the spiritual life of a church; and every pastor also sees the difficulties in maintaining it at a high point of interest and effectiveness. In the large towns, the meeting encounters many rivals in the shape of social entertainments and lectures, concerts, etc. An eminent New York pastor once told me that, forty years ago, his church was down-town, and many of his members lived over their stores in a very plain, unostentatious style. Then they had no difficulty in keeping up a crowded weekly lecture and a crowded prayer-meeting. After he moved up-town, his members lived in finer style; but such was the pressure of dinner-parties, and various social attractions, that it was difficult to keep up, on a single evening, a devotional service. Outside competitors—legitimate and illegitimate,—thin prayer-meetings sadly. Revival seasons, that fill up and fire up the meeting, are more infrequent than formerly. A generation is growing up, in our large cities, who know almost nothing about such scenes of powerful awakening as were enjoyed in 1857 and 1858.

If outside competitors thin the prayer-meeting, there is a difficulty within doors that is equally serious,—and that is the difficulty of imparting interest and variety and life to the service. Only a minority of the male members of the church—usually a small minority—take part in the exercises. In some congregations, the same dozen voices are heard throughout the year; and unless they are remarkably gifted in prayer or in addresses, the repetitions are apt to become monotonous and wearisome. "I don't attend the prayer-meeting any more," says Mr. A—; "I have heard the same things from E'der B— and Deacon C— and Capt. D—, until I am tired of them." Yet Mr. A— is a member of the church, professes to be a servant of Jesus Christ, and is under a solemn covenant to let his light shine before men, and to bear his part in maintaining the spiritual life of the church. He is in good health, and goes to his business in all weathers. He can talk glibly enough behind the counter or in his warehouse. In a political caucus, he can speak to the point. He is eloquent in selling goods, or in making bargains, or in securing votes. In the prayer-meeting, he is as silent as an Egyptian mummy. He only recovers his organs of speech when he gets home, and begins to denounce the dulness of the meeting.

For the monotony and dullness of that service, Brother A——, and the rest of the Alphabet who are like him, are *chiefly responsible*. His and their cowardly silence throws upon a faithful few the whole brunt of maintaining the service. Those who engaged in the service got the benefit and the blessing; the silent critics and cowards went empty away. Having done their utmost to kill the meeting, they are fluent at the coroner's inquest which they hold over it afterwards. If our average prayer-services suffer from the indiscretions or tediousness of one or two incessant speakers, they suffer tenfold more from the indifference and the silence of those who shirk their duty. Four-fifths, at least, of all the persons who attend our devotional meetings, *could take part* if they would only set about it. Timidity would soon be overcome. It is the first step that costs. Good old Gen. Casey used to say to me, "I can face a battery on a battlefield, but I can't face a prayer-meeting." He *tried* it one evening, and ever after that he spoke freely and frequently.

Even natural impediments can be overcome by the Divine help. In my little church at Burlington, was a godly old man, who stuttered terribly in ordinary conversation. When he prayed, his voice flowed smoothly along without obstruction! We, who listened to his impassioned fervour at the mercy-seat, always believed that the Holy Spirit helped his utterance. Another man, who had always been mute, and said "he *could not speak*," was so moved by seeing his daughter rise for prayer in our meeting, that he arose himself, and broke forth in a fervent prayer that melted all hearts. He had broken the ice, and had no difficulty afterwards.

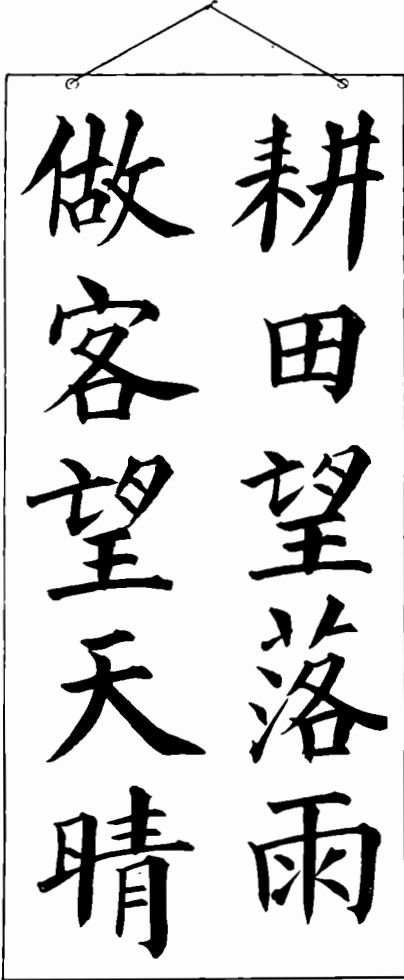
Difficult things are not always impossible. It is perfectly possible for at least four-fifths of all who attend devotional and social services, to take part in them if they will do just two things. First, let them bring something to the meeting; and secondly, let them ask God to help them *out with it!* It will come, and they and others will be the better for it. I do not pretend that all can be equally fluent, or equally interesting and edifying; but almost every man and woman, with a tongue in their head, and any love to Christ in their heart, can bear an honest though humble part in the family gatherings of Christ's flock. Our meetings ought to be less formal; cut and dried speeches are not needed; brief, simple, honest prayers are better than long and stereotyped repetitions. Paul's first recorded prayer, Peter's prayer when sinking in the stormy sea, and the publican's prayer, were each *only one sentence*. Have something to say, and then say it. If the vast majority of all our church-members, male and female, would go to the family gatherings of the church with this simple determination, there would soon be an end of dull prayer-meetings. The Holy Spirit helps those who help themselves. It is a sin and a shame for God's people to play truant, and to play coward, and then excuse themselves by saying that they "need an outpouring of the Holy Spirit." *The Holy Spirit needs them*; and when they do their duty, the blessing comes.

Chinese Proverbs, with Every-day Lessons.

BY JOHN A. STOOKE, C.I.M., CHEFOO.

III.—IT IS HARD TO PLEASE EVERYBODY.

(KENG T'IEH WANG LO ZÜ; TSO K'O WANG T'IEH CH'ING. Literally:—
“The farmer hopes for rain; the traveller for fine weather.”)



HOW true to nature this proverb is! “What is one man’s meat,” we say, “is another man’s poison.”

And, then, what a spirit of selfishness is manifested by our wishes and preferences! Lady So-and-so particularly wants a fine day, as she does not wish her new dress, just home from the dressmaker’s, to be spoiled. But Farmer So-and-so is longing for a thorough drencher, as all the crops are terribly dry, and the thirsty ground has long wanted refreshing rain.

We are not surprised if there is diversity of opinion among worldlings; but when the Lord’s children are pulling in different directions, the sight is far from inspiring, especially in the realm of prayer. One church-member wants the sun to shine, and growls at the signs of a coming shower. He does not look all round, but sees only his own very circumscribed environment. He knows that rain is greatly needed, that drought is distressingly near; and yet, because he cannot get his own selfish wishes gratified, he is as surly as a bear with a sore head. “John Ploughman” wrote:—“From mad dogs, and grumbling professors, may we

all be delivered, and may we never take the complaint from either of them! Fault-finding is dreadfully catching: one dog will set a whole kennel howling, and the wisest course is to keep out of the way of a man who has the complaint called ‘the grumbles.’”

“John Chinaman” is usually very practical on weather topics. If rain interferes with his pleasuring, he just says, “What can’t be cured must be endured,” and rejoices that the crops will be all the better



HARROWING THE SURFACE OF A RICE-FIELD IN MID-CHINA.

for it. "The rice can be harrowed," he says to himself, "if there is a good rainfall." There is not much to disturb his peace of mind. The great mass of Chinese have very little to spoil in the way of clothing; their habits are in every way simpler than ours. So, when the weather is not exactly to their mind, they don't rave and growl, as so many Westerners, alas! do; but they philosophically accept the inevitable. Yet they are quick, enough, to perceive any real advantage.

They do get desperate at times; for, in their ignorance and folly, they fiercely blame their idol gods for excess in any direction. If the heat is too prolonged, and a drought stares them in the face, they will take the local deity out in a chair, and expose his majesty to the scorching rays of the sun, which often blisters and cracks his royal body, asking his highness, in mocking irony, how he likes it.

We ought, however, to remember that all "creature needs" are known to our Heavenly Father; and, whether the rain falls or the sun shines, the highest interests of His great creation are carefully considered. So, our present proverb has many valuable lessons for us. Before we selfishly wish for this or that, let us think how our neighbours will be affected if it is granted to us. Let us pray for God's will and God's plan to be carried out, rather than our own; and if, in answer to that petition, the weather should be against us, let there be no pining or repining. Here's a pinch of salt—from "John Ploughman's" pair of "Salt Cellars"—which will help to season what I have been trying to say:—

"If wet, don't fret!
If dry, don't cry."

"In any case, be not unduly troubled, especially by matters of weather which you cannot anyhow alter." There let us leave the subject, gratefully and readily realizing that "HE hath done all things well."

Good Works Connected with the Metropolitan Tabernacle.

IX.—LANSDOWNE PLACE RAGGED SCHOOL AND MISSION.

IT was not without good reason that the captain of the temple and the priests doubted whereunto the work of God would grow, when Peter, miraculously delivered from prison, preached the Gospel in the very spot most sacred to its enemies. And from then till now the work has continued to grow, as indeed it must do, seeing who is its Author and Source. But while we know that such is the case wherever a really faithful effort is being made for the extension of Christ's Kingdom, it is nevertheless deeply interesting to trace the growth and watch the multiplication of agencies in connection with any particular Christian work in a given district. A more pleasing example of this could scarcely be taken than the Lansdowne Place Ragged School,—a mission, which, commencing rather more than half-a-century ago in two small rooms, now occupies commodious premises, and is the centre of a network of agencies, intended to reach every age and condition of person in its district.

The first Report of the Ragged School is dated 1853, although a quiet work had been going on in the district for some time before that. The wretched state of the inhabitants in and around Kent Street, especially of the poor children, who, dressed in rags and half starved, spent most of their time running about the streets bare-footed, drew out the yearning love and sympathy of a few Christian friends; and these, after much prayer, felt that they must do something to help the people spiritually and temporally.

Their means were moderate, and no big effort could be made; but, realizing that many great institutions have had small beginnings, these few devoted spirits took a tiny two-roomed house in George Street (afterwards known as George Yard, and now as Sterry Street), and opened it as a Ragged School. The movement was quite an experiment. But from the first it was a success, and gave evident promise of the prosperity which has since attended the effort.

Little or no notice had been given to the children, but by half-past six in the evening of the day stated a crowd of excited little ones had gathered round the doors, and clamoured for admission. There were five teachers present; and forty-one children were admitted on that first night. Many of the boys and girls had probably never before been inside a school or institution of any kind, and of discipline and order they knew absolutely nothing. They jumped about, shouted and sang until the workers were almost deafened, and might possibly have despaired had they not had faith in One greater than themselves,—One who could, by a word, still the raging tempest. By dint of perseverance, something approaching to order was at length obtained, and the objects for which the little school had been opened were explained.

The children were interested. Hitherto no one had seemed to

care for them, and they could not understand why ladies and gentlemen should come down there, and seek to befriend them.

The first meeting ended; and, naturally, among the children of the neighbourhood, the news spread like wild-fire that a Sunday-school had been opened for them. On the second Sunday, fifty-seven children were present, and four teachers told out "the old, old story, of Jesus and His love," which, to these neglected little ones, was indeed a new tale.

Week by week, and month by month, the number of children increased, and, at intervals, the accommodation had to be increased. First, a larger house was taken in Lansdowne Place, and, later, a new school building was erected, at a cost of £654, and opened by the Lord Mayor of London in April, 1853. Some wealthy people were interested, and the work, now being on a more solid basis, was extended. A day school was opened, and evening classes were instituted for the benefit of older boys, who worked during the day; but, of course, all this was simply intended as a means to an end. As the conductors of the Institution said, in their 1862 Report, "In the day and evening schools, the roughness of a child's uncultivated nature is somewhat modified, morals are instilled, and the foundation of a useful, business-like education is laid; but, in the Sunday-school, Christ alone is taught. The two former are powerful engines for the clearing away of mental darkness, inherited unseemly habits, and for making the scholars good citizens and useful members of society."

In due time, a Penny Bank was started, and its early success showed that lessons of thrift were not wasted on the poor folk, for within a very short time there were more than three hundred depositors. Then a Band of Hope was inaugurated, perhaps *the* most necessary branch of work, in such a neighbourhood, after Gospel teaching, and this, too, succeeded.



MR. JOHN WILSON, ONE OF THE PIONEERS, NOW PRESIDENT.

The only break in the work, since 1848, was in the years 1865 to 1867, when, many of the old helpers having died, and sufficient new teachers not being forthcoming, the school had to be closed. It was little short of a disaster. The discipline previously engendered by the school training was soon a thing of the past, and when, in 1867, the Ragged School Union took up the matter, and the Institution was reopened, the experiences of George Yard were repeated, and all the "spade work" had to be done over again. But, from that time to this, the wonderful effort has continued without intermission. Many of the principal workers are members of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, and there is no fear that their zeal will slacken or their interest weaken. Of course, the premises

have undergone change and enlargement in the years since they were first erected. The absence of accommodation for holding separate

classes, as the scholars increased in number, was a great drawback; the building providing only one large room, and in 1893 the importance of the work justified the officials of the school in undertaking the enlargement of the premises at a cost of £900, and it is worthy of mention that a large part of this sum was subscribed or collected by the teachers and workers themselves.

Still the work grew; and, three years later, it was felt that a yet further extension of premises was imperatively necessary. Enquiries were set on foot, but no land adjoining the school was available, nor were there any funds for building had the site difficulty been surmounted. The officers, however, were not dismayed; they suggested that a series of prayer-meetings should be held, to ask God's guidance in a matter which was so perplexing and apparently hopeless, and the teachers readily fell in with the suggestion. They met on several Saturday evenings, and pleaded at the throne of grace for that help which had hitherto never failed them, and the answer came in a remarkable manner.

At that very time, the Secretary of the Ragged School Union was in negotiation with a Christian lady,—Mrs. Charlotte Dudfield,—who desired to erect in the neighbourhood of Kent Street (or, rather, Tabard Street, as the thoroughfare had been re-named), a Mission Hall to the memory of her mother and sister. Mr. Kirk at once realized the advantage that would accrue from the creation of additional accommodation at Lansdowne Place, and, as a result of his good offices, Mrs. Dudfield and the Lansdowne Place School authorities came to an arrangement, by which the latter gladly took the responsibility for the proposed Institution, and accepted Mrs. Dudfield's offer of £750 towards the building of a hall, to which sum the lady afterwards added another £250 for the furniture, fittings, etc.

The prayers of the teachers were still further answered; for, just about that time, the freehold of the two houses adjoining the school came into the market, and, believing the train of circumstances to be a clear indication of the overruling of God, the property was purchased as a site for the new building. The freehold of the school was also purchased, and in due time all the large sum required for these purposes was subscribed, so that the work in Lansdowne Place started with a fresh lease of life, and under even more promising auspices than heretofore. The teachers themselves, at their thanksgiving meeting, gave £200 towards the sum required. The Right Hon. Earl Compton, M.P., laid the foundation stone of the Dudfield Memorial Hall on Wednesday, June 9th, 1897, and services were commenced directly the building was completed. Wonderful blessing resulted, and the neighbourhood has been improved by the zealous work of the officers, teachers, and friends, in carrying the light of the Gospel to so dark a spot.

At the present time, the operations are manifold, embracing, as they do, some twenty-three meetings a week. There is the afternoon school on Sunday, conducted by Mr. C. Phillips, who also is responsible for the Young People's Gospel Meeting on Monday evening, the Girls' Club on Thursday evening, and jointly responsible with Mr. H. F. Fisher for the Monday "Children's Own" Gospel Meeting. The two



OUR CRIPPLES AT BROCKWELL PARK.

teachers' prayer-meetings and the evening school on Sunday are conducted by Mr. F. Fisher, and he also leads the Adult Bible-class on Wednesdays. The Adult Meeting on Sunday evening is under the care of Mr. J. Reed, as is also the Christian Endeavour on Tuesday evenings. Mr. H. J. Fisher looks after the very successful Band of Hope on Thursdays.

On the social side, the Penny Bank is conducted on Mondays by Miss J. L. Sayer; the Recreation Room and Library are carefully kept by Mr. G. Sadler, and Mrs. F. Fisher takes charge of the Girls' Sewing Class on Wednesdays. The boys have Clubs for both juniors and seniors, a gymnasium and musical drill, Mr. G. Beasant and Mr. G. Terrett doing good work in connection with these. But the list of weekly operations is not yet exhausted. On Tuesdays there is a Mothers' Meeting conducted by Miss M. Phillips; on Wednesdays a Cripples' Parlour, superintended by Miss C. Ford; a Goose Club on Thursdays, organized by Miss R. Lewis (from July to December); and, as a fitting close to the week, a Christian Endeavour Prayer-meeting under the leadership of Mr. H. Fern. The Lads' Cricket Club has been phenomenally successful, has held a League Shield for twelve months, and won silver medals.

At all the meetings and services the children behave with the greatest decorum, a striking contrast to the state of affairs in the very early days. In those times, when the boys appeared to be listening attentively to the Superintendent's address, a signal would suddenly be given, and sparrows would be let loose in the schoolroom. The frightened birds used to fly at the candles, and extinguish them, leaving the room in total darkness, and then a scene as wild as pandemonium would result, effectively preventing any continuation of the lessons for that night. More than once the teachers' pockets were picked, and various articles, overcoats and the like, were stolen from the

school itself. On one occasion, a teacher asked why a girl of thirteen was not present, and the answer was that she had been so drunk the night before that she was too unwell to attend that day! And that would undoubtedly be true of the district and children to-day were it not for the splendid and persistent Gospel work carried on by the officials and teachers of Lansdowne Place School.



MR. FREDERICK FISHER,
SUPERINTENDENT.



MR. CHARLES PHILLIPS,
HON. GENERAL SECRETARY.

Some idea of the extent of the work may be gathered from a few figures culled from the last Report. The average attendance at the Sunday evening school was 508 (besides 31 teachers); at the Band of Hope, 167; in the Recreation Room on Tuesdays, 269; at the Mothers' Meeting, 45; at the Sewing Class, 67; 42 pledges were taken during the year; 151 scholars were sent away to holiday homes for a fortnight or less; 513 scholars were taken for a day's excursion into the country; £13 13s. 3d. was collected for the foreign mission cause; 11,694 free breakfasts, 1,148 free dinners, and 13,418 half-penny dinners were served; 138 accounts were opened with the Penny Bank, and 184 with the Goose Club; and 120 blankets were lent out to needy families.

Among the devoted officers of the school special mention must be made of Mr. John Wilson, who has been connected with the Institution ever since its commencement, first as Teacher, then as Secretary, next as Superintendent, and finally as President, a position which he holds to-day.

Mr. Fern, who conducts the Saturday night prayer-meeting, has worked at Lansdowne Place School for over thirty-four years, and the present Treasurer, Mr. Joseph Passmore, has served for over thirty-one years. Unfortunately, Mr. C. J. Alldis, who had been connected with the school for twenty years, had to resign his office last year owing to ill-health.

That this splendid work in so needy a district may continue to prosper, and, by God's blessing, result in the conversion of many more souls, must be the earnest prayer of all those who read this article.



Green Pastures.

BY H. T. SPUFFORD, F.L.S.

VII.—CARNIVOROUS PLANTS.

THERE are certain strange processes, in plant life, which have been, and only can be, investigated by the few. Such processes have been seldom brought before the popular mind, the results of the study of them being, for the most part, enshrined within scientific treatises, read mainly by members of the learned societies, or by those about to pass examinations. Among these processes, is the one I am about to describe; concerning which more has been written, of late years, than of some others, and concerning which there exists a vague sort of knowledge in certain minds.

I am well aware that my readers may be already cognizant of the fact that certain plants have devices for catching insects; and those who have visited Kew Gardens—one of the most helpful and healthy holiday resorts in the kingdom,—may have seen and experimented upon that very sensitive plant, the Venus Fly-catcher; but they may not be aware of the details of the construction, nor of the activities which make this specimen a typical example of the flesh-feeders; nor may they know that there are several other plants, differing largely from one another, but agreeing in this, that they obtain nutriment by trapping insects, and extracting their animal juices.

I was first led to the study of flesh-feeding plants by observing a *Nepenthes*, commonly known as "the pitcher plant", in one of Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon's greenhouses at "Westwood." My aroused interest led me to read up the subject; I studied the plants wherever I could find them, though they were few and far between; then I went forward to Kew, where there is a splendid show of *Nepenthes*, as also of other flesh-feeding varieties, such as *Sarracenia* and *Darlingtonia*. I may say that some of my most fascinating talks on plant life have been with professional gardeners, whom I have ever found to be enthusiasts, and ready to impart information. Especially is this true of the courteous attendants at Kew.

Before describing the structure of such insect-eating plants as can only be studied in this country growing under glass, I should like to portray the processes by which some well-known British plants capture and digest insect life. For, within our own isle, there are most interesting illustrations of our subject.

On the borders of many a marsh or peat bog, grows a member of the family of plants called *Droseraceæ*. This is the round-leaved Sundew, *Drosera rotundifolia*. The name comes from *Droseros*, dewy; and its significance will soon appear. This family of plants contains about one hundred species, scattered all over the world. They are small growing, but beautiful. Most kinds prefer marshy places. Some, however, several of the Australian varieties especially, grow in the driest ground, their roots remaining dormant for the greater part of the year, reviving with the first rains. All the roots of these *insectivora* are small; indicating, perhaps, an original poverty either in soil or function, the plant developing a more vigorous method of sustentation; or that the roots had become weak owing to the development, through the leaves, of a novel and grosser form of maintenance. Think of the elongation of the mid-rib of the *Nepenthes* into an insect-catching and digesting apparatus. But this is anticipating; besides which, it is speculative. These articles are written for the purpose of suggesting similes for preachers and teachers; not for starting speculations.

The leaves of the Sundews become hands and stomachs to these strange plants. The common Sundew grows with a reddish rosette of leaves. Each resembles in shape a small flat spoon. The upper surface of every leaf looks dewy, the effect being produced by hair-like objects, thickly set, from whose rounded heads exudes a sticky fluid, which can be drawn out in a long thread, just as you may draw out treacle. These hairs are longest at the edge of the leaf, and diminish in length and number as the centre is reached. But they are not true vegetable hairs. To use the comparison of one writer, "They differ as much from them as do one's fingers from the hairs of the head." If we call them fingers, we should have to say, "fingers with increased functions." Darwin spoke of them as "tentacles", and no better name could be given,—for the root of "tentacle" is the Latin *tento*, I grasp.

Now let us suppose that a fly gets involved in the sticky heads on the leaf of the Sundew; what happens? This is what happens. The fly is, of course, retained and hampered in limb and wing by the thick fluid, just as if it were on treacle. Then the tentacle, which has most to do with the fly, will begin to bend over towards the centre of the leaf, carrying its prey with it. The tentacles near by, which may have been irritated, also begin to bend in the same direction. This action causes the whole edge of the leaf to curl over, and the unfortunate insect is rolled, as it were, into the middle of the leaf, where it is held down among the shorter hairs. Along with this sympathetic movement among the tentacles, another action has taken place. The secretion from the heads of the hairs has so increased as to choke the prey. So, two things have happened. The fly has been caught and killed. The most wonderful thing of all transpires next. When the secretion on the heads of the tentacles is in an unexcited state, and no prey is present, no trace of acid exists in its composition. No change results from the wind blowing casual objects against the plant, nor is it affected by the falling of rain, nor by the presence of particles such as glass, cinder, or bits of stick, though

the hairs will bend over, somewhat, to any of these;—but, as soon as that which is organic,—meat or life,—gets involved among the tentacles, then what was a harmless secretion turns acid, and becomes nothing more nor less than a gastric juice. When, after many hours, the leaf returns to its normal state, it will be found that nothing remains of the fly but the hard parts, such as the wing cases; all the rest has been digested by the acid, and absorbed into the substance of the leaf, which turns to a deeper colour. It is of the well-fed, and it shows as much in its face.

There is another British plant of very similar habits to the Sundew, namely, the Butterwort, or Cuckoo Shoe, *Pinguicula Vulgaris*. The Butterwort shapes into a rosette of eight or nine leaves of a pale green colour, pressed flat upon the ground. The stalk of the leaf is short, and the margin of the leaf has a tendency to curl in. The surface is greasy to the touch. This very fact makes us suspicious that we have come upon another insect lure. And it is even so; for, on applying magnifying power, we find the upper part of the leaf closely studded with glands of varying height. These give out a very sticky substance, which would well act, and which does act, as in the Sundew. Suffice it to say that, so copiously do the glands of the Butterwort pour out of their secretion that, were it not for the curved-in edge of the leaf, the prey would be washed away. The property of the fluid is the same as in the Sundew. It is proved to have gastric qualities, because it will act upon milk in the same way as rennet, which is the preserved gastric juice of the calf. It is said, by one authority, that the Butterwort is put to this practical use in Lapland to this day.

Earlier in this sketch, I mentioned one of the popular exhibits at Kew, the Venus Fly-trap, *Dionæa muscipula*. It is a member of the Sundew family, and, like the plants already described, has small roots. Here again, the structure of the leaf attracts attention. The leaf is two-lobed, and the margins are armed with long sharp spines. But the peculiarity lies in the three sensitive hairs which are situated, a little apart from each other, down the centre of both lobes. If a crushed fly be placed on the leaf, avoiding the central filaments, a slow process ensues. The exuding matter from the crushed fly will set up action among the minute secreting glands on the surface of the leaf, and the two parts of the leaf will gradually close, while the crushed object will be soaked in acid from the glands which were dry before the contact. If some wounded insect, with a discharge from its wound, fell on the leaf, away from contact with the central bristles, this, which I have just described, would happen. The animal juice would start the glands into action. But suppose an unwary living insect alights so as to touch the bristles, then a wonderful movement instantly takes place. The lobes close with a spring, the teeth on the margin cog in, and the stiff hairs in the centre impale the prey. As this process takes place, a slight electric shock goes through the whole plant.

Sometimes, the thing caught is so small that it can crawl away;

but an object of any size is crushed, and its vital fluid at once sets the acid secretion of the-plant at work. The closed shutters do not open again for many days. Then the tragedy will be all-over. As in the Butterwort, the parts affected turn a deeper green after a big meal. It is said that no leaf of the Venus Fly-trap makes more than one hearty meal in a lifetime. But about many matters, connected with these mysterious plants, so strangely endowed, we must wait for the deductions of further investigation.

Passing over the Bladderworts, which catch minute aquatic creatures, I pass on to much higher forms of insect-feeding plants, foreign to our area, but known pretty generally as pitcher plants. These consist of the suspended pitchers of the Asian world, and the trumpet-shaped and hooded pitchers of North America.

I begin with the jug-like pitchers of Asia, called *Nepenthes*. The Greek name means "grief-assuaging", and is used in reference to supposed medicinal qualities. Whatever these may be, I know not; but this much is true, that these pitchers have been proved to be wonderfully-constructed insect lures. The mid-rib of the leaf is prolonged, and terminates in an urn fitted with a sort of lid; sometimes closed, sometimes open. This receptacle is so elaborately equipped as to suggest many surmises. What caused the first prolongation of the leaf into this form? Was insect-catching its mode of existence from the beginning? Is the pitcher an adaptation? Such questions may be interesting, but they are most difficult to answer. Yet no one, who has seen the *Nepenthes* or the *Sarracenia*, will deny that they are beautifully-coloured plants, as fascinating to the eye as their habits are to the mind. But, when their habits are known, then their colours become as suggestive as the "purple and fine linen" of some humans who prey upon Society.

How do the pitcher-plants accomplish their deadly work? Partly, it is thought, by honey laid in trails, partly by colour, but mainly by constructive apparatus. For, though insects, as some other creatures, can be lured by honey and hue, they cannot by these be killed and digested. Let us imagine the process in the case of the *Nepenthes*. A large fly arrives at the mouth of the pitcher, which is brilliant, ringed, and sweet. So far, so good! Let us go a little further. It looks all right inside. Why, it is easy to go down, for these hooked hairs within the funnel form quite a stairway! Good again! Seem to have got as far as the sweet goes. Besides, it is rather slippery, so think we will return. What! can't get back? Hooks all bend in the wrong direction. Will push our way back! Help! We are on glass, and are going down, down, down! Good-bye, fair friends above; and beware of open jugs, or even jugs with lids!

The poor fly, once beyond the curved hooks, which facilitate his entry, is doomed. Down he slips, till he falls, to be drowned and dissected in an acid bath at the bottom of the pitcher.

In the Trumpet plants of the Carolinas, the lure of honey is, in some cases, extended on the outside of the trumpet, to the very

ground. The insect ascends, to meet its death in much the same way as in the *Nepenthes*.

The Californian pitchers have a hood like a monk's cowl. This hood conceals the pit of destruction. Two feeler-like lobes project from below the hood, and these being orange-coloured, and covered on the lower surface with honey, act as snares to lead the unwary on.

Speaking as a naturalist in a small way, the study of these strange plants leads me to reflect that they play a part in keeping insect life at its proper level; they reveal the wonderful resources of Nature; they shed side-lights of meaning on the uses of colour, sweet, and scent; and they lure the patient observer on to further study, for the secrets of the natural world are told only to the persevering.

Thinking of this topic, from the preacher's standpoint, it may, at first, shock the imagination that such highly-endowed plants should be but splendid snares. But, then, the same thing is met with other-where. It may astonish some that there are so many varieties of plants that live after this gross fashion. The order *Droseracea* can furnish a hundred species. But again we may think of what passes around us among men.

Suffice it that the topic lends itself to moral treatment. An artist friend of mine made me a set of splendid coloured diagrams of my subject; and, by means of these, I have moralized, to young men and Sunday-school audiences, on "Snares Natural and Moral." This much can be said,—the subject-matter is not an everyday find.

Angel Sorrow.

I KNEW thee not for year on year,
 I only heard of thee from far;
 I saw thee only, as it seemed,
 Where deep forbidding shadows are:
 Of thy rich power to heal and bless,
 My soul had yet no consciousness.

Then, one day, thou wert by my side,
 And on my heart thy hand was laid;
 It seemed a cruel, cold, cold hand,
 And never was I so dismayed:
 I, in my blinding bitterness,
 Did not discern thy will to bless.

At length I looked, and looked again,
 Looked long and deeply in thine eyes;
 And while I live, there must remain
 The sudden, sweet, august surprise:
 Behold, thy charm had no alloy,
 Thou wert as fair as Angel Joy!

Individual Dealing with Souls.

A PAPER READ AT THE SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF
THE PASTORS' COLLEGE EVANGELICAL ASSOCIATION,
BY PASTOR T. E. TITMUSS, OF BIRMINGHAM.

M R. PRESIDENT AND BRETHREN,—The subject, which has been selected for our conference this morning, is one that touches the very *heart* of our work; it is, therefore, of *vital* importance. We are all longing for spiritual revival; and, in many quarters, the hope is cherished that we are on the eve of a great awakening. Some there are who go so far as to give a descriptive prediction of the revival that is coming. We are told that it will not be characterized by the conversion of the individual, but will be on a very large scale, and will be marked by the development of social righteousness, and by the general elevation of the national life. That there is ample room for revival in these directions, we all agree; but these things are the effects of something else; they are, we think, dependent upon the regeneration of the individual. In the whole history of the Christian Church, the nearest approach to a great mass movement is found in that which transpired on the day of Pentecost. The number of enquirers after Peter's sermon ran into thousands; but, even then, the individual was not lost sight of. "Repent, and be baptized *every one of you*," was the apostolic direction to the penitent multitude. It was a personal matter.

Moreover, it is a noteworthy feature, in the moral economy of the world, that God has ordained that, as a rule, man shall be the means of conveying spiritual blessing from God to his fellow-man. It is usually through man that man is blessed. This being so, it commends itself to our judgment as being the most natural thing possible that individual dealing should have a prominent place in the accomplishment of this design. The Ethiopian eunuch may be interested in the writings of the prophet: he may ponder, with enquiring mind, the story of Him who was led as a sheep to the slaughter, but the Lord ordains that Philip shall come upon the scene, in order that the written Word may be supplemented by the living voice. Cornelius knew something of the power of prayer, yet the revelation of Gospel truth was not granted to him apart from human instrumentality. An angel appeared to him, but the angel's lips were sealed to the message which the centurion needed to hear. Simon Peter must deliver that message. Yet he had so strong a prejudice against the Gentile soldier that another remarkable vision was granted to him in order to dispose him to undertake this service for his Saviour. Thus, in case after case in apostolic times, we see the value that was attached to individual dealing, and we think it is hardly possible for us to entertain too high an opinion of its wisdom and necessity.

In all our congregations, there are people, who have been attentive bearers of sermons for years, but who have not been brought to Christ. We believe we have been faithful in the declaration of the whole counsel of God, but they remain apparently unaffected, alike

by the loving invitation, the tender entreaty, and the solemn warning of the Gospel which we have addressed to them. In our best moments, when we get nearest to the Master, these people are a heavy burden on our heart. "Will they ever be saved?" is a question that presents itself to us, and we dare not thrust it from us. May it not be that, what sermons have failed to do, a prayerful personal word might accomplish? Not that we disparage sermons; they are a Divine appointment, for it is by the simplicity of preaching that God is pleased to save men; but a personal message is calculated to be more effectual than a public address. There are people, who entirely fail to take home to themselves the appeals they hear from the pulpit, who are immediately affected and led to decision when approached individually. This consideration greatly adds to the weight and gravity of our responsibility.

Moreover, it is not only in our congregations that we minister; we have a much wider sphere, a far larger field of service. We are daily brought into association with people who are living without God and without hope. We have frequent opportunities of speaking a word to these.

I. As to our AUTHORITY for this work, we can claim the highest. Our Lord and His apostles did much of it. The ministry of Jesus Christ was very largely directed to the individual. He did preach to the multitude, now and again; but, more frequently, He was engaged in personal work. Day after day, He was found moving about amongst men, devoting time, and thought, and energy to individual cases. What care He bestowed on Nicodemus! It mattered not, to Him, that the night had fallen; He patiently reasoned with the ruler of the Jews. And it was not the rank and position of Nicodemus that made him an object of so much interest and solicitude on the part of the Saviour, for we have only to turn over one page of the Gospel story to find Christ bestowing equal, if not greater, care upon the Samaritan woman. We are always tempted to think more of rich rulers than of poor profligates; but, to Christ, all souls were dear and precious; His love flowed forth to each one. He mixed with sinful men, so much that His enemies turned it into a taunt, as they said, "This man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them." He knew that the lost might be found, and the bad become good; and, by His grace, we may see, in every sinner, a possible saint. Is not that the point of the teaching in His peerless Parable, in three parts, in Luke xv.? It is the *one* lost sheep that enlists the shepherd's special attention, the *one* lost coin that is so diligently sought for, the *one* lost son who is so affectionately welcomed back; and the whole teaching is crowned by that statement, so full of surprising grace, "I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over *one* sinner that repenteth."

So was it in apostolic times. On almost every page of the Book of Acts, we trace this value of, and care for, the individual. Philip must leave the well-attended revival meetings in the city, to deal with the solitary soul in the desert. Ananias must set his own feelings aside that he may carry out the Lord's direction, and give personal

counsel to the repentant persecutor. In Paul's exquisite little letter to Philemon, this care of the individual is most beautifully illustrated; and yet Onesimus was only a fugitive slave. All through the history of the Church, this has been God's method with men. The progress of the Gospel, through the world, has been by the Andrews calling the Peters. God's best fruit is usually hand-picked.

II. And now, brethren, I would call attention to SOME OF THE ADVANTAGES OF INDIVIDUAL WORK.

1. *It can be done under almost any circumstances.* There are comparatively few *places* where we can preach, but there is no place where we cannot speak a word for the Master. On the street, in the field, in the home, in the railway train,—anywhere,—everywhere. The *times* when we have opportunities of giving addresses are comparatively few, but every day brings opportunity of doing personal work. It is very easy to miss these opportunities; it is possible even not to recognize them when they present themselves. In our pastoral visitation, we have of necessity to speak of other things; but how frequently the other things crowd out the thing of supreme moment!

We often have *special opportunities* of uttering a faithful, personal message. There are times when people are more ready to receive such a word than at ordinary times. The advent into the home of a little one creates the opportunity of speaking a word to the parents, who may not know the Saviour; and almost invariably, at such a time, the message will receive earnest attention. When death has entered the home, how much may be accomplished by a faithful word, wisely and sympathetically spoken! Those who make it the business of their lives to watch for souls, know how precious such opportunities are. There are many people, who will never be reached at all, unless they are dealt with individually. Some cannot come to the house of God; and many others could, but will not.

2. Again, *individual work proves to men, as nothing else can do, that we are thoroughly in earnest about their spiritual welfare.* We have to meet our congregations week by week, and year by year; and, however unconventional we may be, we are exposed to a very real peril with, at any rate, a percentage of the people who hear us regularly;—I refer to the danger of being regarded as professional preachers. I am glad to believe that, as a Conference, we are about as free from professionalism as a body of men, whose lives are devoted to the ministry, can well be; but is there not a fear, brethren, lest some of the less-thoughtful members of our congregations should regard us as doing our work, as preachers, simply because it is our work? They do not always understand that it is our work because we are under the compulsion of a Divine call. But when we get them apart, and speak a direct and personal word to them, telling them that they are upon our heart as a burden, and urging them to accept the Saviour whom it is our joy to uplift in our preaching, then they are compelled to see and feel that we are in dead earnest about them.

Dr. A. J. Gordon, of saintly memory, in one of his addresses, related that "Uncle John Vassar" would sometimes follow souls

for hours with a view of securing an opportunity of speaking with them concerning decision for Christ. It was of this devoted man that this incident is recorded; a gentleman, on entering an hotel, found him speaking to his wife about salvation; and, as he moved away, asked what he had been speaking to her about so earnestly. When he learned the subject of the conversation, he said, "If I had known, I would have told him to begone about his business." "But," his wife answered, "if you had heard him speak, you would have thought that this was his business." Oh, that we might catch that spirit of earnest and untiring devotion, which will make men know that their salvation is indeed our business!

3. Further, there is this advantage in individual dealing with souls, *it helps to meet objections and difficulties in a manner that is impossible from the pulpit; and it also enables us to use a certain gentle personal pressure to induce immediate decision for Christ.* There is great variety in human experience, and there is equal variety in the method of the Divine dealing with souls. In every case, the goal is the same; but the paths to that goal are many and diverse. Some of those, whom we would win for God, are ignorant, and entertain false hopes; some have intellectual difficulties and honest doubts; some are impressed, but are disposed to defer decision; some are backsliders: yet all need to be brought to the Word of God, that its revealing light may fall upon them, and that they may read, in that light, the story of their failure and their need; but this can only be done, in many cases, by hand-to-hand, or—shall I say?—heart-to-heart dealing.

The parable of the prophet Nathan was splendidly conceived, and beautifully unfolded; but it was entirely lost upon David, who thought, as our people so often think, that the message concerned someone else. In a moment, however, point and power were imparted to the parable when the prophet said to the king, "Thou art the man." Then David was filled with contrition, and his broken heart could only express itself in the penitential language of the 51st Psalm. Individual dealing can, therefore, accomplish work which can be done in no other way; and when it is undertaken in prayerful reliance upon the Spirit of God for wisdom and guidance, it is most richly fruitful. By it, we may meet the peculiar difficulties of earnest souls who are distressed and bewildered, and know not what to do. It enables us to resolve doubts, and remove misapprehensions; and when these are dealt with, it opens the way for us to suggest the necessity and importance of immediate surrender to Christ; and experience proves that many are prepared to respond with alacrity when the personal appeal is made, and to take the first step in the life of faith. There are limitless possibilities of usefulness before us all in work of this sort. Every man's field has in it golden sheaves, which will be garnered directly we bring into use the sickle of a personal appeal.

III. And now may I say a word or two as to THE ENCOURAGEMENT WE HAVE IN THIS WORK OF INDIVIDUAL DEALING?

1. When we give ourselves to this work, *we realize that we are following in the footsteps of the Chief Shepherd.* This is an unfailling

fount of inspiration. He was never too busy, or too weary, to give attention to the needs of individual souls. Even when on the cross, bearing the burden and weight of the world's sin and woe, He dealt in tender pity with the poor penitent dying at His side.

2. *We are encouraged, in this special service, by the knowledge that our best work, in past days, has been done in this direction.* If we look round our congregations, or run our eye over the membership roll of the church we serve, we can see, at a glance, that very many of those, who are in fellowship with us to-day, are the people whom we have personally approached, and who have been led to decision by individual dealing. I venture to believe, Mr. President, that, if this assembly were tested on the point, it would be found that, while the instruction we received before we were converted disposed us to accept Christ, yet there are more of us who were led to decision by the faithful personal word of some Christian friend than by any other means.*

3. Furthermore, *we have encouragement, in this work, from the thought that there is, in every man, more or less, the consciousness of individual responsibility.* Often repudiated, it still survives, and to it we may without hesitation make our appeal. And what is more, when we approach a soul, to speak upon spiritual things, we have the encouraging assurance that God has been already at work in that heart. We are not the first in the field. That person, whom we approach, has been the subject of gracious influences, which have been brought to bear upon him full many a time,—it may have been through a godly parent, or teacher, or pastor. We may be sure that the Holy Spirit, by some instrumentality, has been at work there. Almost invariably, the man's conscience and experience are on our side when we make our personal appeal. This thought suggests another, and brings me to my final word.

4. *We are entering into partnership with God the Holy Ghost, the moment we endeavour to lead a soul to Christ.* There is nothing that brings us so near to God as this fellowship with Him in the reclamation of the lost. We may get near to Him in prayer, in the study of His Word, and in fellowship with His people; but we come nearest to His great heart of love when, as co-workers, we go forth with Him to win a soul. But, "who is sufficient for these things?" We need so much of strength and firmness, on the one hand, and of delicacy, on the other; we must be faithful, and yet tenderly sympathetic. Brethren, unless we labour in continual and entire dependence upon the Holy Spirit, we may mar and hinder His work. We *must* live near to Him; this only will give weight to our words, and power to our appeals.

There is only one way in which a bar of iron may become magnetic,—it must be in contact with the magnet. It is possible for us to be so fully charged with Divine energy that the simplest word spoken to a soul is mighty and effectual.

* The President applied the test suggested by Mr. Titmuss; and, in response, more than half the brethren rose to testify that they were brought to Christ by individual dealing.

"Thou must thyself be true
 If thou the truth would'st teach;
 Thy soul must overflow
 If thou another soul would'st reach;
 It takes the overflow of heart
 To give the lips full speech;"—

and an overflowing heart can only be realized in abiding union and communion with the Lord.

And what encouragement is comparable to this,—the heart of our dear Master is gladdened when we bring a soul to Him? Is it not worth all possible labour and sacrifice, on our part, to enable Him to see of the travail of His soul, and to give Him satisfaction? Great and costly expeditions have sometimes been organized, and have gone forth, to ransom *one* captive from the hands of savages or brigands; and through the land has gone a great shout of joyful thanksgiving when tidings of deliverance have come; but no one can tell the joy of Christ over one soul saved. No imagery can set forth His infinite satisfaction, because no one loves as He does, no one has staked so much, no one can yearn with such unutterable desire for the salvation of the perishing.

Facts and Figures for Temperance Workers.

THERE are 21,726 abstaining soldiers in India.

In 1906, a Local Veto Law comes into operation in South Australia. That is what is needed here also.

"Our predecessors regarded alcohol as fuel to life's flame; we find it to be a damper to that flame."—DR. CHAMBERS.

The latest Report of the Lunacy Commissioners says that 32 per cent. of lunacy, at the present day, is caused by drink.

"The habitual use of alcohol is injurious to all parts of the body. It hinders digestion, and causes indigestion."—CHAS. A. ALEXANDER, M.D.

"There are several other drugs, which can be used in place of alcohol with no loss to the patient, but only benefit."—ARTHUR B. PROWSE, M.D., F.R.C.S., etc.

"The profession, with, of course, a few exceptions, now recognize that alcohol is a dangerous beverage."—PROFESSOR G. SIMS WOODHEAD, M.A., M.D., Cambridge.

"The use of alcohol, as a beverage, involves the risk of drunkenness, and its value as a medicine is vastly less than it was believed to be thirty years ago."—W. L. REID, M.D.

"Persons who do not use alcohol are, in my experience, less liable

to skin diseases, and preserve their sight longer than those who make even a 'moderate' use of it."—CHARLES R. DRYSDALE, M.D., M.R.C.S., etc.

"There would be no practical difficulty in the way of medical practitioners, who might deem it necessary in the treatment of diseases, prescribing alcohol in stated doses as they do other drugs."—HEYWOOD SMITH, M.D.

"No man can say when he has passed the boundary which divides safety from harm; he may call himself temperate, and yet be daily taking a little more than his system can bear, and be gradually causing some tissue to undergo slow degeneration."—DR. PARKER.

"There was a saying, in America, that a totally abstaining Scotsman could not be beaten; and wherever they found a Scot, who had fallen and disgraced himself and his country, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, it was because he was an intemperate man."—ANDREW CARNEGIE, LL.D.

"While there is more drinking (in London), there is less drunkenness,—the increase in drinking is to be laid mainly to the account of the female sex. . . . Although teetotalism no longer arouses the enthusiasm of early days, yet those who abjure alcohol exercise a great and increasing influence."—CHARLES BOOTH.

Result of plebiscite in Partick, Glasgow:—

	YES.	NO.	NEUTRAL
Opposed to Compensation ...	5,797	1,101	207
In favour of Reduction	6,321	705	79
In favour of Local Veto	6,612	413	80
In favour of Prohibition	4,357	2,415	330

"They Wished for the Day."

O STREAKS of happy dayspring,
 Salute us from above;
 O never-setting sunlight,
 Earth longeth for thy love.
 O hymns of unknown gladness,
 That hail us from these skies,
 Swell till you gently silence
 Earth's meaner melodies.
 O hope, all hope surpassing,
 For evermore to be,
 O Christ, the Church's Bridegroom,
 In Paradise with Thee!
 For soon shall break the day,
 And shadows flee away.

Robert Browning.

A LECTURE DELIVERED TO THE STUDENTS OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE,
BY PASTOR F. A. JACKSON.

I AM to speak to you of an English poet whose work is mountainous. It stands aloof, and alone;—rugged, lofty, wrapped in mist and cloud. Upon the first approach, it is stern and forbidding, even grotesque; and yet it holds a fascination that grows with familiarity. It is, as I have said, remote. There is some distance to travel before we really arrive at it; and then it is only by dint of hard and patient climbing that we creep, at last, into its wild warm heart.

The subject is so immense that I cannot hope to do more than ask you to accept a few flowers, and perhaps a little quartz, collected on Mount Browning. If I am able to suggest to you something of the true spirit of my subject,—the freedom, the freshness, the breeze, the wizard charm, the towering granite strength;—if I can do this, I shall be fortunate and glad.

Browning was born—not far from the place where we are met,—at Camberwell, on May 7th, 1812. There are various theories concerning his ancestry; one being that the family line goes back to feudal ages; another, that he was of Jewish blood; and, again, that in him was a strain of the negro. The certain thing is, that he was an Englishman of the middle class, whose father and grandfather had been clerks in the Bank of England.

He appears to have been a clever boy without particularly knowing it. He was precocious without being a prig. He revelled in many kinds of exceptional knowledge without knowing that it was exceptional, and was "ignorant of the ignorance of the world."

As a young man, he attended classes at University College, and must have felt something of the strong intellectual current of the day. The fame of Shelley and Keats was growing. "Numbers of the great men," it has been said, "who afterwards illuminated the Victorian era, were at this time living in mean streets in magnificent day-dreams. Ruskin was solemnly visiting his solemn suburban aunts; Dickens was going to and fro in a blacking factory; Carlyle, slightly older, was still lingering on a poor farm in Dumfriesshire; Keats had not long become the assistant of the country surgeon when Browning was a boy in Camberwell. On all sides, there was the beginning of the æsthetic stir in the middle classes which expressed itself in the combination of so many poetic lives with so many prosaic livelihoods. It was the age of inspired office boys."

Browning was captured by the spirit of romance. He believed in a new world on earth. He sought everywhere for the soul of beauty. His enthusiasm led him to follow in the track of gipsy caravans, far across the country; to stride across Wimbledon Common with his hair blowing in the wind, declaiming passages from Isaiah; to climb up into the elms above Norwood to look over London by night. It was there and then that there grew in him that spirit of joyous generosity of which *Pippa Passes* is so full.

The Browning of the Browning Societies, and the University

Extension Lecturers, is hardly recognizable in the young, happy singer of those passionate days. Certainly, "the sumptuous folly of an intellectual boyhood" is a far cry from the grim analytical philosopher and metaphysician represented by some of his disciples. He was, no doubt, "ever a fighter," and ever an analyst; but he was also a singer, and a singer to the long last, as we shall see.

There is no record or trace that he was ever ashamed of the rapture of those young years. When he was old, and at the height of his great fame, a young man, thinking to please him, said, "There is no romance now except in Italy." "Well," said Browning, "I should make an exception of Camberwell." That was the man. He always made "an exception of Camberwell." That is to say, he always saw the light on the stones, the soul in the eyes, the truth in the words.

I wish, now, to suggest and illustrate one or two of Browning's characteristics.

First, his *obscurity* has almost passed into a proverb. There is an old anecdote, which describes how a feminine admirer wrote to the poet asking him for the meaning of one of his puzzling poems, and received the following reply:—"When that poem was written, two people knew what it meant,—God and Robert Browning. And now, God only knows what it means." This anecdote should be taken with a pinch of the proverbial salt.

When *Sordello* was published, in 1840, Carlyle wrote to say that his wife had read *Sordello* with great interest, and wished to know whether *Sordello* was a man, or a city, or a book! It is related of Douglas Jerrold that, recovering from an illness, and having obtained permission to read a little during the day, he picked up a book from a pile beside the bed, and began *Sordello*. No sooner had he done so than he turned deadly pale, put down the book, and said, "Good heavens! I'm an idiot. My health is restored, but my mind's gone. I can't understand two consecutive lines of an English poem." He then summoned his family, and gave the book into their hands, asking for their opinion on the poem; and, as the shadow of perplexity gradually passed over their faces, he heaved a sigh of relief, and went to sleep.

There is no doubt that *Sordello* is "a horror of great darkness." The greater part of it was written when Browning was twenty-four; and, although he sinned again, he never sinned quite like that again. The poem itself is an analysis of the weakness incident to the artistic temperament. When Browning was old, he sang for the love of singing: when he was four-and-twenty, he wrote obscure and analytical poems on the final catastrophe of the mind! He may be forgiven his self-analysis before he knew himself, and his manifold transgressions of style. It was the exuberance of a singularly rich and intense intellect, taking for granted that his own extraordinary knowledge was common to every reader.

This must be what Mr. G. K. Chesterton means when he says, "*Sordello* was the most glorious compliment that has ever been paid to the average man." But, deeper than the compliment to the average man's intellect, is the gift of this conviction,—which distinguishes Browning,—that the romantic, Christian, and mystical

elements of human life are greater than the ethical or scientific. For instance, he makes a little song, which gives joy to a child, to be greater than all the glory of the world which Sordello had been long and selfishly seeking.

Browning was ethical, he was scientific, he was philosophical, he was a lover and a singer; and he said ever, "The greatest of these is love." Sordello, therefore, will repay reading, even with a bewildering headache, for the sake of this great truth. But if I offered a suggestion to one unacquainted with Browning, it would be this,—Don't begin at *Sordello*. That might be fatal. Begin with the little volume entitled "Selections from the Works of Robert Browning." If, then, you care for the taste of his quality, you will read on; and if you do that, you will rejoice in the discovery of a new world. It is true that the new world will have to do with an old world. He will lead you into all manner of holes and corners of history. He will take you where the dust of ages lies deep, and will make the faded figures on dark canvas leap into light, and laugh, and sing, and preach, and argue, and pray,—all in a brilliance of bright colour, as vivid, as human, and as modern as anything you have ever heard or seen. He is a detective, a magician, intensely in love with life, arm in arm and in familiar, eager converse with men and women who died a thousand years ago. They disclose to you the secrets of their soul; the subtle intertings of motive and passion, of ambition and despair, of love and hate, of life and death.

Sometimes, you will be angry with him; he will interpose unnecessary thought; he will show a supreme contempt for the rules of language; he will interpose long parentheses, and sub-parentheses; his punctuation will be anywhere, or nowhere at all; he will rush off after tempting fancies—hosts of them—that have nothing to do with the main theme; he will wring the necks of words in order to stretch them into meaning more than they ever can mean. All these things he does; and, occasionally, you will be tempted to fling the book across the room; but even if you do, you will pick it up again, and read on, and on, and on. In the end, you will say of Browning, as you have probably sometimes said of Carlyle, "I wish the man had been content to use plain English; but the man is the man, and the staccato style is the man; and, with all his faults, I love him still."

(To be concluded next month.)

Talks with our Young People on Free Church Principles.

BY PASTOR J. W. EWING, M.A., B.D.

IX.—AS TO THE LORD'S SUPPER.

HOW vivid and touching is the story of the Last Supper given in the New Testament! We seem to be present in the upper room, to see the reclining guests and the spread tables, and to hear the conversation as the evening wears away. The paschal lamb reminds

us of the hour of Israel's redemption, but, to-night, a still greater theme engrosses us, as Jesus, amid a silence which may be felt, breaks bread, and gives it to His disciples, saying, "This is My body, which is for you: this do in remembrance of Me:" and, a little later, passes the wine-cup with the words, "This cup is the new covenant in My blood; this do, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of Me."

Now it is important to note that, when these words were spoken, Jesus was present in His living body. There could be no confusion of the bread and wine with His flesh and blood. The disciples would understand that He was using a figure of speech. Just as, in symbolic language, He had called Himself the Door, the Vine, the Shepherd, He now used the broken bread to set forth His body soon to be broken on the cross, and the wine to signify His blood about to be shed for men. Our Lord was preparing a memorial of his death. To all future generations, this service was to recall the great fact by which we are redeemed. "For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink the cup, ye proclaim the Lord's death till He come."

Yet it was not to be only a remembrance. The eating of the bread and the drinking of the wine were to be symbols of our spiritual communion with Christ. "The cup of blessing which we bless, is it not a communion of the blood of Christ? The bread which we break, is it not a communion of the body of Christ?" That is to say, as the body is refreshed by the bread and wine, the soul is to be renewed by union with the life of Christ. He is to become our spiritual food. The emblems are valuable only as they carry us on to something higher than themselves. They are helps, finger-posts, pictorial hints; but the reality, to which they point, lies in the spiritual realm.

In the Acts of the Apostles, we have references to the "breaking of bread" as a glad and uniting act in which the disciples took part from day to day; but there is nothing to suggest that they thought the bread to undergo any miraculous change. It reminded them of Jesus; that was all.

The first account of the ordinance, after New Testament times, is contained in the document known as "The Teaching of the Twelve Apostles," and dating from the end of the first century. In this, we have directions for the observance of the Lord's Supper:—"As touching the eucharistic thanksgiving, give ye thanks thus. First, as regards the cup:—'We give Thee thanks, O our Father, for the holy vine of Thy Son David, which Thou madest known unto us through Thy Son Jesus. Thine is the glory for ever and ever.' Then as regards the broken bread:—'We give Thee thanks, O our Father, for the life and knowledge which Thou didst make known unto us through thy Son Jesus. Thine is the glory for ever and ever. As this broken bread was scattered upon the mountains, and being gathered together became one, so may Thy Church be gathered together from the ends of the earth into Thy kingdom; for Thine is the glory and the power, through Jesus Christ, for ever and ever.'" Now, in all this, we trace the simple and beautiful lines of the New Testament teaching we have already noted; but not a single word about any change of the elements into Christ's body and blood, or about the ordinance being regarded as a sacrifice.

In the second century, we have a graphic description of the Lord's Supper from the pen of Justin Martyr, whose "Defence of the Christians" was produced about 165 A.D. Justin says that, after prayer, "there is brought to the president of the brethren bread and a cup of wine mixed with water; and he, taking them, gives praise and glory to the Father of the universe, through the name of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, and offers thanks at considerable length for our being counted worthy to receive these things at His hands. And when he has concluded the prayers and thanksgivings, all the people express their assent by saying 'Amen.'" In another chapter, Justin gives a further account. After telling that, on the Lord's day, all who live in cities or in the country gather together to one place, when the Scriptures are read, and an address given, he adds, "Then we all rise together and pray, and, as we before said, when our prayer is ended, bread and wine and water are brought, and the president in like manner offers prayers and thanksgivings according to ability, and the people assent, saying 'Amen', and there is a distribution to each, and a participation of that over which thanks have been given, and to those who are absent a portion is sent by the deacons. And they who are well-to-do and willing give what each thinks fit; and what is collected is deposited with the president, who succours the orphans and widows, and those who, through sickness or any other cause, are in want, and those who are in bonds, and the strangers sojourning among us, and, in a word, takes care of all who are in need."

You see that, in Justin's day, the celebration of the Supper was simple and apostolic, very much like that which obtains among Non-conformist churches in England to-day.

How, then, did other ideas come in? They came in during the age of degeneration which followed Justin Martyr's time. Superstition grew up, the minds of men were occupied with witchcraft and magic, faith was placed in relics and incantations. And, amid such tendencies, the Lord's Supper came to be looked at in a different way. People began to understand literally our Saviour's words, "This is My body," and "This is My blood;" and imagined that, when the officiating "priest" blessed the bread and wine, they actually changed into the body and blood of Christ.

At length, in the year 831 A.D., the new doctrine was definitely taught in a book, published by a monk named Pascasius, and entitled, "The Sacrament of the Body and Blood of Christ," in which he declared that, in the Eucharist, the substance of the bread and wine is changed into the substance of the body and blood of Christ; yet so that the accidents (*i.e.*, the form, colour, and taste of the elements) remain.

This doctrine was not at once accepted by the Church of Rome, some of the leaders of which denounced it as "novel and erroneous"; but it gained ground until, in A.D. 1050, at a General Council, *Transubstantiation* (or "the change of substance") was declared to be a belief of the church.

With this idea was naturally joined that of the ordinance as a sacrifice. The communion table was now thought of as an "altar", on which the "body" and "blood" of the Lamb of God were offered

anew by one who styled himself a "priest." And so spread through Europe what became known as "the Sacrifice of the Mass", adding everywhere a new chain to the bonds of slavish dependence which were binding the people to the clergy.

There now grew up the practice of the Reservation of the Host (or, victim), the "consecrated" bread being kept, in a casket on the altar, for the adoration of the faithful. To this day, you may see the people in Roman Catholic churches bowing and crossing themselves towards the little shrine in which they think their Saviour lies hidden; and, in the streets of Continental cities, you may witness the kneeling of the



WORSHIPPING THE WAFER.

crowd, as some priestly procession, holding aloft the "wafer", passes by.

But you will be asking, "Did no one resist the bringing in of such unscriptural customs?" Yes, I am thankful to say that some did resist, and "resisted unto blood." In England, those who loved the simple beauty of the Lord's Supper protested so decidedly against the corruption of it that, to silence them, the Statute for Burning

Heretics was passed in 1401. The first to suffer under this cruel law was John Badby, a working-man of the diocese of Worcester. When brought before his Bishop, he declared "that he would never, while he lived, believe that any priest could make the body of Christ sacramentally, unless that first he saw manifestly the like body of Christ to be handled in the hands of the priest upon the altar in His corporal form." He was condemned to die, and die he did, like a hero. When chained to the stake, and surrounded by the faggots, a last chance of life was offered him. Amid the glare of burning torches, the wafer was held up before him, and he was asked how he believed in it. He replied that he knew it to be "bread, and not God's body." So they lighted the fire, and Badby won the martyr's crown.

During the next century and a half, many others suffered for the truth until, in Queen Mary's reign, the martyrs were to be numbered by hundreds. It is touching to remember that the principles we so calmly consider in our studies were to them matters of life and death. God grant that we may not undervalue what they bought so dearly!

Then came the Reformation under Elizabeth, in which "the Church of England" took her stand among Protestant bodies, and declared her special hostility to the falsehoods which were disfiguring the Lord's Supper. Thus, in her twenty-eighth Article, she asserts that "Transubstantiation . . . is repugnant to the plain words of Scripture, overthroweth the nature of a sacrament, and hath given occasion to many superstitions;" and, in Article XXXI., she stigmatizes "the sacrifices of masses, in the which it was commonly said that the priest did offer Christ for the quick and the dead, to have remission of pain or guilt," as "blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits."

Accordingly, in 1559, Parliament decreed, by the Act of Uniformity, that, on and after a given day, the celebration of the Mass should cease, in consequence of which enactment all the Bishops of the Church, being Roman Catholics, with a single exception, resigned their positions. The new Bishops were men strongly opposed to the Romish view of the Lord's Supper. Bishop Pilkington, of Durham, wrote of the wafer:—"They will give thee an idol of their own which they call their God."

The "altars" were now taken down, and replaced by movable communion tables. Some interesting scenes of demolition were witnessed. A Spanish Bishop wrote to his king:—"They have just taken away the crosses and images and altars from St. Paul's, and all the other London churches;" and Machyn, in his diary, describes "the two great bonfires of roods and images" blazing in the presence of the Lord Mayor and ambassadors.

Even the Ritualist Archbishop Laud condemned the superstitions of the Mass; and yet, to-day, in this very Anglican Church, every minister of which subscribes to the Articles quoted, we find a widespread return to the errors of Transubstantiation and the Mass. A parish magazine declares that "The Mass of the Church of England is identical with the Mass of the Church of Rome." A strong Society, known as "The Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament," and numbering among its members many hundreds of the Anglican clergy, exists to-

promote the very doctrines against which their Church officially protests. Its special tenet is that of "the Real Presence" of Jesus in the bread and wine. In the words of Bishop Gore, preaching to the Society, Christ "is present wherever the consecrated elements are," a thought which another speaker, in a published address, gives more amply:—"We say that the presence of Christ is whole. Whole Christ comes to us, and is incorporated with us, in His Sacrament. His Body, His Blood, His Soul, His Divinity, are present. And not only that, but *He is wholly present in every particle, just as much as in all that is consecrated.*"

And such teaching as this is being given to the boys and girls of our land. In the book called "Hosanna; a Mass-book for Children," the little ones are taught, just before the blessing of the elements, to pray, "O Blessed Lord Jesus, Thou art coming from Heaven to be with us in this church. The priest is going to make this bread to be Thy Body, and this wine to be Thy Blood. Very soon Thou wilt be here." And, in "A Book for the Children of God," we are told that "when the priest begins the prayer, that which is on the altar is bread and wine. When the priest ends the prayer, that which is on the altar is Christ's Body and Blood; it is Jesus; it is God. . . . We go to the altar, and kneel down, and the priest comes to us with the Blessed Sacrament. We receive that which looks like bread, and tastes like bread; we receive that which looks like wine, and which tastes like wine; but that which we receive is the Body and Blood of Christ. *It is Jesus Himself, it is Almighty God.*"

But enough has been quoted to show you how wide is the gulf between the simple Supper of our Lord and the Mass of Anglia and Rome. I plead with you, young people of the Free Churches of our land, that you be not led away, either by the charm of a sensuous ritual, or by the sophistry of specious reasoning, from "the simplicity that is in Christ."

Transubstantiation has no foundation in the New Testament. It contradicts the testimony alike of the senses and of the intellect. It opens the door to the false notion of the repetition of that Sacrifice which Christ completed "once for all" upon the cross. It leads to idolatry, in the worship of bread and wine. It uplifts the priesthood, and degrades the people. It is the centre and sign of all the superstitions which fight against the pure and spiritual glory of Christianity.

Let us preserve the ordinance as Jesus gave it. A humble meal, recalling the price of our redemption. A feast of love, drawing all believers into a spiritual unity. A declaration of the Gospel, setting forth to sinners the one way of salvation. An opportunity of communion with our unseen but living Lord.

We have the Real Presence, not in the elements, but in our hearts. And, as we gather around the table, we look forward to the day when the King shall be seen in our midst, for the keeping of the feast is "Till He come."

Across the Seas.

A FRATERNAL GREETING.

A JOURNEY to the United States, under modern conditions of travel, is not a very formidable undertaking. The comforts to be found upon a great Atlantic Liner tend to minimize the inconveniences of the restless ocean, and render a breezy crossing pleasant and invigorating.



R.M.S. "ETRURIA."

The Cunarder, upon which we sailed, was taut and strong; she had weathered many a storm, and we could truly say of her,—

"She walks the waters like a thing of life,
And seems to dare the elements to strife."

We were still within sight of the Irish coast when the battle with the elements commenced. The winds became playful, and the waves joined in the scuffle, so that, by the evening of the second day, many passengers were in retirement, and vacant seats were visible in the dining saloon. A change of wind gave some relief, but brought fog, with the consequent weird shriek of the steamer's siren. In twenty-four hours, the storm returned, and heavy seas swept over the decks; passengers were shut in safely, but two of the crew were badly hurt. The good ship, however, ploughed through it all; and, eight days after leaving Liverpool, steamed safely into the port of New York, in the calm sunshine of a lovely Sabbath evening;—an apt picture of the Christian, whose experiences of stress and storm end in tranquillity and brightness, as he drops anchor in the Heavenly Harbour.

After a brief stay in New York, we proceeded through the beautiful Lehigh Valley to Buffalo, viewed the wonders of Niagara, and, continuing our journey, reached St. Louis;—the distance between the two great cities being about 1,200 miles.

At St. Louis, "the World's Fair" was the great source of excitement. In America, the latest show must eclipse all that have gone before it. The Exhibitions of Paris and Chicago covered 336 and 633 acres respectively, but the St. Louis "Exposition" stands upon 1,240 acres, and

has involved an expenditure so enormous that it will probably tax the resources of the city for several years after the "Fair" is over. It is a magnificent show, and well worth a visit.

Apart from the Exhibition, there is little in St. Louis to call for remark, except the religious and philanthropic work of the city. Upon the first Sabbath morning after our arrival, we started out, at nine o'clock, to seek a Bethel, and were encouraged as we remembered that, at that hour,—namely, three o'clock in the afternoon in London,—our Bible-class in the College Buildings had promised to meet us at the Throne of Grace. A walk of two miles brought us to a broad thoroughfare, known as Grand Avenue; where, falling in with a company, whose quick step betokened that their errand was pleasurable, we entered a porch, were grasped by several hearty handshakers, and ushered into the Third Baptist Church.

By eleven o'clock, the building was filled; and, at the first note from the organ, the audience rose, and sang the Doxology. The service then proceeded under the direction of the Pastor, Dr. W. J. Williamson, who, at an early stage, baptized a number of believers,—this ceremony also forming a part of the evening worship. The service throughout was earnest and Evangelical. A request being made that friends having letters from sister Churches would proceed to the front during the closing hymn, we followed several others; and having procured a certificate from the Secretary of our own Elders' Court, were introduced to the Minister, and by him received into temporary Church-fellowship, some kindly things being said about the Tabernacle and its Pastor.

The Sunday-school had a special attraction for us; and we noticed, upon the following Sabbath morning, that at least two hundred young men and women were present at the opening exercises at 9.30, and that most of the leading people of the congregation were there, including the Pastor and the Deacons, with their wives and families. We were, therefore, not surprised to find that the Baptist Young People's Society had so large an attendance as to necessitate its division into three sections, all meeting at the same hour in separate rooms. The friends in Church and School were so much interested in the life and work of C. H. Spurgeon that we had many invitations to speak upon this subject, three of which we accepted,—the Young Men's Bible-class, the Young People's Society, and lastly, when our five weeks' stay was ending, we addressed the mid-week church service. At the close of this meeting, the Pastor and people afforded us the most hearty farewell, and a resolution was passed sending the love of the Church to their brethren and sisters at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, and to Pastor Thomas Spurgeon. Some additional kind words were put into the message; but, as they were personal, they need not be repeated.

From St. Louis, we went to Chicago, to visit old friends who had received us graciously upon a previous tour. Here the good folk remembered Pastor Thomas Spurgeon's visit in 1893, and made kindly reference to a sermon preached by him in Emmanuel Church. Next, we visited the pretty city of Detroit, and from thence passed into Canada,—still known as Queen Victoria's Country,—staying awhile in Toronto and Montreal. On board the Allan line S.S. *Bavarian*, we sailed down the great St. Lawrence river, called at Quebec, where we spent several hours, and steamed out into the Atlantic, where we passed a magnificent iceberg, and had a delightful trip to the homeland.

F. H. F.

Dr. Churcher's Winter's Work.

"**A**LLAH, YEFTAH!" (May God open to you!) is the nice-sounding remark which falls constantly from a Mohammedan, when asked for help; but it really *means*, "Go away, for I can't or won't do anything for you." I suppose all of us would go as far as this with our good wishes for those who sit in darkness, and in the shadow of death in North Africa; but if this be *all* we do, the poor Arabs might quote to us our Master's question, "What do ye more than others?"

L'ENTENTE CORDIALE.

In Tunisia, the British are credited with being very practical people, and it would be well for us, as Christians, if we lived up to this character. Not long since, British missionaries were scowled at, and hindered in many ways here, our very presence being evidently a cause of offence in French eyes. Now, things have happily changed for the better. The "cordial understanding" between the two nations has brought kindlier feelings, and a French policeman has actually been seen to smile when a missionary has reported himself in a new town. This change is, surely, the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes; but if political and Romish mists have thus been blown away as by the breath of the Almighty, surely therein is a new call to the Church of Christ to advance Gospel work in these lands. We long that a "cordial understanding" may be happily established between *all* Christians to this end, and that an "agreement" may be entered into, which shall leave *no* part of North Africa without its earnest Gospel messengers.

MEDICAL MISSION MOTTOES.

But when the missionary has arrived, and even learned the language, it is no easy thing to bring Moslems under the sound of the Gospel, as they are so bitterly prejudiced against it. It would be difficult to find a better way to gain a hearing than through the Medical Mission; at least, so we have found it in Sousse, Tunisia, where such an effort was started nine years ago, and, by God's grace, is still continued.

There is no room, in such a work, for denominationalism. It is the Truth of God against the falsehood of Mohammed, the Gospel *versus* the Koran, faith in the death and resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ against trust in the sinner's own good deeds and Mohammed's influence with God.

Our mottoes are, "Jesus only," and "for Christ's sake;" and we desire that all our work may be epitomized in Paul's expressions, "Jesus as Lord, and ourselves your servants for His sake." As Christ's words are true, "No man cometh unto the Father but by ME," then it follows that these multitudes, who trust in Mohammed to save them, and who deny alike the Divinity and the death of our Lord, are still in the "outer darkness." "Mohammed will save us;"—"Jesus did not die;"—"Jesus is not the Son of God;"—these are the most frequent cries which we hear as we seek to tell out the joyful tidings of full and free salvation through the crucified Christ of Calvary.

Yet they do come to us, and they come again and again. Since October last, *i.e.*, in eight months, we have given 5,401 consultations, and to each soul the Gospel has been preached with fearless fulness; and as we reason of righteousness, temperance, and the judgment to come, the deep, earnest attention of our audiences is often wonderful; and such questions as "How can Christ's death bring us the pardon of our sins?" show that the truth is really working in our hearers' hearts.

Their spiritual need is pitiful; and we often find ourselves saying, "Our Lord is not unreasonable. How *could* these people be different considering what they are,—born in such sin, the atmosphere in which they have been reared reeking with falsehood and superstition, yet with a gilding of truth which makes it all the more deadly, and never to have known, heard of, or seen anything better?" As our boy said, when reproved for pouring petroleum on a mouse, and then setting light to it, "Well, I did not know any better. You, of course, know; but nobody ever told *us* it was wrong."

THE LANCET AND THE GOSPEL.

A few miles from Sousse, is a famous shrine, to which crowds of Moslems come from all parts. Here are found people so "holy" that they can eat fire, walk on frightful thorns, handle venomous snakes, and do I know not what else;—yet the Medical Mission has opened the way for the preaching of the Gospel even here.

Some time ago, I was sent for to see one of these "holy" men. I found him very ill; he had been speechless for some time, was in great pain, and thought to be dying. By God's blessing on the simple means I used, in a few minutes he spoke; and a few minutes later, his pain was relieved by the opening of a deep abscess in his throat; and, thus, once more, the lancet made a way for the entrance of the Gospel. Another "saint" had a tumour on his forehead; and when, later, I was able to remove that for him, the old man became my attached friend, allowed me to preach the Gospel to him, read my books, and accepted a copy of the Gospel in his hand:—and I dare to hope, in his heart also.



[EL-DJEM. (THE MEDICAL MISSION WAS HELD IN THE RIGHT-HAND CORNER OF THE PICTURE, AMONG RUINED BUILDINGS AND RUINED MEN.)

MEDICAL MISSION DAYS IN THE EIGHT MONTHS.

Mondays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at Sousse.
 Eighteen visits to the market of Djemal.
 Fifteen visits to Kairouan, "the holy city."
 Five days in Sfax.
 Three visits to El-Djem (see illustration).
 Lumpta, Kala Kabeer, Enshire, Sahalien, Messakeen, Kessabat Medouini, and Sidi Armer, were also visited.

Notices of Books.

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

All who are concerned for the true welfare of our country should read the whole series of pamphlets now being issued under the general title, *The Licensing Bill, 1904*, by JOSEPH ROWNTREE and ARTHUR SHERWELL. They are published by Messrs. Delittle, Fenwick, and Co., York, at 1d. each, or 2s. per 100; and, so far, we have seen Nos. 1 to 9. They should be distributed as widely as possible, to help in preparing the people to overthrow "The Brewers' Bribery Bill" should the present Parliament make it into an Act. Of all the legislation effected by the present Government, the endowment of the brewers is probably the most iniquitous. If their proposals are carried out, they will impose upon the nation a burden which neither we nor our children shall be able to bear; and unless the Act shall be speedily repealed, Britain must inevitably sink under the crushing load.

The Annual Report of THE EVANGELIZATION SOCIETY, 21, Surrey Street, Strand, London, W.C., records another year of faithful earnest service on the part of the 250 evangelists employed by the Society in various parts of the United Kingdom. This is a work which can be commended to the practical sympathy of the Lord's stewards without the slightest hesitation.

Glimpses of Galilee. By E. JOSEPHINE PENROSE. With twelve illustrations from photos taken on the journey. Partridge and Co. (1s.)

A DAINTY booklet, recording the experiences of passengers by the s.s. *Argonaut*, during their four days' driving tour through Galilee. The photographs are admirably reproduced, and give a very vivid idea of the people and places as they are to-day.

Quinine and Iron: The Tonic for the Times; or, Terse Talks to Endeavourers. By Rev. JOSEPH ROXBURGH. A. H. Stockwell. (1s. 6d. net.)

THOUGH the contents of this little volume scarcely seem to warrant the rather pretentious title, there is a good deal in it which will tend to make anæmic Endeavourers, and others, more robust and virile.

Treason. By ALLEN UPWARD. W. S. Martin and Co. Sixpence net.

SOME astonishing statements, which the author vouches for as facts, relating to the King's coronation and the spread of Roman Catholicism, are here thrown into the form of a narrative. The wide circulation of this booklet might help to open many eyes to the encroachments of the Papacy in our land.

Is Christianity True? A Series of Popular Lectures on subjects relating to the recent attacks on Christianity. Charles H. Kelly. Price sixpence.

WE have already reviewed some of these Lectures in defence of Christianity, which have been delivered in the Central Hall, Manchester. There is much that is admirable in this volume, but there are also some things with which we cannot agree.

A Message Set to Music, and other Sermons. By Rev. EVAN THOMAS. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

FAR beyond the average of published sermons, in thought and inspiring utterance. All the best characteristics of Welsh preaching are here,—insight, fervour, pathos, and illustrative power of unusual degree and beauty. The volume is a delight to read, and will refresh as well as instruct all who get acquainted with it. We wish for it a large sale.

"*We Know in Part,*" and other Sermons. By Rev. G. HAWKER. A. H. Stockwell. (2s. 6d. net.)

SELDOM do we come across such sermons as these, in so unpretentious a guise. They are remarkable for many rare qualities;—keen insight into Scriptural truth, extraordinary freshness and originality of treatment, beauty of phrasing and language, and a delightful lucidity and charm of illustration. Preachers, who fear running dry, should get this volume; and unless they are hopelessly dull, they will find it start a thousand suggestions for pulpit treatment. The reading of the volume has refreshed and inspired a weary reviewer, and made him eager to preach. Could any higher testimony to its value be given? It is gold, and very good gold, too.

The Veiled To-morrow. By Rev. M. BROKENSHIRE. A. H. Stockwell. (3s. net.)

A VOLUME of sermons, full of common sense conveyed in plain speech. The author gives evidence of wide reading, but we somehow miss the Evangelical note in its full fervour.

The Eye-witnesses of Christ. By Rev. H. F. HENDERSON, M.A. A. H. Stockwell. (2s. 6d. net.)

A DOZEN strong, logical sermons, with considerable originality of treatment. We cannot endorse, in every particular, the preacher's views, notably concerning the witch of Endor; but on the foundation truths, he is Scriptural and earnest, and his influence is entirely healthful.

Open Windows, and other Sermons. By Rev. A. ROWLAND, D.D. *God's Call to a Holy Life.* By Rev. C. DEEBLE. *God's Greatest Gift.* By Rev. T. HOOPER. A. H. Stockwell. (2s. 6d. net each.)

THREE volumes of sermons in The Congregational Pulpit Series,—useful, sound, devotional, and prac-

tical; and one volume—that by Rev. T. Hooper,—having distinction. Mr. Hooper is a "seer", having visions of his own, and is vivid and poetic in declaring them. His volume should live, and go into another edition.

Sermons to Boys and Girls. By Rev. JOHN EAMES, M.A. H. R. Allenson. (1s. 6d. net.)

IT is not surprising that a call has been made for a second edition of this work. It is very readable, with an opulence of anecdote and illustrations, of which there is an index. The moral tone is manly and alluring.

One sermon, devoted to the call of Jesus to the young heart, would have given the book a distinction which it lacks.

Primer on Teaching. With special reference to Sunday-school Work. By T. ADAMS, M.A., B.Sc. T. and T. Clark. (6d. net.)

WORTH its weight in diamonds, though only costing sixpence. The teacher, who has read and mastered this splendid booklet, and turned its precepts into practice, should become a workman needing not to be ashamed. If only it could be put into every Sunday-school teacher's hand and heart, it would work a revolution of blessing and success in all our schools.

Psychic Power in Preaching. By J. R. SPENCER KENNARD, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton. (5s.)

A BOOK on preaching always has a charm for preachers. Dr. Kennard, who must himself have been a powerful preacher, in these essays strongly argues that, beyond the physical and mental equipment necessary for the proclamation of the truth, there is something which he calls "psychic power." The author is a great admirer of Savanarola and of Francis of Assisi, and in them he finds high examples of the dynamic energy and will force which he esteems so necessary to the successful sermon. This is a book which will repay careful study.

The Century Bible: Psalms, Vol. I.
By W. T. DAVISON, D.D. *The
Minor Prophets, Vol. I.* By R. F.
HORTON, D.D. T. C. and E. C.
Jack. (2s. 6d. net each.)

WE are glad that the first volume on the Psalms, in this series, has been given into the capable hands of Professor Davison; and, on the whole, we commend his work, though we are surprised that, in the literature on the Psalms to which he directs attention, Mr. Spurgeon's "Treasury of David" does not find a place. We may be partial in our judgment; but we still believe that, amongst all the other books on the subject, there is none like it. It is a pity that this volume was issued before the treatise on "The Titles of the Psalms," by Mr. Thirtle, appeared; he has, in our opinion, at length solved a riddle that has hitherto baffled commentators.

We commended Dr. Horton's volume, in the New Testament series, on the Pastoral Epistles, and we are glad to give equal praise to his commentary on six of the Minor Prophets. His words are few, but his thought is full, and oftentimes most spiritually suggestive.

The Maid of Shulam. By HUGH FALCONER, B.D. Hodder and Stoughton. (3s. 6d.)

THIS is a very ingenious, and, withal, truly reverent attempt to expound the Song of Songs as an Eastern love-*idyll*, with a deeper spiritual symbolism, concerning Christ and His people, glorifying it all. The author does not endeavour to impoverish the spiritual force of the book, but to give it a reasonable basis, albeit a poetical one, in actual Oriental life. Whether we agree, or not, with his interpretation, we cannot but admire both his poetic taste and truly devotional spirit. To Bible-students, this volume should yield both interest and profit.

The Uplifted Life. By A. W. WELCH. A. H. Stockwell. (1s. 6d. net.)

SIX excellent spiritual addresses

upon scenes in Ezekiel's prophecy. Careful thinking, choice diction, and a reverent spirit, combine to make a readable and profitable little book. It deserves a large sale.

The Teaching of Jesus. By Rev. D. M. ROSS, D.D. T. and T. Clark. (2s.)

WE are somewhat dubious about the desirability of separating the teaching of Jesus while in the flesh from the revelation of Christ to the apostles by the Spirit; but if the thing is to be done, we cannot imagine it being done better than in this volume, which forms one of the Handbooks for Bible-classes under the general editorship of Dr. White and Dr. Dods. The book is simply packed with suggestive thought.

The Lord's Command. By G. H. PEMBER. Hodder and Stoughton. (2s. 6d.)

My Baptism, and what Led to it. By Rev. JAMES MOUNTAIN. The Kingsgate Press, and Messrs. James Clarke and Co. (2s.)

HERE we have two admirable books on Baptism, both upholding, in the strongest way, the Scripturalness of the immersion of believers. Neither is written with a party bias, and the one differs so much from the other as almost to be its complement. Mr. Mountain gives, in a narrative form, a most convincing argument, covering the whole ground, with many quotations ancient and modern. Mr. Pember is answering a pamphlet on the opposite side, and he does it with conspicuous ability. We think, however, that he is mistaken in saying that circumcision was the ordinance for which baptism was substituted. We much prefer Mr. Mountain's view, in the three chapters which he devotes to this subject, wherein he shows that circumcision was never abrogated for the Jew, and that the Colossian passage, on which Mr. Pember builds his argument, distinctly says that the spiritual counterpart of circumcision is "not made with

hands." With this reservation, we heartily commend both of these books, and we cannot but believe that much blessing will rest upon their circulation.

Roads to Christ. Compiled and edited by Rev. CHARLES S. ISAACSON. Religious Tract Society. (3s. 6d.)

WE commended Mr. Isaacson's previous book, *Roads from Rome*. The narratives of conversion, given in this volume, are every whit as interesting. Some familiar stories are retold, but many of the incidents are new to us. A capital set of illustrations of the power of the Gospel.

Ruminations on the Epistle of Paul the Apostle to the Romans. By ALFRED WENHAM. Passmore and Alabaster. (3s. 6d.)

WHILE we cannot applaud the author in denying himself the help of other writers on the Epistle to the Romans, we have been struck by the way in which his own quiet meditation has led him to see the truth in this the most wonderful letter that was ever written. There is always a charm in that which comes through personal experience straight from the heart. These "Ruminations" will probably be more useful to Bible-class teachers than a more pretentious commentary.

The Teaching of James. By Rev. A. H. CULLEN. A. H. Stockwell. (3s. net.)

PLAIN, pointed, practical talks on the intensely practical Epistle of James,—suitable for a series of week-night addresses or Bible-class studies. They have little note of distinction, and no purple patches of fine writing; but are sound useful homilies.

Faith and Life in India. By R. L. LACEY, Orissa. A. H. Stockwell. (2s. 6d. net.)

ADMIRABLE addresses, touching on the social, philosophical, and re-

ligious conditions of our great Dependency. Mr. Lacey has lived and laboured among the Hindoos; and, from actual life and contact with them, shows how nothing but the Gospel of Christ can meet and satisfy the clamorous needs of the people. An able treatment of an exhaustless theme.

The Methodist Hymn-Book. Wesleyan Conference Office.

HEARTILY do we welcome this era-making hymn-book of our Wesleyan brethren. It is a most significant sign of the healthiest progress in Church life and worship. No collection of the kind is ever ideally perfect; but this comes as near to it as it can. One very obvious defect is the omission of the author's name from the hymn, and its relegation to the index. This, and the reference to infant sprinkling in a few of the hymns, we regard as spots on the sun; but, bating these, the compilation is most admirable. One section, "For believers in communion with God," is peculiarly rich in songs of golden experience. The Committee, who prepared the volume, are to be warmly congratulated on their marked success.

Pilgrim Songs. By ROSA M. BUTLER. A. H. Stockwell. (2s. 6d.)

SONGS of nature and grace, with more than mere versifying in them. Thought and godliness are wedded to a real poetic gift, the result being a more than average volume of sacred lyrics.

Sweet Hours. Poems by CARMEN SYLVA. R. A. Everett and Co. (2s. 6d.)

TWENTY-FOUR poems in blank verse. There is an undertone of sadness and irony throughout these pages, but the singing note is there, and the beating of a brave heart. The wholesome love of nature has constant expression. It is a little book to which we shall turn again and again. "Carmen Sylva" is, of course, the Queen of Roumania.

The following new editions have come to hand since our last Notice:—*Brownlow North: the Story of his Life and Work*; by Rev. KENNETH MOODY-STUART, M.A. (Popular edition, 2s. net, Chas. J. Thynne.) *John Strong the Boaster, and other Pithy Papers*, by OLD HUMPHREY, with a Brief Sketch of the Life of the Author. (New edition. 2s., Religious Tract Society.) *With Christ at Sea. A Religious Autobiography*, by FRANK T. BULLEN. (Cheap edition, 6d., Hodder and Stoughton.) All are

well worthy of a largely-increased circulation.

The same remark may be made concerning the second edition of *The Alabaster Box, and other Addresses*, by Rev. JOSEPH PEARCE, Brighton (A. H. Stockwell, 2s. net).

Livingstone College Year Book (Leyton, E., price 6d.,) not only gives information concerning the work of the College at home and abroad, but also contains valuable hints to missionaries, and other travellers, on various matters tending to the preservation of health.

Notes.

Personal Paragraphs.

Mrs. CHARLES SPURGEON has, we rejoice to say, returned home to Cheltenham. The journey proved very trying. She is still very weak, but is now gradually regaining strength.

All our people were delighted to see and hear Dr. MACEWAN on Lord's-day evening, June 19th. His message was greatly appreciated.

The Pastor had gone to Plymouth to meet the s.s. *Papanui*, from New Zealand, which was bringing his wife's mother and sister on a visit to the old country. He sailed with them up Channel, and arrived in London on Sunday. Many Tabernacle friends will be right glad to renew with Mrs. Rutherford the happy acquaintance of five years ago.

Everybody was delighted to see Mr. F. H. FORD back from his trip to America. In Church and School, he was greatly missed, for he is one of the busiest of our brethren in all good works,—this Magazine included.

IN MEMORIAM.—We regret to record the death, on May 24th, of Mr. BENJAMIN PEED, aged 84; and we desire to express our deep sympathy with his widow, our late dear father's sister. Mr. Peed was a member of the Wesleyan Methodist body for nearly sixty years, but he was a great lover of C. H. Spurgeon's sermons, and a helper of his work. Brought to God himself through the preaching of a student, he honoured all Christian

workers. He believed in direct appeal to the unconverted in every sermon, and he himself practised individual dealing with souls. Alas! that such devoted men are growing scarcer.

"As life goes on, the road grows strange

With faces new; and, near the end,
The milestones into headstones change,
'Neath every one a friend."

* * * *

Tabernacle Tidings.

The Sunday-school teachers are rejoicing over the successes of their scholars in the recent Scripture examinations held in connection with the Sunday School Union. Twenty-two certificates were gained, and prizes were awarded to the following:—Gertrude Eaton, Gertrude Harvey, Leonard Tate, Florence Hill, Ada Jarvis, Chas. Barthram, Thos. C. Lazell, Richard Mansfield, Lillian Jarvis, Walter Humphreys, John E. Keefe, Lillian Tate, Alice R. Hart, William Everson. Kate L. West obtained the "Whitefield" Prize in addition, and Mr. C. Lyon secured a junior teachers' prize.

The cottages at the rear of the Tabernacle have at length been demolished, and the site cleared. The ground is now available for the erection of school or other buildings, whenever it is found convenient to raise sufficient money to cover the cost.

The battle against the injustice of the Education Acts, which has been waged so courageously in every corner

of England and Wales, has now extended in full force to the metropolis. Some hundreds of London Passive Resisters have already appeared before the magistrates, and these will increase to thousands in the immediate future, now that the indefinite wording of the demand notes has been deciphered. The cases are simplified by the acceptance of part payment in most of the parishes, leaving only the Education Rate to be distrained for.

It is probable that none are more surprised than the members of His Majesty's Cabinet at the tremendous wave of popular feeling called forth by these obnoxious Acts. Doubtless, this accounts for the persistent and immodest refusal of the Government to submit this and other burning questions to the verdict of the country.

The Young Christians' Missionary Union had a successful garden party, at the Stockwell Orphanage, on Saturday, May 28th. About three hundred friends gathered for tea, and this number was doubled by the time of the evening meeting. The prayer session was conducted by Rev. R. Wright Hay, supported by several missionaries. Under the presidency of Rev. J. Gregory Mantle, a conference upon "Best Methods" was held. Mr. Horace Reed spoke upon the C. E. Society, Mr. R. H. Parsons upon the Infant-class, and Mr. E. J. Wigney upon the Sunday-school. Four interesting missionary addresses followed, given respectively by Dr. Alice Condict, medical missionary from India; Chandrabai, one of the workers in Ramabai's Institution for child widows; Rev. C. T. Collyer, of Korea; and the President.

On Lord's-day morning, May 29th, Pastor Thos. Spurgeon preached a special sermon on behalf of the Religious Tract Society. He referred to the constitution of the Society, the aim and purpose of its founders being "to proclaim the Gospel of the grace of God by means of the press, at home and abroad." The R. T. S. was the handmaid of the Church, the friend of the minister, and the helper of all. In every part of the earth, its beneficent influence was felt, and no gladder recipients of its gifts could be found than the sailors upon the high seas.

The work of the Society was two-fold, —(1) the preparation of the seed; and (2) the distribution of it. It was delightful to contemplate what had been accomplished; the long list of good books, the quality of which was guaranteed by the magic sign "R.T.S." upon the covers. Amongst these are found the Annotated Bible, Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress printed in 106 languages and dialects, Lives of the Champions of the Faith, and hundreds of literature's choicest gems.

Three of our sisters have been transferred to the Church above. The deaths of Alice Shingles, Margaret Pettitt, and Sophia Greenaway, were reported at the monthly communion service on Lord's-day evening, June 5th.

At the Church prayer-meeting, on Monday, June 6th, a resolution was passed unanimously, begging the Government to abandon the new Licensing Bill. The remainder of the evening was spent in earnest prayer that the iniquitous measure may not become law.

The usual monthly meeting of the "John Ploughman" Gospel Temperance Society was held on Wednesday, June 8th, when a stirring lecture, under the title "No Surrender!" was delivered by Rev. J. Davison-Brown. The Lecturer has evidently thoroughly armed himself to "hold the fort" against the enemies of truth and sobriety, and he is helping to equip others to join with him in attacking the drinking customs of our beloved country. Mr. G. P. Johnston, the Chairman, cordially thanked the Lecturer for his help to the cause of Gospel Temperance.

The Sunday-school branch of the Young Christians' Missionary Union held its tenth annual meeting on Wednesday evening, June 15th; Mr. William Olney presided, and conducted the proceedings in his usual hearty and encouraging way. Rev. Eldred Hercus, B.A., B.Sc., of the Argentine Mission, spoke with incisive eloquence of the needs and claims of priest-ridden and atheistic South-America. He will probably be sailing, in August, for the Argentine Republic, to co-operate with Mr. Elder in seeking

to win for God some of the inhabitants of "the neglected continent."

Dr. Fletcher Moorshead, Secretary of the Baptist Medical Mission, followed with an earnest appeal for, and an able defence of, medical missionaries, instancing the Divine combination of the offices of Preacher and Physician in the person of the Lord Jesus Christ, and illustrating his address with a few examples of the terrible remedies resorted to by the ignorant native "doctors" in heathen lands. The meeting was a bright augury for the future of the Y.C.M.U.

Concerning the College.

The following brethren are removing:—Mr. H. F. Gower, from Cann Hall Road, Leytonstone, to superintend a forward movement in Chatham; Mr. J. M. Love, from Bow Common, to Halstead, Essex; and Mr. F. C. Morris, from Hornchurch, to Stapleford and Sandeacre, Nottinghamshire.

Dr. Churcher hopes to be home for all the month of August, and part of September. He will be glad if opportunities can be afforded him of addressing prayer-meetings, Christian Endeavour Societies, etc., on behalf of the Pastors' College Missionary Association. Communications for him may be sent to Mr. Harrauld, "Sunny Dene," Gordon - Road, Shoreham, Sussex.

The Conference Day of Prayer was observed at Head-quarters by a meeting in the afternoon, at which Pastor W. Williams gave a short but searching address. The gathering was remarkable for fervent supplication for revival among the churches of the entire brotherhood.

The same earnest feeling prevailed at the evening meeting. The claims of Ireland were specially pleaded by Pastor Boyd.

We trust that all the members of the Conference had an equally helpful experience.

Our Fatherless Family.

As the weather was exceptionally fine on Founder's Day, June 23rd, upwards of four thousand five hundred friends attended the Annual Festival. It was, indeed, a day of rejoicing, as the President and the Treasurer had a most satisfactory report to present to

the subscribers. At the afternoon meeting, a handsome timepiece, bearing a suitable inscription, was presented to Mr. F. G. Ladds by the Board of Managers, in recognition of his invaluable services as Secretary to the Institution during the past 25 years.

The Chairman, Col. R. Parry Nisbet, C.I.E., advocated the installation of the electric light, on the ground of health, cleanliness, and economy; and, before leaving, handed the Treasurer a cheque for £100 towards this object. It is hoped that special contributions will be forthcoming for the change to be effected as soon as possible. All the speakers, as advertised, were present, and a full report of their speeches, and of the day's proceedings, will be given in the next issue of the "Orphanage Magazine."

Colportage Chronicles.

The colporteurs continue to speak of the stimulus received at their Conference in May, and they are evidently working with the savour of the blessing then received resting upon them. The slackness of trade renders the sale of literature very difficult; but the good work is being carried on vigorously, and in a hopeful spirit.



VISITING THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.

A new District has been opened at Leytonstone, which bids fair to become a prosperous centre for Colportage effort. There is also the prospect of the opening of a further District at Hendon, where, at a public meeting, an influential Committee was formed to secure the needed guarantee.

The following extract from the report of a young colporteur, who has

been only a few months in the work, has a freshness about it which will cause it to be read with interest by many.—“I can truly say that, although at times there are discouragements, I have, on the whole, been very happy because of the boundless opportunities for spiritual work which have opened up before me. I find that I am brought into contact with well-nigh all sorts of men and women: sometimes, the poor; at other times, those who are well-off. Now, I am talking with those who never think upon God, or enter His house; and, anon, I am mingling with Christian people of various denominations. My work appears to resolve itself into two kinds, so far as the real Colportage is concerned; first, I have to get more and more in touch with those who are poor as to this world's goods, and many of whom are without the know-

ledge of the way of salvation through Christ Jesus. This I find can only be done by a gracious spirit, a tactful manner, and a smiling face. And, next, I am aiming to be a real help to Christian workers, by bringing to their notice, and supplying to them, Bibles, Helps, Tools, Wall-texts, Reward Tickets, Tracts, etc., which may be useful in carrying on their respective forms of service for Christ. I find plenty of opportunities for speaking about eternal things, and of the never-failing love of Christ in both these spheres; and it appears to me that, while the main endeavour must be the saving of sinners, there are many professed Christians who want cheering, encouraging, and stimulating in the Divine life. The exhortation to be ‘Instant in season (and) out of season’ is a splendid motto for a colporteur to keep before him.”

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from May 15th to June 14th, 1904

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
The late Rev. A. Mayo (Congo)	2 0 0	Collection at Faringdon Baptist Chapel	1 0 0
Collection at Baptist Tabernacle, Tunbridge Wells, per Pastor W. Usher, M.D.	2 13 4	Contribution from Baptist Church, Whitley Bay, per Pastor F. J. H. Humphrey	1 1 0
Contribution from Baptist Church, Argoed, per Pastor D. Morgan ..	0 12 0	Contribution from Baptist Church, Willenhall, per Pastor A. B. Tettmar	2 0 0
Executors of the late Mrs. Lewis ..	180 0 0	Mrs. Duncan Sharpe	0 5 0
Mr. T. H. Stockwell	2 2 0	Contribution from Salem Baptist Church, Dover, per Pastor W. Holyoak	4 2 6
Mr. Geo. Russell	1 1 0	Contribution from Baptist Church, Melbourne Hall, Leicester, per Pastor W. Y. Fullerton	10 0 0
Messrs. G. W. Russell and Son	1 1 0	Mrs. R. Wilkinson	1 0 0
Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll	5 0 0	Pastor W. Holyoak	0 5 0
Contribution from Bracknell Baptist Church, per Student-Pastor R. Glynn	1 10 0	Contribution from Vernon Baptist Church, King's Cross, per Pastor D. H. Moore	8 0 0
Mr. T. G. Ackland	5 0 0	Communion collection at Earlsfield Baptist Chapel, per Pastor A. J. Payne	0 15 0
M. H. B. S.	0 10 0	Weekly offerings at Metropolitan Tabernacle	1 12 9
Collection at Ramsden Road Baptist Chapel, Balham, per Pastor T. Greenwood	7 5 7		
Contribution from George Street Baptist Church, Ryde, per Pastor E. Bruce Pearson	0 15 0		
Messrs. Alabaster, Passmore and Sons	50 0 0		
Mr. A. S. Buchanan	2 0 0		
Part collection at Bralintree Baptist Chapel, per Pastor A. Curtis	1 6 0		
Mr. W. Pitcher	1 0 0		
			£293 17 2

Pastors' College Missionary Association.

Statement of Receipts from May 15th to June 14th, 1904

	£ s. d.
For Christ's sake	0 1 0
Pastor W. T. Soper	0 7 6
For Christ's sake	0 5 0
	£0 13 6

Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school Extension Fund.

Statement of Receipts from May 15th to June 14th, 1904.

	£	s.	d.
Amount previously acknowledged	1,575	8	8
Hire of crockery, etc.	3	3	0
Refund of rates	1	6	3
	£1,579	17	11

The Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from May 16th to June 14th, 1904.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. Joseph Wheatcroft	100	0	0	Miss A. E. Jones	0	4	0
Mr. E. Pontis	2	2	0	Mr. and Mrs. J. Mead	4	4	0
Mr. T. G. Thomas	0	2	6	Mr. W. T. Lewis	2	0	0
For the orphans, Postmark, Cannes (100 francs)	3	19	4	A mite from Meta	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Lavelle	0	5	8	Mr. T. D. Adams	5	0	0
Miss Ainsworth, per Pastor T. Spurgeon	1	1	0	Mrs. I. E. Sly	1	1	0
God's tenth, Portsmouth (May)	0	10	0	Miss M. Kenway	1	0	0
Mr. J. Leake	0	2	6	Mrs. Mason	0	10	0
Mr. W. Hiner	0	1	0	Collected by Mr. A. Lockett	0	12	6
Mrs. Critchell, per Mr. G. Hicks	0	10	0	A sermon-reader, Kelso	0	5	0
Mr. G. Hicks	2	10	0	Mrs. Tyson	1	0	0
Mrs. E. Williams	0	5	0	Mrs. Risdon's Bible-class and friends	1	15	0
Mr. E. L. Simpson	0	5	0	Collected by Mr. S. W. Brett	1	10	5
Postal order, Bishop Street, London- derry	0	2	0	Mr. J. Walker	0	2	6
P.	20	0	0	Sandwich, per Bankers	2	2	0
Mrs. Riching	0	5	0	In loving memory of our beloved father's birthday, Misses A. J. and E. Gould	3	0	0
Postal order, Buckfast	0	5	0	Mrs. Petter	2	2	0
A friend, Glasgow	0	1	0	Postal orders, Netherfield Road, Liverpool	2	0	0
Miss Bennett	0	1	0	Miss E. J. Dixon	1	0	0
Scholars of Joseph Street Sunday- school, Woolwich, per Mr. W. Frederick	2	5	2	Bishop Auckland Baptist Sunday- school, per Mr. G. T. Jeffrey	0	10	0
Mr. J. E. Perraton	2	0	0	Mrs. Kiddle	0	5	0
Messrs. Adams Bros.	1	5	0	Miss A. Brien	0	10	0
The Misses Little	0	10	0	Postal order, Taunton	0	2	6
Mr. A. Lawes	0	10	0	Miss Fletcher	1	1	0
Collected by Miss E. Burroughes	1	6	0	Miss M. A. Sargeant	1	1	0
Anonymous, Crawley	0	5	0	Anonymous:—			
Scotch note, N. Berwick	1	0	0	Mr. Spurgeon's Birthday	2	0	0
Mr. R. Brown	1	0	0	Mrs. Spurgeon's Almanac	1	0	0
Mrs. Bell	0	7	6		3	0	0
Mrs. S. Robins	1	0	0	C. T.	0	10	0
Mrs. Howes	0	10	0	Mr. D. Smith	5	5	0
Collected by Miss M. Morgan	0	10	0	Cranford Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr. A. Smith	1	2	6
Mrs. C. White	0	5	0	Mrs. H. Kevell	10	0	0
A friend	0	1	0	Mrs. Duncan Sharpe	0	10	0
Mrs. N. E. Gearing	0	5	0	Mr. Thos. Price	0	2	0
Mr. J. Duncan	0	2	0	Mr. D. Boyd	1	0	0
Mr. J. Snodden, per E. R.	0	5	0	Mrs. C. Field	0	5	0
J. W. Kelvedon	0	1	0	Mr. J. S. Clarke	1	1	0
Mr. J. B. Nunn	0	2	0	Croham Road Baptist Chapel, per Miss K. Taylor:—			
Miss C. Martin	0	5	0	Sunday-school collection	0	8	1
Collected by Miss Spall	0	8	4	Christmas dinner-table			
Mrs. E. Williams	0	10	0	collection	0	12	2
Mr. J. Leedham	0	5	0	J. C. E., collecting boxes	0	17	5
Mr. Jas. Wilson	0	10	0	Mr. J. G. Taylor	2	2	0
Mrs. P. Butler	1	1	0		3	19	8
Mrs. S. George and K. L.	0	10	0	Rev. G. P. Gould, M.A.	1	1	0
Miss S. Cabban	0	10	0	Miss Barrow	0	5	0
For Jesus' sake, Whiffet	0	2	0	Mrs. Harrison Gray	1	1	0
An anonymous mite for the orphans	0	2	0	Miss C. Dumas	0	10	0
A friend, per the Misses Dorothy and Winnie Ingrem (Christmas dinner-table collection)	0	3	0	Collected by Miss E. E. Epps	0	10	0

THE
37TH ANNUAL REPORT
OF THE
METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE
Colportage Association
— 1903. —

President: PASTOR THOMAS SPURGEON.

Vice-Presidents:

LORD KINNAIRD.

R. COPE MORGAN, Esq.

G. H. DEAN, Esq., J.P.

COL. R. PARRY NISBET, C.I.E.

Secretary: STEPHEN WIGNEY.



PROTESTANT.

UNSECTARIAN.

EVANGELISTIC.

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.

R. COPE MORGAN, Esq.

GEORGE H. DEAN, Esq., J.P.

COL. R. PARRY NISBET, C.I.E.

Hon. Treas.: — C. F. ALLISON, Esq.

Hon. Sec.: — C. P. CARPENTER, Esq.

Committee:

MR. S. R. PEARCE, *Chairman*.

„ JOSEPH PASSMORE.

„ M. LLEWELLYN.

„ J. J. COOK.

„ FRANK THOMPSON.

MR. JAMES HALL.

„ SAMUEL JOHNSON.

„ EDWARD JOHNSON.

„ H. H. SEATON.

„ A. S. TATNELL.

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.

FORM OF BEQUEST.

I Give and Bequeath the sum of _____ pounds sterling, to be paid out of that part of my personal estate which may by law be given with effect for charitable purposes, to be paid to the Treasurer for the time being of the Metropolitan Tabernacle Colportage Association, Newington, Surrey, and his receipt shall be a sufficient discharge for the said Legacy; and this Legacy, when received by such Treasurer, to be applied for the general purposes of the Association.

Cheques may be crossed London and County Bank, Newington Butts; and Post Office Orders made payable to MR. S. WIGNEY, Secretary, at the Chief Office, St. Martin's-le-Grand. All communications should be addressed to SECRETARY, Colportage Association, Pastors' College, Temple Street, London, S.E.

COLPORTAGE ASSOCIATION.

THIRTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL REPORT, 1903.

IN recording the story of another year it may be briefly summarized as "simple but satisfactory." Its simplicity lies in the fact that there has been no startling experiences, and its work has been of a steady plodding character as the months have passed, and its satisfactory nature arises from the evidence of abundant usefulness, of much spiritual fruitfulness, and of prospered finances. Were it desirable to emphasize a depressing side to the story, one might dwell upon the drawbacks arising from the continuous wet weather which was a remarkable feature of the year; for Colportage purposes these conditions were very trying, the agents being frequently debarred from their regular journeys by reason of the floods, and oftentimes obliged to remain within doors lest the exposure of their goods abroad should be damaging to them. The poverty existing in many of the Districts was another disadvantage which called for very strenuous effort on the part of the Colporteur in order to make good sales. Notwithstanding these and other drawbacks however, the Divine blessing was realized, and as a result of steady careful industry, the year's sales were about on a par with those of previous years. The high character of the literature distributed was well maintained, the visits recorded were in excess of the previous year, and the reports of conversions in connection with each department of the work were most encouraging. The overshadowing sentiment of which the Committee is conscious in reviewing the year is that of gratitude to God, first for help given in carrying on the instrumentality, and next for the success vouchsafed upon it. It is specially gratifying again to have been able to close the year without a deficit; the effort to do so was very taxing, but the needed means were provided, and as will be seen, the year's requirements were met, and a little balance stands to the credit of the association.

The lamented death of John Marnham, Esq., J.P., in November last, was a cause for sincere sorrow to the Committee, who had learned to value his counsel and assistance in his position as one of the Vice-

Presidents, but the regrets were balanced by the gratification arising from the acceptance of the vacant post by Colonel R. Parry Nisbet, C.I.E., whose interest in the work had long been a source of unqualified satisfaction.

STATISTICS.

The records for the year 1903 are as follows :—

Districts occupied	56
Services conducted or Addresses given	6,234
Visits made by the Colporteurs	282,927
Tracts left at the Homes (about)	56,000
Bibles, Testaments and Scripture Portions sold	11,368
Books and Booklets under sixpence	107,712
Books over sixpence	41,254
Magazines, Almanacks, etc.	205,731
Wall Texts, Scripture Cards, etc.	96,976
Total number of articles sold, detailed above	463,041
Total nett amount of Sales made	£5,244 12s. 2d.

FINANCES.

A reference to the General Account on page 16 will show that the income is made up of three items, as follow :—

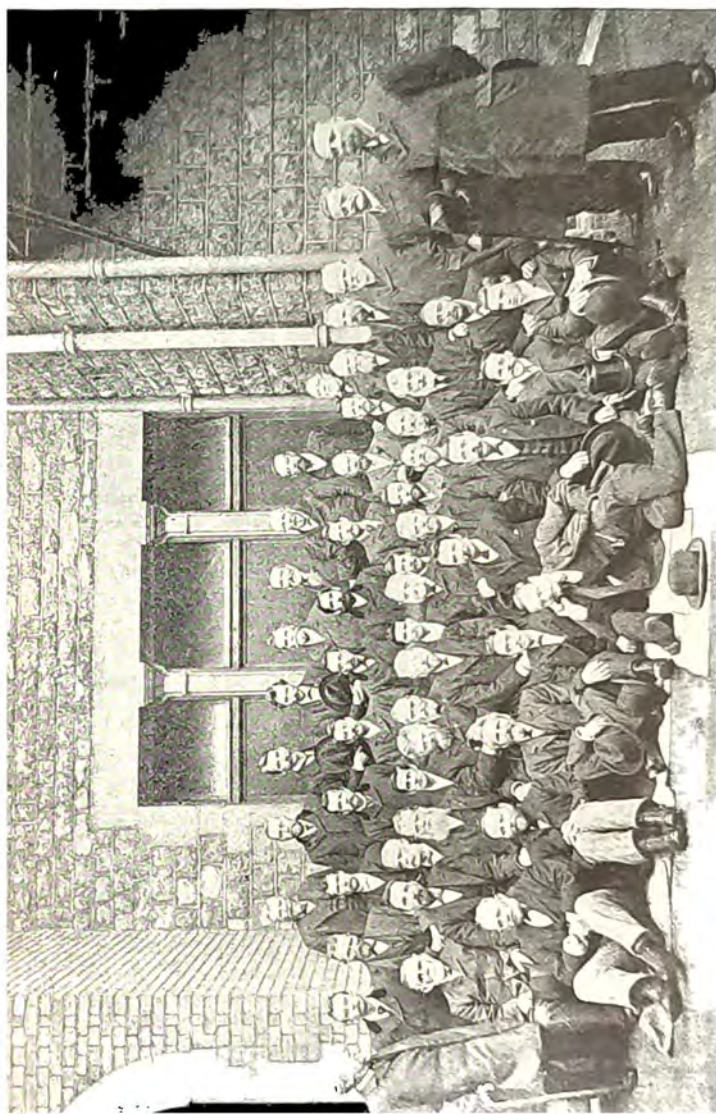
	£	s.	d.
Profits on Sales	1,569	11	3
Local Contributions from Districts occupied	2,076	6	0
General Fund Subscriptions and Donations ...	685	17	1

It is the latter figure which gives importance to the nett result, and heartiest thanks are accorded to all friends, including many of the Colporteurs, who have helped by Donations, Subscriptions, Collections, Cards, Boxes, etc., to secure this good amount. The profits earned by the business transactions of the Association will be seen to have contributed more than a third of the income for carrying on the work, and the endeavour has been by studious care in buying and selling to keep this item as high as possible, while a similar watchfulness over expenditure has been exercised in order that the work might be carried forward on the most economical lines.

In the month of May a most satisfactory Conference of the Colporteurs was held, and these annual meetings were declared by many of the Veterans who were present to have been among the best they had ever attended. The "Colporteurs' Messenger" has still been regularly published each month, and its influence has continued to be most helpful to all concerned, frequently eliciting spontaneous expressions of warm approval.

The review of the year awakens encouragement, and, while conscious of absolute dependence upon God for success, the work of the new year is being engaged in with hopeful anticipation and sanguine expectation, and with the determination more than ever only to seek the Divine glory and the increase of the Redeemer's Kingdom.

METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE COLPORTAGE ASSOCIATION.





AN INTRODUCTION AT THE DOOR.

AN ANTIDOTE TO BAD BOOKS.

The way to cope with darkness is to let in the light, and the best method of arresting corruption is to apply the corrective. In the present day there is perhaps more danger from the debasing and corrupting influence of vicious literature than at any previous period. Pernicious and Poisonous Publications are issued from the Printing Press in a degree never before attained, and multitudes of our young people who can read are feeding their minds upon the impurity, with the result that the baser instincts are stimulated, the character is stunted, and the mind warped, often with developments of the saddest kind. The Colporteur exists to endeavour to push out such literature by introducing a pure bright Magazine or Book, or perhaps some choice artistic Scripture Wall Text, which, as it constantly meets the eye, will weaken the craving for the bad. It is a feature in Districts where a Colporteur has been located for a time that his course can be traced by the wall decorations in the houses visited, as well as by the books which lie upon the table or occupy a position in the bookcases of the homes. In the same proportion both Pictures, Papers and Books of a questionable character disappear after the successive visits have been made. One of the best recommendations for the employment of the Colporteur in Town or Country is the fact that he carries wherever he goes "An Antidote to Bad Books."

CANDIDATES FOR COLPORTAGE.

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.



A QUIET GOSPEL TALK INSIDE

LIST OF COLPORTEURS, with Districts occupied in 1903.

DISTRICT.	COUNTY.	COLPORTEUR.	OPEN'D	GUARANTOR OR HONORARY LOCAL SUPERINTENDENT.
Choddar	Somerset...	E. Garrett ...	1878	Friends in locality.
Maldon	Essex ...	J. Keddio ...	1873	Friends at Maldon.
Cardiff	Glam. ...	Geo. Harris ...	1873	Messrs. J. and R. Cory.
Minchinhampton	Gloucester	W. Ford ...	1874	Messrs. P. O. Evans & Sons.
Evesham	Worcester	T. Boulton ...	1874	Local Committee.
Downton	Wilts ...	A. Phillips ...	1874	Southern Baptist Association.
Brentford	Middlesex	H. Mears ...	1874	Messrs. Greenwood Bros.
Wellow	Hampshire	W. Hodge ...	1874	Southern Baptist Association.
Bourton-on-Water	Gloucester	C. Bartlett ...	1875	J. Reynolds, Esq., J.P.
Wolverhampton	Staffordshire	A. Frost ...	1876	Miss E. A. Tylor.
Fritham	Hampshire	R. Bellamy ...	1876	R. W. S. Griffith, Esq.
Lymington	Hampshire	G. Botwright	1876	Southern Baptist Association.
Hadleigh	Suffolk ...	E. Paine ...	1876	Hadleigh Congregational Ch.
Poole	Dorset ...	W. Lloyd ...	1877	Southern Baptist Association.
Bower Chalke ...	Salisbury	W. Goodfellow	1877	Southern Baptist Association.
Swadincote	Derbyshire	J. P. Allen ...	1880	E. S., Anonymous.
Swaftiam Prior	Cambridge	F. Collier ...	1880	Cambridgeshire Association.
Repton	Staffordshire	C. Payne ...	1880	E. S., Anonymous.
Sellindge	Kent ...	J. W. Andrew	1882	W. G. Tester, Esq.
Great Totham ...	Essex ...	T. Bendall ...	1883	Rev. H. J. Harvey.
Penrhinweiber...	Glam. ...	S. Holly ...	1883	Messrs. J. and R. Cory.
Aylesbury	Bucks ...	Job Smith ...	1883	A. Turner, Esq.
Melkham... ..	Wilts ...	H. Fenner ...	1884	Mrs. H. Keevil.
Stratford-on-Avon	Warwick...	S. Bartlett ...	1884	J. Smallwood, Esq.
St. Margaret's ...	Kent ...	B. R. Slater ...	1889	Kent and Sussex Baptist Assn.
Egham	Surrey ...	J. Sayer ...	1889	Home Counties Baptist Assn.
Chard	Somerset...	G. H. Phillips	1889	Western Baptist Association.
Barrow	Suffolk ...	F. G. Rose ...	1889	Suffolk Congregational Union.
Eastchurch	Kent ...	T. M. Mead ...	1890	L. H., Anonymous.
Horsforth	Yorkshire	J. Ford ...	1890	Miss Bilbrough.
Sittingbourne ...	Kent ...	T. McMahon...	1890	Kent and Sussex Baptist Assn.
Woking	Surrey ...	R. Fifield ...	1890	Home Counties Baptist Assn.
Denmead	Hampshire	A. W. Gould .	1890	Southern Baptist Association.
Earls Colne	Essex ...	W. Hardiman	1891	J. A. Tawell, Esq.
Cowling Hill ...	Yorkshire	S. Parkes ...	1892	Cowling Hill Baptist Church.
Wallingford	Berkshire	W. Bird ...	1893	W. Davies, Esq., Toronto.
Doreham	Norfolk ...	A. Portingall .	1897	Cowper Church.
Codicote	Herts ...	H. Bowden ...	1898	A. Lockhart, Esq.
Steyning	Sussex ...	T. Bignell ...	1898	Kent and Sussex Baptist Assn.
North Cheam	Surrey ...	E. Piercey ...	1899	Home Counties Baptist Assn.
Ilminster	Somerset...	W. J. Gadsby	1899	F. Harcombe, Esq.
Orpington... ..	Kent ...	A. R. Richards	1900	W. Jones, Esq.
Bingley	Yorkshire	F. Bannister .	1901	J. Snowden, Esq.
Bishop's Stortford	Herts ...	J. W. Baggett	1901	W. Holland, Esq.
Mendlesham	Suffolk ...	J. H. Teager .	1901	Suffolk Congregational Union.
Loughborough ...	Leicester	A. P. Smith...	1902	Loughborough Baptist Union.
Pauckeridge	Herts ...	J. W. Harvey	1902	R. P. Rhodes, Esq.
Bath	Somerset...	J. Reid ...	1902	J. R. Huntley, Esq.
Melton Mowbray	Leicester	H. V. Payne .	1902	J. T. Crosher, Esq.
Bourne	Lincolnshire	A. J. Orchard	1902	Rev. J. Carvath.
Belfast	Ireland ...	G. Rock ...	1902	Gt. Victoria St. Baptist Chapel.
Stow-on-the-Wold	Gloucester	J. Smith ...	1903	Rev. A. W. G. Butt
Southampton ...	Hampshire	W. Tidley ...	1903	R. Beck, Esq.
High Wycombe ...	Bucks ...	A. Badder ...	1903	E. Harris, Esq.
Ryde	Hampshire	A. Lamb ...	1903	Rev. H. Coley.
Ealing	Middlesex	W. J. Merrett	1903	A. J. Young, Esq.

METHODS OF EXTENDING COLPORTAGE.

The need for this kind of Agency is as great as ever. Indifference to religion is increasingly manifest, both in town and country, and the people still hold aloof from the provision made for them in our Sanctuaries. There seems to be no alternative but to go to the people, and the Colporteur is eminently adapted to do this acceptably.

The formation of new Districts may be suitably taken up in connection with "Free Church Councils," by which plan the financial responsibility of individual Churches becomes very slight in sharing the good work.

County Associations might, in multiplied degree, avail themselves of this means of providing for the spiritual needs of the villages, while in connection with the stronger Churches of our towns the direct employment of a Colporteur often proves a great assistance, both to the pastoral work and to the various Mission efforts.

Many ladies or gentlemen with means at their disposal could personally become responsible for the cost of a District, and have the satisfaction of knowing that they are thus enabled to convey the Gospel message into houses all around them.

We would suggest the suitability of the work as an Agency which large Bible-Classes might adopt upon the "Circle System," the Class securing enough shareholders either within or outside its bounds, who will undertake to give or collect "One Penny per day" for the purpose. Thus a Circle of Thirty Shareholders would secure about £45 per annum. A systematic arrangement of this character, with all necessary safeguards, would render the support of a Colporteur a very simple matter.

In most cases a guarantee of £45 per annum from a locality enables us to place a suitable worker upon the spot, who may be relied upon not only for the distribution of healthy Christian literature, but for systematic Home Mission work, as well as direct Evangelistic effort.

There is room for hundreds more such workers in the land, and Christians are invited to consider the question, "Why not extend Colportage?"



MORNING. STARTING OUT.



EVENING.
A REST ON THE WAY HOME.

THE LADIES' WORKING SOCIETY.

For Helping the Colporteurs and their Families

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 in the Ladies' Room of the Tabernacle, 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.

AN APPEAL FOR HELPERS.

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.

Friends will recollect that recently a careful revision of the constitution of the Association was made, 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.

FROM THE SECRETARY.

Friends are cordially invited to give a call at the Depot when visiting London, and the Secretary is always pleased to reply to enquiries concerning the work or to give information upon any detail of arrangement. All communications should be addressed to the Secretary.



MR. STEPHEN WIGNEY.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Chivers, Mr. John	1	0	0	Fordham, Mrs.	0	5	0
Collier, Mr. F.	0	9	6	Fuller, Mrs.	0	2	6
Cadbury, Mr. George	7	1	0	Friends from Rushden	0	5	0
Calder, Mrs.	5	0	0	Frowde, Mr. H.	1	1	0
Campbell, Mr. P.	1	0	0	Gift to replace money stolen from a collecting-box, per W. J. S.	0	5	6
Cassell and Co., Ltd., Messrs.	2	0	0	Gwilliam, Mr. W.	1	0	0
Church, Mr. S.	0	2	0	Gregory, Mr. G.	0	10	0
Collection at Mission Hall, Egham, per Mr. J. Sayer	0	11	2	Gunner, Miss	0	6	0
Collection at Freemantle, per Mr. W. Tidley	0	18	3	Grout, Mr. J.	0	10	0
Collection at Brentford, per Mr. H. Mears	2	19	0	Gregory, Mrs. E.	0	8	0
Colman, Mr. H. S.	0	10	0	Gough, Mr. Frank	10	0	0
Clark, Mr. James	1	1	0	Gay, Mr. M.	2	2	0
Collections at Beason, Cholsey, and Roke, per Mr. William Bird	1	14	0	Garrett, Mr. E.	0	15	0
Collection at Ealing, per Mr. Henry Mears	3	3	4	Gallienne, Mr. J.	5	0	0
Collection after service by Mr. F. Collier	1	0	0	Gardiner, Mrs.	2	2	0
Collection at Willington Chapel, per Mr. C. Payne	0	11	6	Greenwood, Mr. B. I.	2	2	0
Collection at Bowdenham Village Chapel, per Mr. A. Phillips	0	7	0	Green, Dr. A., W.	0	10	6
Collection at Social Hour Service, Emmanuel Chapel, Southsea, per Mr. A. Phillips	0	10	0	G. W.	0	5	0
Collection at Rockbourne, per Mr. A. Phillips	0	11	0	Gazard, Mr. J.	0	5	0
Collection at Barn Service, per Miss M. J. Foster	0	9	0	Goodman, Mr. R.	1	0	0
Creasey, Mr. G.	0	5	0	Hodges, Mr. W. D.	1	1	0
Chapman, Mrs.	2	0	0	Hoskin, Mrs.	1	1	0
Cook, Mr. J. J.	1	1	0	Hillman, Mr. H. W.	0	2	0
Clarke, Mr. C. Goddard, J.P., L.C.C.	1	1	0	Harrald, Pastor J. W.	1	1	0
Cockrem, Mr. Frank	2	0	0	Hurd, Mr. F. H.	1	1	0
Coltman, Ald. H.	1	0	0	Helliings, Mr. F. W.	0	10	0
Collection at Rivenhall End Chapel, per Mrs. F. Springett	0	5	7	Hughes, Mr. J.	0	10	6
Christie, Mr. A.	1	0	0	Hellier, Mrs.	0	10	6
Christmas Dinner-table Collection, per Mr. G. Botwright	0	3	6	Harker, Mr. E.	0	5	0
Dennis, Mr. J.	0	5	0	Heard, Mr. G. C.	5	0	0
Donaldson, Mrs.	0	5	0	Harris, Mr. T.	15	0	0
Dale, Miss E.	0	10	0	Higgs, Mrs.	7	0	0
Daniell, Miss R.	0	10	0	Hawkins, Mr. W.	0	10	0
Dennis, Mr. J.	0	5	0	Harden, Mr. R. W.	0	10	6
Donaldson, Mrs.	0	5	0	Hiley, Mr. Wm.	20	10	6
Dawson, Mr. Edward	1	0	0	Hancock, Miss	0	5	0
Dales, Mrs. S.	0	15	0	Harding, Mr. A.	0	2	6
Dean, G. H., Esq., J.P.	5	0	0	Hooper, Miss	1	1	0
Davies, Mr. W., Toronto	5	0	0	Halls, Miss	0	5	0
Durraut, Miss	0	5	0	Haywood, Mrs. J. R.	1	0	0
Dransfield, Miss	0	10	6	Hart, Mr. W.	2	2	0
Donkin, Mr. Henry	0	10	0	Haseltine, Miss	0	2	6
Derham, Mrs.	0	10	0	Harvey, Mr. W. B.	0	2	6
Dividend on £100 Gov. Quebec 5 per cent Bond, less Income Tax	2	7	8	Hodges, Mr. G. F.	0	10	6
Davies, Mr. John	0	10	6	Hackney, Prof. Walter, M.A.	1	1	0
Dawson, Mr. E.	1	0	0	Hills, Mrs.	0	2	0
Elliott, Miss Lizzie	0	2	6	Higgs, Mr. W. Miller	1	1	0
Edwards, Mr. W. C.	1	10	0	Higginbottom, Mr. & Mrs. J. M.	0	10	0
Everett, Mr. J.	1	0	0	Hodge, Mr. W.	0	10	0
Litwood, Mrs.	3	0	0	Ingle, Mr. E.	0	2	6
Evans, Mrs., per Mr. T. McMahon	1	1	0	"Inasmuch"	5	0	0
Edwards, Mr. W.	1	1	0	Instead of a floral tribute to the endeared memory of Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon, 22nd Oct., 1903	5	0	0
Elgar, Mr. F.	0	10	0	In loving memory of Mr. J. Goring	1	0	0
Fitzgerald, Mr. E. G.	1	1	0	Johnston, Mr. T.	1	0	0
Fisher, Mr. F.	3	3	0	Jensen, Miss H. E.	0	10	0
Fletcher, Miss	0	10	6	Jones, Miss S. S.	0	10	0
For the Lord's work in England, through Colportage, per Dr. A. McCaig	1	0	0	Johnston, Mr. G. P.	1	0	0
Four Ladies, per Mr. H. Mears	1	0	0	Jones, Miss E. E.	0	5	0
Fearnley, Mr. T.	1	1	0	"Kilcreggan"	1	0	0
Fisher, Mr. G., per Mr. G. Freeman	1	0	0	Keevil, Mrs. H.	5	0	0
				Knight, Mrs. J. M.	5	0	0
				Kinnaird, Right Hon. Lord	5	0	0
				Keuch, Mr. James	2	2	0
				Keen, Mrs. J. E.	0	2	6
				Lewis, Mrs., per Mrs. Mears	0	10	0
				Lillington, Miss E. A.	0	2	6
				Lewis, Mr. F. T.	1	0	0
				Linscott, Mr. A.	2	2	0
				London and County Banking Co., Ltd., Newington Branch, per Mr. G. J. Green	2	2	0
				Lees, Mrs., per F. W. Thompson, Esq.	10	0	0
				Lovington, Arlesford	0	2	6
				Lymington Colportage Association, per Mr. Saml. Doman	2	2	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Lamont, Mr. John	2	1	0	Scandrett, Mrs.	0	5	0
Light, Miss	0	7	0	Spiers, Mr. Josiah	0	10	0
Llewellyn, Mr. L.	1	1	0	Shearman, Mrs.	1	1	0
Mott, Mrs. A.	1	0	0	S. R., Thankoffering	5	0	0
Mitchell, Rev. John	1	7	0	Steel, Miss K. E.	0	3	0
Marnham, J., Esq., J.P.	5	0	0	Smith, Mr. J. T.	5	0	0
McEwing, Miss M.	1	0	0	Smith, Miss M. M.	5	0	0
Muir, Mr. C.	0	15	0	Scott, Mr. Phillip, per Mrs. Mears	1	1	0
Mead, Mrs. J. B.	2	2	0	Stachbery, Miss L.	0	10	0
Macalpine, Mr. G. W., J.P.	6	1	0	Spliedt, Miss	2	0	0
Mead, Mr. J.	1	1	0	Sale of Reports	0	4	4
" M. H. B. S."	1	0	0	Spencer, Mr. Henry	0	5	0
Mayor of Stepney, The, Councillor				Samuel, Mr. G.	0	1	0
H. Potter, J.P.	5	0	0	Sinclair, Mrs. E. A.	0	5	0
Matthews, Mr. W.	1	0	0	Spurgeon, Pastor Thomas	5	0	0
Mannington, Mr.	3	0	0	Surrey Mission, Pirbright, per			
McCaig, Principal A.	0	10	6	Pastor E. Roberts	6	0	0
Narroway, Mr.	1	2	0	Sharpton, Miss	0	5	0
Nisbet, Col. R. Parry, C.L.E.	10	0	0	Savager, Mr. J. H.	0	10	0
Nicholson, Mrs.	10	0	0	Smith, Mr. A. P.	0	2	0
N. B.	5	0	0	Sawday, Pastor C. B.	0	10	0
No. 100	5	0	0	Sadler, Miss	0	5	0
Newland, Miss Elsie	0	10	0	Sexton, Mr. F.	0	10	0
Nagle, Mrs.	1	0	0	Stevens, Mr. J. R.	1	1	0
Olney, Miss Grace	2	2	0	Sowerby, Mr. G. B.	0	10	0
Oldershaw, Mr. Wm	0	2	6	Squibb, Mr. and Mrs.	0	10	0
Olney, Mr. W.	2	2	0	Storr, Mr. Sydney	0	5	0
Olney, Mrs.	1	1	0	Sale of Mottoes	4	10	0
Oyler, The Misses	0	6	0	Tatnell, Mr. A. S.	10	0	0
Passmore, Mr. J.	5	0	0	Tarrant, Miss	0	4	0
Proceeds of lecture at Hose, per				Tyndall, Mr. W. H.	1	0	0
Mr. H. Payne	0	8	0	Tinswood, Mrs.	0	5	0
Price, Mr. C. H.	7	0	0	Thomas, Mrs. E. A.	0	10	0
Pointon, Miss A.	0	10	0	Thompson, Mr. Frank	2	2	0
Pewtress, Mr. S.	1	0	0	Taylor, Mr. W. S.	1	1	0
Permain, Miss	0	10	0	Tanner, Dr.	1	1	0
Priestley, Mr. J. G.	5	0	0	Tidley, Mr. John, per Mr. E.			
" Phoebe "	45	0	0	Garrett	0	5	0
Phillips, Mr. Charles	2	2	0	" Unto Him that loved us "	5	0	0
Pearce, Mr. J.	1	0	0	Upton, Mrs.	5	5	0
Patrick, Mr.	0	5	0	Virgo, Mr. G.	1	0	0
Potts, Mr., per Mrs. Smith	0	5	0	Vickers, Mrs., per Mr. A. P. Smith	0	10	0
Powell, Mr. C.	0	2	6	Vivian, Mr. T.	0	10	0
Postal order, from Castle Martin	1	0	0	Virgo, Mrs. M. J.	0	2	6
Petany, Mr. T. S.	1	1	0	Vincent, Mr. E.	0	2	6
Priestly, Mr. E.	0	8	0	Wilkinson, Mrs. R.	1	10	0
Potter, Mrs.	1	1	0	West, Mr. A. H.	0	5	0
Pearce, Mr. Edward	0	10	0	Wood, Miss J.	2	0	0
Price, Miss Annie	0	10	6	Wigney, Miss	0	10	0
Partridge, Messrs. S. W. and Co.	1	1	0	Windmill, Mrs. H.	1	0	0
Postal order, W.C.F.	1	0	0	White, Miss M. E.	0	7	6
Pullar, Mr. J. F.	10	0	0	Wagstaff, Mr. Charles	1	1	0
Pearce, Mr. S. R.	1	1	0	Worthing Baptist Church, per Mr.			
Pearce, Mr. A.	0	10	0	J. C.	5	0	0
Pastor's Birthday Fund, per J. E.				Willcox, Mr. W. H.	6	1	0
Passmore, Esq.	25	0	0	Waking, Mr. H.	0	5	0
Passmore, The Misses	4	0	0	Weekes, Mr. and Mrs. F.	0	10	0
Pole, Miss Van Notten	0	10	0	Whittle, Mr. F.	1	1	0
Philcox, Mr. H. H.	0	5	0	Wayne, Mr. Herman M.	0	5	0
Quartermass, Mr. H. J.	0	5	0	Wood, The late Henry, J.P.	1	0	0
Readers of the " Christian," per				Walker, Mrs. John	0	8	0
Messrs. Morgan and Scott	4	16	6	Wellford, Miss B.	0	1	0
Rayner, Mrs.	2	2	0	Warwick, Castle Hill Y.P.S.C.E.	0	6	0
" Rowland Peake "	0	16	0	Wilson, Mr. J.	1	1	0
Rabbich, Mr. G. M.	0	5	0	Wigney, Mr. and Mrs. S.	1	1	0
Rumsey, Rev. and Mrs.	1	1	0	Ward, Lock and Co., Limited,			
Reeve, Mr. A. T.	1	0	0	Messrs.	1	1	0
Russell, Mr. J.	0	5	0	York, Miss E.	0	10	6
Rainbow, Mrs.	1	0	0	Young, Mr. H. F.	0	10	0
Rennard, Mrs. H.	1	0	0	Ynsboeth Baptist Church, per Mr.			
Raybould, Mrs. E.	3	11	0	S. Arbery	0	5	0
Rodway, Mr. Opie	8	2	6	COLLECTING-BOOKS AND CARDS:—			
Rawlings, Mr. E.	5	5	0	Allen, Mr. J. P.	1	2	1
Rabbits, Mrs. Wittuck	2	2	0	Alavoine, Mr.	0	2	0
Rodgett, Mrs. Richard	2	10	0	Andrew, Mr. J. W.	0	17	6
Rogers, Mr. Matthew	1	1	0	Bendall, Mr. T.	0	7	0
Rumsey, Mr. F. J.	0	10	0	Bannister, Mr. F.	0	1	6
Roberts, Miss	0	10	0	Bowden, Mr. H.	0	2	6
Smith, Mr. Edward	0	10	0	Dotwright, Mr. G.	1	5	11

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Bellamy, Mr. R.	2	15	0	Llewellyn, Miss Dorothy	0	15	7
Bird, Mr. W.	0	18	6	Morey, Mr. J.	0	7	6
Bell, Master H. S.	0	1	4	Mears, Miss	0	1	0
Bell, Miss L. S.	0	1	11	McMahon, Mr. T.	1	1	1
Boutell, Miss C.	0	5	0	Mears, Mr. H.	1	0	0
Boulton, Mr. T.	0	10	0	McMahon, Miss Kate	0	9	8
Burton, Mrs.	0	4	6	Mead, Mr. T. M.	0	9	0
Carver, Miss	1	16	3	Miss Hooper's Mothers' Meeting	3	0	0
Collier, Miss Kathleen	0	9	0	May, Mrs.	0	6	0
Carpenter, Mr. C. P.	0	2	8	Nettle, Mr.	0	13	0
Curtis, Mrs.	0	6	3	Neale, Mr. C.	1	2	4
Cope, Miss Kathleen	0	3	6	Phillips, Mr. G. H.	0	5	0
Chown, Mr. J.	0	5	0	Payne, Miss Flossie	1	9	4
Collier, Mrs. F.	0	9	3	Parke, Mr. S.	0	7	6
Carter, Mrs.	0	5	0	Portingall, Mrs. A.	0	19	0
Cobbold, Miss	0	8	6	Payne, Mr. H. V.	0	7	2
Cox, Miss Hilda	0	2	0	Piercy, Miss Lily	0	13	0
Dümmer, Miss Eva	0	5	0	Pearce, Miss Grace	1	0	0
Depot box	0	13	7	Paine, Mr. E.	0	18	3
Ead, Miss Matilda	0	11	10	Rothwell, Mrs.	0	2	6
Ford, Mrs. F.	1	5	0	Raffield, Mrs.	0	14	3
Fuller, Mrs. T.	0	10	0	Reid, Mr. J.	1	6	0
Freeman, Mrs.	0	13	0	Richards, Mr. A. R.	4	5	0
Ford, Mr. W.	0	5	0	Rose, Mr. F. G.	0	8	6
Frost, Mr. A.	0	10	6	Rothwell, Mrs.	0	3	0
Fenner, Mr. and Mrs. H.	0	18	1	Raffield, Mrs.	0	10	1
Frost, Mr. Sidney	0	5	0	Richards, Mr. A. R.	0	10	0
Fifield, Mrs.	0	4	0	Smallbone, Miss Dora	1	0	9
Fifield, Mr. R.	0	2	6	Smith, Mr. A. P.	0	9	0
Gunner, Miss	0	9	4	Small Dole Chapel	0	9	4
Gould, Miss Grace	1	14	6	Seaton, Mrs.	0	18	9
Goddard, Miss Ethel	1	9	0	Smith, Mr. Job	0	9	6
Gill, Mr. A. J.	0	13	0	Todl, Mr. T. R.	0	4	0
Holly, Mr. S.	0	3	0	Tidley, Mr. W.	0	7	8
Hyde, Mrs. Wilfred	0	12	6	Teager, Mr. J. H.	0	10	0
Hardiman, Mr. W.	0	2	6	Tatnell, The Misses	0	5	3
Harvey, Miss Bertha	0	3	0	Tidley, Miss Nellie	0	4	6
Humphrey, Miss	0	18	0	Webb, Mr. H.	0	6	6
Hall, Mr. Robert	0	8	0	Wheeler, Mrs.	0	5	0
Hockey, Mrs. (Mothers' Meeting)	0	5	0	Walker, Mrs.	0	4	0
Jones, Miss E. E.	0	10	0	Wilmot, Mr. and Mrs. G. B.	1	5	8
Johnston, Miss Gladys	0	14	6	Weston, Miss	0	5	0
Jarvis, Miss Gwenny	0	3	1	Wigney, Mrs. S.	1	2	0
Jones, Mrs. A.	0	10	0	Wagstaff, Mrs. B. D.	0	4	2
Johnson, Miss	0	4	0	Watts, Mr. H. Stanley	0	5	0
Johnston, Miss Lizzie	0	8	6	Wilson, Mrs.	0	1	6
Knights, Mr. and Mrs. J. H.	0	8	0	Williams, Mrs.	1	2	6
Keddie, Miss Lizzie	0	12	6				
Lloyd, Miss Kate	0	3	0				
Ladds, Miss Dorothy	0	10	0				

£685 17 1

Extracts from Letters, and Colporteurs' Journals.

From Mr. J. P. ALLEN, of Swadlincote.

A Christian Endeavourer.

"The past year has been one of great blessing to me as to my personal spiritual life. At its outset I resolved by Divine grace that I would more than ever devote myself to the interests of the Young People of the Christian Endeavour Society, of which I am secretary, by the effort to win all for Christ. My prayers have been abundantly answered, fifteen having been received into full Church fellowship, and as many more having decided for Christ who are now on probation for Church membership."

From Mr. R. BELLAMY, of Fritham.

Harvest after Seed Sowing.

"Some 18 years ago I was privileged to lead a neighbour to the Saviour, and during that period have been able to regard him as a valued Christian friend. In his turn he is actively endeavouring to win others for Christ, and, among other efforts, he has succeeded in disposing of a number of Bibles and good books among his fellow-workmen; in doing which he has distributed no less than eighteen 'Travellers' Guides.'"

From Mr F. COLLIER, of Swaffham Prior.

Spurgeon's Sermons Valued.

"A poor woman who has suffered from Paralysis for several years was telling me recently how greatly she had been comforted and blessed by the perusal of C. H. Spurgeon's Sermons. In past times she had accumulated quite a store of copies of the 'Baptist Messenger,' each of which contained a Sermon, and during the period of weakness and infirmity these have proved a source of real spiritual help."

From Mr. W. HODGE, of Yarmouth, Isle of Wight.

A Veteran's Report.

"After 29 years of labour in this district I am still able to say that I love the work, and although I have been more or less unwell throughout the whole of the year I can give a good report. The Books which I have sold during the year have been of a high spiritual tone, and I am specially pleased to have been able to sell nearly double the usual number of copies of the Scriptures. During the last few days I have heard of two young women who have professed conversion through reading 'Precious Truths.'"

From Mr. A. R. RICHARDS, of Orpington.

The Lord had taken him Home.

"I had many times visited a poor sick man who was quite bedridden, he greatly appreciated my calls, and it was his habit quite to look forward to the day of my visit; we usually had a nice talk, a little reading, and a prayer. When last I called I found 'the Lord had taken him home,' and was so glad to have the testimony that he was quite ready to go and was trusting in Jesus as his Saviour."

From Mr. J. REID, of Bath.

The Ringleaders Converted.

"In my Bible Class are two young men; they were noted leaders in all kinds of mischief, and headed a gang of young fellows who did splendid service for the Devil. I had experienced much difficulty in keeping them under control at all, but I persevered, and, together with other friends, made special prayer on their behalf.

"We had a Tent mission conducted in our locality, and one of them came regularly to the services, the Word was blessed to him and he was found upon his knees crying for mercy; he found salvation and began to pray for his chum, the latter was soon after convicted of sin, and somewhat later became savingly converted. Both are now earnestly fighting against the Devil whom they formerly served so well."

From Mr. F. G. ROSE, of Barrow.

A Testimony for the Messenger.

"Many have borne testimony during the past month to blessings received as a result of the calls made especially among the sick and aged, two among them have told me of the great help and profit which they have received from reading the 'Colporteurs' Messenger.' One poor old widow thanked me very heartily for ever having advised her to take the little Magazine month by month, and another said to me, 'there is more to think and ponder over in one of them, than in many a volume.'"

From Mr. J. W. HARVEY, of Puckeridge.

Who is on the Lord's Side?

"A few months ago a friend was spending the evening with us, We were having a little music and singing; turning over the leaves of the hymn book the friend said, 'Do you know, Who is on the Lord's side?' My wife said, 'Yes, I am on the Lord's side, are you?' The remark led to conversation, we found she was as *yet only* a seeker, and were so glad to point out to her the way of Salvation. She is now such a bright, happy soul, and is using her voice in the Master's cause."

METROPOLITAN TABERNAACLE COLPORTAGE ASSOCIATION.

General Account, December 31st, 1903.

Dr.					Cr.	
		£	s.	d.		
To Colporteurs—		£	s.	d.		£
Wages	3,250		2	6		
Expenses	315		13	6		
Depôt and General Expenses—				3,566	16	0
Salaries—Secretary and Assistants	451		10	0		
Printing, Stationery, Reports, &c.	38		9	0		
Postages	36		6	0		
Advertising and Travelling ...	16		0	8		
Gas	7		5	11		
Conference Exps., less Contrib'ns ...	12		4	9		
Sundries Expenses	22		1	10		
Reserve for opening up new districts				583	18	2
Surplus carried to Capital				150	0	0
				32	0	2
				£4,331	14	4

		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
By Profit on Sales					1,569	11	3
By Subscriptions and Donations—							
For Districts					2,076	6	0
For General Fund					685	17	1
					2,762	3	1
					£4,331	14	4

Balance Sheet, December 31st, 1903.

		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
To Creditors—		£	s.	d.		£	s.
District Subscriptions (in advance)	89		15	0			
Publishers, Printers, &c.	797		0	0			
Deposit with Association	33		15	0			
Reserve for opening up new districts				920	10	0	
Capital Account—				150	0	0	
Balance, January 1st, 1903 ...	2,780		12	4			
Surplus as above... ..	32		0	2			
				2,812	12	6	
				£3,883	2	6	

By Stock—		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
At Depôt				507	18	7	
With Colporteurs				830	3	4	
				1,338	1	11	
By Debtors—							
Colporteurs' Balances				440	2	10	
Book Agents, &c.				35	3	2	
District Subscriptions (due)				116	10	0	
				592	5	0	
By Investment Victoria Government Stock				1,000	0	0	
By Cash—							
At Bankers'				012	15	7	
With Secretary				40	0	0	
				952	15	7	
				£3,883	2	6	

Examined with vouchers and found correct, }
March 11, 1904.

THOS. GREENWOOL'.
 F. G. LADDS.

Auditors.



THE
Sword and the Trowel.

AUGUST, 1904.

"Jesus Christ's Matter;" or, Our Duty at
the Forthcoming Elections.*

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

PRAYER is available under all circumstances, and in all the sorrows of life. Have faith in prayer: have faith in it in regard to your little daily troubles, and domestic trials, and business embarrassments. Kneel down, and say, "We will do as God sees best," and you will find your minds sweetly directed in the path which perhaps you might not have selected, but which will prove to be the best.

I rejoice to know that Jesus Christ is Head over all things to His Church, as well as Head of the Church; and that, therefore, there is nothing in this world, great or small, but what He governs for the good of His people. Like Joseph in Egypt, He is sure to take care of His brethren in Goshen. We, who are the least popular people living in this land, rejoice to think that Jesus, our Brother, is the King of the Egypt in which we sojourn, and that He will manage all our affairs for us.

We may bring the elections of to-morrow before Him in earnest prayer. He will hear us, and grant us help. I have more faith in God than in all statesmen. I have more faith in His guiding and directing men's minds than in all that can be said or printed. The Master's glory will come of it, even if we should be beaten for a while;

[* The above Address was delivered at a Prayer-meeting, in November, 1868, on the eve of a General Election. It serves to prove very plainly that C. H. Spurgeon did not leave politics severely alone. Certainly, when they trench upon the Kingdom of God, he set the trumpet to his mouth. We are persuaded that he would do the same to-day were he with us. The Establishment of the Church is still at the root of most of the mischief. We are waiting still, but the ultimate issue is certain. We must, however, work as well as wait, and watch as we pray; and this we will do in the spirit of the closing clause of this philippic, "*I am no politician, but this is Jesus Christ's matter.*"—Ed.]

for we hold to Christ's Kingdom, and know nothing about alliances with the kingdoms of this world. We can wait another fifty years, or we can wait for five hundred years; but we shall win at the end. Our triumph, if it come not to-morrow, nor next year, cometh certainly. No matter what abuse may be cast upon us, nor what may be said against us, the day shall come when there shall be an unfettered Church in this land, and in every land, and when Christ shall be the recognized Head of it, and when every hireling church, that licks the hand of the State, as the dog licks its master's, shall be sent to the rightabout.

I have thought fit, with all earnestness and vehemence, to urge this matter upon the members of this Church, till, I hope, you thoroughly understand the question; and I earnestly pray that every one of you may do his duty to-morrow, and that you may not be led astray by all that is sought to be palmed off upon us.

What think you? We have a banner flaunted in our face,—a Bible, *shut up*, with a crown upon it to keep it shut; and a sword laid upon it, to be used against those who dare to open it! But we dare to open it, and the first line we read in it is this, "My Kingdom is not of this world." And yet, forsooth, the followers of the Church that teaches Baptismal Regeneration, and Sacramentalism, and I know not what besides, cry out that they are Protestants! It is an old dodge for a man, who has stolen, to cry, "Stop, thief!" and then run away. But we shall, by God's grace, be helped forward to-morrow; and even if we do not have the victory, we can wait.

But there are some of us whose tongues will wax more eloquent because we are obliged to wait; and if this matter of the Church in Ireland be kept in hand for many a day, we shall be thankful, for it will come to the turn of the Church of England all the sooner: for we do not conceal our purpose,—we shall never rest until in England the Church is free, and until this spiritual adultery,—for it is nothing else,—by which the Kingdom of Christ is defiled, shall be for ever put away, and be remembered only as the darkest blot that ever disfigured the Church's face. Pray earnestly for this blessing! I pray for it as devoutly as I ever asked for salvation. If I might but live to see the day when there shall be a free church in a free nation, and all this State-churchism done away, I could almost say with Simeon, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy word, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation."

It will be no small privilege for some of you young-men to have had a share in this battle. I have insisted upon this all through; and, so far from repenting that I ever took up arms in the matter, I feel more and more safe about it every day. I feel that, in acting thus, I prove my loyalty to my Master, the Lord Jesus Christ, in the midst of opposition, and in the teeth of much misrepresentation and abuse. If this be not true, I know nothing that is true,—that Christ's Church is a body altogether distinct from every civil corporation, and is to be governed by Christ Himself, and is to look up to Him alone as her Head.

I AM NO POLITICIAN, BUT THIS IS JESUS CHRIST'S
MATTER.

Chats with the Children.

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

VI.—FOUNDER'S DAY AT THE STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE.

WE had so glad a time at the Stockwell Orphanage, on June 23rd, in celebration of the Founder's birthday, that I feel I must tell my young friends, who were not able to be there, a little about it. Hundreds of young folk were as happy as the day was long, which is saying a good deal, considering the date of the year. I suppose that, joyful as the visitors doubtless were, the orphan children themselves were gladdest of all. I have a notion that, to their idea, the day of the Fête is second only to Christmas day itself; indeed, for some things, it may be preferred to the glad December Festival. There are nearly five hundred girls and boys in the Orphanage, and all of these, except the few who live at the Seaside Home at Margate, enjoyed the long-looked-for day of rejoicing. They have to work pretty hard, it is true, singing, reciting, marching, and drilling; but, if we may judge by their looks, they were happy in making others happy. That, by the way, is always the surest way of filling one's own heart with joy. I have asked several of them what they thought of the Festival this year, and the verdict in every case was favourable; in some, emphatically so. "It was *all right*," said one. That meant a good deal more than appears on the surface.

The word "WELCOME" seemed to shake hands with us as we came up the Avenue, for it swayed in the breeze, and smiled in the sunshine. What a lovely word it is! I am glad we have it in the Revised Version of the New Testament. "He welcomed them." There is no welcome to be compared with Christ's.



THE MARCH PAST.

The march past was good fun for all concerned. The Police band (this is the only time in the year that we want the police,) played

an inspiring march, and away went the juvenile host, two abreast, with banners flying,—right, left,—right, left. You may notice, in the picture, that some of the lassies carried Japanese sunshades instead of flags. Well, this only helped to make the procession more picturesque; and, as the sun was hot, the little parties with the paper parasols were to be congratulated. At the saluting post, the boys saluted in true military fashion; and the girls,—well, they smiled their very sweetest.



SINGING IN THE OPEN AIR.

Next came the singing on the big platform in the open air. Mr. Charlesworth, the Head-master, composed the hymns, and Mr. Partridge, the music Instructor, the tunes, so it was all made on our own premises, and singularly sweet it sounded in the clear air of the sunny afternoon. Is there any sweeter music on earth than that which happy-hearted children make when they sing the high praises of our God? "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise." Note, in my picture, that the girls look this way, and the boys that. Can you guess why? They must all face their conductor; whom you can see, at the extreme left, if your eyes are very sharp. He gives them their time, so they must watch him very closely. Just so, we who seek to serve Jesus must keep our eyes fixed upon Him, and follow His example, "looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our faith."

This little photograph speaks volumes. It tells us that the sun shone brightly, or the snap-shot would not have been so clear, nor would that white sun-shade have figured so prominently. It tells us

that there was a light breeze, just enough to be pleasant, for, see, the flags do not hang quite straight and limp. It tells us that there was a good crowd of people there, for though not many appear in it, they are pretty tightly packed, are they not? I think that we may also judge that they were pleased with the singing, for they are all looking that way, and the only profile visible has a distinct smile playing upon it. Can you see a child being held up that he may the better see and hear? He evidently has a soul for music,—bless him!—and if he does not grow up to love and to care for the orphans, it will not be his mother's fault. We devoutly hope he will, for old friends, alas! pass away, and we look to the young folk to take their places.

In the course of the afternoon, I visited the Play-hall, where an entertainment was being given by the boys and girls. Oh! but wasn't it hot? Nevertheless, we greatly enjoyed ourselves. Bell-ringing, recitations, and action songs were all most creditably rendered, reflecting much credit on the children themselves, and on those who had trained them. I must confess to having been specially interested in a piece the girlies sang, entitled, "A Song of Phizzy-ol-ol-ol-o-gee." I really think I must give a verse or two of it, though, possibly, some of you know it, and sing it, too, suiting the actions to the words as these young songsters did.

"A lecture we will give you on Phizzyyologee,
No charge for it we'll make you, and no apologee,
No doubt it will astound you
The names that we shall mention,
They are so very crack-jaw,
So all please pay attention.

"Now this is your spinal column,
And here's your frontal bone,
Now pray don't look quite so solemn,
This is your nose, you will own;
The humerus bone, which is found here,
To the funny bone close must be;
The tibia, fibula, leg bones
Near the patella which forms the knee.
Oh! Oh! Oh!

"Chorus:—Oh, isn't it wonderful,
This phizzy-ol-ol-ol-o-gee?
I'm sure that you never
Saw scholars so clever
At phizzy-ol-ol-ol-o-gee.

"Our fingers they call 'em the digits,
In mischief often they're found,
It gives our teacher the fidgets
To see them a-poking around.
The top of the windpipe's the larynx,
And through it you breathe and blow,
The back of the mouth is the pharynx,
Down there the lollipops often go.
Oh! Oh! Oh!"

That must suffice for my quotation. The whole song is just as good as the specimen, and is issued by Messrs. J. Curwen and Sons.

The Homes were open all day long for our visitors to look over. You know we have separate homes, and a Matron, and Sub-Matron for each, with a rather big family of say thirty little ones. I could not possibly tell you which is the nicest, and the cleanest of the houses, for they are all as clean as clean can be. Why, "you could eat your dinner off the floor," as the saying is; though, of course, you never do. How I wish you dear children, who live in the country, could see these happy homes, with their cosy little beds, their snow-white floors, and their pretty pictures. I wish you could see the children even on ordinary days, for they are not happy at the Festival, and on Christmas day alone. Oh, dear no! we try to make them happy all the time. We seek to lead them to Jesus; for to trust and to love Him is the way to be truly happy. Moreover, we like them to enjoy themselves with innocent amusements as much as is possible. See, here are some of them skipping on the lawn. That is the only kind of rope's end we give them.



GIRLS SKIPPING.

The musical drill is, perhaps, the most popular item in our Festival programme. While Mr. Partridge and his red-coated musicians provide the music, and Mr. Matthews, himself a good specimen of the benefits of physical culture, presides over the drill, the fun is fast and furious. Performances with Indian clubs, dumb-bells, wands, and the vaulting-horse follow each other in quick succession. The girls take their part, and earn well-deserved applause for what someone, who was surely rather fond of big words, was pleased to call "their graceful genuflections." Great amusement was caused by a detachment of young beginners. They might have been called "the awkward squad", only they were rather too smart for that. They came on to the platform in ordinary clothes, instead of being dressed in the suitable attire of the gymnasium. Their first duties were to remove their caps and coats at the words of command. Then, in their shirt-sleeves, they did some exercises very creditably, concluding by resuming first their coats and then their caps. It gave the spectators some idea of how the thing is done. Next year, in all probability, these novices will be among the star artists.

Just as the musical drill ceased, it commenced to rain. "Oh, dear,

what a pity!" says someone; but another, a little more thoughtful than the first, says, "What a blessing that it didn't rain until the drill was over!" Ah, but it was not ordinary rain! It consisted of a shower, a very heavy shower of—what think you?—COPPERS!! The people flung pence on to the platform, and I need not tell you that the boys were eager enough to pick up a living. When the crowd had given all it meant to, a stentorian voice (I think it must have been the Vice-President's,) cried, "Now for the girls; don't forget the girls;—the boys will share it with them;" and, forthwith, it began to rain again. How it did come down to be sure! See,—there are some boys scuttling under the platform. Do they want to get out of the rain? Not a bit of it. The cute young rascals judge that some of the pence may have run between the boards, and they cannot bear the idea that any should be lost. What dear good boys!

Everybody likes illuminations, so these formed a fitting finish to a glorious day. The flower-beds and the summer-houses were outlined with little lamps of various colours, and all the trees and bushes were aflame with Chinese lanterns. Talk about Fairy-land,—I have never seen a Fairy-land to equal it! What a thousand pities it seemed that this glory and beauty commenced only (for it was not dark enough before,) when mother said that it was time for all good little girls and boys to be in bed. But, surely, bed was sweet that night, however loth they may have been to go to it, to the orphans themselves, after their two busy and exciting days, for you must know that, on the day before the Fête, there was a semi-public rehearsal of the Festival programme. And, surely, they were weary who, all the day, shook their collecting boxes in front of the visitors, and asked for help for the good work. If the truth be told, I have heard it whispered that some of the aforesaid visitors expressed an opinion that this collecting was somewhat of a nuisance, and ought to be put a stop to; but they forgot that our young collectors would be very grieved to have their big opportunity taken from them. A first-rate way out of the difficulty was suggested by a benevolent old gentleman who said, "Oh, I always bring a good supply of coppers on purpose!" A splendid idea, that!

Now, let me see; have I forgotten anything? Of course, a great deal more took place than I have told you of; but, as you cannot be in two places at the same time, ("unless you are a bird,") I did not see what was going on everywhere else while I was elsewhere. Oh, but there is one thing that was going on all the time, that must not be overlooked, for it never fails to appeal to the juvenile mind. I refer, of course, to refreshments. Well, there was plenty to drink, of the right sort,—no intoxicants, you may be sure. As for the eatables, they were bound to be good, for, like the hymns and tunes, they were all manufactured on the premises,—cakes, buns and scones, all "Our Own Make."

Do you not think that we are privileged who are able to attend to this glad service for Christ all the year round? And are not you happy in having a finger—if it is only a little finger—in it? You see that I am taking it for granted that you are a subscriber, or a collector, or something. Well, if I am wrong, you can soon put me right, can't

you? Tell father and mother that Mr. Spurgeon has made a dreadful mistake, and ask them if you may have a card, or a box, or start a working meeting, or—*something*. I like that word something; it is such a big word. Some lovely little letters reach me, sometimes, from young people whom I have never seen, enclosing a precious gift for my fatherless family, which sets the joy-bells ringing in my soul. The donation may be far from large, but it generally proves that there has been self-denial, and “with such sacrifices God is well pleased.”

Good Works Connected with the Metropolitan Tabernacle.

X.—THE LADIES' WORKING BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.



Photos by Mr. E. Johnson.

THE men, who surrounded the Saviour during His earthly sojourn, will, we may suppose, be the objects of continuous interest and congratulation during a never ending future. Their privileges

were great indeed. The choicest of all honours, however, were reserved for women, whose loving service is recorded as indelibly as the decrees of God. To them, it was permitted to minister to the person of the Blessed One; first, in the days of His infancy, when the “highly favoured” mother “wrapped Him in swaddling clothes, and laid Him in a manger” (Luke ii. 7); and, afterwards, in His manhood, when “they made Him a supper, and Martha served: . . . then took Mary a pound of ointment of spikenard, very costly, and anointed the feet of Jesus, and wiped His feet with her hair” (John xii. 2, 3). Again, in language as simple as it is sublime, we are told of holy

women, including "*Susanna, and many others, which ministered unto Him of their substance*" (Luke viii. 3).

What their ministrations consisted of, we do not know; or whether there was occasion to nurse Him in sickness, we can only surmise. It may not be presumptuous, however, to assume that loving female fingers prepared the garments which covered His sinless body, and that one of these skilful sisters was responsible for His coat: "now the coat was without seam, woven from the top throughout" (John xix. 23).

The counterpart of such blessed service as this, is found in the work of those who minister to the needs of the poor; feeding the hungry, re-clothing the ragged, and brightening the dark cloud of sorrow by the golden rays of sympathy. C. H. Spurgeon wrote of these:—

"They who feed Thy sick and faint,
For Thyself a banquet find;
They who clothe the naked saint,
Round Thy loins the raiment bind."

There are several companies of such gracious ladies at work in and around the Tabernacle; and one of the oldest of these Societies is the Ladies' Working Benevolent Society, established as far back as 1855. Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon was for many years the President, and was succeeded, at her death, by Mrs. Thos. Spurgeon. The Vice-Presidents are Mrs. C. B. Sawday and Mrs. Phillips.



The ladies shown in the illustrations, with others, whose portraits could not be readily secured, meet periodically to transact business, and to prepare garments, of many shapes and sizes, for the covering of the poor, of whom the Lord Himself said truly, "Ye have them with you always." What the condition of London's poor would be, without the succour afforded by Christian charity, can hardly be realized.

The funds, placed at the disposal of the Society from time to time, are used to the utmost advantage, but much more could be done with

an exchequer frequently replenished. The need that exists is sadly demonstrated on each successive visiting day. We suggest that any ladies, who desire to see how the poor live, and to have their sympathies aroused, should accompany the visitors upon their rounds of mercy. Miss R. F. Cook, the energetic Secretary, will be happy to arrange this. Applications and subscriptions should be addressed to her at "Montpelier," 278, South Lambeth Road, London, S.W.

F. H. F.

Half a Day in a Coal-pit.

"IS there any chance of getting down a coal-pit while I'm here?" I asked an old College chum, who came to preach for me the other day here, in the West Midland coal-field. "Yes, my dear fellow," was my prompt reply, "this house is undermined! Didn't you notice, when you came in, how the place was cramped and tied with iron bands? Upstairs in your bedroom, before you close your eyes in sleep, just look how badly the ceiling and the walls are cracked! If anything happens in the middle of the night, you need not be alarmed. It isn't often your desires may be so easily gratified."

Williams always did, even in College, take things most seriously, and for a moment or two he failed to understand my banter. When he recovered, he insisted that, if he descended a pit at all, he would go down in a fairly decent manner! It was accordingly decided, if our lives were spared, to attempt the journey on Monday morning.

In the early hours of every morning, there are three distinct noises outside our house, which invariably waken the sleeping stranger. At half-past four, there is the gruff shout of the man whose business it is to call up his fellow-colliers in time for work. Half an hour later, there is the clatter of wooden clogs on the cobble-stones outside. At six, the girls, who work on the pit brows, begin to pass to their toil, usually chattering, sometimes singing,—nowadays, snatches of the "Glory" song. But Williams himself heard nothing of this; for once in his life, he had need to be up with the lark in the morning.

The mines in our immediate neighbourhood, it must be explained, are nearly worked out; and to see a colliery in full swing, particularly in these days of bad trade, we must take a long walk. What a country it is! There are no roads to speak of; and what paths there are, wind in and out between barren, leaden-hued mounds, which have been cast up in the course of mining operations of former times. To any stranger, it is a veritable land of desolation. Now and then, we pass a tumble-down cottage, or a marshy pool. In a grey morning light, things in places look positively eerie. The sky on either hand is lighted up by the fires of distant blast-furnaces. High chimney-stacks belch out volumes of black smoke, in strong contrast to the flashing lights and clouds of white steam which rise from below.

Every coal-pit, I explain, must have two separate shafts. The mass of iron and wood frame-work, which stands out yonder against the sky, is fixed exactly over a shaft; and the huge pulley-wheel, at the top of the frame, carries the steel rope which descends to the bottom

of the shaft. Yonder is the engine-house, where the ropes are wound and unwound on a big drum. The other building is the pump-house, by which the mine is kept free from water. That terrible dust is caused by the sorting and screening of the coal. Look closely, and you will see the coal descending into the trucks below. But Williams did not seem to be particularly interested in my observations.

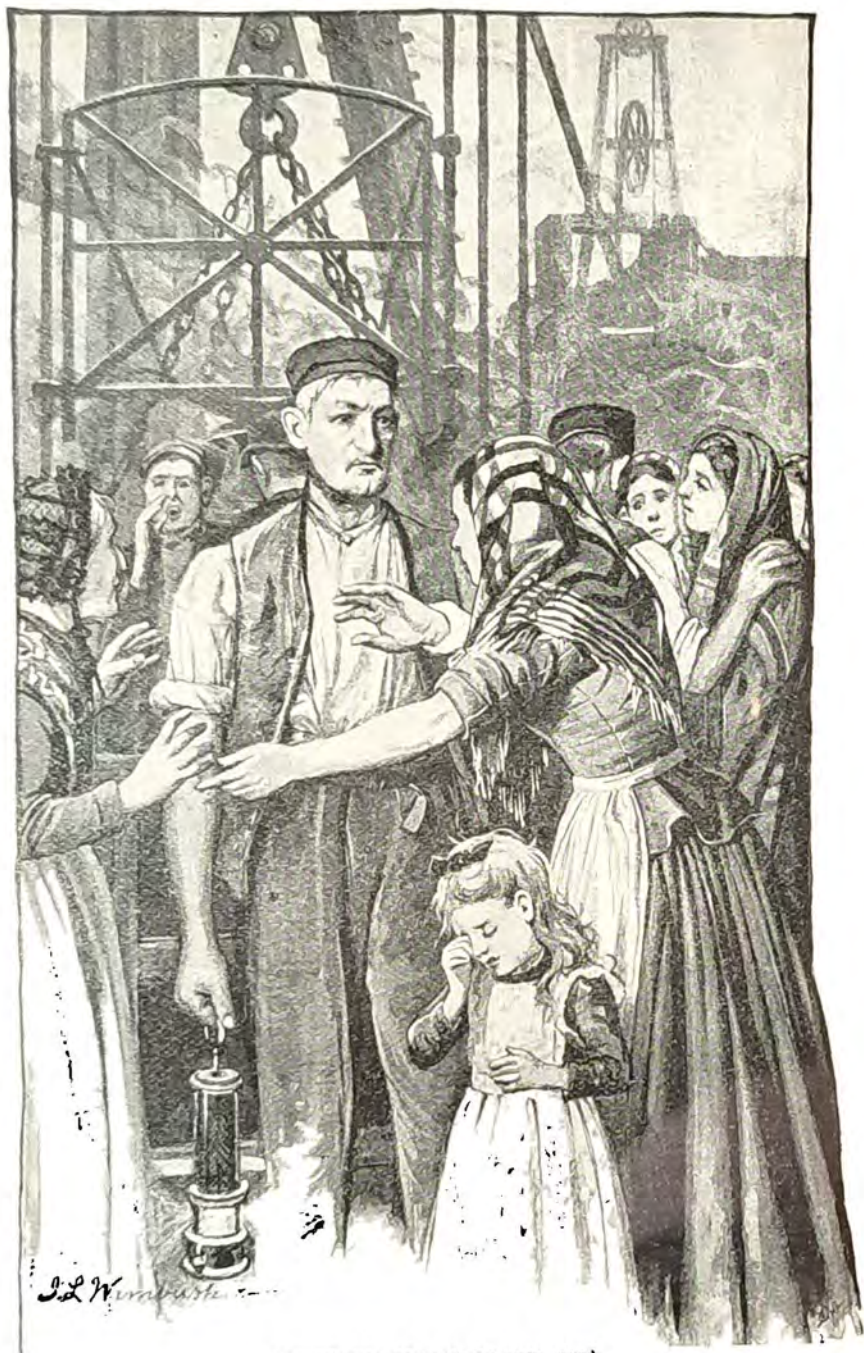
"Does a wire rope ever break?" he asked, pathetically.

"Of course, wire ropes break!" was my consoling answer. "In yonder churchyard is a grave which contains the bodies of nine brave fellows who were hurled to the bottom of a shaft; but it is only fair to say, that was many years ago, before the days of steel ropes, when triple iron chains were used, and the men used to descend, not in a modern lift, called a cage, but in big iron buckets which used to swing to and fro. There is really very little risk with a wire rope. It is supposed to be examined every morning, and it is discarded altogether after a certain period."

"But even wire ropes break sometimes," I continued; "in spite of all precautions. A few months ago, I was called to the mouth of a small pit, less than two miles away, where four men had been dropped through the snapping of a wire rope. Two of these men were brothers. In a tiny cottage, it was my mournful duty to attempt to speak at one and the same time to these two dying men, who were, alas! beyond my ministry. On Christmas day, we lowered two coffins into the snow-covered ground."

The under-manager of the colliery very kindly consented to allow us to accompany him on his rounds through the workings. First, he invited us into the office, where we doff our coats and other garments, and don a couple of brimless, wide-awake hats which I keep by me for the purpose,—hats which, by the way, I suggestively remind my friend were purchased in the Walworth Road! A grimy lad brings us a safety lamp. How heavy it is! What little light it appears to give! "A rushlight in a stocking," is a collier's description; but it is better than that. It is the old Davy lamp improved. A thick glass cylinder on a brass base, the glass enclosed in a fine-meshed wire, with a perforated copper top.

We are now quite ready; and, as the cage descends, all three of us take our stand upon it, for a great descent. A stranger always clutches hold of the railing with both his hands. Four strokes on the bell is the signal to start, and the signal also that passengers are aboard. "Gently!" says the manager, as we begin to move, a word which provokes a smile! The engine-man, too, has his own interpretation of this merciful commandment! He interprets it by the law of contrary! We start gently enough, and playfully advise each other to hold tight. Has Williams forgotten all his Latin, I ask? Does he remember "*Facilis descensus Averno est*"? But, in a few seconds we are past talking! We cannot see each other now, not even the lamps trimmed and burning which we carry in our hands. The wind is terrific. The walls of the pit even in the darkness seem to fly past us, and upwards! Faster and faster we go, and down, down, still down, we are being dropped! Only 300 yards to the bottom, they say; it seems a mile!



J. L. K. ...

SOMETHING WRONG IN THE PIT!

At the pit bottom, they are as busy as at the top. Roads branch off in every direction, long trains of tiny "tubs" are being drawn by horses and ponies, or by a lilliputian engine, along a system of narrow-gauge railways. The "face" where the coal is being "gotten" is a mile and a half away, and we set out to walk this distance along the rails. The walking is not half bad. The roof is six feet high in the centre, and in the shape of a Gothic arch. Every now and then, we push open tightly-fitting doors which quickly close behind us,—doors which control the ventilation of the mine. As we go along, we keep up our courage by whistling, or by talking about the dangers to which we are exposed! Although every precaution is taken, a miner's pick may at any moment accidentally tap some subterranean lake, and so flood the mine! The roof may fall in, as indeed it very often does! Notice the huge upright timbers, split from top to bottom like matchwood, by the weight upon them! Then, the gas! Every morning, a "fireman" goes round to see that all the workings are free; but, in places in a mine, there is almost always foul air to be found. We were passing under a fissure in the roof, when the manager held his lamp in it. Instantly the flame in his lamp burned blue! What if that blue flame had escaped?

We are now at our journey's end, and we sit down to rest. The roads here branch off in different directions; and, at the termini of each road, miners may be seen working. Here the coal runs in very narrow seams. See these men at work upon their knees; yonder there is no space even to kneel, the miner is compelled to work while lying upon his side. The aim of the miner is to get the coal away in as big lumps as possible.

"Whose is this?" shouts the manager angrily, calling us back, and pointing to a length of shiny black wall in front of us. "Come back here, sirs!" he continued, in tones which gave us the impression that we were in instant peril of being ground into powder. And we were not much mistaken. Some foolish fellow, it afterwards transpired, in cutting away the coal, had foolishly neglected to put in the necessary timbers, so leaving a dangerous roof entirely unsupported, many tons of which might have crashed in upon himself and his fellow-miners at a moment's notice. We reached the bottom of the shaft by another route, and gained other, though less exciting, experiences. At one place, the road suddenly rose to a higher level, through what is called a "fault", where the passage was as steep as the roof of a house. The coal trucks were dragged up this incline by an engine fixed on the brow of the hill, and we were offered the privilege of hanging on behind. Ankle deep in vile slush, we were dragged up this black incline, thence to the bottom of the shaft, and to the light of day.

Very leisurely did we wend our way home; for, somehow or other, we were unaccountably tired. The excitement of the journey, the long tramp underground, the hours spent in the dusty, stifling atmosphere of the coal-pit, had exhausted us. But we were able to talk.

"A thousand lives are lost every year in the mines," said I, "and in this district we have our full share. The men are not particularly

nervous, though some never get used to going down. The women, too, are always thankful to see their husbands and their lads come home again; if they are only a few minutes beyond their time, they are on the look-out to see if other men from the same pit have arrived home. But it is terribly unhealthy work. Even eight hours a day, in a cramped position and a vitiated atmosphere, tells in a very few years its own tale, in deformed limbs, sallow complexion, anæmic blood, and premature old age." "Their wages?" "You want to know too much, my friend; that's what a miner is particularly careful not to tell a stranger! But men working for the same company, and in the same pit, are paid differently, according to their work, and prices vary in different coal-fields. Perhaps one might say the average wage for this district is five shillings a day, but I am not going to say how many days a week they work! It is quite a mistake to attribute all the recent rise in the price of coal to an exorbitant increase in the miner's wage."

"Taking your miners as a whole, what sort of men are they?" "Well, after ten years among them, I have learned to sympathize with them, and I am less disposed to be 'hard' upon them than I used to be. The exhausting nature of their occupation makes drink the great temptation of their lives; and the constant risks they run below ground tend to make some of them careless and improvident. These men have finished work, every day, soon after three o'clock in the afternoon; yet their work has so exhausted them, that they are fit for nothing for the remainder of the day. I remember the Rev. John Thomas, M.A., of Myrtle Street, Liverpool, (who, you know, was himself a collier from eleven until twenty years of age,) once told me that, although he had been looking forward to College from childhood, he never had a chance to study in earnest. By the time a man had been underground eight or ten hours, he said all the life is taken out of him, and he is fit for nothing else that day. But when a miner is converted, he makes a fervently religious man. The constant exposure to danger seems to give zest to his faith. There is a careless abandon about his life, which finds fullest play in a life of whole-hearted consecration. When their religious emotions are appealed to, they are wonderfully generous, and their hard-earned money is spent with lavish hand in the service of Christ."

The afternoon we spent in telling stories of heroism in the coal-mine. In the evening, we read together, from the old Book, in Job xxviii. (R.V.), "He (the miner) setteth an end to darkness, and searcheth out to the furthest bound, the stones of thick darkness and of the shadow of death. He breaketh open a shaft away from where men sojourn; they are forgotten of the foot that passeth by; they hang afar from men, they swing to and fro. That path no bird of prey knoweth; neither hath the falcon's eye seen it. The proud beasts have not trodden it, nor hath the fierce lion passed thereby. He putteth his hand upon the flinty rock; he overturneth the mountains by the roots. He cutteth out channels among the rocks, and his eye seeth every precious thing. He bindeth the streams that they trickle not; and the thing that is hid bringeth he forth to light."

"LAWLEY."

Robert Browning.

A LECTURE DELIVERED TO THE STUDENTS OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE,

BY PASTOR F. A. JACKSON.

(Concluded from page 339.)

LET us now look at Browning's *theory of life*. I am, first of all, impressed with his insistence upon liberty of conscience. I do not remember that he ever employs that particular phrase, but the thing itself he preaches with the insight and vehemence of an apostle. He will have no human fetters hanging on the will, the intellect, or the conscience. He has a wholesome contempt for the man-made priest, who trades and fattens upon the credulity of weak men and women. He tears off the mask of the mere official, and cries shame upon the man who, accepting a shepherd's position, plays the hireling's part. He tracks the selfishness and sophistry of the priest through all their dark and winding ways. There is something almost uncanny in the amazing skill with which he makes Bishop Blougram disclose his inmost soul. It is not satire; it is something much more deep and terrible; it is the stealthy, steady onslaught of the *truth* which, in the end, crashes like a tempest, shattering the refuge of lies, and laying bare the mean and miserable devices of a guilty and perverted soul.

In *The Confessional*, he makes one speak who has suffered the cruel deceit of the priests:—

“It is a lie;—their priests, their Pope,
Their saints, their . . . all they fear or hope
Are lies, and lies,—there! through my door
And ceiling, there! and walls and floor,
There, lies, they lie,—shall still be hurled
Till, spite of them, I reach the world!”

We are prepared to expect that Browning will show a deep appreciation of spiritual values, since he so ruthlessly unmask the unreal and the unclean; and we are not disappointed.

The Editor of “*The Temple Biographies*” says:—“Browning has become to many, in a measure which he could himself hardly have conceived possible, one of the authoritative interpreters of the spiritual factors in human life. His tonic optimism dissipates the grey atmosphere of materialism, which has obscured the sunclad heights of life as effectually as a fog. To see life through Browning's eyes, is to see it shot through and through with spiritual issues, with a background of eternal destiny; and to come appreciably nearer than the general consciousness of our time to seeing it steadily and seeing it whole.”

“His tonic optimism”—yes, that is everywhere in his work; but what inspired and supported his optimism? Few writers have been more merciless in the exposure of human sin, and limitation, and need. Browning looked at life with keen, wide-open eyes; nor did he spare the scalpel. He believed that human limitation is given to prevent us from being satisfied with our condition on the earth. He believed that life is, itself, the pledge of immortality. He believed in God. He believed in Christ, in the sacrifice of the cross, and in the resurrection.

These great beliefs may be read in *Saul*, in *The Ring and the Book*, and in *A Death in the Desert*; also in the *Epilogue* to the volume of 1864 he gives, in lyrical form, his own testimony:—

“Why, where's the need of Temple, when the walls
O' the world are that? What use of swells and falls
From Levites' choir, Priests' cries, and trumpet calls?”

“*That one Face*, far from vanish, rather grows,
Or decomposes but to recompose,
Become my universe, that feels and knows.”

It is not surprising that such faith and love find joy and power. “He is something far more convincing,” says Mr. Chesterton, “far more comforting, far more religiously significant than an optimist: he is a happy man.” It is a happy man who sings, in *Rabbi Ben Ezra*:—

“Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made:
Our times are in His hand,
Who saith, ‘A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half; trust God:
See all, nor be afraid!’”

From this it will be easily inferred that he had small sympathy for the pessimistic school. There was a cult of decadence, in Browning's day, for which he cherished a firm and unmitigated scorn. The pale, æsthetic posturings of these tired gentlemen he could not endure. “Death, death,” he said, “it is this harping on death that I despise so much. In fiction, in poetry, French as well as English, and I am told in American also, in art and literature, the shadow of death, call it what you will,—despair, negation, indifference,—is upon us. But what fools who talk thus! Why, *amico mio*, you know as well as I, that death is life, just as our daily momentarily dying body is none the less alive, and ever recruiting new forces of existence. Without death, which is our churchyardy, crape-like word for change, for growth, there could be no prolongation of that which we call life. *Never say of me that I am dead.*”

Let it be frankly acknowledged here that we are not able to accept Browning's doctrine of Universalism, nor quite all the conclusions of his optimism. In these matters, we stand by the teaching of the Word of God. But we do acknowledge our deep indebtedness to this man for his magnificent courage, and for the rich fruits of his faith in the Most High. Listen to the following; it is like a breeze from the billows after the whimperings of the decadents:—

“Fear death? to feel the fog in my throat,
The mist in my face,
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
I am nearing the place,
The power of the night, the press of the storm,
The post of the foe;
Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,
Yet the strong man must go:

I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
 The best and the last !
 I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbore,
 And bade me creep past,
 No ! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers,
 The heroes of old,
 Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
 Of pain, darkness, and cold.
 For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave ;
 The black minute's at end,
 And the elements' rage, the fiend voices that rave,
 Shall dwindle, shall blend,
 Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain,
 Then a light
 And with God be the rest !"

Professor Dowden describes this as an instance of that "*gallant beating up against the wind*, noticeable in many of Browning's later poems."

May I set against these strenuous, fighting lines the utterance of another, who also knew that death was not far away? You will detect the same great brave spirit, with a difference:—"For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give to me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing." "*That love His appearing.*" Paul did not go to meet death; he went to meet HIM for the love of His appearing. This is more than a "*gallant beating up against the wind.*" It is love at rest,—making the storm its chariot, and riding upon the wings of the wind. This is the voice that says, not defiantly, but joyously, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

I think we must not look for much restfulness in Browning's work. He was "ever a fighter." The cool calm shade, where the flock may rest at noon, is a little hard to find! I do not say it is not there; but till you know where to go, it is hard to find. "There is no rest in him," Jowett wrote, with special reference to the poems, "Christmas Eve" and "Easter Day," which he regarded as Browning's noblest work. It is too much to say that "there is no rest in him." Occasionally, at any rate, it may be said of him, in his own words,—

"There was a lull in the rain,—a lull
 In the wind, too; the moon was risen."

He was too great an artist not to know that strenuousness, by itself, wearies and spoils even the best work. Moreover, "He that believeth shall not make haste." But the fact remains that he was "ever a fighter", to whom death itself was "one fight more."

And, after all, is it not a great and a good gift, especially when it is suffused, as in Browning's case, with deep and wholesome cheerfulness? Read *Pippa Passes*. The whole of his exuberant

philosophy, you may not accept; but it will be a wonder if you escape the snare of his invincible cheerfulness. Above all, read *Balanstion*. Stopford Brooke says:—"Among the women whom Browning made, Balanstion is the crown . . . She has the Greek gladness and life . . . Made of the finest clay, she is yet strong, when the days of trouble come, to meet them nobly, and to change their sorrows into spiritual powers."

She sings, and Browning sings through her, the praise of Herakles, who comes with "the gay cheer of a great voice", as who should say, "My life is in my hand to give away, to make men glad." The love of man makes him always joyful; and Balanstion, looking after him as he goes, cries out the judgment of her soul on all heroism.

It is Browning's judgment also, "one of the deepest things in his heart; a constant motive in his poetry, a master-thought in his life."

"Gladness be with thee, Helper of our world!
I think this is the authentic sign and seal
Of Godship, that it ever waxes glad,
And more glad, until gladness blossoms, bursts
Into a rage to suffer for mankind.

And thence rise, tree-like grow through pain to joy,
More joy, and most joy,—and do man good again."

It would be impossible to find, throughout Browning's poems, a passage more characteristic than that. It is also impossible not to be reminded of One who, bearing our griefs, and carrying our sorrows, "for the joy that was set before Him, endured the cross, despising the shame; and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God." More than "Helper of our world" is He;—He *is* our world,—Redeemer, —Friend,—God!

It is time to draw to a close. I am ashamed of the thinness and inadequacy of the treatment of so great and opulent a subject. I have said nothing of much that ought to be said, that I should like to say. I close with two quotations. The poet's own life, as you know, had its romance. Elizabeth Barrett Browning filled his life as much as ever a woman filled the life of a man. And, as for herself, read her *Sonnets from the Portuguese*, wherein she makes her soul's confession of love. There is nothing more sacred or beautiful in English poetry. Long years after his wife had passed away, in his lonely old age, Browning wrote the following, which may be found in *The Ring and the Book*:—

"O lyric Love, half angel and half bird,
And all a wonder and a wild desire;
Boldest of hearts that ever braved the sun,
Took sanctuary within the holier blue,
And sang a kindred soul out to his face,—
Yet human at the ripe-red of the heart.—

Never may I commence my song, my due
 To God who best taught song by gift of thee,
 Except with bent head and beseeching hand—
 That still, despite the distance and the dark,
 What was, again may be; some interchange
 Of grace, some splendour once thy very thought,
 Some benediction anciently thy smile."

The other quotation is the last poem he wrote. It was written just before he died. The old familiar war-note rings in it. It is like the battle-shout of a chieftain as he falls.

"At the midnight in the silence of the sleep-time,
 When you set your fancies free,
 Will they pass to where—by death, fools think, imprisoned—
 Low he lies who once so loved you, whom you loved so,
 —Pity me?"

"Oh, to love so, be so loved, yet so mistaken!
 What had I on earth to do
 With the slothful, with the mawkish, the unmanly?
 Like the aimless, helpless, hopeless, did I drive!
 —Being—who?"

"One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward,
 Never doubted clouds would break,
 Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
 Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
 Sleep to wake!"

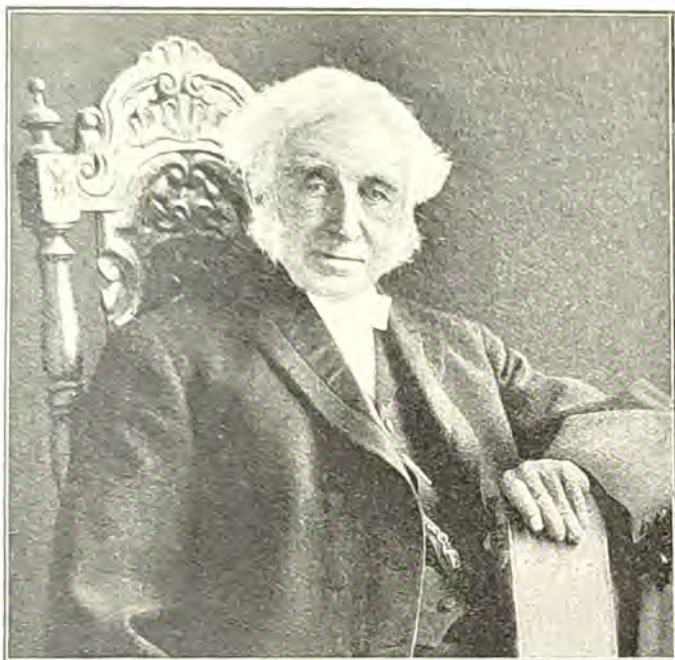
"No, at noonday in the battle of man's work time
 Greet the unseen with a cheer!
 Bid him forward, breast and back as either should be,
 'Strive and thrive!' cry, 'Speed,—fight on, fare ever
 There as here!'"

Good-night—Until.



UNTIL the day shall break, and o'er the
 mountains
 The first pale shaft of light shall pierce the
 sky;
 Until the early dawning of Life's morning,
 Until the shadows flee away,—and die;
 Until the song that fills the Courts of
 Gladness
 Shall roll in splendour to Time's last lone
 height;
 And I shall see thy face without its sadness,
 Till then,—and but till then,—dear heart,
 Good-night!

E. A. TYLER.



Beloved Brother

If by sending some voluntary
 contribution to the ever-excellent "Word & World"
 I can make any small return for the invalu-
 ably precious blessings to me of your
 glorious Father's life & teachings I rejoice to
 do it. I love you also & will be glad
 if I can render you the least assis-
 -tance
 Yours lovingly in the Master
 Theodore Beulah

Preaching Outside of the Pulpit.

BY T. L. CUYLER, D.D.

“FOR what purpose did I enter the ministry?” is a vitally important question which every conscientious minister will keep constantly before his mind. The answer which he will make to this question will be,—“I became a preacher in order to bring God’s messages to my fellow-men, to awaken those who are careless, instruct those who are ignorant, comfort those who are in trouble, help those who are weak, and lead immortal souls to Jesus Christ; in short, my aim is to make bad people good, and good people better.” To attract people to the house of God is of far less importance than to attract them to Christ; the making a good sermon is mainly of value that it makes a good man. A wise minister will not belittle his pulpit by neglecting to make full preparation for it, nor will he cheapen it by putting there anybody and everybody that he can lay hands upon. At the same time, he recognizes that he can spend only about three or four hours in that pulpit on only one day of the seven; and whether in the pulpit or out of it, he is everywhere Christ’s ambassador.

The Bible is the best theological seminary, and in that he learns that his Divine Master delivered two popular discourses which the Holy Spirit has preserved for us; one of them was delivered on a mountain, and the other by the seaside. The great body of our Lord’s instructions were in the form of personal conversations with individuals, or with His little band of disciples. That quiet evening talk with Nicodemus has shaped all Christian theology, and moulded myriads of human characters, and will continue to do so until the end of time. The apostles pursued the same methods as their Master; and the Book of the Acts is largely the record of personal labours for the conversion or the spiritual benefit of individuals. Paul preached public discourses when he had the opportunity; but I question whether his sublime discourse on Mars’ Hill has ever brought as many souls to the Saviour as his brief talk with one poor awakened sinner in the prison of Philippi. The danger with us ministers is that we look at our flocks too much as a totality; the word “masses” is a misleading word. We preach on Sunday to a congregation; but God’s eye sees only *individuals*. Guilt is a thing appertaining to an individual conscience; ; and conversion is the turning of the single soul to Jesus. If we preach to a congregation for an hour or two on the Sabbath, it is a joyful thought to an earnest soul-winner that he can preach outside of his pulpit for more than a hundred hours during the week.

One of the unanswerable arguments for thorough pastoral visitation is that it brings a minister within arm’s length of his parishioners. He needs this personal contact for his own benefit. A good library is a good thing; but there is a great difference between a lifeless book on your shelf and the vitalizing and fertilizing study of a *book in boots*; for every life is a biography. You and I, my dear brother, are helping to make these biographies. Our sermons are addressed to everybody; a conversation is addressed to a single soul. “Thou art the man,” is the meaning of every loving appeal, every kind rebuke,

and every personal invitation. A man may dodge a sermon; he cannot dodge a personal conversation conducted in the right spirit. A faithful sermon ought to set your people thinking. In one mind, it may suggest difficulties; and when that person meets you, he may wish to have the difficulty explained; the door is thus opened for you to remove an obstacle, or to press home a needed truth. In another mind, your sermon may have awakened a conviction of sin. That impression may fade away, or it may be deepened if it is followed up by a personal interview. Much of many a pastor's best work has been done in an "enquiry meeting"; but even when no such method is used, there will be opportunities for every wide-awake pastor to find out who in his parish is an "anxious enquirer." You ought to have a fixed time in every week when persons can call on you; and if anyone breaks into your study, during your morning hours, for spiritual direction, you ought to rejoice to throw aside books or sermon notes, and give him the right of way. The man who wants you is the man whom you want.

It is an excellent method also to ask your congregation to send a request to you if they desire an interview in their own homes. Remember how cordially the Master met everyone who came to him for light or for healing, and what a long journey he took in order to bring relief to one poor woman in the coasts of Canaan. In dealing with awakened souls, nothing can take the place of personal contact. To reach all such from the pulpit only, is almost as absurd as it would be for a physician to read his prescriptions from a desk in a hospital instead of going from one bed to another, to feel each pulse, and to examine each fever-coated tongue.

No pastor worthy of the name will need to be reminded how strong are the claims on him of the Lord's "shut-ins" whose faces are not seen in the sanctuary. Whosoever you neglect, never neglect the sick, —especially those who are in the by-lanes of poverty. There is no more Christlike work than that, and none that will grip your people to you more strongly. The hours you spend in the ministration of comfort to the sick and the sorrowing will often subject your nerves and your sympathetic sensibilities to a severe strain. The most celebrated pulpit orator in America once said to me, "It consumes more of my nerve force to spend an hour with people who are in trouble than to prepare two sermons." That may be so; but is there any more Christly office in this old sobbing and suffering world than to "bind up the broken-hearted"? What your people want is the ministry of *sympathy*; and the rich often need it as truly as the wretched poor.

I have indicated some of the ways in which a faithful minister may preach outside of his Sabbath pulpit. There is one style of preaching that is vastly more effective than any other, and that is the irresistible eloquence of a pure, manly, noble, and unselfish life. "My pastor's discourses are not very brilliant," said an intelligent lady, "but his daily life is a sermon all the week." The "living epistle" of Paul was as sublime and convincing as any words that fell from his lips on the hill of Mars; for Jesus Christ lived in him. Our people look at us when out of the pulpit to discover what we mean when we are

in our pulpits. Piety is power. Your aim is to produce Christian character; and what argument is so strong, so constant, so pervasive, so heart-reaching, as the beautiful example of a life copied even imperfectly after Jesus Christ's?

Chinese Proverbs, with Every-day Lessons.

BY JOHN A. STOOKE, C.I.M., CHEFOO.

IV.—BUYING AND SELLING.

(REN WU HSIAO LIEN HSIN KAI TIEN. "A man without a smiling face must not open a shop.")



ONE may truly say, "If 'John Chinaman' is anything, he is a born tradesman." There is a saying to the effect that the Chinese are a nation of shopkeepers. In a very large sense this is true. If the French are noted for their ability to make a good dinner out of a few spare bones, "John Chinaman" has equal ability to make a business out of nothing in particular. Their proverbs on business matters are exceedingly suggestive, and remind us forcibly of similar proverbs at home. Nothing is more interesting than to watch a good round of bargaining on a busy market day. It is then, as Mr. Scarborough says, that one fully appreciates their saying that "bargaining is as necessary to trade as 'poling' is to a vessel." In Shanghai, the native markets are a truly remarkable sight. Every buyer brings his or her scales along, and "words fly apace." I can assure you, if the ounces do not square rightly. There is a Chinese proverb, which says, "Just scales and full measures injure no man." Yet I have seen the Shanghai nimble housewife, as well as the North China country buyer, get into a terrific

rage if their own particular pair of scales did not please the seller.

However, I must pass on to the subject in hand, "A man without a smiling face must not open a shop." How wise and true is this proverb! "John Chinaman" knows a thing or two; and, as you see him at his stall smiling upon a would-be customer, you instinctively realize that that is the best way to do business.

I remember a well-known tradesman, in England, building up a most successful concern through being affable and smiling to everyone. Smiles cost little, and bring in much.

I must not omit saying that shops and shopkeeping are totally different in China from what they are in the homelands. The shops are mostly open to the street, and the best goods (especially in



A WAYSIDE MEDICINE SHOP.

Northern China,) are concealed in the stock-rooms behind, but the "smiling face" is there nevertheless, and that is our lesson in this particular article.

In Christian life and service, it is well to wear a smile; not a put-on one, but one you cannot help, because of the love of Christ shed abroad in your heart. What a power a winning smile is to the harassed, weary heart! How helpful the warm shake of the hand! I have known them win many a heart to Christ.

If we are to trade successfully for the Lord Jesus, on no account let us be indifferent to the smile which should ever betoken the happy, satisfied heart. Those who know their privileges as co-workers together with God will, in doing business for Heaven, carry with them the smile, the courtesy, and the sympathy, which, in spiritual trading, are of great worth.

The Blessing of Benjamin.

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

"And of Benjamin he said, The beloved of the Lord shall dwell in safety by Him; and the Lord shall cover him all the day long, and he shall dwell between His shoulders."—Deut. xxxiii. 12.

TWO special blessings are promised here. Happy is the man who has an assurance direct from God, first, that he is loved by Him, and then, partly in consequence of that, that he will be preserved. Whom the Lord loveth, He not only chasteneth, but keepeth and protecteth. Here is a double flower with which to regale our spiritual sense, a flower whose twofold sweetness tells of affection and protection from the heart and hand of Israel's God.

The whole verse is perfumed with love. June roses are not more full of fragrance than is this choice flower from the garden of God. This it is that makes it so precious a promise in our eyes, for who does not crave for love?

"Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below, and saints above;
For love is Heaven, and Heaven is love."

Love of some sort we must have. I have no sympathy with those who make sport of the natural craving for affection; it is no theme to jest about. We are all too prone, I fancy, to smile at the idea of "falling in love," as we say. This is a holy theme; this is a sacred matter; and half the ills that are connected with it come, as I believe, of jesting about it, and of trifling with it. The love of a holy woman or of a pure-minded man, the love of a little child, the love of a Christian friend, the love of a godly pastor, or of a devoted servant of Jesus Christ, is, so far from being despised or trifled with, to be reckoned of all things on earth the most divine and heavenly. Count yourselves happy if you have succeeded in securing the love of a fellow-creature who, himself or herself, already loves God, and is loved of Heaven; and be very careful how you give forth to others this rich possession which God has hidden in your heart.

But, oh, if it be a blessing to be loved by one of our own flesh and blood, a partaker of our frailties, and of our sinfulness, what shall we say of God's love? He is indeed almost in Heaven already who hears a voice speaking in his ear, calling him "The beloved of the Lord." I might envy Benjamin his blessing had I not some assurance that I, too, can claim this title. Has not God very plainly proved His love to us? His love is not of that sort which flows not out, and shines not forth. It is like a river, fertilizing and blessing all the desert round, and transforming it into the garden of the Lord. It is as the rays of the sun on the longest day of the year, the only difference being that there is no end to the daylight of God's love. It turns the very night into noonday. He has shown His love to us by His unspeakable gifts and priceless blessings. He has not withheld from us His Son, His only-begotten Son; but has freely delivered Him up for us all. Has He not given to us of His Spirit to cleanse, and

train, to quicken, to comfort, to illuminate? Is not this blessed Word His own sweet present to us, a lamp to our feet, and a light to our path? Well may we rejoice in God's great love! There can be no doubt about it. Grace and nature and providence alike declare that God loves us. Calvary says it with the loudest and with the sweetest voice of all. And there are within our hearts, if we can but hear, the sweet whispers every hour of this glad fact, that God condescends to love men of low degree, and men with sin-stained hearts, and men whose lives have by no means comported with the heavenly law in all things, nor been conformed in all respects to the acceptable and perfect will of God. Oh, let us stand astonished, lost in wonder, love, and praise, admiring and adoring this glorious fact, that God loves us!

My dear friend, I know not what your case and condition are to-day; but I do know that, if you can get hold of this truth, there can be very little amiss or awry with you in all the future. "I am poor and needy, yet the Lord thinketh upon me." I fancy we can go one better than that, and rejoice in a still more glorious truth: "I am sin-stained and faulty in a thousand ways, yet the Lord *loveth* me. The thoughts that He has towards me are thoughts of good, and not of evil. His heart is linked with mine. It floweth out towards me in a warm stream of blessing." You are lonely; but the Lord loves you, so you are not alone; you are poor, but the Lord loves you, and there is nothing in Heaven more gloriously rich than God's pure, noble love. You are deserted, persecuted, despised, down-trodden; but you are the beloved of the Lord if you have trusted in His Son, and are living a life of faith on the Son of God, who loved you, and gave Himself for you. Spirit of God, take this glad truth, and apply it like mollifying ointment to every wounded spirit, till each one, who is in grief exclaims, "God loves me; the Creator of the ends of the earth, the Sustainer of all things, actually loves me." This will gladden even the gloom of the sepulchre, and turn our deepest sighs into sweetest songs.

You can discover, from this verse, somewhat of the nature of God's love. It is evident, from the history of Benjamin, that God's love was not based upon merit, for Benjamin had nothing special to recommend him. There were, perhaps, some pleasing traits in the character of the youth; but God does not love us because of what He sees in us, for He knows that all that is worth possessing has been *first* His gift to us. There is nothing in this verse, nor in all Benjamin's career, to indicate that God loved him *because he was* specially lovable; and *even if there had been*, I still should know that, as regards myself, God loves me not because of what I am, or have been, or shall be, but because He Himself is love. It was old Dr. Rippon, a former pastor of the Tabernacle Church, to whom one said, "Why did God choose His people?" He answered, "Because He chose them." So the enquirer said again, "But *why* did He choose them?" The answer was the same, "Because He *did* choose them," "and," said he, "if you asked me that question a hundred times, I should only have the same reply, 'Because He did choose them.'" Does that seem a foolish answer? It is the wisest that can be, because it just

hands over to God the right which, indeed, belongs to Him, to do exactly as He pleases, to set His love on whomsoever He will, and to have compassion on those on whom He will have compassion.

"What was there in me that could merit esteem,
Or give the Creator delight?
'Twas even so, Father, I ever must sing,
'For so it seemed good in Thy sight.'"

If you are conscious of God's love, are you not also conscious that this river springs from beneath His throne, from His own free sovereign will, and from His own full and affectionate heart? Neither did God's love depend upon the good behaviour of Benjamin. It would have been a sad thing for Benjamin if it had, for there is a terribly black chapter in the history of this tribe; yet I do not find, though Benjamin was chastened sorely, that God ceased to love him. The tribe still lived, though it was decimated and well-nigh destroyed by reason of its sin. Though you also have some black chapter in your life which cannot be told, and which you hope and pray never may see the light, if you have believed in God's dear Son, though that sad memory must still remain with you a beacon for every future voyage, yet you may hope—nay, you may be sure—that God still loves you, for His affection does not depend upon your conduct. Glory be to His name for that! Our sense of His love depends on our behaviour, but His love is ever the same. He loves us with an everlasting love.

I find, also, that this love of God was intense and fervid, a love that would not let Him rest till Benjamin was closely drawn to His very side: "The beloved of the Lord shall dwell in safety *by Him*." Shall I say that God could not be happy till Benjamin was within reach, till His beloved child was near His heart? He was not content with approbation. He must enjoy appropriation, too. He was not ashamed to be seen in his company. I know some love, unworthy of the name, that, when it is put to the test, fails utterly; a love that suffices to recognize a friend in some places, and in certain company, but not in all; a love that does not crave for fellowship and sweet communion. Away with such mis-called love as that; it is but a mockery and a sham. God's love seems to say, "I want my dear one in My arms, or at My side. I would fain kiss him with the kisses of My mouth. He shall dwell in safety by Me."

Moreover, this love is evidently lasting: "The Lord shall cover him *all the day long*, and he shall dwell between His shoulders." All the day long! And the day of God's love is a long day, I can assure you, longer than the longest of summer's sunny days. "All the day long he shall dwell between His shoulders." "I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore, with lovingkindness have I drawn thee." Oh, do not suppose that God's love is dying down! Yours may be, but His is not. Still it wellet up as in the days of old. If there be any difference, the volume is greater than before, and the fervour more vehement than previously.

See, also, how practical this love is. Here we read of wings that covered Benjamin: "The Lord shall cover him *all the day long*."

And here we read of shoulders between which Benjamin the beloved dwells. Is not this an indication that God's love is of the practical sort? His wings are not folded, but outstretched; His shoulders stand bared, that they, who are too weak to walk, may ride upon them. There seems to me a happy hint that He is prepared to stoop to the lowliest and lift the feeblest to His broad shoulders that they may triumph in the victory that God provides. Happy art thou, O Israel; saved by the Lord, covered by His wings, borne aloft on His pinions. What more canst thou want, this side of Heaven, than to know that thou art thus beloved of God?

Note, next, how God protects His people. This, surely, is involved in the affection of which we have already spoken. Even among the lower animals, love involves devotion and protection, so that rather than be robbed of their whelps they will lay down their own lives. Shall we find, in the brute creation, such devotion, and look for it in vain from God? He will certainly preserve those on whom He has fixed His everlasting love. And, oh, how certainly He preserves! There is absolute safety for those whom God protects: "The beloved of the Lord *shall dwell in safety.*" We have nothing on earth which provides a fit emblem of the safety of God's people. What says our proverb? "As safe as the bank." But some of you know, to your cost, that banks can break. I suppose that is the best image of safety that we have on earth. It is only comparative safety, at the best. Heaven's Bank is the only one that never, never, never breaks. There only, thieves do not break through and steal. There only, moth and rust do not corrupt. But there is safety for all those who are in Christ. They are as safe in Him as if they were already in Heaven, for He is in Heaven as their Representative. Happy is the man who knows that he is safe; and he may know it who has confided his soul to Jesus, and yielded his life to God. He is safe from the curse of the law, for Christ has borne it, having been made a curse for us; as it is written, "Cursed is everyone that hangeth on a tree." He is safe from the powers of darkness, for Christ has already given Satan his death-thrust. He is safe, also, from the perils of this life; for, though accident, and disease, and sorrow, and death, still affect the people of God, the bitterness is taken from them, and the sting is gone. Ay, and some of these have wrought for us, the truest good and the most real happiness.

Dear friend, you would not be without your sorrows, would you? You would not suppose that, because they come so thick and fast, you are not bound for Heaven, that you are on the wrong track, or that God has forsaken you? He who hurries towards his distant home by rail does not complain because the train so often rushes through the dark and smoky tunnels. If he is sensible, he says, "It is well for me that this cutting is so deep, or this tunnel so long. I bless the engineers who did not take the track round every hill, but pierced the mountain's heart. I shall reach my home the sooner. Nor do I know but what a little diversity helps to break the monotony of the journey." Some of you are in the tunnel now, and you wonder how it is. It will shorten the journey, if it does not sweeten it; it

will bring you all the sooner home, and even now you may know that, in darkness, you are still dwelling in safety, for the darkness and the light are both alike to Him. Nor need you fear the terrors of death and of the last great day.

“The terrors of law and of God
With you can have nothing to do;
Your Saviour's obedience and blood
Hide all your transgressions from view.”

“The beloved of the Lord shall dwell in safety *by Him*.” Ah, that is the secret of this safety. “By Him! By Him!” If you are near to God, and close to Jesus, nought can harm you. Nestle to His side, I pray you. Get closer, closer, closer to Him by loving trust and sweet communion, and nought of hell or earth shall by any means hurt you. There is a touching story of a terrible wreck. They found a young mother cast up by the sea, with her babe clinging to her breast, both of them locked in the death-grasp, so that child and mother could not be separated. The little one was dwelling by its mother, but not in safety, for cruel death had wrought its will upon them both. Ah, but if you nestle to Christ's breast, it shall not be a death-grasp, but a life-grasp that holds Him to you and you to Him. “What can separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus?” Nought on earth, nought in Heaven, nought in time, and nought in eternity! Communion with God is the secret of safety and salvation. You will be safe even in the fiery furnace if the Son of God walks the glowing coals with you.

Now, see *how* God protects. He covers us with a shield, or, if you will, with His pinions. We are under the wings of the Shekinah; and this not for to-day, nor for to-morrow merely, but “all the day long” from happy childhood on to honoured old age, and right into the glory gates. If you want further illustration of God's power to deliver and to protect, you have it in the closing words of the verse, “he shall dwell between His shoulders.” That is the place of strength. We are indeed supported if God upholds us. “The Lord thy God bare thee as a man doth bear his son.” How do you bear your sons? You lift them to your shoulders, and run round the garden with them until they grow as glad as you. Thus God takes His little ones, with all their burdens, raises them to His strong shoulders, leaping, as it were, for very joy as He carries them together with their cares. I want you to climb up on to God's back. Pardon the homeliness of that expression. I think it is justified in view of this expression, “he shall dwell all the day long between His shoulders.” Come, put Him to the test, my brother; bring your business cares. Put Him to the test, my sister; bring your domestic cares. Put Him to the test, you who have sorrows beyond description, and almost beyond endurance; climb up to His shoulders, and find a safe and happy place between the pinions of Omnipotence. Nothing can reach you there, nothing can drag you thence.

Facts and Figures for Temperance Workers.

"THIS is a free country governed by the brewers."—SIR WILFRED LAWSON, BART, M.P.

"No fewer than 167 peers and 129 members of the House of Commons are interested in the traffic."—MR. W. C. STEADMAN.

"A man who promoted drinking in this country was its greatest enemy, for drinking was the enemy of everything that was good in the country."—SIR W. LAWSON.

"These public-houses presumably exist for our benefit; but they are a curse to the community. Let them be closed. Let the people's will prevail in the matter."—REV. J. E. WAKERLEY.

"The Bill, from first to last, is a Brewers' Bill, brought in at their behest, and for their benefit. It inflicts grave injustice on the tenant, as he has to pay all the charges and the compensation tax, and gets none of the money."—MR. T. P. WHITTAKER, M.P.

"This Bill is a wicked Bill. Its clauses are drafted with something like devilish ingenuity. It will not only paralyze the arms of the local Justices, it seeks also to paralyze future Parliaments, and mortgage the future of England."—MR. T. W. RUSSELL, M.P.

The Swedish Parliament is moving forward. (1) The sale of beer and wine in camps and barracks is prohibited. (2) Spirits may no longer be sent by parcel post. (3) A sum of money is now devoted to the purpose of public instruction as to the dangers of alcohol.

"They call it 'The Trade.' Whose trade? Where did they serve their time to it, and what do they make besides lunatics and paupers?"—MR. W. CROOKS, M.P.

What besides? The larger part of the crime and criminals of the country,—and much else.

"The lordly denizens of Piccadilly clubs stood on their marble steps, and in their great windows on Saturday (25th June), and glared angrily at the people of London as they marched past to the Park to demonstrate against the bribe of £300,000,000 which Mr. Balfour proposes to confer on the brewers."—*The Daily News*.

"Members of the trade sometimes supported a Temperance Society, and declared that they wanted to keep people sober; yet they continued to live on the sale of drink, which was drawing men and women down. I do not wonder very much that, to salve their consciences, members of the trade occasionally build a church."—DR. CARR GLYNN, BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH.

"This Licensing Bill is intended to hand over additional wealth

and additional security to what is already an enormously powerful interest, and which will make it a secure and permanent interest. . . . You are going to hand over what is calculated by a competent authority—I will not vouch for the figures, but I will vouch for their being large,—you are going to hand over,—not to the publican who serves in the public-houses,—but to his great and swollen employer, three hundred millions sterling!”—LORD ROSEBERY.

Green Pastures.

BY H. T. SPUFFORD, F.L.S.

VIII.—THE ASCENSION MINISTRY.

THE climax of the power of the sun in summer may be used to vividly illustrate the life-giving, fruit-producing effects of the Ascension Ministry of our Lord. Will the thoughtful reader follow the writer as he quotes the great words of the apostle Paul in Ephesians iv. 10? The verse reads, “He that descended is the same also that ascended up far above all heavens, that He might fill all things.” The 8th, 11th, 12th, and 13th verses should also be taken to complete the topic. This, further, is the comparison. The rays of the winter sun reach the earth at an acute angle, and there is, consequently, little warmth in them. But, as the great light moves higher into the heavens, wonderful quickening follows his ascent, for his rays strike the earth more vertically, till, in the meridian of his summer glory, rising to the very highest, he is able to fill all things, and bestow gifts on men.

The subject then would be—The Ascension Ministry of Jesus as the proof of His acceptability before God, and as showing the purpose of His Heavenly Ministry among men. The main thoughts would run somewhat in these channels:—

First, the Heavenly Ministry is carried on in the place of acceptance, and is, therefore, efficient. “He that descended is the same also that ascended.” “When He ascended up on high, He led captivity captive, and *received* gifts for men.” Through all the depths, He left nothing unvisited. Out of all the depths did He come, leading that captive which He had taken captive. Up to the heights did He arise till there was no height, not even the throne of Almighty God, above Him. “Sit Thou on My right hand.” “Unto the Son He saith, Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever, a sceptre of righteousness is the sceptre of Thy Kingdom.” From that height, He filleth all things, the lowest and the loftiest, with His presence and working.

Secondly, all efficiency, to be desired in the Ministry of the Church, springs from this source. He received of the Father the promise of the Holy Ghost. At Pentecost, that promise was honoured; and, from that hour, and by the direct outcome of the Ascension Ministry, His disciples became apostles, prophets, evangelists, pastors and teachers. In the words of Matthew Henry, “The great gift, that Christ gave to the Church at His ascension, was that of the ministry of peace and reconciliation. The gift of the ministry is the fruit of Christ’s ascension.” None of those mentioned in verse 11 are self-developed.

They are endued and developed from above. Their natural qualities are fitted and turned to spiritual use by one Power exercised from one Source.

The third point would be to declare that, for the service below to be an adequate reflection of the Ascension Ministry, the purpose for which the lower service is established must ever be kept in view. This purpose is set forth in verses 12 and 13. There is absolute silence on certain church aims and ambitions; not a word as to political position or alliance; nothing as to securing social recognition; nor of the use of church energy in the establishment of denominational supremacy. He, who filleth all things, bestows all gifts to one end,—“the perfecting of the saints, the work of the ministry,” the upbuilding of a body worthy of the Head, which shall serve as the model of the body’s proportions.

The figure, which was introduced at the beginning, could be utilized under the second head,—the summer’s sun, at noon filling all the heavens with light, and all the earth with life and fruit.

* * * *

I fell into the foregoing reverie on a day when every pore of Nature seemed open, and the very air was filled with the life more abundant. Much rain had fallen, and the leaves still glistened with it. A sultry haze, tinged here with yellow, there with pink, hung around; and, through it, the sun shone with vaporous heat. Over roadside water-courses, myriads of flies danced up and down, making a strange rhythm of sound and motion. Swallows and martins passed and repassed, the latter like a flash of whiter light. Sparrows and starlings came down to splash in the shallows. As the leaves dried, and the sun came out more clearly, the abundance of life was even more apparent. The laburnums hung with such a wealth of gold that the paths beneath were strewn with it; hawthorns, red and white, single and double, stooped beneath their heavy burden of blossom; the mountain ash drooped over with great heads of green-white flowers; while ornamental chestnuts, in their ruddy spires, supplied the sentinels of the pageant. The air was laden with the blended perfumes of many flowers. Over the grass, flies played; in the open, they crossed each other’s path as if they were weaving a pattern; on the great heads of bloom, they rested,—sheen on their wings which became prismatic when they moved. Long-named and specialized by scholars, and the flowers as well;—turned into Latin and Greek; lifted out of the way of the vulgar; becoming a brain-taxing thing of terminology, with ample reward when mastered;—ah! when mastered;—but leaving the sight of the thing with burnished wings, the thousand things which make the rhythm of the summer day, and the colour thereof, both of fly and flower, to him, be he but a passer-by, who has eyes to see and ears to hear.

No rain fell for two days after this downpour and vapour-bath. Under the full sunlight, the roads dried quickly. Then other life showed itself. Over a crevice in the rough granite blocks of a newly-kerbed road, scores upon scores of ants moved with great rapidity. Were they on pleasure bent, or were they on serious business?

Hurrying in all directions, in a seemingly purposeless fashion, they looked like excited children at playtime. Through the crevice between the stones, other ants poured, and a few returned by the same way. Some great event moved that little community. Or had they come out merely to enjoy life? After all, how self-centred we are! It is truly wonderful how little we know of the purposes and doings of other living things. But, as I looked at the ants, and thought of the knowledge as to their habits obtained of late years, I was held by the idea that a creature with a pin's head should be so marvellously endowed. The surprises of Nature cry, "Hands off!", to the man who would limit the Almighty. The gifts and calling of God are sovereign.

The sky was of the blue of June, only a few small white clouds dotted it; the sun was high in the heavens, and the glory of his light was upon all things. Trees shone in the gleam. The meadows, with swaying sorrel-grass and foxtails, took on a sheen of their own. The gloss, which more or less covers most leaves, became mirror-like. Cattle dozed contentedly in the fat pasture, or stood, knee-deep, in the moat. Over the face of the waters, hundreds of brilliant beings moved, while swallows circled continually on their miracles of wings. At such a time, just the passing of a fleecy cloud produced depression;—a sense of chill, and the subtraction from the sum of glory. It was high day, the fulness of Nature's experience of the power of light, when all the pores of plant life were responsive; when winged things palpitated in warmth, and revelled in sweets. At such a time, I say, even a thin shadow, coming between the outpouring and that which could live only by receiving, seemed to detract from the harmony of earth with Heaven. So have we known errors of speech and manner, the passing shade of a vain thought, interfere with, and rob, for a moment, the sublime seasons of spiritual experience. There are, thank God, such times, when the fellowship of the saints with Heavenly things is so June-like, the heart so open, the light from above so full and strong, that the slightest hindrance—a mere passing breath of intervention,—produces a sense of loss.

What a wonderful description is that which you get of the true "garden city" in the twenty-second chapter of the Book of the Revelation! What a glorious summer text is the fourth verse,—“and they shall see His face.” There is the *earnest* of it here for those whom God accepts in Christ; in their position, in their prayers, in their pilgrimage, the earnest is given. When Moses pleaded so passionately for the Divine Presence with Israel, the answer was, “My presence (Hebrew, *face*) shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest.” There is wonderful rest in the assurance of a strong face.

But it is in the nature of an earnest for there to be reservations. The glory of the sun is tempered by grey days, by moist vapours, by cool winds from the sea. So, in the spiritual world, there are the reservations imposed by limited vision, finite intelligence, and restricted revelation. “Now we know in part.” “Now we see through a glass dimly.” “Thou canst not see My face (My full glory), and live.” “I will cause My goodness to pass before thee.”

But, in the *consummation*, the servants of the King shall serve in

His very presence. They shall be able to look upon His unveiled glory, for they shall be like Him, and the perfect likeness shall be written upon every feature. In that hour, shall be fulfilled the Word of the Lord by the prophet, "The sun shall be no more thy light by day, neither for brightness shall the moon give light unto thee; but the Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory." Meanwhile, "Abide with us."

The Music of the Moor.

FROM a far-off Northern wildness falls a singing on my ear,
Slow and sweet, with wizard cadence, overwhelming care and
fear:

From the rock land and the heath land, wilds of home where great
winds blow,

Floats the music that has held me since the years of long ago.

In the lowlands where the living harder grows with every year,
Need I more and more the voices from the moorland's love austere:
Strength is in them,—strength and calmness, and a memory so sweet,
That the tears my eyes are dimming as I pass along the street.

Rich the rain, the wind, the sunshine, rich the silences so vast,
Rich the fragrance of the heather, rich the days that now are past;—
Yet behind them all is something,—something more than peat and sod,
Something more than wind and weather,—something of the heart
of God.

Heavy burdens all grow lighter in the thoughts that come to me
From the greenness and the greatness, and the age-long mystery;
Haste and hardness are forgotten, deep absorbed in newborn joy,
In whose healing I forget that I am other than a boy.

F. A. JACKSON.

Notices of Books.

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

The Christian Idea of Atonement. By T. V. TYMMS, D.D.
Macmillan. (7s: 6d.)

IN many respects, these are noteworthy lectures on an all-important theme. Scholarly, clear, reverent, intense in conviction, and sometimes quite eloquent in expression. But we doubt whether they will greatly advance the purpose Dr. Tymms has in view. The mysteries

of the relation of the Trinity one to another, and the way in which the death of Christ is a real propitiation for sin, remain as profound mysteries as before. "Righteousness," we are told, is still to be regarded as a forensic term, and yet the price paid for our redemption was not an equivalent for the punishment due to our sins. Dr. Tymms seems anxious to be conservative in his theology, and yet concede to the

man of loose modern heresy much that is precious. The border line between truth and error is neither a safe nor an influential standing for a Theological Professor. We could have wished for the author a more definite standpoint, and believe it would greatly have increased the practical usefulness of the present very able volume.

Monument Facts and Higher Critical Fancies. By A. H. SAYCE, D.D. Religious Tract Society. (2s.)

THIS little volume is a scholarly and weighty antidote to the modern criticism of the Bible which seeks to tear it into fragments. Dr. Sayce, as an Oxford Professor of Assyriology, cannot be despised even by the most scornful of Higher Critics, and his testimony from recent discoveries of monuments, is of great value. All Bible-lovers may gain much from this capital volume in the "By-paths of Bible Knowledge" Series.

Pseudo-Criticism; or, the Higher Criticism and its Counterfeit. By Sir ROBERT ANDERSON, K.C.B., LL.D. Nisbet and Co. (3s. 6d.)

ONE of the cleverest and most convincing books on the "Higher Criticism" fallacies and frauds that has ever been published. The trained legal mind of Sir Robert Anderson tracks the destructive assumptions and assertions to their last lair, and then drags them out to the light of common sense, and shows their hideousness. We wish every minister might get a sight of this lucid volume, and any others who have to battle with the fashionable unbelief which masquerades as "Higher Biblical Criticism."

Things Fundamental. Discourses in Modern Apologetics. By C. E. JEFFERSON. Brown, Langham, and Co. (6s.)

VERY recent, and very raw,—full of modern theories assailing the authority of the Bible as a Divine

Revelation. We think few of our readers will care either to purchase or read this plausible but fallacious production.

Veins of Silver. By S. GARRATT, M.A. C. J. Thynne. (2s. 6d. net.)

YES; some veins of silver; but, mingled with these, much alloy. Canon Garratt has let his imagination and sentiment get the better of his judgment, especially in his teaching about "things to come"; and we fear that, while his intentions are of the highest and best, he is not a safe teacher, because not a truly Scriptural one. We regret to have to hold this belief, but the volume compels it.

The Angel Standing in the Sun. A Book for the Bereaved; by Rev. IRA BOSELEY. A. H. Stockwell (2s. 6d. net.)

THE author endeavours to answer such questions as "Are those who have gone still existing?" "Where are they, and what are they doing?" "Can there be re-unions, and recognitions?" "Will future relationships be such as are never destroyed?" While not endorsing all the author's theories, we have found much helpful suggestion in his pages.

The First Epistle of Peter. By WILLIAM KELLY. T. Weston, 53, Paternoster Row.

WRITTEN by a Baptist minister, who is in his eighty-third year, this little volume sets forth, with loving and scholarly care, the full meaning of the apostle's contrast of the grace and truth revealed by Christ with the position of Israel under the law.

The exposition is worthy to rank with the best, and manifests a spiritual gift of insight and interpretation which is rare. Sacerdotalism here stands revealed for what it is,—an unspiritual, unscriptural, and un-Christlike thing. In this work, Mr. Kelly has exalted the Saviour, and enriched our own soul.

The Creed of a Modern Christian.
By HERBERT E. BRINSTEAD.
A. H. Stockwell. (2s.)

THOUGH there are some things excellently stated in it, we are not enamoured of this "creed of a modern Christian," still less do we agree with its exposition. When, first of all, the authority of the Bible is in great measure weakened, and then the Virgin Birth and the Resurrection of Christ are treated as open questions, and the Second Advent as an event of the past, we think the resultant "Christianity" is of a very weak description. We hold fast by the old paths.

Light in the Gloom. By Rev. GEORGE HUNSWORTH, M.A.
A. H. Stockwell. (2s. 6d.)

A SOFT radiance permeates these sermons. They are not brilliant, but they must have been very useful when delivered, and we doubt not this new volume of "The Congregational Pulpit" will be very welcome to the church at Derby over which our brother presides with such conspicuous success.

"In The Beginning God." By Rev. F. B. MEYER, B.A. Brown, Langham, and Co. (3s. 6d.)

THIS new volume of "The World's Pulpit" will take a high place in the series. Our brother, Mr. Meyer, of whom an excellent photographure is given as frontispiece, has broken new ground in these sermons, which strike us as some of his best. The book is altogether excellent.

Short Sermons. By F. BOURDILLON, M.A. New series. Brown, Langham, and Co. (3s. 6d.)

THOSE who have read previous volumes by this gracious author will hail the present series with genuine pleasure. The sermons here printed are prepared specially for household, social, and private reading. They are permeated through and through with the savour of Christ, and calculated both to woo sinners and make saints winsome in

Christian character. We commend them without reserve.

Easter Meditations. By W. EDWARDS. A. H. Stockwell. (1s. 6d. net.)

EIGHT thoroughly Evangelical sermons on the Scripture doctrine of sacrifice, and the Sacrifice of Christ in particular. Nothing very new, but all true; if not brilliant, quite reliable.

Confessions of a Soul. A fragment. By JAMES MARCHANT. T. F. Downie. (6d.)

A REMARKABLE booklet, telling of the author's falling into doubt and atheism, and of how he was led back again into the Christian faith. It is valuable chiefly as a genuine human experience of the ghastly inadequacy of unbelief, showing how, apart from God, the soul can find neither rest nor gladness. We trust it may prove "the clue of the maze" to many perplexed hearts.

Holiness by Faith. A Manual of Keswick Doctrine. By THE BISHOP OF DURHAM, and other authors. Religious Tract Society. (1s.)

AN altogether delightful manifesto of the Keswick teaching, which will re-assure many who have been anxious as to the special "holiness" doctrine of the famous Convention. There is nothing fevered or fanatical here; but all is calm, and sane, and eminently Scriptural. Each of the four addresses is good, but Dr. Elder Cumming's and Mr. Meyer's are the mountain-peaks of suggestive and sanctified instruction. We wish for this admirable booklet the widest reading.

The Christ from Without and Within. A Study in the Gospel of St. John. By Rev. HENRY W. CLARK. Andrew Melrose. (3s. 6d. net.)

IT has been a spiritual and intellectual exhilaration to read these thoughtful and suggestive pages. We forgot that we were reading for

review, so charmed were we. The book reveals a strong Evangelical spirit in a chaste and gentle style. Scholastic terms are eschewed, but the fruits of a ripe culture are here, set forth with affectionate care. Above all, and best of all, our Lord is exalted, and the oneness of our redeemed life with His own is the thrilling truth which Mr. Clark tells so well.

John Wycliffe: His Life and Writings. By H. ROSE RAE. A. H. Stockwell. (1s. net.)

AN admirable sketch of the great pioneer English Protestant. His battles with the priests are vividly set forth, and his victories for the Gospel and its free proclamation made very plain. It would strengthen Free Church principles everywhere if this capital sketch were read and pondered.

The Life and Times of Niccolò Machiavelli. By Professor PASQUALE VILLARI. Complete Popular Edition. T. Fisher Unwin. (2s. 6d. net.)

THIS is a companion volume to the one on Savonarola, by the same author, which we noticed not long since. Like the other, it is a marvellously cheap book,—547 octavo pages for half-a-crown; and it should enable all students of history to become familiar with the character and career of the remarkable man so ably depicted by Professor Villari.

Dr. Barnardo. By Rev. J. H. BATT. With an Appreciation by THE DUKE OF ARGYLL, K.T. Partridge and Co.

THIS well-illustrated volume is a record and an interpretation of a notable man, his aims, and his works. It is a thrilling story, well and tersely told. Here is rich romance,—the romance of a great heart throwing itself into a great, Christlike work, undaunted by extreme difficulties, and achieving marvellous results in the rescuing of destitute boys and girls.

Miah Helpful. His Religious Experiences and Convictions. By G. K. SMITH. A. H. Stockwell. (1s. 6d. net.)

A WELL-WRITTEN and very interesting story, which sets the truth about baptism in clear light. As many will read a tale who would not look at a treatise, we hope this admirable little book may have a large sale. It is just the thing for the village school library, and will show how impossible it is for the Romanizing priest to find a Scriptural basis for his teaching, and, so, will strengthen the people to resist his deadly errors.

Public Interests or Trade Aggrandisement? By JOSEPH ROWNTREE and ARTHUR SHERWELL. King and Son. (1s. net.)

HERE are thirteen chapters,—nine of which we have already noticed,—in which the question now agitating the country is clearly discussed. Messrs. Rowntree and Sherwell are doing good service in attacking this monstrous proposal. To us it is a cause of painful wonder that any man, with a remnant of conscience, humanity, or love of country, can, for any reason, political or other, countenance such a measure. We have fallen upon strange times. Are we drifting towards another Revolution?

Gottlieb Krumm. A novel. By GEORGE DARIEN. R. A. Everett.

WE seldom deal with this type of book in these pages; but this is a novel with a purpose. It is intended to expose the evils—real or imaginary—of immigrant aliens. The central figure is a German Jew of the vilest kind,—an utter swindler and thief without a redeeming feature.

We do not believe that this book truly represents the average "stranger within our gates;" it appears to us to be very nearly a libel on most of them. Little if any profit will attend the reading of it. It is too violent and extravagant to convince any but the most prejudiced, who need no convincing.

Notes.

Personal Paragraphs.

Our readers will, we are persuaded, be pleased to see DR. CUYLER's latest portrait, "taken only a month ago," and to have a specimen of his handwriting, conveying so cordial a message. He is a great lover of C. H. Spurgeon, so much so that he has been charged with having "Spurgeon on the brain." His reply to the charge is characteristic:—"A man might have a much worse cerebral disorder than that." Though over eighty years of age, Dr. Cuyler still preaches occasionally; and, through his prolific pen, he exercises what he calls his "ministry at large" with great joy to himself and with much profit to countless readers. We glorify God in this Grand Old Man, and pray for undimmed light at evening-time.

In these days of the ascendancy of the Post Card, it is hardly to be wondered that C. H. Spurgeon's birth-place has been issued in that popular form, and at the popular price. The historic dwelling-place is now The Wheat-sheaf Inn. We cannot help wishing it were something better than an ale-house. Miss Hunwicke, of High Street, Kelvedon, Essex, sells the cards at 1d. each, or at £2 per 1000.

MISS E. H. THORNE, to whom Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon bequeathed her Book and Pastors' Aid Funds, would be very grateful for donations and parcels of clothing for these Funds. Address,— "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood, London, S.E.

Our esteemed contributor, PASTOR H. T. SPUFFORD, F.L.S., informs us that, next month, Messrs. Nisbet and Co. expect to publish a shilling volume of his sketches entitled "Tales of the Countryside."

Our friend, PASTOR H. O. MACKAY, of Liverpool, is publishing, through Messrs. Marshall Brothers, another 3s. 6d. volume of illustrations for preachers and teachers, of which we hope to give a further notice next month.

* * * *

Tabernacle Tidings.

The Poor Ministers' Clothing Society was well supported at its annual

meeting on Monday, June 27th. About 150 friends met for tea at 5.30, and there was a goodly array of speakers afterwards, including Pastor C. B. Sawday (presiding), Pastor Wm. Williams, Pastor Thos. Spurgeon, and Mr. Wm. Olney, all of whom told of the needs of ministers in many districts, and each knowing of valuable help rendered by the Society. Mrs. Spurgeon was present to receive gifts of clothes, and about 600 garments were brought in, making a total for the year of nearly 3,000. It was estimated that the money value of these exceeded £450. The balance-sheet showed the receipts as £53 9s. 9d., and the expenditure £49 6s 7d. There is also a Special Donation Fund, amounting to £212 os. 11d., which includes a legacy of £200. Of this, £53 2s. 1d. has been spent.

Garments and donations should be addressed to Mrs. Barrett, Hon. Sec., P.M.C. Society, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington, S.E. Printed Report on application.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle, June 30th, six,—D. Mannington, Gertrude M. Eaton, Winifred M. Bruckshaw, Emily J. Coleman, Isabel E. Sullivan, Letitia Vaughan; and at Haddon Hall, on the same date, four,—John Peters, Elsie Smith, Florence Macdonald, Christine Shepherd.

Fourteen friends were received into Church-fellowship, at the monthly communion service, held on Sabbath evening, July 3rd. Three deaths were also reported,—Susannah Hardingham, Helena Johnes, Martha Westley.

The Tabernacle Sunday-school had a successful excursion to Hooley Farm on Tuesday, July 5th.

The usual monthly meeting of the "John Ploughman" Gospel Temperance Society was held on Wednesday, July 6th. A contingent from the Haddon Hall Onward Mission Band supplied the ammunition for the defence of Total Abstinence and the attack upon our common foe, Strong Drink. It is a matter of regret that so few attend these meetings, which are of a bright and helpful character. Our friends from Haddon Hall merited and received the hearty thanks of those

who were present. The next meeting, on August 3rd, will be in the hands of our own members, Mr. J. McLaren presiding.

Miss Gertrude Cutter and Mr. H. G. Budden were united in marriage on Thursday, July 7th. We wish them every happiness in their new sphere of life.

Pastor C. B. Sawday has started for his holidays. We wish him a good time, with continued sunshine, and revived health.

During Pastor Thos. Spurgeon's absence, the following brethren will be welcomed to the Tabernacle pulpit:— Aug. 21st, Mr. W. R. Lane; Aug. 28th, Pastor D. J. Hiley; Sept. 4th, Pastor C. B. Sawday; Sept. 11th, Pastor E. H. Ellis.

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Concerning the College.

The Pastors' College re-assembles for the autumn and winter term on August 16th. Pastor Charles Ingrem, of Wimbledon, and his friends, have again invited Trustees, Tutors, and Students to an outing at Raynes Park. Nine new men are to be welcomed.

Mr. H. B. Case is removing, from Evesham, to Tiverton; and Mr. J. Phillips, of Burwell, has accepted the pastorate at Wollaston, Wellingboro', although he does not remove to his new sphere until January.

* * * *

Our Fatherless Family.

The question of the installation of the electric light for all the departments of the Orphanage was introduced by the Chairman at the Annual Festival, Colonel R. Parry Nisbet, who also conveyed to the President the promise of a hundred pounds towards the cost. At a meeting of the Board of Managers, the subject was fully considered, and it was resolved to carry out, forthwith, this most desirable improvement. In order to provide for the initial expense, a special appeal must be made, as the ordinary income of the Orphanage is not sufficient for this purpose; and we trust there will be a prompt and a liberal response. When the electric light has been introduced, we shall secure for the children in their dormitories and schoolrooms, and during the services

in the Memorial Hall, a purer atmosphere than was possible under the old system; and the lighting of the Orphanage will be maintained in future under proper control, with comfort, cleanliness, and economy. Subscriptions for this object should be sent, addressed to the Secretary, without delay, as we are anxious for the work to be completed while the children are away for their summer holidays.

On the afternoon of Tuesday, July 19th, the workers and friends of "The Tonbridge Ladies' Working Party for the Stockwell Orphanage" met the President of the Institution at Barden Park, Tonbridge. After tea, a meeting was held on the lawn, at which Mr. Stockbridge presided. Short addresses were given by Mrs. Chapman, Mrs. Kitchin, and Mrs. Stockbridge, (the President, Treasurer, and Secretary respectively of the Society,) and by Mrs. East. The Rev. Mr. Chapman, Vicar of St Stephen's, also spoke. No less than 390 garments were made for the orphans during the year.

Mr. Spurgeon gave a brief history of the Orphanage, and a description of its methods. It was altogether a most interesting and successful occasion. We wonder if friends of the Orphanage in other towns will follow suit.

We hope our friends will not forget to include a visit of the Orphanage Choir and Handbell Ringers in their winter's programme. They will thus help the Orphanage in the most pleasant way possible. Write to Mr. Charlesworth for particulars.

* * * *

Colportage Chronicles.

The beautiful summer weather, recently enjoyed, has been most congenial to the colporteurs in getting about among the villages, but this advantage has its drawback in the absence from home which often means a fruitless visit. As the hay-making and fruit-gathering call for all hands to be in the field, and as the children are at school, this means empty cottages in many cases. However, in some instances, the colporteur is able to meet the people in the fields, and, in the pauses for meals, have a brief service, which enables him to tell, if he cannot sell, the good tidings of God's grace.

The following extract gives a glimpse of the colporteur's stray efforts to do

good during the slack summer season:—"The other day, I came across two men busy at hay-making. I joined their company, hoping that the Lord might help me to sow some seed which might spring up and bear fruit. Having gained their confidence, I assisted them in forking up the hay. We con-



A TALK ON THE PLAYGROUND.

versed at length about the hay crop, the price of land per acre, and other topics. One of the men then asked me, 'And what do you travel for?' 'For the Lord Jesus,' I replied; 'and am seeking to extend His Kingdom by selling Bibles and good books from

door to door.' Turning to one of the men, I said, 'Have you a good word to say on behalf of the Saviour?' 'Yes,' he replied, and so he told me how the Lord had helped him in life, and in the time of sickness. We spoke about the Scriptures, and then he said frankly, 'I believe, if a man does his best here, and harms nobody, and tries to live an honest life as far as lies in his power, there is no fear but, one day, he will reach Heaven, and walk the streets of the beautiful City.' I feared that his faith was resting on a plank that would not bear his weight at the last, and pointed out that the great thing to know is that we are all sinners, and that our very righteousnesses are as filthy rags (Isa. lxiv. 6), that Christ came into the world, and took the sinner's place, and died in the sinner's stead, and that salvation becomes ours when we definitely accept Him by faith in His finished work. 'This is what I learn from my Bible, and don't you think I am right?' 'Yes,' said he, 'I believe you are quite right.' The man on the haystack did not take much part in the conversation. They thanked me for my help, so handing them a tract each, I bade them 'good-bye.'"

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from June 15th to July 14th, 1904.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
In memoriam, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Lewis	1 0 0	Pastor G. Davies	0 10 0
Pastor G. J. Knight	0 10 0	Pastor F. H. White and friends at Talbot Tabernacle, Notting Hill ...	4 7 6
Mrs. Sawyer	1 0 0	Mr. J. Wilson	1 10 0
Contribution from Baptist Church, La-Faur-de-Fonds, Switzerland, per Pastor T. Oriol	1 7 0	" C. C."	0 10 0
Collection at West Hendon Baptist Chapel, per Pastor D. R. Smith ...	1 6 0	Contribution from Pastor F. W. Walter's Bible-class, Burley Road Chapel, Leeds	3 12 0
Part collection at Zion Baptist Chapel, Bacup, per Pastor E. Milnes	1 0 0	Contribution from Kensal Rise Baptist Church, per Pastor T. Maycock	1 5 0
Mrs. Jeffreys	1 0 0	Collection at Prince's Risborough Baptist Chapel	1 2 6
Contribution from Baptist Church, Erith, per Pastor J. E. Martin	1 10 0	Mrs. H. Keevil	10 0 0
Master Harold Spurgeon	0 3 0	Rev. J. G. Potter (Simla)	1 0 0
Rev. R. J. Beediff	0 2 6	Miss Mayse	0 10 0
Contribution from Harris Street Baptist Church, Peterborough, per Pastor G. W. Elliott	0 17 0	Collections and weekly offerings at Metropolitan Tabernacle	25 0 4
			£59 1 10

Pastors' College Missionary Association.

Statement of Receipts from June 15th to July 14th, 1904.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Collected by Mr. F. Adams	1 0 0	Collected by Miss N. Haseltine	0 9 3
Collected by Mrs. Atkinson	0 6 1	Collected by Mrs. Harvie	0 5 6
Collected by Mrs. Haddock	0 15 11	Collected by Mrs. M. L. Smith	0 4 5

Collected in Sunday-school classes, £ s. d.	H. McS.	£ s. d.
Bexhill-on-Sea 4 10 0	1 1 0
Mrs. Hockey's Bible-class, Bexhill-on-Sea 2 0 0		<u>10 12 2</u>

Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school Extension Fund.

Statement of Receipts from June 15th to July 14th, 1904.

	£ s. d.
Amount previously acknowledged	1,579 17 11
Rent of Temple Street cottages	7 0 0
	<u>£1,586 17 11</u>

The Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from June 15th to July 14th, 1904.

£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Miss Sewell 5 0 0	Mr. R. Morgan 2 2 0
Mr. E. P. Morris 2 2 0	Mr. F. Frank 2 2 0
Mr. T. W. Doggett 2 0 0	Mr. S. Thompson 2 2 0
Mrs. and Miss M. Keat 1 10 0	Mr. A. Hutton 1 0 0
Mr. S. E. Barton 1 1 0	Mr. S. J. Fowler, J.P. 1 1 0
Mr. W. Nutter 1 1 0	Mrs. M. A. Oldfield 1 1 0
Mr. B. E. Kennedy 1 1 0	Mrs. Lloyd 1 0 0
Mrs. H. Heffer 1 1 0	Miss Browning 1 0 0
Mrs. Alexander 1 0 0	Mr. N. S. Smith 0 15 0
Mr. E. Avery 1 0 0	Readers of "The Christian Herald," per the Manager:—
J. B. C. 1 0 0	Anon 0 5 0
Stamps, Camberwell 0 1 0	Hula 1 10 0
Mr. J. Pillman 1 1 0	A. H. 1 0 0
Mr. D. J. Brooks 5 5 0	Earl Shilton 0 10 0
Mr. F. C. Peel 0 2 6	T. A. 0 5 0
Mr. E. Rawlings 5 5 0	Inasmuch 0 5 0
Miss L. Backhurst 3 3 0	
Mr. H. Marnham 2 2 0	<u>3 15 0</u>
Mr. F. J. Lawrence 1 1 0	Mr. J. E. Verulam 2 2 0
Mrs. C. Simons 1 1 0	Mr. J. T. James 1 0 6
Mrs. Halliday 1 0 0	Mrs. Richardson 1 0 0
Rev. J. Dunckley 1 0 0	Mr. A. A. Stephens 1 0 0
Mrs. Hewkley 0 10 0	Per Mrs. W. L. Lang:—
Mrs. S. Jacob 0 5 0	Mr. A. Beckingsale 0 5 0
Mrs. L. M. Mason 5 5 0	Mr. F. Beckingsale 0 5 0
Mr. J. Russell 2 10 0	
Mr. D. Thomas 2 0 0	<u>0 10 0</u>
The Misses Horton 1 10 0	The late Mr. W. T. Hayward, per Miss F. Hayward 0 70 0
Mrs. E. Dobson 1 1 0	Mr. T. A. Kelly 0 10 0
Mrs. Rennard 1 0 0	Collected by Mr. J. Smith 0 5 0
Mr. E. G. Courtis 1 0 0	Sarig 0 4 0
Ann Potts 1 0 0	Miss S. M. Stedman and friend 0 3 6
Miss M. C. Hart 1 0 0	Mr. and Mrs. Tennant 1 1 0
The Misses Jeeves 0 5 0	Mr. G. H. Jay 5 0 0
Mr. T. J. Lambert 2 2 0	Mr. J. H. Seavers 2 2 0
Mrs. S. Dales 1 0 0	Mr. J. Hillier 0 2 6
Mr. J. Leedham 0 10 0	Mr. and Mrs. J. Cattell 2 2 0
Mrs. E. Clover 0 5 0	Mr. E. Vincent 0 5 0
Postal order, Colney Road, Burnley Collected by Mr. H. Perry 0 4 0	Mrs. E. Wheeler 1 0 0
Mrs. J. M. Knight 10 0 0	Postal order, Hither Green Lane, Lewisham 0 2 6
Mr. A. H. Wheeler 6 0 0	Mr. J. S. Cannings 10 0 0
Mrs. J. R. Haywood 1 0 0	Mr. H. Burgess 1 1 0
Mrs. S. A. Callow 1 1 0	Mrs. J. Manning 1 1 0
Mr. G. Sell 0 5 0	Mrs. A. M. Williams 1 1 0
Mrs. J. Stiff 2 2 0	Miss R. Frost 1 0 0
Mrs. Bousfield 50 0 0	Mrs. J. L. Bradley 1 0 0
Mr. Thomas Finlay 5 5 0	Mr. G. M. Rabbich 0 5 0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
J. B. Birmingham	10	0	0	Miss E. Jenkins	0	2	0
Mr. F. Jackson	1	5	0	Mrs. F. Poole	0	10	0
Messrs. Horn and Co.'s employees	1	1	0	Mr. H. Merrin	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Blake	1	5	0	Miss A. Morgan	0	10	0
Miss M. Hayward	0	10	0	Rev. A. Tessier	0	10	0
Mr. I. Holborow	0	10	0	Mr. H. Jeula	0	10	0
Mrs. S. J. Elvin	0	2	6	Mr. G. Bantick	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Porter	0	6	0	Mrs. Boyle	0	5	0
Mr. T. James	0	5	0	Miss Maynard	0	5	0
Mr. F. Watkins	0	5	0	Mrs. Rugg, sen.	0	5	0
Rev. S. R. Young	0	2	6	Miss R. Dauill	0	5	0
Mrs. F. A. Pearce	0	2	6	Mrs. Atkins	0	2	6
Mrs. Hooper	0	2	6	Miss G. Bell	0	2	6
Miss M. J. Infield	0	2	6	Stamps, Macclesfield	0	1	0
Mrs. W. Tomalin	0	2	6	Miss M. Fraser	0	5	0
S. B., Widow's mite	0	2	6	Collected by Miss White's Bible-class	0	14	6
Miss M. Morrell	0	2	0	Collected by Miss Bacon	0	6	1
Postal order, Colchester	0	1	0	Collected by Miss Stevenson	0	10	1
Mrs. Pucknell	0	1	0	Collected by Mrs. S. Halsall and friends	0	5	0
Miss Searle	0	1	0	Collected by Mrs. A. Ville	0	13	9
Collected by Miss E. Wain	8	2	0	Mrs. R. Rodgett	10	0	0
Mrs. A. Ironside	0	10	0	Miss Pearson	1	0	0
Mr. G. Fisher	10	0	0	Sir R. G. C. Mowbray, Bart.	5	0	0
Mr. J. Terry, J.P.	5	0	0	Mr. W. J. Van Someren, M.D.	1	1	0
Mr. J. A. Aldred	3	3	0	Mr. W. N. Finlayson	0	10	6
Mr. D. Thomas	2	0	0	Pastor F. C. Holden	0	10	0
Jno. F. H.	2	0	0	Rev. W. Sullivan	0	7	6
Mr. J. Winckworth	1	1	0	Mr. W. Barnes	0	1	6
Mr. C. Boardman	1	1	0	Collected by Mr. G. W. Flint	1	5	0
Mr. A. Christie	1	1	0	Mr. H. Lambert	2	2	0
A. M.	1	0	0	Mr. J. Harris	1	1	0
Dr. Robinson Scuttar	1	1	0	Mrs. A. M. Devenport	1	1	0
Mr. F. Mullis	1	1	0	Mr. E. Essex	1	1	0
Mr. H. S. Nunn	1	1	0	Mrs. E. Proctor	1	0	0
Mr. E. Dawson	1	0	0	Mr. W. F. Kelsey	1	0	0
Mr. M. Walker	1	0	0	Mrs. and the Misses Kemp	5	0	0
Mrs. E. Maddison	1	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Geo. R. Searle	1	1	0
Miss C. Smith, in memoriam	10	0	0	Mr. B. Nicholas	2	2	0
Sir James Colquhoun, Bart.	4	0	0	Mr. T. Greening	1	6	0
Mr. Alex. Fraser	2	2	0	Miss S. M. Clubb	1	1	0
Mr. Thos. Williams	0	10	6	Colonel W. J. Seaton	1	0	0
Mr. C. F. Alldis	1	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. A. Q. Tucker	5	0	0
Mr. W. H. Richardson	1	1	0	Mr. G. J. Jones	1	1	0
Mr. El. J. Barrett	0	10	0	Mrs. H. Bray	1	0	0
Mr. J. Wood	0	10	0	Mrs. E. F. Hannay	0	5	6
Miss M. S. Keast	0	10	6	A. B.	0	10	0
Mr. W. Howard	0	10	0	Mr. Jno. Pearce	10	0	0
Mrs. E. E. Parsons	0	10	0	Mr. and Mrs. T. Lewis Jones	3	3	0
Mr. G. Tolley	0	10	0	Mr. T. Pound	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Older	1	9	6	Mrs. Colmer Symes	1	10	0
Collected by Mrs. E. Jones	0	5	0	Mrs. E. Raybould	1	1	0
Mrs. G. Benson	0	10	0	Mr. J. Daymond	1	1	0
Miss Gazeley	0	5	0	Mr. L. Jones	1	1	0
Mrs. Robinson	0	5	0	Mr. D. Davis	7	0	0
Mrs. Ewins	0	5	0	Mr. J. C. Bumsted, per Miss K. E. Buswell	1	1	0
Mrs. Christie	0	5	0	Collected by Miss Taylor	1	8	6
Mr. W. J. Hieron	0	4	0	Collected by Miss M. Waterman	1	5	0
Mr. D. Sullivan	0	2	6	Collected by Mrs. G. Rees	0	18	3
Mr. J. E. Keen	0	2	6	Collected by Miss E. Ellis	0	15	0
Mr. T. G. Thomas	0	2	6	Collected by Mr. and Mrs. Cowen	0	12	0
Mr. L. Thomas	0	2	0	Collected by Mrs. E. M. Elford	0	7	9
Miss A. Stevenson	0	1	0	Collected by Mrs. F. S. Framow	0	3	1
Master F. R. Linsell	0	1	6	Mrs. F. S. Fromow	0	10	0
Anonymous, Stamps	0	1	0	Collected by Miss A. Iukpen	0	7	2
Mr. J. Allder	1	1	0	Collected by Miss N. Sheate	0	6	6
Miss Barker	1	0	0	Collected by Miss N. Lamb	0	5	6
Rev. B. C. Etheridge	0	10	6	Collected by Mrs. Tucker	0	5	0
Sympathy	10	10	0	Collected by Miss Damant	0	4	6
Collected by Miss Harviald	1	0	0	Collected by Miss E. E. Monse	0	5	0
Collected by Miss I. England	0	16	0	Mrs. A. Sillitoe, fines for spots on tablecloths	0	15	0
Collected by Mrs. C. Moody	0	7	6	Mrs. W. Wilson	0	12	0
Collected by Mr. H. Smith	0	7	0	M. F.	0	7	0
Collected by Mrs. Chittock	0	5	0	Mr. and Mrs. W. Sloan	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. J. Jackson	0	5	0	Mrs. F. E. Atkinson	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. W. Brazier	0	2	0	A country minister	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. T. Ackland	0	5	0	Postal order, Etwell	0	5	0
Collected by Miss S. A. Ackland	0	6	0	H. M. F.	0	3	0
Miss M. A. Lloyd	0	10	0	Mrs. and Miss F. M. Hay	0	3	0
Mrs. C. Scruby	0	10	6				
Mrs. E. Terry	0	5	0				
Mrs. M. Burrows	0	2	6				

		£	s.	d.			£	s.	d.
Miss F. W. J. Hay	0	1	0	Collected by Miss C. M. Bidewell	0	7	6
Mr. G. Wellstood	0	2	6	Collected by Miss E. J. Smith	0	14	0
Mrs. Lowe	0	2	6	Collected by Miss E. Oldrieve	1	12	0
Mr. Norrish	0	2	6	Collected by Miss E. L. Ryder	1	1	0
T. H.	0	2	6	Collected by Miss G. Clarke	0	19	0
Miss J. Pearce	0	2	6	Collected by Miss E. Lufford	0	15	0
Mr. A. S. Tatnell	2	2	0	Collected by Miss A. Allen	0	12	0
Miss St. Clair S. K. Trotter	0	10	0	Collected by Mr. P. Bryman	0	2	0
Mr. J. Dowson	0	10	0	Collected by Mrs. E. M. FitzGerald	0	10	0
Mrs. E. Mackie	0	10	0	Collected by Mrs. Penney	0	10	0
Mr. Hartswell	0	5	0	Collected by Mrs. Oxenford	0	9	0
Collected by Mr. A. H. Powell	0	16	0	Collected by Mrs. Perry	0	13	2
Collected by Miss J. Green	0	7	0	Collected by Mrs. Collingwood	0	7	6
Rev. G. J. Allen, B.A.	1	10	0	Collected by Miss E. Ballard	0	7	0
Miss Rutherford	0	5	0	Collected by Miss A. Bowerman	0	7	0
Mrs. Rutherford	1	0	0	Collected by Mrs. Jennings	0	6	0
Collected by Miss Mann	6	10	0	Collected by Mr. D. E. Osborn	0	6	0
Mr. R. Milnes	0	10	6	Collected by Miss Frost	0	5	6
The Misses E. and M. A. Smith	0	10	0	Collected by Mrs. Knowlden	0	4	0
Mrs. Ford	0	10	0	Collected by Mrs. F. H. Day	0	3	9
Mr. J. Wilson	1	0	0	Collected by Miss A. Godfrey	0	3	6
Mr. C. M. Holmes	1	0	0	Collected by Miss M. Ellis	0	3	6
Mrs. E. Upton	5	5	0	Collected by Mrs. A. F. Ennor	0	1	6
Mrs. J. J. Cook	1	1	0	Mrs. E. Sear	0	10	0
Mrs. B. B. Blake	0	10	6	Mrs. M. Hayward	0	10	0
Mr. S. H. Blake	1	1	0	Mrs. L. Howard	0	10	0
Mrs. Jefferis	1	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. Butler	0	10	0
Dr. A. McCaig	1	1	0	Mr. D. Rees	0	10	0
The Misses Sadler	7	7	0	A. Northampton	0	10	0
Collected by Miss Tarrant	1	0	0	Mr. J. Cobain	0	10	0
Mr. F. T. Newman	2	2	0	Mr. J. Brown	0	10	0
Mr. Wild	0	5	0	Mr. S. C. White	0	5	6
Mr. S. W. How	2	2	0	Mr. and Mrs. Richings	0	5	0
Miss How	0	2	0	Mr. J. A. Abraham	0	5	0
Mr. R. Morris	0	5	0	Miss Parkinson	0	5	0
E. M. D.	1	0	0	Miss M. Shelton	0	5	0
Mrs. Parker	2	12	0	Mrs. S. Briggs	0	5	0
The Misses Langley	1	0	0	Mrs. Weekly	0	5	0
Mr. Warren	2	0	0	Mr. E. Garrett	0	5	0
Mr. J. Everett	2	2	0	Mrs. A. E. Weston	0	5	0
Mrs. Julian	0	10	0	Mr. T. Dawes	0	5	0
T. F. B.	1	0	0	Mrs. J. Dickerson	0	2	0
Mrs. M. O. Sellar	0	5	0	Collected by Miss A. Cowles	0	10	0
Mrs. Dickie	0	5	0	Collected by Mrs. H. J. Williams	0	5	0
A friend	0	2	0	Collected by Mr. A. J. Smith	1	0	0
Mr. J. Covington	0	10	0	Collected by Mr. Harris	0	10	0
Mr. T. Round	0	10	0	Collected by Mrs. A. J. Knight	0	12	0
Mr. F. Whittle	5	0	0	Collected by Mr. L. A. Spiller	0	10	0
Anonymous	1	0	0	Collected by Miss S. A. Johnson	0	5	6
Anonymous	0	1	0	Collected by Master W. Klein	0	5	6
Mrs. Higgs	5	0	0	Collected by Mr. F. H. Taylor	0	5	0
Mrs. Bailey	1	1	0	Collected by Mrs. Warner	0	3	9
Miss Aukland	0	2	6	Collected by Miss Sheringham	0	3	6
Mrs. H. Williams	1	0	0	Collected by Miss D. Hawgood	0	12	0
Mrs. B. Buckmaster	1	1	0	Collected by Mr. R. H. Smart	0	1	3
Mr. A. White	5	0	0	Collected by Mr. T. M. Powell	0	2	0
Messrs. Wayre and Son, Ltd.	2	2	0	Mr. A. Andrew	0	2	0
Mrs. R. Lane	2	0	0	Mrs. S. Squirrell	0	2	6
Mr. P. Cockerill	1	1	0	Mrs. Rickard	0	4	0
Mr. and Mrs. Watt and family	1	10	6	Miss F. Stock, per Miss S. Fryer	0	5	0
Mrs. Freeman	1	0	0	A friend, Scots Gap	0	5	0
Mr. H. Bown	5	0	0	Mrs. A. Gould	0	10	0
Per Rev. W. Hackney, M.A. :-					Pastor J. H. and Mrs. Barnard	0	10	0
Mrs. Devenport	2	2	0	Miss Brooks	0	10	6
Rev. W. Hackney, M.A. ...	1 1 0				Mrs. S. Stevenson	0	10	6
		J	3	0	Mr. G. H. Shipway	1	1	0
Miss E. Milroy	2	0	0	W. J. and H. M., in memory of our				
Mr. E. Davis	1	0	0	Winnle	1	1	0
Mr. H. A. Gribbon	1	0	0	Mr. Jas. Marshall	1	1	0
Mrs. A. M. L. Pett	0	5	2	Mrs. S. F. Armitage	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Louch	0	1	6	Mr. C. F. Pfeil	1	0	0
Miss A. Baker	0	2	6	Mr. and Mrs. Sharman	1	0	0
Mr. R. Anderton	0	2	6	Mr. A. Glegg	2	2	0
Mr. J. Watt	0	2	0	Mr. A. Scott	2	2	0
Mrs. Gale	0	2	0	Rev. J. and Mrs. Mitchell	5	0	0
Postal order, Broadwindsor	0	2	0	Collected by Mr. H. Gill	0	3	0
Stamps, Balloch	0	1	0	Rev. O. Heywood	0	10	6
Miss G. Cobley	0	1	0	A friend at Reading, per Mr. S. R.				
Miss E. Carter	0	1	0	Pearce	0	5	0
Miss Tisdall	0	1	6	Mrs. Caudle	0	2	6
Collected by Miss M. Phillips	0	15	0	Collected by Mrs. Ritchie	0	6	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Collected by Mrs. C. A. Pavey	0	15	0	Mr. J. D. Barrett	0	5	0
Collected by Miss N. Johnson	0	4	0	Mrs. Jefferys	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Herd	0	4	0	Mr.	20	0	0
Collected by Mrs. M. E. Beaver	1	1	0	Mrs. Yates	0	10	6
Collected by Mr. T. A. Bramley	0	4	6	A reader of "The Christian Herald,"			
Collected by Mrs. N. Crooks	0	2	6	per the Manager	0	2	6
Collected by Mr. S. Cornish	0	2	0	The late Mrs. Barns, per Mr. W.			
Collected by Mr. D. Rippett	0	6	0	Barns	10	0	0
Miss M. McEwing	2	0	0	Rev. R. E. Sears	0	10	0
Miss L. Jacob	1	0	0	Miss F. A. Guln	0	6	0
Mr. M. H. Webb	1	1	0	Mrs. A. V. Uridge	2	0	0
Misses Coles	1	1	0	Mr. J. Jackson	3	0	0
Miss M. S. Roleston	1	1	0	Mr. C. Duckenfield	1	0	0
Miss M. A. Jennings	0	10	0	Mr. A. Le Poidevin	0	4	0
Rev. E. J. and Mrs. Edwards	0	5	0	Mrs. S. Smith	0	5	0
Mr. E. T. Clark	0	5	0	Mr. Jas. Wilson	0	10	0
Miss A. Ridley	0	5	0	Rosneath	5	0	0
Mrs. Finlay	0	2	6	Miss A. M. Davis	1	1	0
Mr. M. Morris	0	2	6	A friend	1	0	0
Mr. G. Sargent	0	2	0	Mr. B. Whitworth	0	11	8
Mr. W. Baddon	3	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Bush	0	10	0
A friend	0	3	0	Mr. W. Reeves	0	2	0
Postal order, Edware Road	0	5	0	Collected by Master F. G. Horsey	0	3	0
A friend	31	10	0	Collected by Miss E. May	0	1	6
Mr. T. G. Ackland	5	0	0	Per F. R. T. :-			
Mr. W. McLaren	5	0	0	Mr. Joseph Benson	0	10	0
Mr. J. Alp	3	0	0	Mrs. Joseph Benson	0	10	0
Mr. P. Heald	2	2	0	Miss Grace Benson	0	10	0
Mr. A. Ross	2	0	0	Mr. C. J. Benson	0	10	0
Mr. R. G. Westlake	0	10	0	Mrs. F. J. Blight	0	5	0
Mr. H. Sharman	0	4	6				
Mr. G. R. Ward	0	4	0	Mr. H. Kearns	2	5	0
Miss Mathews	0	2	6	Mr. J. Gray	1	0	0
Miss L. C. Sage	0	2	6	Postal order, Hatton Garden	0	5	0
Miss Ware	0	2	6	Mr. Thos. H. Howell, J.P.	0	2	6
Mrs. Moody	0	1	0	Mr. J. B. Collin	10	10	0
Collected by Miss Everett	1	14	0	Mrs. Wentham	2	2	0
Collected by Mrs. Cooper	0	9	10	Miss M. Rees	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Brooking	0	1	6	Mr. J. Poole	0	2	6
Collected by Mr. E. O. Farr	0	1	0	Mr. T. Wright	0	1	6
Half-year's interest on £3,700 Cory				A. W.	0	10	0
Bros. and Co., Ltd., Debenture				Sandwich, per Bankers	2	2	0
Stock (Mr. R. Cory's gift)	88	1	4	Pekcham Park Mission, per Mr. L.			
Collected by Miss Wigney	0	17	6	Wood	1	0	3
Collected by Mr. A. B. Fennell	0	15	0	Collected by Mrs. Edmunds	0	3	6
Collected by Mrs. H. Knowlden	0	5	0	A friend, per Miss M. Goodwin	0	2	6
Collected by Mrs. T. Young	0	10	5	Mr. H. J. P. Oakley	1	1	0
Collected by Mrs. Knowlman	0	15	0	J. B. M.	3	5	0
Collected by Mrs. M. Larwill	0	12	0	Miss N. Mizen	0	5	0
Mrs. S. Evans	0	5	0	Mrs. Hooper	0	2	6
Collected by Mrs. C. Carter	0	2	2	Mrs. A. Pottinger	0	2	0
Mrs. R. Fell	1	0	0	Mrs. H. Brooks	0	2	6
Mr. F. Baldwin	0	10	6	Mr. Corher's Bible-class, Lansdowne			
Mrs. E. Bowden	0	5	0	Baptist Chapel, Bournemouth, per			
Miss M. Everest	0	5	0	Miss B. M. Rickard	1	0	0
Mr. W. Woolidge	0	5	0	Collected by Miss F. Tingley	0	15	0
Mr. W. Newton	0	5	0	Mr. J. Carter	2	2	0
Mr. J. Rowlands	0	2	6	Mr. H. Emeney	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. E. R. Lewis	0	2	6	Mr. G. W. Selby	0	2	6
Collected by Master Bone	0	1	7	Collected by Miss L. Staveley :-			
Postal order, Lairg. Eccles. v. 4	0	7	0	Mr. F. J. Gardiner	0	10	0
Stamps, Aberdeen	0	2	3	Miss E. Gardiner	0	2	6
Mrs. Jones	1	1	0	Miss Staveley	0	5	0
Mr. C. B. Brooke	5	5	0	Mr. J. F. Tyars	0	5	0
Miss Clark	1	0	0	Mrs. Gardiner	0	5	0
Mr. W. J. Tull	1	0	0	Mr. J. Edginton	0	10	0
Miss C. Guy	5	0	0	Mr. A. Southwell	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. King	1	0	0	Mrs. J. W. Hewitt	0	2	0
Mrs. M. D. Macleay	0	5	0	Mr. Alwyn Staveley	0	10	0
Mrs. E. Hood	0	4	0	Miss L. Staveley	0	3	0
Miss J. Allen	0	3	0	Mr. J. Cockett	0	10	0
Mrs. E. Lecks	0	2	6	Pastor J. W. Campbell	0	2	6
Mr. E. Reynolds	0	2	6				
Collected by Miss E. Daum	8	2	6	Mr. G. E. Powell, per Pastor C.			
Collected by Mr. S. J. Gubbins	1	0	0	Spurgeon	1	2	6
Collected by Mr. J. J. Wootorton,				Stamps, Camberwell	0	1	0
jun.	0	10	0	Rev. P. H. Good	0	1	0
Miss B.	0	3	0	C. C.	1	0	0
Miss A. K.	0	1	0	F. T.	1	0	0
Mr. W. Edwards	1	1	0	In memoriam, Mr. and Mrs. C. B.			
Miss Mathew	1	0	0	Lewis	2	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. S. A. Sawyer	1	0	0
Mrs. E. Wheaton	0	10	0
Richmond Street Sunday-school, per Mr. W. R. Everett	11	0	0
Collected by Miss P. Smart	0	8	0
Mr. Hy. White	5	5	0
Mrs. Sollar	1	1	0
Bessels Green Baptist and Mission Sunday-school, per Mr. E. Green- way	1	16	0
Mrs. E. Lloyd	1	0	0
Collected by Mr. R. Giles	0	16	0
Mr. C. Careless	0	10	0
Miss Mayse, per Mr. E. Johnson ..	0	10	0
Rev. F. B. Meyer, B.A.	1	0	0
Mr. H. T. Simmonds	0	10	0
Mrs. Keevil	10	0	0
Mrs. Simpson	7	0	0
Mr. E. J. Raby	0	5	0
G. F. B., N.Z.	50	0	0

MEETINGS BY MR. CHARLESWORTH
AND THE ORPHANAGE CHORIST:—
Shooters' Hill Baptist Chapel Band
of Hope, Blackheath .. 14 4 7
Mr. E. Pascoe Williams .. 3 3 0

Barry Road Baptist Chapel, E. Dulwich	1	0	0
Y.W.C.A., Brixton	2	0	0
SEASIDE HOME, MARGATE:—			
Mr. F. J. Lawrence	1	1	0
Mr. J. Russell	2	10	0
Mr. E. Willett, M.D.	0	5	0
Mr. R. C. Michell	2	2	0
Mr. A. Hutton	0	10	0
Mr. E. Vincent	0	2	6
Mr. H. Burgess	0	10	6
Mrs. R. E. Howard	0	2	6
Mrs. S. J. Elvin	0	2	6
Mrs. J. T. Van Rijn	1	1	0
Mr. Thos. Williams	0	10	6
Miss A. Stevenson	0	0	6
Miss M. Robb	0	1	0
Mrs. Massey	0	2	6
Miss H. McKelvie	0	5	0
Mr. J. McKelvie	0	10	0
Miss G. Bell	0	2	6
Miss M. Montgomery	0	2	0
Mr. W. J. Van Someren, M.D.	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Geo. R. Searle	1	1	0
Mrs. E. F. Hannay	0	5	0
Mr. T. Pound	0	10	0
Mr. J. Covington	0	10	0
Messrs. Wayre and Son, Ltd.	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Louch	0	1	6
Mrs. Storm	0	2	6
Mrs. Lowe	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. T. M. Powell ..	0	1	6
Mr. W. Nichol	0	2	0
Mr. Jas. Marshall	1	1	0
Miss Kemp	0	2	0
Mrs. R. Warner	0	10	0
Rev. E. J. and Mrs. Edwards	0	2	6
Mr. T. G. Ackland	1	0	0
Mrs. E. Bowden	0	5	0
Miss Fell	0	5	6
Mrs. C. Thomson	0	1	6
Mr. A. Le Poldevin	0	2	0
Mr. T. Lawrence	0	2	6

RECEIVED AT ANNUAL FESTIVAL,
THURSDAY, JUNE 23RD, 1904:—

BOXES:—			
Allen, Miss E.	1	2	8
Appleton, Miss	1	3	0
Anthony, Mrs.	0	9	8
Andrews, Mrs.	0	4	10
Alliston, Miss	0	4	6
Alderton, Miss	0	2	7
Amis, Mrs.	0	7	9
Black, Miss	0	4	0

	£	s.	d.
Brazier, Mrs.	1	8	9
Boot, Miss	0	15	3
Bann, Mrs.	0	5	3
Barnden, Miss	1	0	5
Butler, Mrs.	0	19	2
Bingham, Mrs.	0	10	9
Bolton, Mrs.	0	7	9
Brooke, Miss	0	1	4
Brown, Miss	0	2	1
Ball, Miss M.	0	1	1
Barnden, Miss	0	8	5
Blake, Misses L. and E.	0	3	7
Bellini, Miss F.	0	1	4
Bishop, Master W.	0	2	3
Branscombe, Miss N.	0	5	10
Bullivant, Miss	0	11	4
Box, Mrs.	0	1	8
Bryant, Mrs.	0	2	2
Beaven, Mrs. A.	0	3	0
Beaven, Mrs.	0	7	4
Best, Mrs.	0	6	9
Batchelor, Miss G.	0	1	5
Bennington, Miss	3	12	0
Barrow, Mrs.	1	0	6
Barnard, Mrs.	0	3	9
Browne, Mr. G. W.	0	2	8
Banks, Miss	0	8	10
Butler, Miss D.	0	3	1
Bride, Mrs.	0	1	6
Bellini, Miss C.	0	2	0
Barnard, Mr. D. J.	0	13	5
Buss, Mrs.	0	4	7
Belben, Miss D.	0	3	7
Blake, Mrs.	1	0	0
Bates, Miss	0	5	3
Clow, Miss	1	11	6
Chapman, Miss H. E.	0	11	4
Coutts, Miss L.	0	16	7
Cullingford, Miss	0	7	6
Chase, Mrs.	0	9	8
Cook, Miss D.	0	3	3
Channer, Mr. B.	0	14	3
Chandler, Miss	0	1	9
Clark, Mrs.	0	5	7
Cusholm, Mrs.	1	0	3
Clegg, Mrs.	0	9	5
Clay, Mrs.	0	3	3
Cochrane, Miss	0	6	5
Cobley, Miss E.	0	12	0
Davis, Mr.	0	6	1
Durwin, Mrs.	0	10	17
Dobson, Mr.	0	10	4
Davis, Mrs.	0	2	4
Davis, Mrs.	0	3	11
Downing, Mrs.	1	1	0
Dougharty, Mrs.	0	8	2
Eyles, Miss E.	0	1	1
English, Miss L.	0	1	8
Ellis, Mrs.	0	2	11
Ellard, Miss	0	3	1
Eakin, Miss	0	1	0
Fuller, Miss L.	0	3	10
Fitch, Mrs. W.	0	7	3
Forsdike, Mrs. F.	0	5	11
Frith, Miss	0	4	4
French, Mrs.	0	4	4
Elth, Mrs.	0	2	1
Felton, Miss	0	2	11
Finch, Master S.	0	2	10
Forsdike, Miss	0	1	4
Fryer, Mr. D. W.	0	4	3
Fosdick, Miss	0	12	0
Godbold, Mrs. and Miss ..	1	5	6
Garland, Mrs.	0	6	3
Gurteen, Miss	0	5	4
Goode, Mrs.	0	5	0
Gurney, Miss	0	4	4
Griffiths, Mrs.	0	1	9
Gaskell, Master W.	0	1	0
Gosling, Miss L.	0	3	8

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Glead, Mrs.	0	4	6	Powell, Master B.	0	4	6
Graut, Miss	0	10	0	Plummer, Miss B.	0	6	10
Gaskell, Miss	0	1	0	Patrick, Mr.	0	3	9
Gibbs, Miss M.	0	4	11	Rumstey, Mrs.	0	2	10
Hollobone, Mrs.	0	3	7	Richardson, Miss	0	7	7
Harrington, Mrs.	0	1	8	Roper, Mrs.	0	4	6
Huitt, Mrs.	0	7	1	Randall, Miss	0	1	9
Huitt, Mr. H. W.	0	6	4	Russell, Mrs.	0	4	2
Hudson, Miss	1	4	3	Richardson, Mrs.	0	3	10
Haws, Mr. J. W. C.	0	1	3	Reed, Mrs.	0	2	6
Hayter, Miss	0	14	9	Slade, Miss	0	14	4
Hobbs, Miss E.	0	5	10	Standing, Master E.	0	1	4
Howe, Mrs.	0	4	0	Stocks, Miss	0	6	9
Hornal, Miss G.	0	2	0	Siddons, Miss E.	0	7	0
Hodsdon, Miss	0	7	1	Snell, Miss	0	2	7
Howard, Master	0	5	10	Sampson, Miss H. E.	0	3	8
Horton, Mrs.	0	6	9	Streeter, Miss L.	0	5	0
Horwood, Mrs.	0	5	0	Smith, Mrs. M.	0	7	7
Hall, Miss E.	0	1	10	Studley, Miss D.	0	3	0
Holloway, Miss J.	0	2	1	Soar, Mr. W. E.	1	14	0
Higham, Miss V.	0	2	4	Stewart, Miss J.	0	1	2
Higham, Miss	0	2	1	Speh, Miss	1	13	10
Higham, Miss	0	2	0	Sedgbeer, Miss M.	0	3	0
Horn, Miss E. E.	0	4	4	Sadler, Miss	0	1	2
Horsley, Master F. G.	0	4	10	Seyres, Master	0	3	1
Harvey, Miss	0	1	8	Smith, Mrs.	0	9	10
Hughes, Miss S.	1	4	1	Stanley, Miss	1	18	7
Jewhurst, Miss	0	3	3	Stainthorpe, Miss E.	0	3	7
Jenkins, Miss	0	7	3	Sullivan, Miss	0	5	10
Jones, Miss	0	2	1	Stollberg, Miss D.	0	1	0
Jifkins, Miss	0	5	7	Sheard, Master F.	0	10	3
Jones, Mrs.	0	1	4	Scott, Miss G.	0	2	6
Jones, Miss E. E.	1	7	0	Spaul, Mrs.	1	1	1
Jifkins, Mrs.	0	2	5	Selhurst Congregational			
Kerridge, Miss	0	10	0	Church, Women's Bible-			
Kitson, Mrs.	0	13	4	class, per Mrs. White	0	7	10
Kenning, Miss H.	0	3	2	Tier, Mrs.	0	16	5
Keast, Miss	0	8	6	Thomas, Mr.	0	5	5
Lovejoy, Mr. G.	0	16	7	Thompson, Miss C.	0	3	9
Lung, Mrs.	1	1	0	Thomas, Miss	0	1	10
Lewindon, Miss A.	0	9	9	Thorn, Miss	0	1	5
Little, Miss	0	2	10	Taffs, Miss	0	2	5
Lambson, Miss	0	3	4	Thomas, Miss M.	0	2	8
Lambson, Miss L.	0	1	0	Taffs, Miss	0	2	1
Lambourn, Mrs.	0	2	4	Trigan, Miss	0	10	4
Lott, Miss	0	7	1	Taylor, Miss S. J.	0	11	10
Lambson, Miss E.	0	4	5	Trevillian, Mrs.	0	5	9
Lumley, Mrs.	0	4	1	Thompson, Miss H.	0	2	4
Langley, Miss	0	8	6	Upham, Miss	0	1	9
Metropolitan Tabernacle				Usherwood, Mrs.	0	2	4
Mothers' Meeting, per				Uden, Miss	0	3	8
Mrs Bartlett	0	10	0	Vears, Mrs.	0	11	6
Manning, Misses	1	1	4	Vivian, Miss	0	3	7
Mackey, Mrs.	0	8	0	Vardill, Mr.	0	2	11
Mathews, Mrs.	0	4	8	Vincent, Mrs. W.	0	4	6
Marsh, Mr.	0	3	7	Wood, Miss	0	3	2
May, Miss	0	5	9	Wright, Mrs. E.	0	15	5
Marshall, Mrs.	0	4	5	Windsor, Mrs.	0	2	4
Murby, Miss E.	0	1	4	Whittington, Mrs.	0	5	1
Morgan, Miss	0	6	4	Watts, Miss	0	2	4
Morgan, Miss	0	4	5	Wilkins, Miss E.	0	2	3
Marsh, Miss	0	4	7	Wicks, Miss J.	0	9	4
Mason, Master T.	0	2	0	Windsor, Miss E.	1	3	10
Nelson, Mr.	0	3	10	Whyte, Mrs.	0	8	10
Norman, Mrs.	0	2	4	Whiting, Mrs.	0	10	4
Noble, Mrs.	0	5	0	Wilkins, Mrs.	0	3	9
Oates, Mrs. W.	0	5	3	Willmott, Mrs.	1	1	2
Osborn, Mrs.	0	5	5	Wallace, Mrs.	0	8	10
Oakes, Mrs.	0	2	10	Woolnough, Miss F.	0	2	11
Peck, Mrs.	0	2	11	Willis, Miss D.	0	3	1
Payne, Master	0	7	2	Wray, Mr.	0	2	6
Pearce, Miss	1	4	7	Warren, Miss	0	2	7
Proudfoot, Miss	0	7	4	Watts, Miss	0	1	5
Pearce, Misses J. and L.	1	7	6	Widdeson, Miss E.	0	2	6
Pitt, Mrs.	0	2	10	Waite, Mrs.	0	6	2
Pawsey, Misses A. and E.	0	7	9	Wallis, Miss	0	1	3
Pinder, Miss	0	2	4	Westbrook, Mrs.	0	6	5
Pinnegar, Miss F.	0	10	0	Whiteman, Mrs. T.	0	3	7
Pankhurst, Mrs.	0	5	0	Willett, Miss K.	0	5	1
Pegg, Mrs.	0	6	10	Watling, Mrs.	0	18	7

	£ s. d.	£ s. d.		£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Walton, Mrs.	0 7 6		Fidge, Mr. T. R.	2 10 0	
Wren, Mrs.	0 5 1		Francis, Mrs.	0 2 0	
Ycomans, Mrs.	0 6 3		Gorringe, Mr. E. J., J.P.	3 3 0	
Ycwen, Miss	0 8 2		Gilbert, Mrs., per f. S.	0 10 0	
Amounts under a shilling....	0 13 4		Green, Mr. A. E.	1 1 0	
Odd farthings	0 4 3		Higgs, Mr. R. P.	1 1 0	
		92 11 7	Hammer, Messrs. G. M. and Co., Ltd.	2 2 0	
BOOKS:—			Harden, Mr.	0 10 0	
Alderton, Miss	1 2 6		Jones, Miss M.	0 10 0	
Broughton, Mrs.	0 11 0		Jones, Miss S.	0 5 0	
Brown, Miss J. H.	0 10 0		Moore, Mrs.	0 10 6	
Barrett, Mr. H.	3 16 3		Marnham, Mr. A.	3 3 0	
Coleman, Mrs.	0 12 6		Manley, Mr. I.	0 8 0	
Causton, Miss E.	2 0 0		Neale, Rev. C. Firby and Mrs.	2 2 0	
Cockshaw, Miss	0 14 0		Olney, Mr. W.	2 2 0	
Cockshaw, Miss J.	1 0 0		Pearce, Mr. E.	3 3 0	
Evans, Mr. W. J.	4 9 3		Spreadbury, Mr. T. C.	2 2 0	
Honour, Mrs.	1 2 0		Steggold, Mrs.	0 2 6	
Knight, Mrs. J. E.	0 5 0		Speh, Miss	0 10 0	
Mott, Mrs.	2 10 0		Spelman, Mrs.	2 2 0	
Per Mrs. Mott:—			Simmonds, Mrs.	0 2 6	
Miss Millar	0 10 0		Stewart, Mr. R.	0 5 0	
Mr. James	1 10 0		T. W.	10 10 0	
Miss C. Millar ...	1 0 0		Tudor, Miss	1 1 0	
Tiddy, Mrs.	3 0 0	23 12 0	Turley, Mr.	1 10 0	
	1 19 6		Walland, Miss	0 10 0	
DONATIONS:—			Walland, Mr. W.	3 0 0	
Allen, Master L.	0 3 0		Woodland, Mr. S.	5 0 0	
A. A. A.	0 4 0		Waters, Mr. C.	1 1 0	
Akaruna	0 10 0				162 10 0
A friend, per Colonel R. Parry Nisbet, C.I.E. (for Electric Light Installa- tion)	100 0 0		Collections at Afternoon and Even- ing meetings	18 16 11	
A friend	0 5 0		Ladies' stall, sale of work, etc.	26 16 5	
A friend, per C. S.	0 10 0		Sale of Woodwork made by boys of the Science classes, per Mr. Sim- monds, teacher	3 10 3	
A friend, per C. S.	0 2 0		Sale of Pictorial Postcards (gift of Mr. J. E. Passmore)	4 7 10	
A friend, per V. J. C.	0 10 6				£1,227 12 6
Cullingham, Mr. and Mrs.	1 0 0				
Coutts, Mr. John	5 0 0				
Drayson, Mrs. A.	0 10 0				
Dyke, Mrs.	0 17 0				

LIST OF PRESENTS RECEIVED FROM JUNE 15TH TO JULY 14TH, 1904.

PROVISIONS:—3 churns Milk, Messrs. Walker and Sons; 1 Ham, 15 lbs., Miss O. E. Selfe; 16 lbs. Butter, Mr. F. Barnes; 1 Sheep, Sir A. Seale Haslam; 224 lbs. Rice, Mr. J. L. Potier; 1 case Lemons, Colonel R. Parry Nisbett, C.I.E.; 19 lbs. Cake, Mr. W. Jones.

GIRLS' CLOTHING:—1 Skirt, St. George's Baptist Benevolent Society, Canterbury, per Mrs. E. Fowler; 122 Articles (girls' and boys'), 3 Scrap Books, Reading Ladies' Working Meeting, per Mrs. James Withers; 6 Articles, Mrs. Briggs; 12 Articles (girls' and boys'), Miss S. E. Mannington; 2 Articles, Mrs. Barnard; 42 Articles, Ladies' Working Party, Baptist Chapel, Fleet, per Mrs. Aylett; 42 Articles, Chesham Baptist Working Society, per Mrs. Cox; 2 Articles (girls' and boys'), Ladies' Working Meeting, Wynne Road Baptist Church, per Mrs. Downer; 20 Articles, Mrs. Musk; 65 Articles, Tonbridge Working Meeting, per Mrs. Stuckbridge; 48 Articles (girls' and boys'), Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs.

BOYS' CLOTHING:—6 Day Shirts, Anon.

GENERAL:—5 Articles (for Sale Room), Mrs. Malin; 1 Doll (for Sale Room), Mrs. Wilms-hurst; 1 Picture (for Sale Room), Mrs. Hannay; quantity of Texts, Mrs. E. Squires; 1 dozen copies "Our Heritage," Mr. J. Chase; quantity of School Books, Miss Huff; box of Flowers, Miss L. Harrison; box of Flowers, Mr. F. Osborn.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from June 15th to July 14th, 1904.

DISTRICT SUBSCRIPTIONS:—		£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Melton Mowbray, per Mr. J. T.			Barrow, per Mr. S. J. Harwood	11 5 0
Crosher	11 5 0		Mendlesham, per Mr. S. J. Harwood	12 10 0
Melksham, per Mrs. H. Keevil	11 5 0		Ilminster, per Mr. F. Harcombe	11 5 0
Great Totham, per Rev. H. J. Harvey	10 0 0		Fildham, per Mr. R. W. Griffiths ...	11 5 0
East Dereham, per Mr. T. Phillips	11 5 0		Sellindge, per Mr. W. G. Tester:— The Hon. Mrs. Deedes ...	0 5 0
Maldon, per Mr. W. F. Kelsey	5 15 0		Mr. Harbour	0 5 0
				0 10 0

ANNUAL REPORT.
1903-1904.
STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE,

Founded 1867

By C. H. SPURGEON.

SEASIDE HOME BRANCH, CLIFTONVILLE, MARGATE.

Founded 1899

By J. A. SPURGEON, D.D.

Trustees and Committee of Management:

President: THOMAS SPURGEON. *Vice-President:* CHARLES SPURGEON. *Treasurer:* WILLIAM HIGGS.

CHARLES F. ALLISON.
JAMES HALL.
JAMES E. PASSMORE.
WALTER MILLS.

FRANK THOMPSON.
SAMUEL R. PEARCE.
JOSEPH PASSMORE.
JOSHUA J. COOK.

Hon. Consulting Physicians:

JAMES HERBERT STOWERS, Esq., M.D., &c., &c.
JAMES FREDERIC GOODHART, Esq., M.D., &c., &c.

Hon. Consulting Surgeon:

CHARTERS JAMES SYMONDS, Esq., M.D., M.S., F.R.C.S., &c., &c.

Hon. Consulting Ophthalmic Surgeon:

JOHN BOWRING LAWFORD, Esq., F.R.C.S., &c.

Hon. Consulting Throat and Aural Surgeon:

A. H. TUBBY, Esq., M.S., M.B. Lon., F.R.C.S., &c.

Hon. Surgeon Seaside Home Branch.

E. A. WHITE, Esq., M.A., M.D.

Dentist: W. O. HINCHLIFF, Esq.

Medical Officer:

WILLIAM SOPER, Esq., M.R.O.S.E., L.S.A., &c.

Bankers:

LONDON & SOUTH WESTERN BANKING COMPANY, LTD.,
STOCKWELL BRANCH.

Head Master:

VERNON J. CHARLESWORTH.

Secretary:

FREDERICK G. LADDS.

1904.

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**.
- * * * Applications for admission should be addressed to the **Secretary**,
Mr. F. G. Ladds, Stockwell Orphanage, Olapham Road,
London, S.W.
-

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 canvas 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.

REPORT, 1903-4.

PREFATORY BY THE PRESIDENT.

"THANK YOU!"

There is a touching story told of a man who had been saved from the sea. He was wounded by a falling spar, and then lay in the bottom of an open boat for many a cold and weary hour; but when they brought him to the Sailors' Rest, they found that his life was in him yet. So they wrapped him in blankets, laid him before the fire, and watched him carefully and prayerfully. Presently his eyes opened to their widest, he looked round about him, and his lips became unsealed. Then he said softly "Thank you," and "fell on sleep." "The still small voice of gratitude" was surely at its sweetest then!

In view of mercies multiplied throughout another year, mercies so special and uninterrupted that there is about the Stockwell Orphanage "the smell of a field that the Lord hath blessed," we return a reverent "Thank you" to the Giver of every good and perfect gift. We asked to see the glory of the Lord, and He said, "I will make all My goodness pass before thee." Then we learned that He has no greater glory than His goodness, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

We owe a debt of gratitude also to the numerous friends who have aided us, the subscribers, the collectors, the trustees, the staff, the Sunday School teachers, the speakers at our Sunday services and public meetings and quarterly gatherings, the ministers and churches by whom our choir have been welcomed, the visitors who have reported on applications, and all who have in any way furthered the good work. We are at a loss to know how to express our sense of obligation. It has been well said, "No metaphysician ever felt the deficiency of language so much as the grateful." This witness is true. Year by year it is the happy task of the President to return thanks, and every year he finds it harder to tell them out; so he has to say, "I can no other answer make, but thanks and thanks."

Gratitude, according to a deaf and dumb pupil of the Abbé Sicard, "is the memory of the heart." Then our heart's memory is greener than ever, for there are ringing in our ears the cheery voices of all who have encouraged us by gift, and prayer, and service through another most bountiful year, and the President on behalf of all his fellow-workers, says—

"I thank you for your voices,—thank you,—
Your most sweet voices."

THOMAS SPURGEON.

TWO THOUSAND SIX HUNDRED AND SEVEN ORPHANS

Have been received into the Institution to the end of March, 1904.

PARENTAGE OF THE CHILDREN:—

Mechanics and Printing Trades ..	641	Cooks and Butlers	15
Manufacturers and Tradesmen ...	358	Journalists	12
Labourers, Porters, and Carmen	353	Solicitors	10
Warehousemen and Clerks ...	303	Surgeons and Dentists	9
Shopkeepers and Salesmen	302	Inspectors and Vaccination Officers	7
Mariners and Watermen	86	Architects and Surveyors ..	6
Farmers and Florists	77	Firemen	5
Oak Proprietors and Coachmen ...	74	Royal Engineers	5
Ministers and Missionaries	73	Auctioneers	2
Railway Employés	62	Photographers	2
Commercial Travellers	61	Bandsmen	2
Schoolmasters and Teachers	28	Gentleman	1
Police-men & Custom House Officers	27	Exhibition Proprietor	1
Commission Agents	25	Verger	1
Post Office Employés	22	Licensed Victualler	1
Accountants	19		
Soldiers	17		
		TOTAL	2,607

RELIGIOUS PROFESSION OF PARENTS:—

Church of England	1043	Moravian & Bible		Church of Scotland	1
Baptist	668	Christian	11	Not specified	349
Congregational	255	Roman Catholic	5		
Methodist	201	Salvation Army	5	TOTAL	2,607
Presbyterian	38	Society of Friends	4		
Brethren	26	Gorman Church	1		

ADMISSIONS FOR THE YEAR ENDED MARCH 31st, 1904.

LONDON:—

Anerley	1	Gospel Oak	1	Limehouse	1	Southwark	2
Bermondsey	1	Greenwich	1	Manor Park	1	Stratford	1
Bothnal Green	1	Hackney	1	Marylebone	1	Stockwell	1
Borough	1	Herne Hill	1	Newington	2	Stoke Newington	1
Brockley	1	Holborn	1	Peckham	3	Sydenham	1
Camberwell	3	Holloway	1	Penge	1	Twickenham	1
Chelsea	1	Hornsey	1	Pimlico	1	Tufnell Park	1
Clapham	1	Kentish Town	1	Plaistow	3	Waltham	1
Croydon	1	Kingsland	1	Shoreditch	1	Wandsworth	2
Forest Hill	1	Lambeth	1	Silvertown	1		
						TOTAL	48

COUNTRY:—

Aldershot	1	Enfield	1	Nottingham	1	Tudorville	1
Beckenham	1	Eton	1	Portsmouth	1	Tunbridge-Wells	1
Bristol	1	Faversham	1	Putney	1	Upper Houghton	
Canterbury	1	Frinton-on-Sea	1	Reading	1	Regis	1
Catford	1	Haywards Heath	1	Southampton	1	Walthamstow	1
Chatham	1	Hove	2	Stradbroke	1	Wimbledon	1
Chorlton-cum-Hardy	1	Ilford	1	Surbiton	1	Worthing	1
Cosham	1	Levenham	1	Teddington	1		
Eastbourne	1	Lee	1	Teignmouth	1	TOTAL	40
East Ham	1	Leyton	1	Thornton Heath	2		
		Marden	1	Tilehurst	1		

ADMISSIONS FOR THE YEAR, 88.

DISMISSIONS FOR THE YEAR:—Boys, 46; Girls, 30. Total, 76.

CHILDREN IN RESIDENCE ON THE 31st MARCH, 1904:—Boys, 240; Girls, 236. Total, 476.

TYPICAL CASES.

Selected from the 88 candidates admitted during the year ending March, 1904 :—

Reading, H. G. T.—One of seven children, eldest thirteen, youngest two years of age. Father was a pottery manufacturer's manager and traveller.

Dunstable, F. P.—One of twelve children, seven under twelve years of age. Father was a coal carter. Three successive attacks of influenza impaired his reason, and he committed suicide.

Putney, G. R. R.—One of nine children, five under thirteen years of age. Father was at one time Vestry Clerk of Fulham. Mother by reason of trouble lost her reason, and the children were left to the care of an elder sister.

Leyton, W. C. W.—One of five children, eldest eleven, youngest one year old. All entirely dependent on mother's earnings. Father, a stockbroker's clerk, committed suicide whilst temporarily insane. Small amount of insurance soon exhausted. Visitor writes :—"A most deserving case."

Wimbledon, E. W. N.—One of four children, eldest eleven, youngest seven. Entirely unprovided for. Father formerly a policeman. Mother greatly afflicted.

Teddington, A. K.—One of five children, youngest nine months. Entirely unprovided for. Father, grocer's manager, greatly respected.

Southampton, W. R. A.—One of six children, youngest three years of age. Quite unprovided for. Father was a carpenter.

Ross, L. G. K.—One of three children left to the care of aged grandparents in humble circumstances. Both parents dead. Father was a miner.

Chatham, P. J. P.—One of six children, youngest five months old. Quite unprovided for. Father a writer in His Majesty's Ordnance Department. No relatives able to assist. Visitor writes : "I think it a very needy case."

Canterbury, L. J.—One of six children, left to the care of grandparents and an uncle. Both parents dead. Father was a confectioner in a small way of business. Owing to a long and expensive illness, left no provision.

Aldershot, A. J. G.—One of four children, eldest nine years of age. No provision. Father was a police court missionary, greatly respected.

Holloway, D. H.—One of nine children, five under twelve years of age, youngest, one year and nine months old. Father a dispatch clerk. No provision.

Worthing, M. M. S.—Four young children, eldest eleven years of age. Father was a surveyor. Mother endeavours to gain a livelihood by a small business, which is falling. Visitor writes : "It is a case I can heartily recommend."

Southwark, V. M. O.—Father a bank messenger who died of consumption, leaving seven children under fifteen years of age entirely unprovided for. Mother died in hospital as result of accident. Six of the children now dependent on aunt.

Silvertown, W. W.—One of five children, under fifteen years of age. Father a telegraph instrument maker. Mother endeavours to support three of the children by plain needlework.

Whitstable, F. B.—One of three children, eldest eight years of age. Father a commercial traveller whose long illness exhausted his savings, and his family was left quite unprovided for.

LONDON PARISHES FROM WHICH CHILDREN HAVE BEEN RECEIVED:—					
Anerley	2	Haggerston	2	Pockham	78
Balham	15	Hammer-smith	8	Pengo	8
Barnsbury	4	Hampstead	6	Pentonville	8
Battersea	85	Harlesden	4	Pimlico	6
Bayswater	9	Harringay	1	Plai-stow	7
Bermondsey	115	Hatcham	1	Plumstead	12
Bethnal Green	11	Haverstock Hill	4	Poplar	8
Blackheath	1	Horne Hill	4	Rotherhithe	16
Blooms-bury	2	Highbury	6	Shadwell	2
Borough	14	Highgate	2	Shepherd's Bush	4
Bow	25	Holborn	11	Shoreditch	0
Brixton	60	Holloway	29	Silver-town	2
Brockley	3	Homerton	5	Soho	8
Bromley	5	Honor Oak	2	South-wark	47
Bromdesbury	3	Hornsey	14	Spital-fields	1
Camberwell	78	Horsley-down	6	Stepney	9
Camden Town	14	Hoxton	17	Strand	2
Canonbury	1	Islington	45	Stratford	16
Chelsea	19	Kennington	23	Streatham	8
Chiswick	5	Kensington	14	Stockwell	18
Clapham	34	Kentish Town	11	Stoke Newington	14
Clapton	19	Kilburn	17	St. John's Wood	6
Clerkenwell	17	Kingsland	4	St. Luke's	4
Croydon	33	Lambeth	79	St. Pancras	9
Custom House	1	Lowisham	13	Sydenham	4
Dalston	5	Leytonstore	11	Twickenham	2
Deptford	10	Limehouse	7	Tollington Park	1
Dulwich	18	Manor Park	2	Tottenham	19
Edmonton	2	Marylebone	24	Tufnell Park	2
Finsbury	5	Mill End	11	Vauxhall	10
Forest Gate	8	Newington	26	Walworth	76
Forest Hill	3	New Cross	20	Wandsworth	40
Fulham	16	Norwood	26	Westminster	15
Gospel Oak	3	Notting Hill	14	White-chapel	4
Greenwich	19	Nunhead	7	Willesden	8
Hackney	31	Paddington	12	Wood Green	10
TOTAL					1,622

COUNTRY TOWNS AND VILLAGES FROM WHICH CHILDREN HAVE BEEN RECEIVED:—

<i>Bedfordshire</i> , Bedford	7	<i>Berkshire</i> , Windsor	1	<i>Cornwall</i> , Falmouth	4
" Dunstable	1	" Wokingham	1	" Fowey	1
" Leighton Buzzard	1	<i>Bucks.</i> , Beaconsfield	1	" Penzance	8
" Luton	2	" Chesham	1	" Porthleven	2
" Shefford	1	" Eton	1	" St. Columb	1
" Tingrith	1	" High Wycombe	1	" Truro	2
" Upper Houghton		" Princess Risboro'	1	<i>Derbyshire</i> , Alfreton	1
" Regis	1	" Winslow	2	" Belper	1
<i>Berkshire</i> ,		<i>Cambridgeshire</i> ,		" Derby	5
" Ardington Wick	1	" Cambridge	11	" Matlock Bath	1
" Chieveley	1	" Cottenham	1	" Swadlincote	1
" Childrey	1	" Histon	2	" West Hallam	1
" Faringdon	1	" Landbeach	1	<i>Devonshire</i> , Appledore	1
" Maidenhead	2	" Linton	1	" Axminster	1
" Newbury	5	" Newmarket	1	" Bideford	1
" Reading	88	" Priokwillow	2	" Brixham	5
" Slough	2	" Soham	1	" Budleigh Salterton	1
" Tilehurst	1	" Waterbeach	1	" Combe Martin	3
" Twyford	1	" Wisbech	2	" Dartmouth	1
" Uffington	1	<i>Cheshire</i> , Birkenhead	1	" Devonport	8
" Wantage	2	" Chester	1	" Exeter	4
" Wargrave	1	" Hyde	1	" Hatherleigh	1

<i>Devon</i> , Newton Abbot	1	<i>Gloucestershire</i> ,		<i>Kent</i> ,	Bexley	3
" Plymouth	6	" Olroncester	2	" Blackheath	...	2
" Stoke	1	" Fairfield	2	" Boughton	...	1
" Tolignmouth	1	" Gloucester	2	" Brasted	...	1
" Torquay	4	" Nailsworth	1	" Broadstairs	...	1
<i>Dorsetshire</i> , Poole	3	" Painswick	1	" Bromley	...	7
" Lyme Regis	1	" Stroud	2	" Canterbury	...	3
" Portland	2	" Tewkesbury	1	" Catford	...	2
" Swanage	1	" Weirstone	1	" Charlton	...	1
" Weymouth	3	" Wotton	1	" Chatham	...	7
<i>Durham</i> , Darlington	1	<i>Hampshire</i> , Aldershot	2	" Cranbrook	...	4
" Durham	1	" Basingstoke	1	" Crayford	...	1
" Hartlepool	1	" Bournemouth	9	" Dartford	...	1
" Middlesbrough	2	" Christchurch	1	" Deal	...	3
" South Shields	2	" Cosham	1	" Dover	...	3
" Stockton	4	" Freemantle	1	" Eastchurch	...	1
" Wolsingham	1	" Fleet	1	" Eltham	...	1
<i>Essex</i> , Ashdon	1	" Farnborough	1	" Erith	...	1
" Barking	4	" Gosport	3	" Eynsford	...	2
" Boretd	1	" Hayling Island	1	" Eythorne	...	1
" Braintree	2	" Headbourne-		" Faversham	...	1
" Brentwood	1	Worthy	1	" Folkestone	...	5
" Burnham	1	" Landport	4	" Foots Cray	...	1
" Chelmsford	2	" Lymington	1	" Gravesend	...	5
" Chingford	1	" Newbridge, I.W.	1	" Goudhurst	...	1
" Coggeshall	1	" Newport, I.W.	3	" Hollingbourne	...	1
" Colchester	3	" Pokesdown	1	" Lee	...	3
" Dunmow	1	" Portsmouth	9	" Maidstone	...	5
" East Ham	4	" Portsea	1	" Malling	...	1
" Epping	2	" Ryde, I.W.	1	" Margate	...	10
" Frinton-on-Sea	2	" Romsey	1	" New Brompton	...	9
" Grays	1	" Sandown, I.W.	3	" Northfleet	...	2
" Great Bardfield	1	" Southampton	12	" Orpington	...	3
" Great Braxted	1	" Southsea	9	" Pembury	...	1
" Hal-tend	1	" Totton	1	" Ramsgate	...	4
" Harlow	2	" Ventner, I.W.	1	" Rochester	...	5
" Hatfield Heath	1	" Waterlooville	1	" Sevenoaks	...	2
" Ilford	5	" West Cowes, I.W.	2	" Sheerness	...	2
" Leyton	9	" Winchester	2	" Sittingbourne	...	5
" Little Ilford	2	<i>Herefordshire</i> , Kington	1	" St. Mary Cray	...	1
" Loughton	1	" Ledbury	1	" Sutton Valence	...	2
" Maldon	9	" Marden	1	" Swancombe	...	1
" North Woolwich	2	" Michaelchurch	1	" Tonbridge	...	1
" Ongar	1	" Ross	1	" Tunbridge Wells	...	6
" Pagleham	1	" Tudorville	1	" Westgate-on-Sea	...	1
" Plaistow	2	<i>Hertfordshire</i> ,		" West Wickham	...	1
" Rayleigh	1	" Bengeo	1	" Whitstable	...	6
" Romford	4	" Borkhampstead	1	" Woolwich	...	2
" Saffron Walden	1	" Boxmoor	1	" Wrotham	...	1
" Southend	4	" Codicote	1	<i>Lancashire</i> ,		
" Stanstead	1	" Hemel Hempstead	2	" Ashton-under-Lyne	...	3
" Steeple Bumpstead	1	" Hertford	1	" Blackpool	...	1
" Thorpe-le-Soken	1	" Hitchin	1	" Bolton	...	1
" Uppminster	1	" Hodde-don	1	" Chorlton-sum-	...	
" Wakes-Colne	1	" Rodbourne	1	Hardy	...	1
" Walthamstow	15	" St. Albans	2	" Fleetwood	...	1
" Walton-on-Naze	2	" Ware	1	" Liverpool	...	9
" Vanstead	1	" Watford	3	" Manchester	...	5
" West Ham	3	<i>Huntingdonshire</i> ,		" Morecambe	...	1
" Witham	2	" Fenstanton	1	" Rochdale	...	1
" Woodford	7	" St. Neot's	1	" St. Anne's-on-Sea	...	1
<i>Gloucestershire</i> , Bristol	9	<i>Kent</i> , Ashford	4	<i>Leicestershire</i> , Loleoester	...	1
" Cheltenham	3	" Beekenhams	1	" Loughborough	...	1
" Cinderford	1	" Belvedere	4	" Lutterworth	...	1

<i>Lincolnshire</i> , Alford ...	1	<i>Salop</i> , Aston-on-Clun	1	<i>Sussex</i> , Faygate ...	1
" Boston ...	3	" West Folton ...	1	" Hailsham ...	1
" Grimsby ...	5	<i>Somersetshire</i> , Bath ...	4	" Hastings ...	6
" Lincoln ...	6	" Curry Mallet	1	" Haywards Heath	1
" Stamford ...	1	" Taunton ...	3	" Horsbam ...	2
<i>Middlesex</i> , Acton ...	4	" Wellington ...	1	" Hove ...	2
" Barnet ...	1	" Weston ...	2	" Lewes ...	2
" Brentford ...	3	" Yeovil ...	1	" Mayfield ...	1
" Orickewood ...	1	<i>Staffordshire</i> , Bilston	1	" Nowhaven ...	1
" Ealing ...	3	" Burton-on-Trent	2	" Portslade ...	1
" Edmonton ...	3	" Longton ...	1	" Pulborough ...	1
" Enfield ...	5	" Stourbridge ...	1	" St. Leonards	2
" Finchley ...	1	" West Bromwich	1	" Soaford ...	1
" Hampton-Wick	1	" Wolverhampton	1	" Worthing ...	2
" Hanwell ...	1	<i>Suffolk</i> , Aldborough	2	<i>Warwick</i> , Birmingham	10
" Harlington ...	1	" Bungay ...	1	" Covontry ...	3
" Harrow ...	2	<i>Suffolk</i> , Bury St. Edmunds	2	" Leamington	1
" Hendon ...	3	" Clare ...	1	" Oxhill ...	1
" Honnslow ...	3	" Fressingfield	1	" Quinton ...	1
" Isleworth ...	3	" Halsoworth ...	1	<i>Wiltshire</i> , Calne ...	1
" Old Hampton	1	" Ipswich ...	9	" Chippenham	1
" Roxeth ...	1	" Levenham ...	1	" Devizes ...	4
" Southall ...	1	" Lowestoft ...	2	" Downton ...	1
" Teddington ...	3	" Southwold ...	1	" Pinton Stoke	1
" Wallham Green	3	" Stanstead ...	1	" Salisbury ...	3
" Wembley ...	1	" Stowmarket ...	4	" Summerford	
" Whetstone ...	1	" Stradbroke ...	1	" Magna	1
<i>Monmouth</i> , Abergavenny	1	" Woodbridge ...	1	" Swindon ...	3
" Blaenavon ...	1	<i>Surrey</i> , Addlestone ...	1	" Trowbridge	1
" Govilon ...	2	" Barnes ...	4	" Warminster	1
" Maindee ...	1	" Bletchingley	1	" Westbury Leigh	1
" Newport ...	10	" Bookland ...	1	" Wroughton ...	1
<i>Norfolk</i> , Attleborough	1	" Oranleigh ...	1	<i>Worcestershire</i> , Oradley	1
" Dereham ...	1	" East Moulsey	1	" Evesham ...	1
" Holt ...	1	" Farnham ...	1	" Hampton ...	1
" Lynn ...	3	" Godalming ...	2	" Pershore ...	1
" Norwich ...	4	" Godstone ...	1	" Tenbury ...	1
" Yarmouth ...	1	" Guildford ...	1	<i>Yorkshire</i> , Bedale ...	1
<i>Northamptonshire</i> ,		" Horley ...	1	" Barley ...	1
" Brackley ...	1	" Kingston ...	4	" Leeds ...	3
" Kettering ...	2	" Leatherhead	1	" Goole ...	1
" Northampton	5	" Mortlake ...	1	" Sheffield ...	2
" Oundle ...	8	" New Malden	1	COUNTRY...TOTAL	981
" Peterborough	3	" Norbiton ...	1	<i>Wales</i> , Aberystwyth	1
" Rushden ...	2	" Putney ...	3	" Brecon ...	1
" Thrapstone	2	" Red Hill ...	1	" Bridgend ...	4
" Walgrave	1	" Reigate ...	2	" Bulth ...	1
<i>Northumberland</i> ,		" Richmond ...	2	" Cardiff ...	19
" Newcastle ...	2	" Selhurst ...	1	" Carnarvon ...	1
" Wallsend ...	1	" Surbiton ...	4	" Olgerran ...	1
<i>Nottingham</i> , Bingham		" Sutton ...	7	" Dowlais ...	2
" Nottingham ...	3	" Thornton Heath	3	" Haverfordwest	3
" Retford ...	1	" Tooting ...	4	" Hay ...	1
" Surton ...	1	" Wallington ...	1	" Holyhead ...	3
" Worksop ...	1	" Wimbleton ...	4	" Llanbister ...	1
<i>Oxfordshire</i> , Banbury	2	" Woking ...	2	" Llandudno ...	1
" Chinnor ...	1	" Worcester Park	1	" Llanolly ...	1
" Chipping Norton	3	<i>Sussex</i> , Beeding ...	1	" Mold ...	1
" Kidlington ...	1	" Bexhill ...	1	" Narberth ...	1
" New Headington	1	" Brighton ...	16	" Rhyll ...	1
" Oxford ...	7	" Barges Hill	2	" Swansea ...	4
" Thame ...	1	" Buxted ...	1	WALES ... TOTAL	7
" Witney ...	1	" Chichester ...	4		
<i>Rutlandshire</i> , Uppingham	1	" Eastbourne ...	2		

Scotland, Coldingham 1	Scotland, Lerbeth ... 1	Ireland 2
„ Dunfermline 1	„ Lennoxtown 1	Channel Islands, St. Heliers 1

SUMMARY OF ADMISSIONS

London 1,622	Wales — — 47	Ireland 2
Country 931	Scotland 4	Channel Islands 1
TOTAL		2,607.

OUR SCHOOLS.

The work in all Departments has been well maintained, both at Stockwell and at the Seaside Home; and the children have made good progress in their studies, notwithstanding their early disadvantages, and the fact that no educational test is imposed by the Board in approving their candidature.

At the Annual Meeting of Teachers and Workers, February 5th, an address was given by the Rev. Walter Horne, M.A., Vicar of St. Saviour's, Brixton. 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. We bespeak, for them, the prayers of all our friends for the continued blessing of God upon their united labours.

At the Quarterly Services held in the "C. H. S." Memorial Hall, addresses were given by Rev. E. Last, of Battersea; Rev. E. W. Lewis, M.A., of Clapham; Rev. J. Thurston Paine, of Stockwell, and the Rev. E. C. Henderson, of Clapham.

An Evangelistic Mission was also conducted by Mr J. W. Jordan and friends.

The Sunday School Prizes, subscribed for by the Teachers and other friends, were distributed by Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Seaverns.

SCRIPTURE EXAMINATION.

Conducted by the Brixton Auxiliary of the Sunday School Union.

SUBJECT:—"Jesus in Galilee."

Our Scholars secured 15 prizes; 55 first-class, and 126 second-class certificates.

YOUNG CHRISTIANS' BAND.

Present Membership, Boys, 45; Girls, 35. Total 80.

INTERNATIONAL BIBLE READING ASSOCIATION.

Membership (including some former scholars), Boys, 200; Girls, 360. Total 560.

BAND OF HOPE.

Members, having signed the pledge with the consent of friends, 210.

Thirty-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:—

Dr. Churebor's Medical Mission, North Africa, 19s. 0d.; Baptist Missionary Society, £3 5s. 3d.; Baptist Missionary Society, for the support of a boy and girl at Wathen Station, £10 0s. 0d.; Indian Sunday School Mission, £2 14s. 8d.; Continental Sunday School Mission, 15s. 0d.; Ragged School Union Holiday Homes, £1 4s. 4d.; Temperance Hospital and Band of Hope Work, £27 0s. 3d.—Total £45 18s. 0d.

MEDICAL OFFICER'S REPORT, 1903-4.

To the President and Members of the Board of Management,
Gentlemen,

I have the pleasure to submit my 35th Annual Report for the year ending 31st March, 1904.

The general health of the children has been well maintained, those newly admitted speedily affording evidence of the admirable arrangements of the Institution. There were only three accidents during the year which gave us any anxiety; but I am glad to report that no permanent injury ensued. We had no fewer than 85 cases of Scarlet Fever, all of a mild type; 9 of Chicken-pox, and 4 of Measles. As no complications arose, the children returned in good condition, after completing their convalescence by a fortnight at Whitstable. As the health of the children has been exposed to danger by the unrestricted admission of friends on visiting days, I note, with satisfaction, the new regulation by which the children can be visited on the first Wednesday in alternate months only, instead of monthly as hitherto. My best thanks are due to my Colleagues on the Consulting Staff for their willing help in time of need, and also to the Board of management and Officers of the Institution for their cordial co-operation and support in the discharge of my duties.

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."

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 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.

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.

The Head Master, with a Choir of Boys, will be glad to hear from friends who 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.

The Story of the Stockwell Orphanage.

BY V. J. CHARLESWORTH.

"He carries the least amount of religion possible in the whites of his eyes, but a living well of it in the depth of his soul." Such was the tribute paid to C. H. Spurgeon by Dr. Armitage of New York, in his massive work, extending to nearly a thousand pages, entitled "A History of the Baptists."

To those who only know Mr. Spurgeon from the memory of his ministry which is enshrined in the literature he has left, and in the

Institutions which he founded, there will be no hesitancy in accepting this tribute ; while those who were favoured with his friendship will endorse it with the added emphasis of personal knowledge.

Yes, there was " a living well of religion in the depth of his soul " ; and tens of thousands are richer and gladder to day for the streams of beneficence which issued therefrom. But for this " living well " , there would not have been a Stockwell Orphanage bearing his name, the history of which we propose to re-write for present-day readers.

Although, Mr. Spurgeon was called to his rest at the early age of fifty-eight, he had completed forty years of public ministry. He lived and laboured intensely to the last ; even the intervals of sickness being utilized for re-equipment for fresh service. Few men ever wrought so persistently, and no one, we suppose, more consistently laid under tribute the utmost possibilities of his powers in the exercise of his ministry. Neither enterprize nor achievement satisfied him ; hence it was that he added to his pastoral responsibilities the Institutions which widened out the sphere of his influence while he lived, and which endear his memory and perpetuate his usefulness now that he has gone.

In founding the Stockwell Orphanage, he did not embark upon a benevolent adventure ; he could do no other, though the demands upon his strength and time were such as would have justified a refusal. The call to undertake the work was a command to which he was only too eager to respond, as he was often saddened by the heart-rending appeals of the widow and the fatherless.

In the *Sword and the Trowel Magazine* for October, 1866, Mr. Spurgeon wrote—" A sister in Christ has requested me to take the care of £20,000, which she desires to consecrate to the Lord's service, by putting it in trust for the maintenance of orphan boys with a special view to their godly education, in the hope that by divine grace they may be converted and become ministers and missionaries in future years. Being weighed down with cares, we still hesitate in this business, but dare not do other than follow the intimations of the divine hand."

In the *Magazine* for the preceding August, Mr. Spurgeon had written an article entitled, " The Holy War of the present hour," which was a vigorous protest against the assumptions and encroachments of the sacerdotal party in the Established Church ; and adds, " It is in our heart very heavily to stir up our friends to rescue some of the scholastic influence of our adversaries out of their hands." This led to the project of a Middle Class School, but it was abandoned in favour of an Orphanage for boys, and a Day School for the children living in the neighbourhood of the Tabernacle. At the same time he resolved upon the extension of the Pastors' College for training students for the Baptist ministry, and the Colportage Association for the distribution of religious literature. The Day Schools in Newington were carried on with remarkable success for many years, until they were ultimately taken over by the London School Board ; but the Pastors' College, the Stockwell Orphanage and the Colportage Association are still maintained under the direction of Pastor Thomas Spurgeon and the Deacons of the Metropolitan Tabernacle. That

these Institutions continue to flourish attests the need for their operations, and the influence of Mr. Spurgeon's memory upon the Christian public to secure the necessary means for their support. Had Mr. Spurgeon desired any memorials to perpetuate his name and ministry, none more appropriate could have been designed.

"God calls our loved ones, but we lose not wholly
What He has given;
They live on earth in thought and deed as truly
As in His heaven!"

The introduction of "the Sister in Christ," Mrs. Hillyard, the widow of a clergyman, was due to the Rev. D. Herschell, a Congregational minister in London, to whom the money was offered in the first instance; and who, at one time, seriously thought of establishing an Orphanage on the lines suggested by the donor. Finding, however, that the task was too serious an undertaking, he advised Mrs. Hillyard to entrust the matter to Mr. Spurgeon as the most suitable man in his judgment to found and direct an Orphanage of the character desired.

In writing to Mr. Spurgeon, Mrs. Hillyard said, "That which the Lord has laid upon my heart at present, is the great need there is of an Orphan house, requiring neither votes nor patronage, and, especially, one conducted upon simple gospel principles. I doubt not that many dear Christians would like to help in a work of this kind, under your direction and control; and should such an Institution grow to any large extent, I feel sure there would be no cause to fear the want of means to meet the needs of the dear orphans, for have they not a rich Father!"

Before consenting to receive the large sum of twenty-thousand pounds, which Mrs. Hillyard offered for the establishment of an Orphanage, Mr. Spurgeon was anxious to be assured that no needy relatives had been overlooked, and that the endowment of any existing Institution had been duly considered. His mind having been set at rest upon these points, arrangements were duly made for the transfer of the Securities, and a Trust Deed was executed incorporating the principles upon which the Orphanage should be conducted.

Owing to the depressed condition of the commercial world at the opening of the year 1867, the realization of the Securities handed over by Mrs. Hillyard would have involved a very serious sacrifice; so the investments were allowed to remain undisturbed. Even in this Mr. Spurgeon saw the good hand of God, and he thus wrote, "the circumstance has been fraught with greater results to the Orphanage, since it has compelled us to retain a larger endowment fund than we might otherwise have possessed; if, indeed, we had thought of having any at all." Another advantage which accrued from the locking up of the Securities, was seen in the subscription of the amount required for the purchase of a Freehold Site at Stockwell for the Orphanage, and for the erection of the necessary buildings, comprising dwelling Houses, School Rooms and Play Hall.

Mr. Spurgeon's own narrative of events is a standing proof that God honours faith and answers prayer, when His servants give themselves to the work which he appoints; and it should be an inspiration to those whose supreme desire it is to do His will.

June 1867.—“The Lord is beginning to appear for us in the matter of the Orphanage. We wait in prayer and faith. We need no less than £10,000 to erect the buildings; *and it will come!*”

July 1867.—“We have engaged a sister to receive the first four orphans into her own hired house until the Orphanages are ready.”

August 1867.—“The Lord has moved His people to send in during the last month, in different amounts, the sum of £1,705. A lady who has often aided us in the work of the College, having been spared to see the twenty-fifth anniversary of her marriage day, her beloved husband presented her with £500 as a token of his ever growing love.

“Our sister has called upon us, and dedicated the £500 to the building of one of the houses, to be called The Silver Wedding House.

“The Lord had another substantial gift in store, to encourage us in our work, for a day or two ago a brother beloved in the Lord called upon us on certain business, and when he retired, he left in a sealed envelope the sum of £600 which is to be expended in erecting another house.

“Later on, Mr. William Higgs, of the Crown Works, South Lambeth, and his workmen, promised to build the third house; and Mr. Thomas Olney and his sons also agreed to erect another in memory of Mrs. Unity Olney, a devoted wife and mother.”

On the day of the Stone laying of the first three houses, September 9th, 1867, Mr. Spurgeon announced that he had received £3,000 for the purchase of the land, and that subscriptions and collections towards the General Fund amounted to upwards of £2,200

What a day it was! Of the many thousands who were present those of us who survive will never forget it; nor cease to give thanks for what we witnessed. It will ever be to me one of the proudest events in my life that I was honoured by Mr. Spurgeon in being commanded by him to offer the dedication prayer, standing on the foundation stone of the third house.

How few remain of those who took a prominent part in the proceedings of this ever-memorable day! C. H. Spurgeon, Mrs. Hill-yard, and Mr. William Higgs, who laid the foundation Stones of The Silver Wedding House, The Merchant's House, and The Workman's House, have been called to their rest and reward; and not one remains of the worthy band of Deacons who then stood by the Pastor in this and every other enterprize upon which his heart was set. Of those who took part in the evening meeting, Mr. Archibald G. Brown is the only survivor.

That they were permitted to have a share in inaugurating the work of the Orphanage, is a memory which, we believe, they will cherish through a glad eternity; and their thanksgivings will abound as the history of the Institution is recorded by the generations which follow. The surprise of earth will be the glad acclaim of the redeemed in the Home beyond.—“What hath God wrought!”

NOTE.—The successive chapters of this history will appear in our Quarterly Magazine, entitled “Within our Gates,” which is posted free to our subscribers. We shall be glad if our friends will make this known, with the hope that many new names will be added to the list, to take the places of those whose day of service on earth is over.

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 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*

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, and should be maintained, as a most beautiful memorial of its beloved Founder and first President.

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.

Stockwell Orphanage.

GENERAL ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR ENDED MARCH 31st, 1904.

To Maintenance and Education:—	£	s.	d.
Salaries and Wages	2,080	18	
Provisions	4,500	5	2
Clothing	1,446	8	4
Laundry	518	10	7
Fuel, Gas, and Water	904	9	4
Books and School Requisites	110	13	8
Seaside Home, Margate; and Medical, Hospital, and Convalescent Expenses... ..	533	4	3
Excursions	47	6	1
Situations, Outfits, Gratuities, &c.	455	14	9
Gardening and Sundries	28	0	11
	<u>11,821</u>	<u>0</u>	<u>8</u>
„ Printing, Publications, Advertisements, Office Expenses, Collecting Boxes, &c.	991	5	0
„ Repairs and Alterations	1,254	11	1
„ Furniture, Fittings, Bedding, &c.	422	3	1
„ Poor and General Rates	163	0	10
	<u>14,165</u>	<u>1</u>	<u>0</u>
„ Transfer to Foundation Fund	3,000	0	0
„ Balance at Credit, March 31st, 1904	2,025	7	6
	<u>19,180</u>	<u>8</u>	<u>6</u>

WILLIAM HIGGS,
Treasurer, }
JAMES E. PASSMORE, } Trustees.
FRANK THOMPSON, }

FREDERICK G. LADDS, Secretary.

By Donations and Subscriptions:—	£	s.	d.
General	3,880	3	10
Boxes and Books	889	14	1
Seaside Home	103	2	6
	<u>4,862</u>	<u>0</u>	<u>5</u>
„ Legacies	5,212	0	3
„ Balance of Dividends and Rents (less Repairs, Rates and Taxes, Insurance, &c.)	6,684	13	10
	<u>16,758</u>	<u>14</u>	<u>6</u>
„ Balance at Credit, March 31st, 1903	2,421	14	0
	<u>19,180</u>	<u>8</u>	<u>6</u>

Audited and found correct, this 19th day of May, 1904.

F. WHITTLE, 42, Gauden Road, Clapham. }
G. H. PAYNE, 44, Devonshire Street, W. } Auditors.



THE

Sword and the Trowel.

SEPTEMBER, 1904.

Separation from the World.

AN ADDRESS AT A UNITED COMMUNION SERVICE AT THE METROPOLITAN
TABERNACLE, BY C. H. SPURGEON.

DEAR FRIENDS,—I believe I am expected to say a few words to you before we come to the breaking of bread. There is a passage of Scripture which has been very much upon my mind, and I should like to bring it to your remembrance, and impress it upon your hearts, for it seems to me to be a message which needs to be spoken, throughout the whole of Christendom, with a voice of thunder, yet with the utmost love and tenderness. This is the passage; it is in 2 Cor. vi. 15—18 :—

"And what concord hath Christ with Belial? or what part hath he that believeth with an infidel? And what agreement hath the temple of God with idols? for ye are the temple of the living God: as God hath said, I will dwell in them, and walk in them; and I will be their God, and they shall be My people. Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you, and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be My sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty."

I do not see the slightest use of the Church of God in the world if it be not separate from the world. What its object and design can be, if it is to be like the rest of mankind, I am unable to conceive. It must be in its separateness that it is to fulfil the purpose of God in creating it, and preserving it. Of old, the Lord chose Israel to be the type of His Church, and He laid many precepts upon them,—some of them hard to keep,—but most of them intended to emphasize their separation from the people by whom they were surrounded. So far as possible, they were not to live among the heathen, for there were habits and practices of the ungodly nations, in which they must have become, perhaps unconsciously, partakers, if they had dwelt

amongst them. Their dress, their language, their religion,—in fact, everything about them made them a separate people, dwelling apart from the Gentile nations. And even in their fall and degradation, there still remain many signs and tokens of that separation; so that the Jews cannot become Poles, or Russians, or Englishmen, but they are known everywhere as German Jews, or Polish Jews, or Russian Jews; but always as Jews wherever they dwell.

It is quite clear, from the Word of God, that it was the Lord's purpose—in choosing us to be His people, quickening us by His Holy Spirit, and redeeming us with the precious blood of His dear Son,—to make us a separate people, that we might not be numbered among the nations, and might be as distinct from them, in moral and spiritual aspects, as the Jews were distinct from other men. I beseech you, as members of the Church of Jesus Christ, to keep up this distinction.

I do not ask you to make any distinction in your dress, though I wish we could always be so distinguished by the plainness and simplicity of our apparel that we should never be mistaken for the vain men and the foolish women who have their portion in this life. It is a shame when a woman, who professes to be a follower of the meek and lowly Saviour, is so tricked out as to be taken for a harlot rather than a Christian; and it is equally shameful when an avowedly Christian man can be charged with being a fop or a dandy.

Neither do I think that we need to make such distinctions in our speech as the Friends who say "thee" and "thou" to one another. Yet let us always take care never to let anything be mentioned among us but that which is becoming in saints.

There are other points in which we may be distinct from the ungodly among whom our lot is cast. You and I, Christian brethren and sisters, must not trade as do others, who are not actuated by Christian principles. We must not conform to any trade customs if they are not strictly right and honest. There should be, on the part of a Christian man, a resolute putting down of his foot, even if he should be the only man in his particular line of business to do what is just and right. Though all others differ from him, it does not make any difference to his course of action. There are what are called "tricks in trade", and customs that are undoubtedly evil; but I would remind all who adopt them that God has a custom of punishing sin, by whatever name it may be called to gloss over its real character.

Then there should be about our families a great distinction from others; not as it was in that house where the servant said, "I am glad my mistress goes to the sacrament; for, if she did not, I should not know that she was a Christian." Let our households be such as we would like them to be if Christ lived there; and, indeed, He does live there if we are living in Him, and living to Him, and for Him. I wish that things could be ordered, in our houses, as they were in the days of Cromwell, when people used to say that, if you went down Cheapside at eight o'clock in the morning, you would see the blinds down at every house, for the inmates were at family prayer. I lay down no cast-iron rules; but this I would say,—let us be distinct from the ungodly in the ordering of our households.

And, especially, let me entreat you to have nothing to do with the places where vice dares to show her brazen forehead. Be careful not to go anywhere where you cannot take Christ with you, or to be seen in any company but that in which you would wish to die. Go anywhere to do good, or to get good; but go nowhere where good cannot be found. Let nobody successfully tempt you to go there; let your life be so strict that the devil himself would know that it was no use for him to seek to lead you astray in that respect. Rise, brethren and sisters, to the dignity of the separated life; and when you have risen to it, keep to that high level.

You know that the happiness of a Christian's life consists in his walking with God; he can never be truly happy in any other condition. Think of the contrast between Abraham alone with God living the separated life, and Lot in Sodom. When the herdsmen of Abraham and Lot fell out, and they separated, Lot chose the plain of Jordan, and pitched his tent toward Sodom, while Abraham dwelt under the oak at Mamre. Abraham must have grieved over Lot when he went to live among the men of Sodom;—not altogether to become one of them, for he always was "righteous Lot" even when he was in Sodom. But what a terrible experience he had! Abraham had to go and deliver him from captivity when the confederate kings had taken him prisoner; and there were even worse things to follow,—his wife a pillar of salt, and his family,—you know what that was like. Abraham, out there alone, is a happy man; and God appears to him, and says to him, "Lift up now thine eyes, and look from the place where thou art, northward, and southward, and eastward, and westward: for all the land which thou seest, to thee will I give it, and to thy seed for ever. And I will make thy seed as the dust of the earth: so that if a man can number the dust of the earth, then shall thy seed also be numbered. Arise, walk through the land in the length of it and in the breadth of it; for I will give it unto thee." He possesses all things who can, for the Lord's sake, and the truth's sake, give up all things; but he, who would cling to the world, sees the fire fall from heaven, and consume all that he has grasped.

If you, who belong to the true Church of God, really want to obtain the blessing for which we have been praying, this is the way to get it: "Come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you, and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be My sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty." You cannot expect to be treated as the Lord's children unless you do this; unless, indeed, you should be whipped for being disobedient children. Do, I beseech you, be determined to be separate from the world; and if it does find fault with you, count that an honour rather than a disgrace. "You are very precise," said one to a Puritan minister. "Yes," he replied, "I am, for I serve a very precise God." The Lord our God is a jealous God, and hates all iniquity. So, with this thought upon our mind, let us draw near to His table, and draw near to Himself; with true separateness of heart, let us come near to Him who is "holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners."

“What Shall This Man Do?”

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

“Peter seeing him saith to Jesus, Lord, and what shall this man do? Jesus saith unto him, If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee? Follow thou Me.”—John xxi. 21, 22.

PORR PETER spake unadvisedly with his lips over and over again. Surely his tongue must have been somewhat loosely hung, it moved so readily. Before he has had time to think, the word has leaped from his mouth. His was a fatal facility of speech. The impetuosity of his spirit prompted him to utter words that he had not duly judged. Constantly, he involved himself in trouble because he spake so rashly. “Thou shalt never wash my feet,” he said, a little while before this; but when he understood what the feet-washing meant, he found how great his mistake had been, and, like a pendulum, he swung at once to the other extreme, and cried, “Lord, not my feet only, but also my hands and my head.” On another occasion, he exclaimed, “I am ready to go with Thee, both into prison, and to death.” Let us give him all credit for earnest and loving intention; but these words were almost too brave. Jesus knew him better than he knew himself. Nor can we forget that he once spake so much at random that Christ turned on him, and cried, “Get thee behind Me, Satan; for thou savourest not the things that be of God.” He may almost be forgiven for speaking foolishly on the Mount of Transfiguration; the glory was so dazzling, the elevation and honour were so great, that there is little wonder that he wist not what he said. But, on this occasion, he speaks words that merit reproof; and Jesus, though He rebukes him gently, certainly does it emphatically. Here again he speaks before he thinks, leaps before he looks, and comes once more under the ban of his dear Lord Jesus.

We must not forget, however, that, on one occasion, Peter spoke hastily to very good purpose. It was well he did not delay on that occasion. The disciples were telling Jesus what the people said about Him. One thought this, and the other said that. “Whom say ye that I am?” said Christ. Peter is not prepared to let anybody else have the opportunity of answering that question. Almost before the query is out of the mouth of Christ, the answer leaps from Peter’s lips, “Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God.” Ah, this was well spoken and bravely said. We may almost overlook the other hasty speeches, which were not so commendable, in the bright light of this glorious testimony to the Deity and Sonship of his Master.

Let us consider, first, *the occasion of this enquiry*. Remember that it was preceded by a very careful and strict examination. The Lord had been testing Peter as to whether he really did love Him; and Peter was enabled, by God’s grace, to look Jesus in the very face, and say, “‘Thou knowest all things,’—I can appeal to Thine omniscience,—‘Thou knowest that I love Thee,’ not with that ordinary, commonplace, everyday sort of love which Thou hast asked about, but with an intensity of affection which can only be expressed by a stronger word; yea, Lord, I love Thee *dearly*.” Bear in mind that the examina-

tion had taken place, and that Peter had passed it with so much credit.

A revelation followed the examination. Jesus went on to tell him of what should happen to him. "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, When thou wast young, thou girdedst thyself, and walkedst whither thou wouldst; but when thou shalt be old, thou shalt stretch forth thy hands, and another shall gird thee, and carry thee whither thou wouldst not. This spake He, signifying by what death he should glorify God." If you have been affirming your special love to Christ, maybe Christ will take you at your word, and show you that, because you love Him so fondly, you are to suffer many things for His name's sake. Be not surprised if, your heart being filled with affection to Jesus, He then demands a practical exposition of that love; not merely by the comparatively easy and delightful work of tending the sheep and feeding the lambs. It is more than likely that, if thou lovest thy Lord so well, He will give thee a happy opportunity of demonstrating that fact to the full.

An examination, a revelation, and then an exhortation, "Follow thou Me." "I have told you about the time to come, I have drawn the curtain a little way aside, and allowed you to peep through to see what is to happen to you; but, for the present, your privilege and duty is to follow Me. By-and-by, you shall follow Me into the glory." It is supposable that Christ, who, until now, had been, in all probability, sitting with all His disciples, rose and commenced to pass a little way from them, saying to Peter, "Follow Me." He obeyed, as he was bound to do; but his obedience does not seem to have been of the absolute and perfect sort, for we read, "Then Peter, turning about, seeth the disciple whom Jesus loved following." In that turning about, there was the seed of mischief,—a little thing in itself, but it led to a sad result, just as, shortly before this, Peter's following afar off brought him into the company of Christ's enemies, and caused him eventually to deny his Lord. He that, having put his hand to the plough, looketh back, is not fit for the kingdom of God. You have never yet found any good come of looking back. "Remember Lot's wife." If Peter had followed Christ wholeheartedly, he would have been saved from asking a stupid question, and from receiving Christ's sharp rebuke. Turning about led to distraction. It was Christ's command that he should follow Him. We are never safe unless we obey the King in whatsoever He commandeth; every jot and tittle must be faithfully attended to. If John himself follows behind me, I will not turn to look at him. I would rather see the back of Jesus than the faces of a dozen Johns. Our only safe position is just to follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth. Let nothing distract our attention; let not even the honoured and beloved disciple withdraw our gaze from Christ. Jesus, Jesus, Jesus only!

What was the reason for this question? It was due, I daresay, to his impetuosity. He blurted out what came first. I think the catch on the door of Peter's lips had been broken off early in life, and it just swung open with the first breath that passed. But I fancy curiosity prompted him to ask this question. Christ had made

a revelation to him, but he was not content with that. How strange it is that much always wants more! Not satisfied with a peep through the curtains, he wants them drawn right aside. He is not content with knowing what *his* fate is to be, he wants to know about everybody else now;—at least about John, who happens to be his nearest neighbour. He is unkindly inquisitive. He would fain be wise above what is written. He does, or tries to do, what Dr. Watts tells us the archangel does not do,—

“Not Gabriel asks the reason why,
Nor God the reason gives;
Nor dares the favourite angel pry
Between the folded leaves.”

Peter rushes in where angels fear to tread. Someone has suggested that jealousy prompted this query. This surely is a needless aspersion of Peter's character. I find no trace of that in all his career. I would rather say it was loving anxiety for John that made him ask, “What about this man, Lord? Am I to have this honour all to myself? Am I to be the only martyr? May not John, Thy beloved disciple, share this privilege?” Certainly it was a foolish question. He had forgotten how widely John differed from himself. He was measuring himself by others, and others by himself, and that is by no means wise. He failed to see that there are other ways of glorifying God than by laying down one's life for His sake, and resisting unto blood.

His greatest fault lay in the fact that the command that Christ had given to follow Him had not impressed him as it should have done. Those matchless words, spoken by those matchless lips, ought to have been first and foremost in his mind. The very echo of them should have been so loud and so sweet that no other voices could be heard, and the form of Christ leading on in front of him should have so occupied his attention that he should have had not even a side glance for John. This is wherein he failed,—he had not laid sufficient stress upon the sweet words of Christ, “Follow Me.” Why, you would have thought—would you not?—that it would have reminded him of his first call, when those same words were like a magnet to his heart? Scarcely knowing what he did, he left his means of livelihood and his father's house, and counted himself rich to have Christ instead of all of these. You would have supposed that these words, “Follow Me,” would have reminded him of that bold resolve he made to follow Him to prison and to death. Surely, the repetition of that command would cause him to put his feet down firmly in every step that Jesus took, now that prison and passion were past! You would have thought that “Follow Me” would have reminded him of that sweet promise Jesus gave him when he wondered how it was he could not go whither Jesus was just then going. “But,” said Christ, “thou shalt follow Me afterwards.” Now that word is to be fulfilled, for Christ says again, “Follow Me.” But, despite all these helpful memories, he seems to forget the command,—he certainly does not value it as it deserves, but thinks about another rather than of himself, and concerning the future rather than about the present time. What wonder that Jesus corrects him! Who can marvel if even from Christ's kind lips there comes a severe rebuke?

See you to it, O ye followers of the Lord Jesus, that you do nothing else! This is the main thing. This is the *one* thing, "Looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of your faith." Pass on, press forward, following the Lamb!

The hasty enquiry is met with a somewhat sharp rebuke. "Jesus saith unto him, If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee?" I do not doubt that Jesus said it in a kindly fashion. He always spoke so, save indeed when He was hurling hot thunderbolts of denunciation against hypocrisy and pride; and yet, if you read it never so sweetly, there is a nip and a sting in it. "What is that to thee?" This is the Christ-like way of saying, "Why don't you mind your own business?" That is what it really means, for Jesus is ill-pleased with this diversion of his mind, and presses home upon his heart the fact that John's appointed lot is no element in his onward course. "What if I ordain for John a natural death? That is no concern of yours. Suppose I do not desire that he should resist unto blood, his life shall be equally glorifying to My name. Or if I decree that He shall survive the destruction of Jerusalem, what is that to thee? Your orders have been given; your course has been set; your fate has been divulged. Be content with that. John is in My hands, even as you are. Leave him to Me. I appoint for him just whatsoever I please. What if I bid him to wait even until the second Advent? Even that is no concern of yours. If I endure this, My dear disciple, with the gift of perpetual being, even so remarkable a thing as that should not concern you at this moment, nor take your thoughts off from following your Master."

As a matter of fact, John lived to a very ripe old age; he must have been a hundred years of age before he passed away. But even had Jesus said that much, it would have been no concern of Peter's in comparison with the importance of just step by step following his blessed Master. We are too apt to concern ourselves about others. There is a sense in which we cannot be too interested in our fellows. If they are out of Christ, let us long for their salvation, and work and pray for it. If they are backsliding from the ways of God, let us speak to them as God enables us. But, in another, and very important sense, we are not concerned so much with them as with ourselves. There is strapped on every man's back a burden which he must bear. Just as certainly as a soldier must bear his own knapsack, every man must bear his own burden. You have a vineyard to keep, and it will take all your time and toil to keep it as your Lord would have it kept. You have not a moment to be peeping over the wall, and finding fault with your neighbour. No, we had far better look to our own progress. We are not our brother's keepers, at least in this respect. Are we not too apt also to concern ourselves with criticising the characters of others rather than with inspecting our own? "Who art thou that judgest another man's servant? To his own master he standeth or falleth." Pick not holes in your brother's character. Pick as many as you like in your own. Look well to your own heart. "First cast out the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye." -

How prone some are to concern themselves more with the fate of

others than with their own! You get hold of someone, who, you have reason to fear, is not a decided Christian; ask him about it point blank, and he will begin to say, "You don't think, do you, that all the heathen will be sent to hell? They never heard of Christ," and so on. He will be almost sure to bring up that stock objection, and your best answer is, "What is that to thee?" Christ says, "Follow *thou Me.*" There will be time enough to consider the fate of the heathen when your own fate is decided, and that may be decided even now—happily decided—if you will trust in God's crucified Son. "What is that to thee? Follow *thou Me.*"

We should be more concerned with our own services for Christ than with anybody else's. Just give your whole attention to the work you have in hand for God, and leave your fellow-workers to give their account to the same Master.

I feel persuaded that this kind of rebuke of Christ's made a very deep impression upon Peter's mind. I see a trace of it in one of his Epistles, for he speaks about "busybodies in other men's matters." I do not think there could be a better portrait of himself than that,—that is just what he was himself on this occasion. What, think you, does he say about such? He places them in the same list with thieves and murderers and evildoers (1 Pet. iv. 15). He had been in Christ's school; he had learned how evil a thing it is to be unduly careful about the matters of other men. So he speaks thus strongly later.

This saying of Christ's was misinterpreted. "Then went this saying abroad among the brethren, that that disciple should not die: yet Jesus said not unto him, He shall not die; but, If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee?" Oh, is it really so, that something Christ said was misinterpreted, and that by one of His disciples? I reckon that Peter was responsible for this saying. Only John and Peter heard what Christ said, so far as I can tell. John corrects it; I am afraid Peter was responsible for the misquotation. But herein have I found comfort. Lord, if they have kept Thy sayings, I cannot wonder if they keep mine! If they have wrested Thy words, I must not be displeased if something I ~~have said~~, albeit I spake as plainly as my Master, is twisted right out of its intended shape. This is only the experience that Christ Himself has gone through. Peter seems to have overlooked the Saviour's "if." One word makes a deal of difference. Take a "not" out of a sentence, and the whole meaning is changed. Leave the "if" out, and Christ's intention is altogether missed. The only safe plan is to take every word of Christ's, and give it its true weight and real value. His "ifs" are most important. We talk about the "shalls" and the "wills" of God; but His "ifs" and His "buts" are just as important as His "shalls" and His "wills." Do not add to God's Word. Do not curtail the Lord's message. Speak what He has said, utter only what He has spoken, and utter it as literally and correctly as can be.

Christ here gives us a *delightful description of the Christian life.* Said He, "If I will that he tarry till I come." Is there a better definition of the life of a true Christian than that,—tarrying till Christ comes;

waiting, as Simeon did, for the revelation of the Son of God ; waiting, as the man did at the pool, till the moving of the waters ; waiting, as they did at Jerusalem, a little later, until they should be endued with power from on high.

" All that remains for me
Is but to love and sing,
And wait until the angels come
To bear me to the King."

Or to wait until the King Himself appears surrounded by His angels, to call me to Himself. Keep on waiting for Christ patiently, hopefully, lovingly. He is coming. His chariot wheels are running much more swiftly than you suppose.

" Oh blessed hope, with this elate
Let not your hearts be desolate ;
But strong in faith and patience wait
Until He come."

Again He saith, " Follow Me." " Your own affairs are far more important to you than John's are. You must put present duty before future destiny, even though it be your own. Consecration is vastly more important than speculation." " Follow Me," says Christ. That is the one thing, that is the only thing, for those whom Jesus has called. Who, then, is willing this day to follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth ? I see Him leading on, glorious and gracious. Who will dread following Him ? He will not turn and rend us. If He turns, it is to smile, and bless, and beckon on, and help along.

In a Lonely Place.

IF the absence of houses, walls, and roads constitutes loneliness, the place where I write is very lonely. My chair is a bank of bracken and heather, my writing-desk is my knee, the roof above me is the blue sky.

On every side is moorland, very wild and still, the high roof of the North-West Riding of Yorkshire, commanding a vast expanse of mountain and hill. It is far from the city where my daily work is done ; but it is home, the home of my boyhood, and the home of my heart since boyhood's days. It draws me like no other place that I have ever seen.

I have visited some of the show places in this and other countries, and am sufficiently shameless to say that I would yield them all for this place,—the wind-swept swarthy moorland.

There is a great glen a few miles away, and a ducal mansion, and an abbey in picturesque ruin. The deep woods are a wonder, even in the winter ; and the brown river, breaking over moss-grown stones, has been the subject of celebrated pictures. In the summer-time, crowds of people come daily to the glen. It is a show place, and very beautiful. And I like the glen, but I love the moor. Here the crowds do not come. There is a long, hard climb to get here ; first

up the stony cart-road, beyond that the sheep-track, then the boundless heath, where a stranger could be lost.

"What makes you love the moors?" is a question I have been asked. What a question! It is a question I never thought to ask myself. There is nothing to see but high, broken heath-land, and black rocks, and sky: that is all. But it is all I want when I want home. Loneliness is a thing unknown to me when I am here. I have felt lonely enough in London, and in Continental cities, but I have never thought of loneliness here.

On the first page of "Wuthering Heights,"—that weird book of Emily Brontë's, it is written:—"In all England, I do not believe I could have fixed on a situation so completely removed from the stir of society. A perfect misanthropist's heaven." I know Wuthering Heights, and it answers to this description. But the place where I write is deeper in the heart of the moor than Wuthering Heights, and it is no misanthropist's heaven. Here, as I have said, is no house at all, nor any road or wall. It is sheer, barbaric heath,—miles of it. It is seldom that even a shepherd comes up here. I can see a great distance, but there is not a living creature except myself, and the curlews, and the grouse. The grouse-butts are round the spur of the hill a mile or more nearer the valley.

One thing there is besides the heather and the rocks: there is the fresh air. To breathe the moorland air is to drink in new life and vigour. It is more health-giving than the sea. I have friends, lovers of the deep; who deny this. It is natural that they should, but I hold my opinion. I can walk over these moors for many days, and not be tired at all. Can anybody walk on the sea? But this is no place for argument. The moorland never argues, never gives reasons, never explains. It gives liberty and rude health, royally. Which is what I was saying.

A few days ago, I shut the door of my study with infinite relief. I was tired of books, tired of writing, tired of the commerce of ideas, tired—dead tired—of the constant self-exposure which every true minister must practise. To escape the railway journey and the newspaper, I thought to cycle, had the weather been kind, to my headquarters in the North. But no bicycle ever came to these heathery haunts, nor ever will. My machine remains in the valley, and has my grateful remembrance. I wanted to get away even from that.

When Robert Vaughan neared the end of his pilgrimage, it was suggested to him that, very soon, he would enter into the wonderful knowledge of another world. His answer was, "I don't want to know; I am tired of knowing. I want to rest." There are seasons, in a man's life, especially, perhaps, in a preacher's life, when, after giving and giving of his most intimate thought and emotion, week upon week, a great hunger for the silence of the big spaces seizes upon him, and he says, "I don't want to think; I am tired of thinking. I want to *feel* and be still."

Well, this instinct was uppermost when I cleared my desk and table of books and papers, and shut my study door. I wanted to get away from words, away from the very advertisements on the walls, away

from the literary sense altogether, away even from thought,—out into the open, up into the hills, where I would fling myself down, and bury my face in the heather. That is always the first thing when I come here. What the scent of the heather and the peat means,—well, if a moor-man reads these words, he will understand.

The next thing is to drink deep draughts of the moor-wind. There is a breeze on these heights upon the sultriest summer day,—a clean, tonic breeze, with never a speck of dust on it. And just as the scent of the heather and the peat awakes something deeper than physical delight, so the wind does more than enrich the blood, and expand the lungs.

I came here asking for nothing better than to be still. I have been in the neighbourhood less than a week, and, lo, *this*;—letter, article, confession;—call it what you will. For life does not sleep here; it wakes, and sings, and leaps into vivacity; which things are, after all, the richest rest a man can know.

This is no “misanthropist’s heaven.” A mean impulse could never thrive on the moor: it would always get lost in the immensity and in the healing silence.

Neither is this a hermitage. I am never nearer the mysterious, throbbing hearts of my fellow-men than when I come here, to receive anew, and unconsciously, the sense of proportion, the sense of sympathy, and the sense of strength. I used to think, when a lad, that I could not live, and be happy, away from the moor. And, indeed, if it should ever be that I could not sometimes come to it, plunge my face in the deep heather, drink my fill of the moor-wind, and lie down, wrapped in the great stillness, and watch the clouds,—but let that pass. But I know, now, that I could not be happy if I had not my work—the divine work—of saving men.

Here, in an upland place, where, probably, no foot will tread till I come again; where the only sound is the voice of the wind, or the cry of the curlew;—here has been a veritable mount of transfiguration. For, much as I have said, there is much more that remains unexpressed, and inexpressible. But the business of living is far down from here, and far away, where men, women, and children dwell, where din and dust abound, and where the duties of each day fill the waking hours.

It is, however, good sometimes to be here. Because it is so good to be here, I write: and because the moorland is so frank, I write frankly. Above all, His presence is here, who made the moors, and loves them, whose spirit “prevails unto the utmost bound of the everlasting hills,” suggesting that sway of rugged power and quiet austerity of which every earnest, devoted life knows the need.

May He lead and strengthen us in those wild solitudes of life where no tracks are, save His own,—

“O’er moor and fell, o’er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone.”

F. A. JACKSON.

The Boats in the Offing.



"Neither be ye of doubtful mind."—Luke xii. 29.

"Live not in careful suspense." (Margin.)

Literally, "Do not toss about like boats in the offing."

DO not toss as the boats in the offing,
To and fro at the will of each wave;
There's a harbour of peace and of blessing,
From *anxiety* Jesus can save.

Do not toss as the boats in the offing,
At the mercy of wind and of tide;
There's a jetty with moorings the snugget,
If you only will come alongside.

Do not toss as the boats in the offing,
See the masts at the lee of yon mole;
There's a berth for *your* barque if you wish it,
There is calm for *your* care-driven soul.

Why not run up the flag to the mast-head
By the halliards of hope and of prayer?
For the Pilot looks out for such signals;
He will notice your flag flut'ring there.

Even now He is boarding His pinnacle,
He responds to your urgent demand;
So be ready to lower the ladder,
And to give up the helm to His hand.

With your faculties standing obedient
To accomplish His every behest,
He will steer you past narrows and shallows,
To a haven of absolute rest.

Soon He "fetches" the harbour of Patience,
"Bringing up" at the quay of Content,
He "makes fast" to the Providence dolphin,
With the hawser of Trust firmly "bent."

Then He says to the soul He has rescued,
"Be not shifted so easily hence;
Since your Father in Heaven does the caring,
Live no longer in careful suspense."

THOMAS SPURGEON.

"Our Own Men" and their Work.

CXXIII.—PASTOR FRANK THOMPSON, SOUTH STREET CHAPEL,
GREENWICH.



IT is certainly fitting that the subject of this sketch should occupy an honourable niche in the temple of the Pastors' College brotherhood, for he enjoys the unique distinction of having followed its first illustrious President in the pastorate at Waterbeach, and of now stepping into the shoes of the Deputy-President at Greenwich. All the sons of our Alma Mater are proud to call themselves followers

of Spurgeon, but none of us can claim to have shown our devotion to that name after quite such a literal fashion as Pastor Frank Thompson has done. With all his sturdy independence of character, either nature or grace must have given him a Spurgeonic twist to lead two churches, so deeply imbued with the spirit of our beloved Founder, to call him to the pastorate.

Mr. Thompson was born at Maryport, on the Cumberland coast, and the highest ambition of his early years was to adopt the profession of his father, who was a sea-captain. It was a bitter disappointment to the eager lad when his father, who knew enough of the perils and temptations of a sea-faring life to make him unwilling that his son should share them, refused his permission; but God had "some better thing" in store for him, a higher destiny, a nobler service, of which neither father nor son had at that time dreamed.

The school days passed happily, under the careful tuition of Mr. John Lane, and, later, of Mr. John Hodgson, who is still Headmaster of the same school at Maryport, and has reason to congratulate himself on the successful career of his former pupil. School life was followed by apprenticeship to the drapery business, and the experience thus gained has been of the utmost service to Mr. Thompson in the work of the ministry. It was an axiom with our beloved President that the man, who had not wit enough and grit enough to achieve success behind a counter, or on an office stool, was never predestinated by infinite wisdom to the ministry of the Gospel. Our young brother was as diligent and thorough in dealing with pins and pinafores as he is in the more important work that now fills his heart and his hands.

It needs, however, something more than a business training to qualify a man for becoming an ambassador of Jesus Christ. The soul must be awakened to a sense of its own need and sin, and must bow in penitence, faith, surrender, before its redeeming Lord ere the lips can be opened to proclaim the eternal verities of the Gospel. This great spiritual renewal came to our friend during a special mission, conducted at Maryport by Mr. A. Graham, and filled him with such abounding joy that, almost immediately, he sought and found the opportunity of declaring to others what God had done for his soul. About this time, a Mr. Hope, of Carlisle, came to work in the town, and noticing the number of men who lounged at the street-corners every evening, determined to make an effort to win them for Christ. It seemed impossible to persuade them to enter any place of worship; so, following in the footsteps of his Master, Mr. Hope commenced preaching in the open air. A remarkable blessing rested upon this movement; and, among other results, a regular mission was established, in which Frank Thompson took great interest, and through which he first found courage to bear public testimony to the Lord who had saved him. The memory of this trying ordeal abides with him to this day; the interval between the promise to speak and the actual attempt was filled up with earnest prayers for needed strength, accompanied by a vague hope that, perchance, some kindly earthquake would swallow up both speaker and hearers before the fateful hour arrived. This hope was happily unrealized, but the prayer for strength was abundantly answered; and, from a heart full of love for the

Saviour, and eager yearning for souls, the young believer commenced the telling of that story which will never have an end.

The call to the ministry is not always as clear and decisive as the call to Christ; but, gradually, the conviction took possession of our friend that, in this happy service, he was to find his life-work. After a period of deep heart-searching and earnest prayer, he entered upon a course of study, with a view of preparing for College, under the guidance of his pastor, the Rev. J. S. Craig, Presbyterian minister of Maryport. Mr. Craig's unfailing patience and efficient help were of the utmost service to the budding preacher, who recalls with gratitude the memory of those early days, and delights in every opportunity of renewing the old fellowship.

Mr. Thompson's original intention was to enter the Presbyterian ministry; but a careful reading of the New Testament awakened within him misgivings as to the rite of infant baptism, and ultimately resulted in his leaving the Church of his fathers, and casting in his lot with the Baptists. This rending of old and tender ties was not accomplished without considerable pain, but he was determined to "follow the gleam" at all costs; and, on October 10th, 1883, was baptized at Maryport by Pastor H. C. Bailey. By a singular co-incidence, he had for a companion, that evening, one who has since become the minister of Waterloo Baptist Church, Liverpool,—Pastor T. Adamson. Those two brethren attended the same day-school, were converted at the same mission, served apprenticeship in the same business house, joined the same Presbyterian Church, taught in the same Sunday-school, were baptized at the same time, went to the same College, and entered the ministry of the same denomination. If there is anything in the evolution theory, the law of probability would suggest that their ancestors drank milk out of the same cocoa-nut. In any case, we cherish the hope that they may both be spared to live long and fruitful years in the ministry of the same Gospel, and at last receive the same glad word of welcome from the Master's lips.

By joining the Baptist Church at Maryport, Mr. Thompson was brought into close contact with its pastor, Mr. Bailey, who gave himself, with great devotion, to the work of coaching the young student, and to the still more important ministry of shaping his character at the most formative period of his career. The interest thus shown, and the help so ungrudgingly given, by Mr. Craig and Mr. Bailey, have left a deep and permanent mark upon the spirit and life of the subject of this sketch, and largely account for the ready sympathy which he himself is so quick to extend to the young men who come under his influence.

Mr. Thompson entered the Pastors' College in 1884, when the Principal's chair was filled by that cultured saint, David Gracey, whose manly Christian character, genial spirit, accurate scholarship, and brilliant gifts won the respect and love of all who sat at his feet. The new student settled down to his work with the firm determination to make the most of his opportunities; all other considerations were subsidiary to the one controlling purpose that, by the grace of God, he would become an able minister of Jesus Christ; and, at the end

of his three years' course, it was freely acknowledged that, whoever went to the wall, Frank Thompson would hold his own.

The moulding influence of C. H. Spurgeon's personality can only be estimated by those who came under its mighty spell. The memory of those wonderful Friday afternoons,—when, with delightful *abandon*, the President would pour forth the treasure of his mind and heart, giving full play to his varied powers, sometimes creating uproarious merriment by flashes of sparkling wit, sometimes subduing us to tears by tender and solemn appeals to make full proof of our ministry,—who that shared these privileges can ever forget them? Upon Mr. Thompson's sympathetic nature, this master-hand played as upon a ten-stringed instrument, and the music has not yet died away. He well remembers being sent for, on one of those eventful Fridays, to see the President, when he learned that there was a vacancy in the pastorate of the Church at Waterbeach, and that he had been chosen to undergo the ordeal of "preaching with a view" the very next Sunday. The result of that Sunday's service was a hearty invitation to the pastorate, the news of which delighted Mr. Spurgeon's heart, and inspired the following letter, which was written from Mentone:—"Go, and the Lord be with you! 'Feed the flock.' These good people are very dear to me, and I would have you bear them on your heart of hearts both in your private prayers and in your public testimonies. Lead them on to the higher forms of spiritual life, and be the example of your own teaching." It is not too much to say that Mr. Thompson made it his steadfast aim to realize this lofty ideal in his ministry at Waterbeach, where he laboured for some five years amid many tokens of the Divine presence and favour.

It was during the Waterbeach pastorate that our brother gave another proof of his loyalty to the Tabernacle by marrying one of its members, Miss Florence Downing, second daughter of Mr. W. C. Downing, of Lee. The courtship was carried on during College days, where the tedious work of digging Hebrew roots was varied by the more congenial task of cultivating orange-blossom. Mrs. Thompson has been a true help-meet to her husband, her kindly sympathetic nature, ready tact, and many endearing qualities of mind and heart have helped to make her an ideal minister's wife. Her husband's testimony is that she is "the best little wife that God ever gave to any man," and with some mental reserve I am prepared to endorse his verdict.

The call to the Church at Park Street, Luton, reached Mr. Thompson in 1892; it offered a larger sphere of usefulness than Waterbeach could furnish, but the position, at that time, "bristled with difficulties," as dear old Mr. Fergusson used to say, and it was not altogether with a light heart that our friend responded to what, after much prayer and thought, he felt to be the call of God. Numerically, the Church was the largest in the county; but, as Gideon had to reduce his army in order to bring it up to its effective strength, so the new pastor found it needful to enter upon a somewhat drastic revision of the roll. In Church Arithmetic, subtraction often results in addition and multiplication; it soon became evident that this principle was operating at Park Street. The Divine blessing

rested upon the ministry of the Word, divisions were healed, a new spirit of hope took possession of the people, the prayer-meetings were revived, baptisms were frequent, and the growing influence of the Church was recognized, not only in the town, but throughout the whole county. The Park Street Church is the mother of Luton Nonconformity but it is doubtful whether, through all its long and honourable history, it ever enjoyed greater peace and prosperity than during the memorable ministry of Pastor Frank Thompson. He was privileged to receive into its fellowship nearly 400 believers, most of whom received baptism at his hands. His magnetic personality attracted around him a band of earnest young people, who warmly seconded their pastor in all his endeavours to advance the interests of the Church, and to win thousands for Christ. In Sunday-school work, it was soon found that the limits of accommodation had been reached, and a scheme was launched for the erection of new school and class-rooms, which was carried to a successful issue in 1898. In addition to the ordinary work of the pastorate, Mr. Thompson has been conspicuous for the service he has rendered to every good cause in the town and neighbourhood. For many years, he took an active part in the work of the Beds. Union of Churches, and, last year, succeeded Dr. John Brown in the Presidency of that old and historic Association. Every village pastor in the county could depend on him for counsel and help. His sturdy Nonconformist convictions made him a tower of strength to the Free Church Council and the Passive Resistance League. His interest in the poor was shown in the five years' ungrudging service rendered on the local Board of Guardians. He never shrinks from identifying himself with unpopular causes, his voice ever rings clear and strong in denunciation of tyranny and oppression, and in defence of civil and religious liberty. Temporary reverses are to him mere incidents in the campaign, and they are never allowed to quench his dauntless confidence that the battle is the Lord's, and that He will give the enemy into our hand. The course of his life and ministry lights up with new meaning those stirring words of Macleod,—

"Perish policy and cunning!
Perish all that fears the light!
Whether losing, whether winning,
Trust in God, and do the right!"

When the news reached Luton that Mr. Thompson had received an invitation to succeed Pastor Charles Spurgeon at South Street, Greenwich, there was widespread sorrow among all sections of the community at the prospect of losing so brave a leader and so loyal a comrade and friend. However, after eleven years' strenuous labour in the pastorate of a large Church, a man has earned his title to the rest and relief which come from a change of sphere. The time has not yet arrived for a review of Mr. Thompson's work at Greenwich; but, already, there are manifold signs of blessing, and it is the earnest prayer of the writer, and of all who have followed our brother's career with deep and loving interest, that the richest sheaves of his ministry may be gathered in the years that yet remain.

W. J. HARRIS.

Talks with our Young People on Free Church Principles.

BY PASTOR J. W. EWING, M.A., B.D.

X.—AS TO CONFESSION.

NO man is so pitiable as he who carries within his breast a hidden sin. Macbeth sits at the feast in terror because, in the midst of the bright scene, he sees the phantom of a murdered man. The memory of his crime lies dark and cold upon his soul.

At times, the agony of a guilty secret becomes so intolerable that the wrongdoer feels that he must make it known to someone. He has no peace. Conscience tortures him night and day. His whole nature is out of gear until the evil thing is admitted and forgiven. And so, confession is the first impulse of a soul, made for purity, which has fallen into sin.

Throughout the Scripture sounds the call to confession. In the Garden of Eden, after the Fall of Man, we hear the voice of God asking, "What is this that thou hast done?" It is the call of the Divine Father to his erring human son to open his heart to Him, so that the sin, owned and condemned, may be put away.

On the Day of Atonement, Aaron has to lay both his hands upon the head of the scapegoat, "and confess over him all the iniquities of the children of Israel, and all their transgressions in all their sins," and then to send the goat away into the wilderness, in token of the great Atonement.

When Israel has been beaten at Ai, and the lot has indicated Achan as the offender, Joshua admonishes him in the words, "My son, give, I pray thee, glory to the Lord God of Israel, and make confession unto Him." And when David the king has sinned, he finds no royal road to peace, but has to fall before God with the cry, "Have mercy upon me, O God . . . Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin. For I acknowledge my transgressions: and my sin is ever before me."

In the New Testament, the need of confession is again a keynote. Jesus teaches us to pray, "Forgive us our trespasses." The prodigal returns with the cry, "Father, I have sinned." And our Lord, on the eve of the Ascension, enjoins upon His disciples, as their commission, "that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in His name among all nations."

Accordingly, we find the apostolic ministry to have been a summons to confess and forsake sin. Peter, in Jerusalem, cries, "Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins." And Paul, at Antioch, proclaims, "Be it known unto you therefore, men and brethren, that through this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins." The act of faith was a confession of the sin which made it necessary; and the ordinance of baptism was an open confession of sin, linked with an avowal of the Sin-bearer.

Only to the penitent are the promises of God addressed. Unless there be an admission of sin, the soul is not ready for forgiveness. While sin is cherished and concealed, pardon would be only an encouragement to continue in it. The complacent Pharisee, who thanks God that he is not as other men, cannot receive forgiveness. He would reject it as an insult. But the publican, laden with guilt, who can only say, "God be merciful to me a sinner," is already at the feet of the merciful Lord.

The teaching of the apostles is summed up in the words of John, "If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us. If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

But now we come to a burning question. If confession is the condition of pardon, *to whom should the confession be made?* Should it be made to God, and to God only? Or is there some class of men to whom it may rightly be addressed? I think that, if we search the Scriptures, we shall be compelled to conclude that confession, with a view to the remission of sin, must be made to God only.

When Aaron confessed the people's sins over the scapegoat, the confession was to God. When Achan sinned, he was exhorted to "make confession unto Him." David said, "Against Thee, Thee only, have I sinned." It was to God Himself that Jesus taught us to say, "Forgive us our trespasses."

So well, indeed, was this understood by the Jews of our Lord's time that, when Christ said to the sick of the palsy, "Thy sins be forgiven thee," the bystanders asked, "Why doth this man thus speak blasphemies? who can forgive sins but God only?" They were perfectly right. No one but God could forgive sins. But they failed in not perceiving that the man before them was God. Jesus assented to their principle, but quietly claimed Divinity in the assertion that He, "the Son of man," had power to forgive sins.

When we pass to the Apostolic Church, we find there *no confessional*. We never hear the apostles bidding the people come to them for the confession of sins; but we do hear the *proclamation* of pardon, in Christ's name, to those who make confession to God.

The only passage which speaks of confession to a human being is James v. 16: "Confess your faults one to another, and pray one for another, that ye may be healed. The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." But can anyone suppose that this verse gives any support to a priestly hearing of confessions, with a view to "absolution"? It depicts the free and beautiful fellowship which should exist among all believers in Christ, who open their hearts to one another in their varied distresses, that they may show mutual sympathy and "pray one for another." James does not say, "Confess your faults to a priest," but "*to one another*";—the minister to his people, as much as the people to their minister. As the famous Cardinal Cajetan admits, the passage has nothing to do with "sacramental confession."

It is, to my mind, a great calamity that, during the ages, the Confessional has sprung up, in perversion of the Biblical principle of Confession. At this hour, it is held, in the Roman, Greek, and High

Anglican Churches, that every Christian should go, at regular intervals, to an earthly priest, and pour into his ear the story of his sin. He is to tell all he can remember, and then, lest any bad deed or thought should be forgotten, the priest is to ask questions, which not only probe into the secrets of the soul, but often suggest crimes which had not before been thought of. Imagine the effect, upon priest and penitent, of such a conversation about the intricacies of sin! But we have no need to use imagination, for the facts speak for themselves. The history of 700 years proves that the confessional is a source of crime, a cause of moral contamination, a very masterpiece of Satan.

The standard book on confession, used in the training of Roman Catholic priests as father-confessors, is that by Liguori. It contains full instructions for the confessional, including the questions to be put to the penitent. Those questions are in some cases of so bad a nature that they cannot be openly published, yet Liguori has been made a "saint" and "doctor of the church", while his defiling doctrines are instilled into the mind of every young priest.

The effect of this abominable system is such as cannot be described. Father Chiniquy, who was for more than a quarter of a century a confessor, says, "I have heard the confessions of more than two hundred priests, and to say the truth, as God knows it, I must declare that only twenty-one had not to weep over the secret or public sins committed through the irresistibly corrupting influences of auricular confession." "I am now," he adds, "seventy-six years old, and in a short time I shall be in my grave. I shall have to give an account of what I now say. Well, it is in the presence of my great Judge, with my tomb before my eyes, that I declare to the world that very few—yes, very few—priests escape from falling into the pit of the most horrible depravity the world has ever known through . . . confession." Father Hyacinthe, another ex-confessor, declares that not more than one priest in a hundred resists the degrading influences of the confessional.

One is thankful to learn, from so reliable a witness as Dr. Robertson, of Venice, that, in the land which was the cradle of the confessional, the conscience of the people is now revolting against it. In his "Roman Catholic Church in Italy," Dr. Robertson writes:—"Happily, in Italy, auricular confession, this pit of perdition and engine of Papal despotism, is practically at an end. Few women of intelligence and respectability ever go to it, and, I should think, no men. I, at least, have never seen a man kneel at the grated window of a confessional-box."

Dr. Robertson gives an example of the way in which the enlightened womanhood of Italy is turning from the confessional:—"A lady told me that it was twenty-five years since she had confessed, and that she would never confess again. She refused to answer the priest's questions, saying, 'If I had done these things, I should tell you, without your asking me.' He insisted, but she stood firm. Then he denounced her as 'a disobedient daughter of the Church,' to which she replied, 'No, it is you who are a wicked priest.' He then refused her absolution. She asked, 'Is that your last word to me?' He replied that it was. 'Then,' she said, 'I have spoken my last word

to you ;' when she rose, never again to degrade herself by kneeling in a confessional-box."

I trust that Italy will soon sweep away this wicked institution.

It is, however, remarkable that, at a moment when Italy is revolting against the confessional, England is more and more receiving it. It is not only that the Roman Catholic Church is quietly strengthening her position in our land, and everywhere setting up the confessional for her adherents, but a large section of the Established Church is also adopting it. In my own district of London, a young lady, of Baptist connections, told me, not long ago, how she had been drawn into the confessional at an Anglican Church in our neighbourhood ; and young men have told me of the influence brought to bear upon them in the same direction.

Young people, I entreat you not to be led astray by the fascinations of the confessional. You cannot afford to place the secrets of your heart-life in the keeping of any professional priesthood. And you have no need to do so. You have Jesus ; and Jesus is enough.

" There's not a friend like the lowly Jesus,
No, not one ! No, not one !
None else could heal all the soul's diseases ;
No, not one ! No, not one !"

I know that the late Cardinal Vaughan tried to defend the system of his church by asserting that " Every Nonconformist minister's study is a confessional." In making such a statement, the Cardinal, I think, ignored a vital difference. It is, indeed, true that every minister of Christ sometimes receives the confidences of burdened hearts. Troubled ones come to us for sympathy and counsel, and often find relief in obeying the command of James, " Confess your faults one to another." But how do we receive them ? Do we ask for such confidences ? Do we probe the soul with suggestive questions ? Do we claim the power of absolution ? No ; we say, " Come, my brother, I too am a sinner. Let us kneel together at the Cross." And between such united confession and the confessional there yawns a gulf wide indeed !

Let us go back to the New Testament, back to the simple days of prayer, and faith, and love, back to the fountain of all-availing purity, back to the feet of Jesus !

O dear young people of the Free Churches, be content with the one High Priest, who is " touched with the feeling of our infirmities." And when your consciences upbraid you, go in to the mercy-seat where Jesus waits to receive you. Tell Him all your story. Cast yourself upon His grace. Then tarry till, in the stillness of the sacred Presence, you hear the gentle voice which says, with the old-time sweetness, " Go in peace : thy sins are forgiven thee."

Facts and Figures for Temperance Workers.

" THERE would be no fiscal question if we were a sober people."—
MR. J. URE, M.P.

"The harm of moderate drinking chiefly consists in a lowering of the general vitality."—DR. THOMAS EASTON, Southampton.

"The character of the blood by which the body is repaired and built up is changed when alcohol is present."—DR. STEWART, Aberdeen.

"I may say that the opinion of the medical profession is coming more and more round to the view that moderate drinking is a real danger."—E. WRIGHT, L.R.C.P.&S., Ed., Glasgow.

Of all the tyrannical rules under which this country had swayed, he doubted if there ever had been one equal to the tyrannical rule of the "beer-ocracy."—THE DEAN OF HEREFORD.

"Were it possible to remove the drink curse from among us, the wealth of this country would know no limits, and its resources would simply be unbounded."—REV. CANON BARKER.

"The importance of alcohol as a beverage has scarcely any upholders; its value as a medicine is known to be very much less than when I was just a student of medicine."—A. PEARCE GOULD, M.D., F.R.C.S., London.

"If half of the money which was spent in drink was devoted to procuring necessaries, it would have far more effect upon the wages of the working classes than any amount of tariff reform."—MR. ARTHUR CHAMBERLAIN, J.P.

"Alcohol irritates and destroys the digestion, at least with very many men, and there are some cases in which the slightest doses produce stomach-cramp, diarrhoea, and other similar ailments."—PROFESSOR D. A. FOREL, M.D., Switzerland.

Between the ages of fifteen and twenty, where 10 total abstainers die, 18 moderate drinkers die. Between the ages of twenty and thirty, where 10 total abstainers die, 31 moderate drinkers die. Between the ages of thirty and forty, where 10 total abstainers die, 40 moderate drinkers die.

"It has been a study with me to mark boys who started in every grade of life with myself, to see what has become of them.—It is remarkable that every one of those who drank is dead; not one living to my age."—CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, in "Our Young Men," October, 1903.

"No statistics are needed to assure you that Temperance Reform lies at the bottom of all political, social, and religious progress. Drink is the curse of the country. It ruins fortunes, it injures health, it destroys the lives of one in twenty of the whole population."—MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, M.P.

(When will statesmen do what they know to be right in this matter?)

The Necessity of Keeping to One Topic in a Sermon.

AN ADDRESS TO THE STUDENTS OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE,
BY C. H. SPURGEON.

SERMONS should have a great deal of matter in them; but not many different subjects; there should be much, not many, in them. Put in all the thought possible, and a good many ideas; but let the thoughts have a close connection with one another, and let the ideas be such as shall be comprehended in one subject, or in two at the very outside. Some preachers put too much into a sermon; there is so much, or rather, there are so many things in it that it is difficult to tell what it is all about. There are ever so many good things strung together, but the threads that join them are perfectly invisible. There is no dove-tailing of the different parts, no connection between them. It is not a house, but a load of bricks; not a loaf, but a field of wheat. A field of corn is an admirable thing in its place, but a hungry man would very much prefer a little of the wheat made up into a loaf of bread. A great mass of teaching is a desirable thing, but it is better for the people to have it condensed and prepared so that they can receive it, assimilate it, and profit by it.

Rambling in preaching is to be avoided, brethren. Some preachers are great ramblers over barren land. I once heard a brother give, as an excuse for his rambling, the fact that he had said to his congregation, "You are all rambling, so of course, if I come after you, I must ramble, too." It is a question whether, in doing so, he was not going astray even as the sheep had gone. Do not imitate him. I believe that the best way to get at the people is to bring, on each occasion when we speak to them, some one or two important truths, to set them clearly before our hearers, and enforce them in every way that we can, but not to flit from one topic to another. A bird, that lays one straw on one tree, and one on another, puts a little piece of cotton or wool on one hedge, and a little piece on another, will be a long while making a nest; yet that is the plan that some young preachers adopt, they take one straw, and put it upon one tree, and take another, and put that on the next tree, and so they go on, but no nest comes of all their efforts. Your people do not want a number of pieces of wool, they want a coat; they do not want a lot of cotton thread, they want a finished garment that they can wear.

Search out the main idea of your text, and then stick to it; that is the wisest thing for you to do. Ask yourself, "What does this passage of Scripture mean? What does the Holy Spirit intend to teach by this text?" When you have ascertained that, keep to it; for, generally, any one of the Holy Spirit's ideas will be found to be so ample that it will yield a sufficient discourse for the feeding of the people. If you try to give them that, you will go the best way to work to ensure variety in your pulpit ministry; for the idea that is intended to be conveyed in any one text is distinct from that which is taught in every other text. Even if the words are exactly alike, there is something in their con-

nection, or relation, or in the position they occupy, which will distinguish them from all similar passages. Do this, brethren, and you will secure a pleasing variety, and your people will not have to say, "It is just the same old story over and over again; like a barrel-organ, with its four or five tunes, ground out in the same order, Sunday by Sunday, all the year round."

There should be unity in a sermon; I would even venture to carry the same idea further, and say that there should be unity in the whole service, and that, from the first hymn or prayer to the Benediction, there should be, not a forced, but nevertheless an evident unity, so as to make the whole service manifestly one. I never like, when I am going to preach for some country brother, to be told, "We have got somebody to take the preliminaries." To pray, to draw near to God, to read His Word, to sing His praises,—that is all to be "preliminary" to the grand object of listening to me;—that idea is horrible and most repulsive to me. If I was going to preach from the words, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" I should not like the "preliminaries" to include such a hymn as—

"Come, let us join our cheerful songs,"—

or that very proper verse for a different occasion,—

"The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from the place."

Such words as these, sung to a joyful tune, would put the people quite out of harmony with my solemn, mournful subject. Get the whole service as much as you can into your own hands, and make it all tend in one direction. You know that, in a picture, you expect to find this unity of idea. I once saw, in a hotel, a painting of a young girl walking amidst a number of trees which were brilliantly green, yet other trees in the background were bare of leaves, and there was deep snow upon the ground. Well now, that was not congruous; you cannot have summer and winter in one picture.

The essential, fundamental doctrines of the Gospel are those upon which we must most often insist. We must repeat them over and over again till the people have got them thoroughly into their minds and hearts, and we must never be ashamed of proclaiming the elementary truths of Scripture. I am persuaded that, if we do so, our ministry will be most useful to the bulk of our hearers, even if all are not satisfied with it. A lady came in to see me, after the service last night, and she said that she wished I would turn my mind a little more often to the prophecy of Ezekiel. "If I did that," I asked, "what improvement would it make in me?" "Why," she replied, "then you would know more about the meaning of the Euphrates." I told her that I was quite satisfied as to its meaning, and that I was quite willing to leave certain mysterious prophecies for others to study while I cried, with John the Baptist, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world;" and I would advise you, brethren, to do the same. When all the sinners in your district have been saved, you may, if you like, study the prophecies; but, at present, I feel that

there are so many souls being lost that I must keep to the very rudiments of the faith.

Our principal work is to pluck sinners as brands out of the burning; and we shall best do that by preaching justification by faith, regeneration by the Holy Ghost, perseverance by the power of the blessed Spirit, and the great truth concerning the way of entering into everlasting life. When you have so preached all these things that your hearers have received them, you may then try to lay hold of those mysterious beasts by the hair of their head, and to find out all about the ten horns and the little horn. If I were called to expound the prophecies, I should be glad to do it; but my main work is to explain the Gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, and the way of salvation as I find it recorded there; so I mean to keep to that, and go over it again and again; and every seeking sinner, in my congregation, will be wise if he says to me,—

“Tell me the story often,
For I forget so soon.”

Robert Hall said of Chalmers, one day when he heard him preach, “Why does not he go on? He makes no progress; he only moves like a door on its hinges. He keeps giving us the same idea over and over again, why does not he go on?” That was just the right thing for him to do,—to move to and fro like a door on its hinges; for sinners were standing in that door-way, and the Holy Spirit made many of them willing to pass in as it swung open. We want more of that swinging to and fro, to let poor sinners see the way into the Kingdom. Get hold of some grand Evangelical truth, and show men how they are to be saved by it, and you will find quite enough material for any one sermon. Robert Hall was an altogether exceptional man, of extraordinary ability and power; he could go from one subject to another, in his discourses, piling up mountain upon mountain; yet I should consider Chalmers to be by far the greater man as a winner of souls. Do not be afraid or ashamed to have it said of your preaching, “There was not more than one thought in the whole sermon, and he kept to that all the time.” One thought is about as much as most people can manage to grasp at any one time. You may have read of the boy and the jar full of nuts. He tried to grasp so many at once that he could not get his hand out of the jar, and he had to be content with a humbler handful. So, a preacher sometimes gets his hand so full of various subjects that he comes before the people with his hand inside the jar, and all they can say of him is, “What a wonderful man he is!” But they get no nuts; and, in the long run, there will not be any for him, for the people will soon tire of such preaching as that.

I should insist upon one main idea, in each sermon, first, to *enlighten the understanding*. Focus your preaching upon one point; you cannot cover the whole Word of God at any one time. It is wonderful how you can make a man feel the power of the truth if you focus all your thoughts upon one point. I have sometimes amused myself by seeing what could be done with a large burning-glass. As some friend has been quietly reading, I have come behind him, and concentrated the

rays of the sun on the back of his neck; and you can burn the truth, in a similar fashion, not into the neck of a sinner, but into his understanding and his heart. You remember how it is written of the Prince of preachers, "Another parable spake He unto them," and "again another parable." He had already spoken about the lost sheep; so, "another parable spake He unto them," about the lost silver; and, then, "again another parable spake He unto them," about the lost son. Why? In order that they might understand the truth, "for precept must be upon precept, precept upon precept: line upon line, line upon line; here a little, and there a little." Let them have the truth over and over and over again; and if they do not ask, like the Gentiles in the synagogue at Antioch in Pisidia, that the same words may be spoken unto them again the next Sabbath, let them have them all the same, for they are sure to need them. Luther said to his hearers, "I am always preaching justification by faith because you are always forgetting what I have preached to you before; I would fain take the Bible, and beat it about your heads, for you let out the truth as fast as it goes in." That would not ensure the entrance and retention of the Word; still, the same truths must be repeated *ad nauseam*; and, whether sinners will hear, or whether they will forbear, those truths will give delight to those who have believed them, for I have never known a Christian say that he had heard the Gospel preached too often by his minister, or that he had insisted too much upon those great central truths which tend to the glory of God and the salvation of souls.

Then, secondly, keep to one idea in each discourse in order to *impress the heart*, and convince it of the truth of the things which you are speaking. You cannot accomplish that end without dwelling on that truth very often; for men are usually impressed by great truths by degrees. I do not think, as a general rule, that a man is severed from error or sin all of a sudden. I remember reading that Sir Christopher Wren employed a battering-ram to remove the buildings that were to make room for St. Paul's Cathedral. I do not know how many hours it took for the blows of the machine to be effectual, though they came with tremendous force upon the walls; but I know that, after a long time of battering, no impression seemed to have been made, and they continued much longer to hammer away without any apparent result. Yet, all the while, the whole mass was being disintegrated; and, by-and-by, there was a quivering, and then, when the decisive blow came, over went the whole with a tremendous crash. It was not that one last blow which did the deed; blows quite as heavy as that had fallen many hours before; but that was the one which contained the cumulative force of all the rest. Before that fell, the whole mass was really beginning to totter, the building was all on the move, even though no sign of its moving was visible; so, when that last stroke came, over it went. In a similar fashion, many of your hearers will be convinced by degrees; and the sermon, under which they will be converted, may have nothing particular about it. The reason why it is effectual is that it forms the last of a long series; it is the climax of all the previous effort; and God is pleased to make it to be the last ounce

that broke the sinner's heart. You know that it is just like this in the work of the stone-breaker. He hits the stone in the best way for breaking it, and hits it again and again, apparently without effect; yet every blow upon that stone is shivering its internal structure; and, by-and-by, it is smashed to atoms. So let nobody blame you because you keep on using the same battering-ram; you have a purpose in it all, and you mean to continue till that purpose is achieved. If anyone called Mr. Gladstone a fool because he gave twenty, or thirty, or fifty blows of his axe upon a certain tree, lifting the same axe, and bringing it down again and again upon the same tree, you would know which was the fool out of those two men. But suppose he struck one blow here, and another there; one blow on this tree, and another on that; there would be no result of such aimless, desultory hitting, and then he would be a fool. His plan is to keep on striking one particular tree, to smite it again and again,—one, two, three, and then again, and then at it again, and then again, and again, and again, and by degrees it begins to yield, and the last stroke brings it down. So must it be with the preacher who lays the Gospel axe to the foot of another kind of tree till he brings it down.

And as it is for conviction, so also is it for *affection* in the matter of impressing the heart. I know that there is a brother here who fell in love at first sight, and the impression still remains; but most of you, I fancy, had to be operated upon a considerable length of time before you yielded. As a general rule, the sinner's falling in love with Christ is not done at first sight; his heart has to be gradually won for the Saviour. You have to describe the Lord Jesus first in one way, and set Him forth as attractively as possible, and then in another way, and then in another way; sometimes you must speak of His sufferings, and sometimes of His glories, sometimes of the evil from which He delivers us, and sometimes of the good to which He uplifts us, and all with the view of winning the sinner's heart for him. Somehow, people love "the old, old story" none the less because it is old; I hope all of us love this blessed story "of Jesus and His love," as much as ever we did. It comes, and it knocks, and knocks, and knocks, at the sinner's heart; it is the same hand, and the same kind of blow, and he must open the door of his heart at last. So keep to the same truth for impressing the heart, for producing conviction, and winning affection.

Then, keep to one idea in each discourse in order to *fix it in the memory*. Our people often forget what we say; we must not blame them, for we ourselves often forget what we hear. What poor leaky memories many of us have, especially for that which is good! "The words of the wise are as goads," to prick a man, "and as nails," to be driven into a man; but they must be "fastened by the masters of assemblies." As the carpenter strikes the nail, drives it home, and clinches it on the other side, so must we hammer away at the same truth, over, and over, and over, and over, and over again, till the people cannot forget it. Let us so preach it that they must remember it, and be able to tell to others what we have made known to them; Ask a man, "What did your minister preach about last Sunday?" He replies, "The text was ——." "Yes, but what was it about? Was

there not some subject?" "I think there were many subjects." "Well, what was the chief subject of the discourse?" "Oh! I really do not know what it was; all I know is that he took a text, and that, after he had announced it, we never heard any more about it." I sometimes see the notice of a farm for sale, and in the announcement there is an intimation that it is "all within a ring fence." I like a sermon that is enclosed like that; take care, brethren, that yours are of that kind.

Order and unity are two essentials if a sermon is to be recollected by those who hear it. Have you never noticed how easily you can remember several things if they are only arranged in proper order? Suppose a servant is told by her mistress to call and buy so much sugar, then to go to another shop, and get some jars, and to another shop to get some fruit, she is also to call at another place to buy some pieces of bladder, and then she is to go somewhere else to get some string. If the message is given to her in such a form as that, it is no wonder if she forgets half the things. But if her mistress says to her, "Now, Mary, we are going to make jam," that jam will be the leading idea all through; "so you must call at the fruiterer's, and buy the fruit; at the grocer's, and buy the sugar; at the crockeryware shop, and buy the pots; and then get some bladder and some string;" she will recollect all the different items, you may be sure, because they are all needed in the manufacture of jam. Artificial memories can be produced, but I do not think much of them. Mr. Stokes and his boys came here one day, and they certainly performed some wonderful feats of memory; but when all was over, one of the boys was looking about the place as if he had lost something. I asked him what he wanted, and he said, "Please, sir, I cannot recollect where I put my hat." I said, "Then, what is the use of Mr. Stokes' system if it teaches you how to remember seventeen figures, but does not teach you to recollect where you put your hat?" I should like a memory that would be of service to me when I had lost my hat. You will help your hearers to remember your sermons if they are arranged in an orderly fashion, and even more if there is true unity of idea about them,—if each discourse deals with one topic. You will have the fruit, sugar, jars, bladder, and string, for there is a unity about the whole series of articles, for they are all needed in the making of the family jam.

Lastly, we must have one subject for each sermon, and stick to it, in order to *arouse the energies* of our people. We may convince them that they are sinners, we may impress the truth upon them for the time being, but the really difficult work is to drive them to seek the Lord, and to become obedient to His will. This is not to be done except by repeating the same truths to them again, and again, and again. So, brethren, address them, in the name of the Lord, in the same words, and almost in the same tones, until they turn to Him with full purpose of heart. I expect some people regarded Jonah as a very monotonous preacher when he cried, "Yet forty days, and Nineveh shall be overthrown." There were no tropes or figures in his message; it was a simple, solemn, stirring statement, repeated again and again,

without any attempt at displaying the art of an orator. There was only one dreadful cry ringing up and down every street and lane of the city, "Yet forty days, and Nineveh shall be overthrown." Yet that oft-repeated message brought all the men of Nineveh to their knees to seek the mercy of Jehovah. That is what we want to see. Sinners need to be made to know that they are lost, and to know that God is angry with the wicked every day. It is no use for us simply to try to tickle their ears with pretty stories and pieces of poetry; we must go to them, and say, "You are lost; and, unless you repent, you will be condemned at the judgment bar of God; and the sentence will be everlastingly executed, and you will be driven from His presence, and from the glory of His power. Repent and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out." In this way, we may be willing to be monotonous in our entreaties and exhortations.

We need importunity in our pleading with men as well as in our pleading with God. We must do as the man did of whom our Saviour tells us in His parable. There they are, comfortably in bed, and they cannot rise and give us what we ask of them; they are too restful, too happy, too secure, as they are. It is our business to keep on knocking all the night long,—knock, knock, knock,—so that they cannot sleep. We must not let them sleep; for, if they do, they will be damned. If they are determined to be lost, they shall learn something of what torment is even before they have it at its worst, for we will torment them before their time in the hope that there may never come to them the time when they shall be tormented in hell. If we did act like that, we should be the means, I do not doubt, of bringing many to Christ, and that is what we are aiming at. One was asked why he told his boy a certain thing twenty times; and he replied, "Because nineteen times were not sufficient." So must it be with us and our hearers; if it is not enough to tell them "the old, old story" nineteen times, we must tell it to them twenty times; and if twenty times will not suffice, we must tell it to them twenty-one times, or a hundred times, or as many as are necessary. All our energies must be concentrated upon one thought, and our whole sermon must aim at producing one permanent impression upon the mind and heart of our hearers; and if we keep to that course of action, we may be the means of the salvation of many precious souls; and so, God will be glorified, and we ourselves, turning many to righteousness, shall shine as the stars for ever and ever.

Green Pastures.

BY H. T. SPUFFORD, F.L.S.

IX.—SEPTEMBER STARS.

WHEN seed-pods ripen, and late sheaves stand in the harvest-field, when the buds of the year,—the blossoms of the next,—put on warm coats, and leaves loosen, then the evening heavens begin to prophesy, and the constellations of the autumn rise to rule the night.

It is over thirty years since I was first impressed with this phenomenon;—the increased splendour of the stars as the summer wanes. It is not due to the decreased light, the earlier closing in of the evening, but to the fact that the grand signs of the Zodiac, containing such stars as Aldebaran, Betelgeuse, and the horns of Aries, appear above the Eastern horizon soon after sunset. The first signs of this increase in stellar splendour will be observable in August, and these signs will multiply till, as the autumn advances, the glorious bands of Orion will stretch across the South, with the dog-star, Sirius, low down upon the horizon, like a rising planet. Added to these, mostly at this period, one of the great orbs of our system is conspicuous, so that it will be at once seen that, though the extraordinary splendour of the after-glow of the long June day is a thing of the past, other signs appear, which will prophesy all through the long cold nights till the snowdrops and crocus blossom, and Orion sinks with the sun in the days of the opening spring.

I can remember, as though it were yesterday, when the astral East, on a September night, first fired my imagination. It was in the clear Surrey air, near the Downs of Epsom, when I was but a youth. But every year since, I have looked for the same stars, and, though I revel in sunshine, and feel that clear summer days are Nature's nearest approach to Heaven, the appearance of these constellations is a consolation against the approaching loss of the warmth and light of summer suns; for, though the year fade, even to the sere and yellow leaf, these are the voice of the sky to me, telling me that Nature shall rise again, that the face of the earth shall be renewed. So they speak, as the white mists of October gather in the valleys; again as I catch a glimpse of them through the parting clouds of dark November nights; anon, as brilliantly they glisten through the frosty air, till I seem to recognize in them, as, at last, they are lost in the rays of the returning sun in spring, some similitude to the voice of the Forerunner,—their joy fulfilled,—their message verified as they, the friends of the bridegroom, go forth to meet him,—their decrease but his increase to the heights of his ascension ministry.

* * * *

The clear Eastern night sky spread out its glories to the fathers of the faith "when the world was young." We see Abraham coming forth from his tent pitched upon the plain of Mamre. He is this night under Divine impulse. He stands beneath the stars. The great band of the Milky Way is there, and the lights which fired the imagination of Job and his friends. As yet, the chosen of the Lord had no son, and year by year the prospect of building up the predicted nation became more remote. But the man, who had felt the hand of the Lord, and heard the voice of the Lord, goes forth that night under the spell of the Spirit, and, presently, the darkness is illuminated with one of the grandest comparisons of all prophecy, "Look now toward heaven, and tell the stars if thou be able to number them: and He said unto him, So shall thy seed be." It is significantly added, "And he believed in the Lord; and He counted it to him for righteousness." What thoughts must have arisen in the mind of this far-away

seer as there, beneath the sky, a lonely man in a land of strangers, he is told to look up to the hosts of heaven, and see a simile of his seed. Did he reach out to the thought that there should be children of his faith as well as children of his loins? Our Lord said, "Your father Abraham rejoiced to see My day: and he saw it, and was glad."

Only the other day, the following question was put down for discussion at a Y.M.C.A. meeting:—"How far do you think there is evidence in the utterances of the prophets that they saw the nature of the Christ religion which was to take the place of the Mosaic?"

To put forth all the evidence which might be adduced would be to make our branch longer than our main line. Suffice it thus: "To Him gave all the prophets witness." "Consciously?" you ask. In the main, "Yes!" They grasped the principles of the Kingdom of Christ;—in the universality of the Divine dominion and blessing, God was to them the God of "the ends of the earth." The Spirit was to be poured "upon all flesh." The spirituality of the true Kingdom was one of their yearnings, as it was one of their forecasts. "I will put My laws in their hearts." And, further, they saw that the Almighty delighted not in carnal sacrifices, and yet that propitiation was laid, as a necessity, upon the human conscience. So their eyes lift from a system, and from symbols, till they see One who fulfils all their deep broodings on justification, on propitiation, on human ignorance, on human tyranny, on the grave, on the life beyond. And they proclaim this ONE the Person of their long prophetic gaze. It is the vision of Him which lifts these men of small lives, of petty failures and grievances, into the grand sphere of prophecy; and this advancing, clearing, developing Figure becomes the Shiloh—the Peace-giver—of Jacob, the Prophet of Moses, the Redeemer of Job, "my Lord," of David, and the Sin-bearer of Isaiah. To give to these utterances but a local and Israelitish fulfilment is helplessly to cripple them, to level down their sublimity of language to extravagance, and their sublimity of thought to the issue of the common-place.

The study of the Book of Job might well lead to the revision of some modern dicta as to ancient man. The Book bears the impress of an early time, giving an idea of the grasp of the human mind when we first come upon it, and of the subjects which engrossed men's attention "when the world was young." In the days of Job and his friends, the wondrous mystery of the heavens was pondered over, and peering thought strove to pierce through the seen into the unseen. What manner of men were they who roamed the plains of Mesopotamia even to the confines of Edom? Men whose speculations were as bold and whose faith was as lofty as the contemporary workmanship of Egypt was exquisite? Their language belongs to a time when thought was slow, but profound, as with pathetic concentration they dwelt upon the deepest of themes. Firm, compact, dignified, majestic, are their sentences. At last, the chief of them shakes himself free from his depressions, and voices his faith in words that might be graven with an iron pen upon the rocks, and preserved in molten lead for the generations following, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon

the earth: and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God."

These men of the East were they who, for long years, had watched under the vault of night. They knew Arcturus and his sons, the bands of Orion, and the Pleiades. They never questioned that there was One Great Hand which guided all; One Mind above all and in all. "Lo, these," said they, "are parts of His ways; but a whisper of His glory." They felt the justice of the rebuke upon human presumption when, out of the whirlwind, Job heard the Lord ask puny man the question, "Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth?"

To-day, it might be thought, from the oracular and final (?) conclusions of some, we had got beyond all that. But diffidence and reverence still exist even in this self-assured age, and one of the greatest of modern astronomers sums up his conclusions thus:— "The sidereal system is altogether more complicated and more varied in structure than has hitherto been supposed. The whole system is alive with movements, the laws of which may one day be recognized, though at present, too complicated to be understood." Surely this modesty is as it should be. The additions to our knowledge by scientific means are extraordinary, and especially has this been so during the past few years. But dogmatism has been put further off. The observer gazes into infinity with fresh powers; but, as he rests his eyes on untold suns and worlds, he has greater reason than ever to say, "Lo, these are parts of His ways, yet how little is heard of Him; and the greatness of His power, who can understand?"

If the heavens were of such interest to the Eastern sages, think how confirmatory of the existence of the God of the Scriptures they must be to-day. What would Job and his friends have given to have seen the great nebulæ in the sword-hilt of Orion, which, to the men of Uz, would only seem to be a slight haze? What would they have said to the separation of colours till Arcturus is seen to be yellow, Aldebaran and Betelgeuse ruddy, Vega blue, and Capella and Sirius white? What to the fact that Sirius, upon which the sages must have gazed in awe, is equal to two thousand such suns as ours? What if they had known of Algol and his dark companion; or of stars which revolve round each other, performing the office, perhaps, of sun and planet; or of the temporary brilliants, like the star of Tycho, which blazed out brighter than Venus, and in sixteen months became extinct? Would it have altered the conclusion in Job xxvi. 14? Would it not rather have endorsed it?

From whatever point of view they are considered, the words of Job hold good to-day. We have arrived at the marvellous endowment of the atom. It was Darwin who said that the brain of an ant was one of the most wonderful particles of matter in the world. Now we have reached to radio-activity. But we have greater need than ever for God as an explanation. "Day unto day" uttereth this speech; "night unto night" showeth this knowledge.

Chinese Proverbs, with Every-day Lessons.

BY JOHN A. STOOKE, C.I.M., CHEFOO.

V:—LIFE, DEATH, AND BURIAL.

(KIN-YIH T'OLIAO HSIEH HO-WAH,
PUHCHIH MING-YIH SA-PUH-SA?)When we take off our boots and stockings to-day,
That we shall wear them to-morrow, who can say?)

ALTHOUGH the Chinese have many trite sayings of this sort, they have no hope beyond the grave. For instance, they have a proverb, "Man's life on earth resembles a spring dream; when once the soul has fled, all is over."

In harmony with this proverb about "stockings" and "boots" is another which runs thus, "When we go to bed, we are not sure that we shall get up again." How much more real and earnest our lives would be, did we always remember these facts! Some old writer, in the seventeenth century, wrote as follows:—"The discipline of uncertainty is, perhaps, the heaviest of all God's good and ever-wise dealings. Train your heart in patient suffering."

One great advantage, in having these facts constantly present in our mind, is that we are the better able to understand life as it passes before us. To the truly practical Christian, there will be no fear in all this. Our hope is centred in Christ, who is our LIFE; therefore it will not matter whether death be sudden to us or otherwise. Yet, at the same time, our estimate of the

importance of life will rise with our sense of its uncertainty.

Then, again, how many unpleasantnesses, family misunderstandings, and broken friendships would be healed if we did but call to mind the solemn fact contained in these proverbs! Did we know, beforehand;

of the sudden partings, there would be little desire to nurse suspected wrongs. Be it ours, then, to have done with everything that would bring a lingering sadness to the heart after loved ones are taken away. As a Chinese proverb tersely puts it:—"Forbearance under slight provocation may save one a hundred days' trouble;" or again, "Want of forbearance causes small offences to become great."

If the hat fits, let us wear it. Life is too serious and too real for us to forget these things with impunity.

W. J. Mosier, of Brooklyn, New York, rightly says:—"Because men leave out of their reckoning the will of God, and go their own way, they often bring themselves and their friends into great perplexity and trouble. A change of location, a change of business, a change of church relations, may be made wholly irrespective of God's plan and purpose, and may bring loss to all concerned, and great dishonour to God. Such little things may change the destiny of unborn generations. Upon such slender threads do often hang eternal destinies."

"Safe in the centre of Thy loving will
My God and Father, this indeed is rest;
No sad forebodings now, no dread of ill;
How free from care I am, how truly blest!"

Writing of death reminds me of a proverb about burial:—"To offer a bullock at one's parents' grave, is not equal to presenting them, while living, with fowls or sucking pigs."



A RICH MAN'S GRAVE.

Our illustration shows a wealthy man's grave in South China. In some ancestral cemeteries, rows of stone animals (horses, mules, sheep, etc.,) are arranged on either side of the entrance, forming a very picturesque avenue leading to the grave. Of course, all this entails a lavish expenditure of money, in some instances, alas! bringing families to the verge of beggary. The wily priests are not slow to

work upon the fears of the relatives respecting the lucky site or the lucky day for burial,—all, of course, with an eye to some extra shoes of silver, which are readily forthcoming for dire fear of consequences, from evil spirits, and the like, should the request be opposed by the family in the person of the eldest son. It may be that such a proverb came into use through some elder sons, who, though neglecting their parents when alive, lavishly spent the ancestral monies on a gorgeous funeral ceremony.

Be that as it may, we have something to learn from the proverb in question. How often we make a great ado over our friends, when life has gone, saying this and that nice thing about them which, perhaps, if spoken when they were amongst us, would have greatly brightened their life! But, alas! we reserve the praise until it is too late to be of any real service to them. One remembers the story of the sailor's mother, who had suffered untold sorrow at the hands of her erring lad. When she came to die, the son was present, and lavished his loving remarks upon her. "*You have been the best mother in all the world,*" said he. "Ah!" she replied, "I wish you had said as much when I was yearning for a kind word from you; it might have saved my life then; but it is too late now." Kind words and deeds are easily put into circulation; but the power of them, who can tell?

There are other proverbs which amusingly illustrate empty sympathy, such as, "The hare dies, and the fox mourns;" and "When puss mourns for the rat, it is all sham pity;" and there is one, which is exceedingly true, not only in China, but all over the world, "Vain is the sacrifice of an unfilial son."

The College Re-union.

BY ONE WHO WAS THERE.

IT is the custom at the Pastors' College to have an outing before the innings of the autumn session's work,—a right good custom, too. How well are the happy days remembered that were spent at Nightingale Lane, and at "Westwood," when the greatest joy of all for the men was to gather round the honoured President, and to listen to his timely and telling talk! Things can never be again quite as they were then; but instead of merely grieving over the loss, we do the best we can to perpetuate golden memories and time-honoured customs. In so doing, we have been aided more than we can tell by our good brother, Pastor C. Ingram, and the Officers of his Church at Wimbledon. For five years in succession, they have invited us to Raynes Park for the day, and entertained us with splendid generosity. Messrs. Freeth and Pocock, of dairy fame, kindly lend their fields for the occasion, and it may also be said that the grounds lend themselves for such a purpose. They are indeed the College Rosherville, "the place to spend a happy day." Other of the friends of the Pastor have their separate departments,—the catering, the games, etc., and all goes with the dash and the swing of a well-ordered picnic.

About ten of the clock, certain of the villa-lined streets of Raynes

Park are astonished by reason of an invasion of black coats and wide-awake hats, with a noticeably slight sprinkling of more holiday-looking attire. "Who can these budding divines be, and whither are they bound?" So speak the inhabitants one to the other, until it leaks out that they are "Spurgeon's men" on pleasure bent. That, of course, suffices; for everybody knows who "Spurgeon's men" are, and that they well deserve their festival. Besides, "all work, and no play," is apt to make even theological students dull.

Arrived at the scene of strife,—for it is destined to be the arena of many a well-fought though bloodless battle, light refreshments are dispensed on a liberal scale, and, forthwith, the men disperse according to their bent,—some to wield the willow, some to croquet, some to tennis, while the rest saunter with their chums in the green pastures, and chat of their holiday experiences. Rumour has it that discussions were even indulged in, and that the unexpected plight of the United Free Church formed one of the themes.



The cricket, like the pitch, was fast and furious, and wounds and bruises were fairly numerous. At a single wicket, some startling practice was indulged in, and Trustees and Tutors, and even the Presidents, were bowled out, or caught. Imagine the pure delight of a student who bowls out his President!

A little before one o'clock, dinner is announced; and after an *al fresco* toilet, the brethren assemble in the big tent. When the *menu* has been appreciatively discussed, our host is greeted with a storm of applause as he rises to make assurance of welcome doubly sure. He has returned to town, for the occasion, in the midst of a long holiday, necessitated, alas! by indifferent health. He tells us that his Officers (than whom Pastor never had better) and himself are deeply indebted to the College. He himself was trained there, and he had had the pleasure of introducing several sons of the Church, one of whom was to be received in that very day. He said, more-

over, that it was a real joy to feel that, by this means, some help was given to the President in the bearing of his big burden. Mr. Ingrem then expressed the hope that the men of the Pastors' College would continue to preach Christ and Him crucified. He had been, perforce, a listener lately, and he was now regretfully compelled to believe the rumour that the atoning sacrifice of Christ Jesus was not fully proclaimed. "The Red Word," as Dr. Stanford suggestively called the blood, is ignored. "They preach Christ," said Mr. Ingrem, "but not Him crucified." Our host was manifestly concerned about this matter, as well he may be, but he admitted thankfully that, so far as he knew them, "our own men" were true to the Gospel, and one of the students at the tea table assured him that those now in training love it with all their hearts.

The President expressed his pleasure at seeing Tutors and Students back from their resting-time. He told of how, when the head-master of a certain school, in dismissing his pupils, expressed the hope that they would return with their intellects sharpened, the scholars promptly replied, "The same to you, sir." He trusted that such mutual improvement had been realized in this instance. He then proceeded to welcome nine new men, giving to each a suitable word, and to all the text, "He that overcometh shall inherit all things." The Vice-President, who had journeyed from Cheltenham, was warmly received, and spoke of certain essentials to the Christian ministry, to wit, common sense, knowledge, and grace.



Other speeches were reserved till the evening function. The President having snapshotted us, we adjourned to do further exploits, and the rest of the afternoon was devoted to pastimes. By way of variety, a football contest was enjoyed, in the course of which the ball became hidden, like King Charles, in a spreading oak tree. It was a well-aimed cricket ball, I think, that brought it down eventually, but an athletic brother, with missionary aspirations, was

among the high branches by then, and if he experienced any difficulty in descending, it certainly was not because of lack of advice from his fellows on *terra firma*. How wonderfully good some folk are at that sort of thing!

At the tea table, the brethren, represented by Mr. Compton, their Secretary, and by Mr. Humphreys, expressed their gratitude to the Wimbledon friends, and Mr. Ward, Church Secretary, responded in felicitous terms. Professor Hackney, just back from Alpine heights, spoke next, as he was due at another meeting. His address was as bright as it was brief, and, of course, it was brotherly.

Principal McCaig told us of another Principal, who believed, and taught men so, that Paul, on the way to Damascus, experienced nothing but a sunstroke, and of how a member of the audience advised him, on his return to the University City, to take his pupils out into the sunshine, "and the Lord Almighty," he fervently added, "send them all just such a sunstroke!" After a few words from the ever-popular Professor Gausson, Mr. Ingreem asked if the brethren, who had been singing in the fields, would favour us with one or two specimens in the tent. Whereupon a quartette was organized, most of whose members were Welsh, and they charmed us with Moriah, Aberystwith, and Diadem. It was good indeed to join in the last verse, and sing, "all together,"—

"Oh that, with yonder sacred throng,
We at His feet may fall;
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all."

The President, in a closing prayer, sought the Divine blessing on the new session and the new men. So we parted.

An Angel of the Black Country.

THE LIFE-STORY OF SISTER DORA.

THE very mention of "the Black Country" is suggestive to some minds of the hideous and horrible. But in the very heart of the Black Country, at Walsall, there stands a statue, in white marble, which almost miraculously keeps its whiteness, and upon which a nearly constant blaze of sunshine seems to fall. This hospital nurse, these Black Country people have canonized as a saint. There she stands, a few simple surgical appliances dangling from her waist, and an unrolled bandage in her hands. If whole-hearted devotion to God, in the service of those who suffer, ever deserved commemoration, the ministry of Sister Dora surely did. A short time ago, I turned away from the base of this statue in company with one who, of all her friends, knew her perhaps the most intimately.

Not many years ago, and the bare name of a nurse was sufficient;—people instantly thought of Mrs. Sarah Gamp,—as portrayed by Charles Dickens,—who used to scold her trembling invalids, remove pillows from the dying, and sustain herself by copious draughts from a



SISTER DORA'S STATUE.

mysterious black bottle, whenever she was so disposed. But, since that time, a new order of service has been founded, and the esteem lavished upon every member of a new noble Sisterhood is a delightful contrast to the suspicion and distrust which greeted its pioneers.

It was the story of Florence Nightingale which prompted Dorothy Wyndlow Pattison, in spite of prevailing prejudices, to choose her life-work. From the very first, it was seen that she was no ordinary woman; and, as she gained experience, she developed wonderful skill. An old doctor took a fancy to her, and charmed by her courage, common-sense, and consecration, gave her his secrets. And over and above all this, she knew how to draw upon those deeper sources of power which lie in the unseen, and, particularly, in communion with God. The result was, she became the nearest semblance to an angel the people of the Black Country had ever seen.

The tattered leaves of her tiny pocket Bible told how often she sought inspiration from its pages. She had learned the art of labouring fervently in prayer, of bringing into play forces infinitely superior to her own. Often, when she had done her best in some particularly obstinate case, she would kneel down by the bedside, and ask her

Lord, the Healer, to take charge of the case. Some of the stories told of her furnish a new reading of the old words which assure us that "the people that do know their God shall be strong, and do exploits." On account of her devout religious habits, she was at one time rather too much talked about, by those who knew her least. It was rumoured that she had a little room set apart for her devotions, which was quite true; but the rumour went on to say that no one was ever allowed to enter that room, it was kept in semi-darkness, and it contained a crucifix and a statue of the Virgin Mary. The exact truth was that, at that particular time, she did have her own little room, set apart for her own exclusive use, and it was kept in darkness, but there was no crucifix, no statue in the room;—she herself was there, down with a dangerous fever, which, in her ministrations, she had contracted from others.

Her own share of sickness had opened in her heart a deep fount of sympathy. In childhood, her life was several times despaired of; she was sure, she said, "to catch anything that was going about." She suffered from pleurisy; later on, she became a victim of small-pox. She had an affection of the lungs. She died of cancer. The very evils, against which she battled, preyed upon her; she bore in her own person the sicknesses from which she saved others.

When any great calamity befell the town, Sister Dora was seen at her best. Once there was a dreadful colliery accident, and twenty-two men were buried alive. As the work of rescue began, Sister Dora was there upon the pit-bank, ready to render whatever help she could. While she was waiting, a little child crept gently to her side, and said, "Sister, do see to my father when they bring him up." Unfortunately, "Sister" could do but little except perform the last kindly offices which the dead require, for all the men had perished before they could be found. Another day, an accident happened, and a poor fellow, very badly injured, was brought to the hospital. On the morrow, when his children came to see him, Sister Dora refused to admit them, telling them they must come again. The action appeared so unlike her that her friend, who told me the story, asked for an explanation. It transpired that the poor fellow was too disfigured to be seen by his children as he was; but, by nightfall, Sister Dora had found time to arrange the poor dead body, and to half-cover the face with flowers, so that the tearful little orphans might take a last lingering look. When little children came into the hospital, she would take personal charge of them. Once she came into possession of two babies which had been badly burned; she nursed them day by day, and then took them to rest with her, one on each arm throughout the night. Was it any wonder that one of her little ones, in its last moments on earth, should say, "Sister, when you come to Heaven, I'll meet you at the gate with a bunch of flowers"?

"My heart runs over with thankfulness that I have been allowed, even in a little way, to minister to His sick and suffering," she used to say. She had no faith that human fortitude would be equal to the strain of this service unless strengthened with inner might. "Tell her that this is not an ordinary house, or even an hospital," she once said, when engaging a servant. "All who serve here, in whatever capacity,

must have one rule.—love to God, and then I need not add, love for their work." Her own life was a splendid witness to the power of the living Christ. In her presence, had one dared to speak evil of "the good Lord Jesus," her swift retort would have been,—

"Oh, how could I serve in the wards if the hope of the world were a lie?
How could I bear with the sights and the loathsome smells of disease,
But that He said, 'Ye do it to Me, when ye do it to these'?"



SISTER DORA.

On two occasions, Walsall suffered from visitations of small-pox. By the time of the second outbreak, an isolation hospital had been erected; but the place had so ill a repute, and popular prejudices against it were so strong, that none of the infected people could be induced, nor, in those days, compelled, to leave their own homes. This was a serious thing for the town, and the scourge spread with great rapidity. Quite suddenly, Sister Dora elected to go to the "Epidemic" herself, believing the poor plague-stricken patients would follow her. She was not mistaken; and there, outside the town, in one of the most desolate places

in all God's earth, she lived for months, with few to cheer her solitude, with no helpful prospect save the open heavens above her head. One night, a man suffering from a peculiarly acute form of small-pox sent for her to his own house. The room was lighted by one poor candle; and, upon arrival, she sent the neighbour, who professed to be in attendance, to fetch another. The woman, glad to escape, never returned. But the dying man found relief in the presence of one whom, in common with many others, he had learned to love. As the fast-expiring candle flared up just before it flickered out, he raised himself, and said, "Sister, give me one kiss before I die!" Without more ado, Sister Dora took him up in her strong arms, covered all over with loathsome disease as he was, and did as he requested, and then sat with him in the darkness until his spirit had passed away.

"LAWLEY."

Mission Work among Hop-pickers.

THE Weald of Kent, just now in the beauty of fruitful orchards and lovely hop-gardens, is again anticipating its busiest and merriest of months, the hop-picking. Virtually the year ends when the last hop is gathered, as the summer is reckoned to begin when the hopbine first shoots. The growers are daily anxiously calculating the prospects of the coming crop, for the season has been one of many worries. A cold, damp spring delayed the starting of the bines; the May East winds were accompanied with early attacks of aphis fly; June found the women still busy with hop-tying, while the men had to be constantly at work with the quassia and soft soap washing,—a tedious and expensive business. July opened with better prospects, though, even at that early date, mildew threatened many gardens, and the sulphurator, with its ghost-like operator, began its work, often soon after four a.m. on dewy or damp mornings, for the powdered sulphur seems quite useless unless the leaves are moist. And then a month of anxious waiting and eager questioning. Are the days going to be too hot, or the nights cold? Will the needed showers come, or will the hops ripen before they have attained their full growth? Will red mould set in, or rough winds blow? If so, the hops will be light, the pollen poor, and the condition much against good prices. Hop-growing is a speculation against many odds; the risks are great, though occasionally the returns are enormous.

But while the grower is anxious, and constantly so, the agricultural labourer is also building his hopes on the crop. A good hop-picking means to him a large proportion of his year's rent; to him it is a rich harvest, and a glad time. Elementary schools are shut, and the whole family turns out to pick hops. The work is light enough for the weakest, and the out-door life, combined with the tonic aroma of the hops, creates an appetite, and renews the strength better than the best of holidays. True, the season may be wet; but, on the average, the weather is wonderfully good.

There is still another army of anxious ones. The poorest of the poor in London slums look to "hopping" as their great annual holiday. They think nothing of "roughing" it, or the chance of wet weather; to them, it is their great outing. They manage to save sufficient money for the special fare charged them, and make no grumble that the railway company compels them to join the train in London about mid-

night, and lands them, after a tedious eight or ten miles an hour journey, at the country station before anyone is about in the morning. They seek the nearest public-house, and strenuously proceed to arouse the landlord, on the chance of an early drink before commencing to trudge to the farmstead where they are anticipating employment. These poor creatures have no idea of discomfort; their chief aim seems to be to exist, somehow, for a month in the country, and, at the end, to have sufficient money to buy their return ticket. There are 60,000 of these pickers who migrate into Kent for the hop-harvest, and the Weald becomes a different place during the few weeks of their invasion.

Thirty-six years ago, the late Pastor J. J. Kendon saw, in this visitation, a special opportunity; and, in a humble way, himself began to preach the gospel to these poor benighted souls. "The Hop-pickers' Mission for the Weald of Kent," which was the outcome of these efforts, last year introduced twenty missionaries, three doctors, and two nurses, for this special work. Its headquarters are at Goudhurst, but its workers have branched out thirteen miles in two directions, and ten miles in another. Last year's income was just over £200; but were it doubled this year, there would still be ground to be covered. The opportunity is unique, for thousands, many of whom at no other time come under the sound of the Gospel, are spoken to individually while at their work. At the hop-bins, conversation can be carried on without wage-earning being interfered with; and the pickers welcome the kindly words of the workers, most of whom come from the London City Mission.

The great features of the work are the readiness with which a hearing is given, and the willingness with which tracts and Gospels are received and read. Every season brings some tokens of conversion; but what of the thousands in whose hearts the seed has been sown during their sojourn in the hop-gardens year by year? This God alone can tell; the missionaries are unanimous in their belief that it must bear great fruit.

The Mission needs funds, tracts, Testaments, and clothing, especially boots for women and children. It has never gone into debt, but makes plans according to the funds in hand; and the Lord has graciously supplied sufficient for the work, which has grown year by year, both in extent and opportunity. The directorship is now vested in Mr. Kendon's son, who still works from Goudhurst, Kent, as the centre. Donations should be made payable to Mr. Samuel Kendon. Parcels of clothing, etc., should be addressed to him at Marden Station, S.E.R., carriage paid.

Notes.

Personal Paragraphs.

Many visitors from America and elsewhere have been with us during July and August, and we have been greatly cheered by their hearty assurances of appreciation and sympathy. They tell us of their joy in our simple service, and in our insistence on the "once-for-all" faith. We hereby thank them for a word in season; and we pray God to recompense them according to the riches of His grace.

The fight for the standard rages in America, too. All strength and blessing be with those who are ready to die, if needs be, in its defence!

We have, for some time past, been considering, at our Thursday evening services, *The Questions of our Lord*. The series has created considerable interest, and has, we trust, proved profitable. We hope to resume our study of these enquiries on our return. A summary of one of these addresses is given on another page.

We understand that the Officers of the Church are arranging for the celebration of the Pastor's birthday on Monday, September 19th, and are inviting, as on previous years, the thankofferings of his friends towards the many Institutions connected with

the Tabernacle. This is just to our mind. We rejoice to be thus enabled to encourage our Societies and Missions. It may be that readers of this Magazine would like to have a hand in this matter. The year has been eventful indeed. We have laboured under many difficulties. The sympathy of loving hearts in every place has greatly helped us. Wherefore, we make bold to ask them to continue in prayer for us; and, if possible, to send a token of goodwill to the Birthday Fund. Address, Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, Metropolitan Tabernacle, London, S.E.

Our good friend, Mr. Wm. Olney, writes:—"Dear Mr. Editor,—Under the heading of your father's weekly sermon, No. 2,804, 'The Sinner's Only Alternative,' published on July 28th, 1904, are the words, 'Delivered by C. H. Spurgeon, at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington, on a Lord's-day evening, during the winter of 1861—2.' Evidently, the publishers were without the exact date of the delivery of the discourse. This I can supply. In an old pocket-book, at home, I find, under the date, Sunday evening, January 12th, 1862, the simple record, 'In the evening, I found Jesus.' The sermon preached that night was the one referred to above."

This is deeply interesting. Well may our brother remember that night, and that sermon.

"Oh happy day that fixed my choice."

* * * *

Tabernacle Tidings.

On Wednesday, July 27th, at the kind invitation of Mr. and Mrs. James Passmore, the inmates of the Tabernacle Almshouses spent the afternoon and evening at "Parkfield," Clapham Park. They greatly enjoyed themselves, and were specially glad that Mrs. Wm. Olney, after a long and serious illness, was able to be with them. Pastor and Mrs. Thomas Spurgeon were present, and Miss Passmore and Mr. Spencer Johnson sang, to the delight and profit of all.

From Miss Ella Godbold, who left us last year for missionary work in China, some cheering news has come. In a letter received by her parents, she says:—"We have come so far without one single thing to regret: is not the Lord worthy of praise? Mr. Clark is one of the best Chinese scholars in the Mission, and he is making us talk all we know. To-day,

we invited our boatman's wife in to tell her about Jesus: she knew nothing about Him or God; she could not read, and it was a slow process to make her understand."

In a second letter, she says:—"Our boat-woman comes every day for her reading-lesson, and has quite a nice little bit about Jesus: she is very interested. We are glad because, no doubt, she will tell others what she has learned, and one can never tell how the seed may bear grain. Of course, I can only say ever such a few words, and don't understand half that she says; but Mr. Clark sits by, and listens, and urges me on. This is the first Chinese woman I have had any words with. Oh, to be able to speak freely! Prayer, patience, and plodding are needed. The Lord has indeed been gracious, and I have been able to go on from day to day with the experience that 'He satisfieth.' Truly, He is 'El-Shaddai; the Lord who is enough.'"

A varied programme was provided by our own members of the "John Ploughman" Gospel Temperance Society on Wednesday, August 3rd. The friends, who so readily responded to the request to sing, recite, or speak, are again cordially thanked for their contributions towards a pleasurable and profitable evening. The only regret was that the attendance was so meagre. At the next meeting, on September 7th, the students from the Pastors' College will occupy the platform; we look for a larger gathering than usual on that occasion.

Four more of our beloved sisters have passed to their reward; Mrs. Fanny Hall, Mrs. Matilda Humphreys, Mrs. Jane E. Pain, Mrs. Mary Davies. Their deaths were reported by the Pastor at the communion service on Lord's-day evening; August 7th.

IN MEMORIAM.—We regret also to report the death of Mr. Alfred D. Childs, who for more than fifteen years has served as a Seat-steward at the Tabernacle. His uniform gentleness and kindly attention caused him to be much esteemed by a large circle of friends, by whom he will be greatly missed. He maintained his consistent Christian character through a long and wearisome illness, and passed away peacefully, in the presence of his relatives and his Pastor, on Thursday, August 11th. To a friend, who con-

versed with him a few days earlier, he remarked,—

“ My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesu's blood and righteousness.”

He was for thirty years a member of the Church.

We tender our warmest sympathy to the beloved ones whom he has left behind,

Pastor C. B. Sawday, who has just returned from a helpful holiday, will conduct the services at the Tabernacle on Lord's-day, September 4th, and will preach each Thursday evening during the Pastor's absence. On Sunday, September 11th, Pastor E. H. Ellis, of the East London Tabernacle, will occupy the Tabernacle pulpit both morning and evening.

The forty-eighth anniversary of Pastor Thos. Spurgeon's birthday will be celebrated on Monday, September 19th. By the special request of the Deacons, the Pastor and Mrs. Spurgeon will hold a Reception in the vestries, from four o'clock until seven, when friends are cordially invited to bring thank-offerings to be devoted to the Lord's work at the Tabernacle. Upon the last occasion, the Pastor was enabled to distribute no less a sum than £500, and it is earnestly hoped that an equally generous offering may be made this year.

On the same evening, at 7.30, there will be a RALLY of the Societies and Institutions connected with the Tabernacle, and some lime-light illustrations of their work will be given. Birthday greetings will be exchanged, and the Orphanage children will sing.

Concerning the College.

As told on another page, the Pastors' College commenced its autumn session by spending the day at Raynes Park, Wimbledon, on August 16th, at the kind invitation of Pastor Ingreth and his friends.

The President welcomed nine newcomers, viz., Messrs. Leonard Leeder, Archibald Weeks, Charles Garratt, Wm. Geo. Howe, Wm. C. Townsend, Colin C. Dawson, Wm. H. Shipley, Austin L. Edwards, and John R. Edwards.

Pastor L. S. Steedman has resigned the pastorate of the Baptist Church, Tullymet, Perthshire, and is shortly leaving for Canada. We bespeak for

him a hearty welcome in the Dominion, and wish for him a career of great usefulness in a new sphere. He loves the old Evangel.

The following brethren are also removing:—Mr. E. W. Berry, from Redditch, to Avenue Road, Gosport; Mr. C. E. Charlesworth, from Waterbeach, to Wellington Square, Hastings; Mr. F. J. H. Humphrey, from Whiteley Bay, to Park Street, Luton; and Mr. T. R. McNab, from Colchester, to Tonbridge, Kent.

Colportage Chronicles.

The month has been without striking features, but quiet plodding work has been carried on, and abundantly pleasing records of success are to hand from the colporteurs. Just a few will be read with interest.

A brother tells of visits paid to a young man during his last illness. It was a case in which there had been but little response to pertinent questions and earnest appeals. One day, his sister met the colporteur in the street, and remarked, “ Poor Joe's dead.” The colporteur spoke soothingly, expressing sympathy with the bereaved ones, and his regret at not having called during the last few days of her brother's life. She then reported how eagerly the young man had wished to see the colporteur at the last, and that he had said, before he died, “ He is the best friend I have in the world, the only one who came on purpose to tell me of the Saviour.” The young man had died fully trusting in Jesus.



VISITING EVEN THE COWSHED.

A Christian friend bought a “ Travellers' Guide ” from one of the colporteurs, and asked him to give it to some needy soul. Hearing of an old man who was very ill, the colporteur called; and, as the invalid was too unwell for an interview, the book

was left. Calling at the house at a later period, he found that the recipient had passed away; but the widow told of the blessing that the book had proved, saying, "It helped my husband into the light, and he died happy."

One colporteur writes:—"We did very well, on the Common, on August Bank Holiday. Several thousands of persons passed my little stall during the day; and, assisted by my wife, I sold about 200 articles."

A special appeal for help for the Colportage General Fund is made by the Secretary, Mr. Stephen Wigney, Pastors' College, Temple Street, London, S.E.

Miscellaneous Matters.

Reports of various Societies have come to hand, all of them describing Christian work in which our readers are likely to be interested, and appealing for contributions to enable the workers to continue and increase their varied operations

From the TRINITARIAN BIBLE SOCIETY (25, New Oxford Street, London, W.,) comes the seventy-third Annual Report, relating again the story of its formation, and the need for its repeated protests against the circulation of corrupt versions of the Scriptures, and also recording the work that has been accomplished, in various

countries, in the distribution of the pure Word of God.

The thirty-ninth Annual Report of the CONTINENTAL MISSION COMMITTEE OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION (56, Old Bailey, London, E.C.,) contains on its title-page the portrait of Pastor J. A. Frey, of Riga, Russia, who has so long been known to "Sword and Trowel" readers as the translator and distributor of C. H. Spurgeon's sermons in Lettish. Two extracts will give some idea of the important service that is being carried on by this Continental Committee, and the need of increased funds for the further development of the work:—

"There is always considerable difficulty in procuring reliable statistics when dealing with foreign lands, but there is every reason to believe we are within the mark in saying that some two million scholars, with one hundred thousand teachers, are being gathered in more than twenty-eight thousand schools from Sunday to Sunday in the various countries of our vast sphere of operations."

"The field of operations embraces France, Germany, Holland, Italy, Sweden, Norway, Russia (Baltic Provinces and Poland), Bohemia, and Spain. But fresh doors are ever and anon opening, the principal obstacle in the way of entry being the inelasticity of our financial resources."

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from July 15th to August 14th, 1904.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Mr. W. Pitcher	1 0 0	Pastor G. W. Linneccar	0 12 6
Almshouses Sunday-school, per Mr. Cook	0 18 0	Mr. J. A. Stooke	0 10 0
Pastor H. J. Preece	0 5 0	Half collection at Gold Hill Baptist Chapel, per Pastor Thomas Davies	1 8 6
Miss E. A. Tunbridge	0 10 0	Messrs. Slater Bros.	25 0 0
"A well-wisher"	0 1 0	Contribution from Toxteth Tabernacle, Liverpool, per Pastor H. O. Mackey	5 0 0
Mrs. W. Clark	1 0 0	Mr. G. Harris	1 0 0
Pastor R. A. E. Anderton	0 10 6	Collections and Weekly Offerings at Metropolitan Tabernacle	31 6 9
Four Scotch notes (post-mark, Whitburn)	4 0 0		
Pastor R. Marshall	0 10 0		
Collection at Wellington Street Chapel, Luton, per Pastor W. J. Harris	4 14 4		
			£78 6 7

Pastors' College Missionary Association.

Statement of Receipts from July 15th to August 14th, 1904.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
"For Christ's sake"	0 5 0	Collected by Misses L. and A. Blackman	0 6 0
Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school	25 0 0	Collected by Mr. F. Fuller	0 5 0
Collected by Miss C. Hurley	0 4 2		
Collected by Miss L. Buswell	0 10 0		
			£26 10 2

The Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from July 15th to August 15th, 1904.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Collected by Mrs. Webster	0 11 0	Collected by Mr. A. S. Lidiard	0 3 6
Mrs. W. Jeeves	0 5 0	Mr. J. Wilson	0 10 0
Miss J. Bird	1 0 0	Mrs. D. Campbell	0 5 0
Mr. O. Barfoot	0 2 0	Collected by Mrs. Baldwin	0 1 6
S. B. S.	2 2 0	Mrs. J. Banbury	1 0 0
Miss Craggy, per Mr. J. Horn	0 7 0	Mrs. E. Todd	0 10 0
R. S., a thankoffering	0 2 0	Mr. J. Brash	0 5 0
Metropolitan Tabernacle Almshouses		Mr. J. Millard	0 2 6
Sunday-school, per Mr. J. Cook	0 18 6	Mr. W. J. Eldridge	0 10 0
E. S. T.	0 5 0	Mr. C. Billett	0 10 0
Young People's Missionary Association, per Rev. L. Tucker, M.A.	0 10 0	M. F., Gosforth	2 10 0
Miss Gregg	0 1 6	Stamps, Aberbeeg	0 1 4
Mr. H. Neale	0 5 0	Mrs. C. Evans	5 0 0
Collected by Mrs. Holmes	0 8 0	Mrs. Cockburn	1 0 0
Cross Street Baptist Church, Islington, per Mr. E. Green	4 0 5	Collected by Mrs. C. Cole	0 13 0
Mr. J. Niblett	0 5 0	Billo	0 4 0
Collected by Mrs. Humphrey	1 10 0	Rev. W. Wright Robinson	0 13 0
Mrs. Hills, per Mrs. Stark	0 10 6	Mrs. L. Seary	0 5 0
Miss C. Slader	0 5 0	Mr. J. Parkinson	1 10 0
Mr. E. Chitty	2 2 0	Collected by Mrs. Holder	1 1 6
J. C. M.	1 0 0	Half-year's dividend on 60 £10 cumulative preference shares, Albion Steam Coal Co., Ltd. (Mr. R. Cory's gift)	17 2 0
Mr. Hy. Holt	1 5 0	Mrs. E. Binns	0 2 6
Miss E. A. Tunbridge	0 12 0	Mrs. M. Jones	0 7 6
Miss Maxwell	1 1 0	Mr. B. Fielden	0 1 0
Master Hochstein	1 0 0	Mrs. Pledge	1 1 0
Messrs. W. Fromow and Sons	3 3 0	Mrs. G. Colyer	0 10 0
Mr. C. Ballam	1 10 0	Mr. T. Field	0 5 0
Mrs. Price	1 0 0	Mr. D. Rippet	0 1 6
Mr. W. Joass	0 2 6	Miss A. Mackereth	0 5 0
Miss Limebeer	0 2 6	Mr. C. A. Brown	1 5 0
Collected by Mrs. Williamson	2 0 0	Mrs. M. Banks	0 5 0
Mrs. Cheney	0 4 0	Mr. J. Macbeth	1 0 0
Mr. J. Webb	0 1 0	Mr. G. Harris	1 0 0
Stamps, Alness	0 3 0	Postal order, Castlenorton	1 0 0
Mr. I. J. Carter	1 1 0	Sandwich, per Bankers	2 2 0
Mrs. G. Stopford	3 0 0	The trustees of the estate of the late Mr. S. S. Eades	54 13 0
Miss Hine	1 0 0	SEASIDE HOME, MARGATE:—	
Collected by Mrs. R. C. Allen	0 11 0	S. B. S.	1 1 0
Mr. J. W. Hose, I.C.S.	3 3 0	Mrs. Brown	0 1 0
Sympathy, Dursley	1 0 0	Mrs. Cautwell	0 3 0
Miss E. Hughes	0 10 0	MEETINGS BY MR. CHARLESWORTH AND THE ORPHANAGE CHOR:—	
Coleraine	0 2 0	Queen's Road Baptist Chapel, Wimbledon	6 11 9
Mr. A. J. Jarrett	0 5 0		
Postal order, Retford	2 0 0		
Mr. W. Garnett	1 1 0		
Mrs. E. Collin	0 10 0		
Mrs. I. Maden	0 10 0		
Mr. N. M. McVicar	2 0 0		
Mr. D. Thomas	0 3 0		
			£151 4 6

LIST OF PRESENTS RECEIVED FROM JULY 15TH TO AUGUST 15TH, 1904.

PROVISIONS:—1 New Zealand Sheep, Sir A. Seale Haslam; 67 Rabbits, 24 doz. Eggs, Mr. C. Dewar.

GIRLS' CLOTHING:—8 Articles, Mrs. Hemming; 18 Articles (boys' and girls'), Beulah Baptist Working Meeting, Bexhill, per Mrs. Greenhill; 30 Articles (for No. 4 House), Mr. W. R. Rickett, J.P., per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon.

GENERAL:—6 Needlework Bags, Mrs. S. L. Bedford; a parcel of worn clothing, Mrs. G. D. Barnes; quantity of Books and Toys, Mrs. Malin; 2,000 Metal Text Medals, "One of His Stewards"; 5 small Tablecloths, Mrs. Wilmshurst.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from July 15th to August 14th, 1904.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
DISTRICT SUBSCRIPTIONS:—		Home Counties Baptist Association,	
Penrhawelber, per Mr. R. Cory,	11 5 0	per Mr. W. Hart	20 0 0
J.P.	3 18 6	Cardiff, per Mr. J. Cory, J.P.	11 5 0

		£ s. d.	GENERAL FUND:—	£ s. d.	
Sellidge, per Mr. W. G. Tester:—					
Mr. W. G. Tester	6	0	Mrs. H. Rennard	1	0
Mr. Swinnard	0	10	Mr. M. Gay	2	0
Mr. Bass	0	2	Miss Jensen	1	0
Collected by Miss Ashdown ..	0	9	Mr. W. D. Hodges	0	10
Collected by Miss Southce ..	1	3	Mr. Alderman H. Potter	1	1
		8	Mrs. E. Williams	0	10
Bishop's Stortford, per Mr. W.			Mr. S. P. Catterson	0	10
Holland	11	5	Mr. James Kench	2	2
Southern Baptist Association, per			Miss Jones	0	5
Mr. W. Haydon	60	0	Collection at North Cheam, per		
Fritham, per Mr. R. W. Griffiths...	11	5	Mr. B. Piercey	0	12
Orpington, per Mr. W. Jones	11	5	Messrs. Slater Bros., Liverpool	5	0
Ryde, per Rev. R. Coley	11	5	COLLECTING-CARDS:—		
		£159	Mr. A. R. Richards	1	0
		13	Mr. A. Phillips	0	10
AGED COLPORTEURS' FUND:—	£ s. d.		Mr. C. Boulton	0	6
A lady from Reading, per Mr.					
Henry Mears	0	10			£16
					7
					6

Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon's Book Fund.

Statement of Receipts from July 15th to August 14th, 1904.

		£ s. d.		£ s. d.
S. M. H.		0	"Interest on legacy," Mr.	
Mark iv. 8, 1st clause		0	F. W. N. L.	0
Mrs. P., Toronto		0	Mrs. W., Everton	0
Mrs. A., Worthing		0	Mrs. P., Toronto	0
Mrs. M., Kensington		2	Mrs. D. L., "General use"	1
Mrs. J. W., Dpwlwch		1		
Miss A. M. D., Uplyme		1		
Miss E. B. B., Binswood		1		
				£8
				13
				0

Gifts of Books:—Mrs. D., Faringdon, 23 volumes; Miss S., Newington Butts, Matthew Henry, 3 volumes.

Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon's Pastors' Aid Fund.

Statement of Receipts from July 15th to August 14th, 1904.

		£ s. d.
Miss E. F., Barnstaple		0
		10
		0
Gifts of Clothing:—Miss G., Lisnafllan, 2 Garments; Mr. C., Bramblecroft; Miss B., Thornton Heath; Mrs. H., W. Norwood; Miss E. F., Barnstaple; Miss S., Ryde; Miss B., Carran Bank; Miss S. D., Dover; Mrs. W., Willesden; Miss H. P. T., Kilmarnock; Mrs. M. J., Westbourne Terrace; Mrs. B., Waltham Cross; Miss D., Homeleigh; Miss V., Portlennone.		

Contributions in aid of "Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon's Book and Pastors' Aid Funds" should be sent to Miss E. H. Thorne, addressed (for the present), "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, 1904.

Young Preachers Encouraged.

AN ADDRESS AT AN ANNUAL MEETING OF THE METROPOLITAN
TABERNACLE COUNTRY MISSION, BY C. H. SPURGEON.

HAVE made a little discovery while I have been sitting here, this evening. I could not quite make out who some of the friends were who gathered with us around the tea tables. I usually reckon that I know all my own people,—not by name, but by sight; and I can generally recollect the faces of any persons with whom I have ever spoken; so I was wondering who many of you are, and whence you have come to this anniversary meeting. But now I find that there is a little kind brotherly and sisterly contingent, from several of the places where our Country Mission brethren go to preach, come up to keep “the Feast of Tabernacles” with us; and I am heartily glad to see you, dear friends, and I feel very thankful to you for being willing to act as pioneers in places where there are very few to labour for the Lord. In years to come, somebody will gather the fruit of your earnest service for the Master, even if you are not privileged to gather it yourselves.

You remember that Moses’ prayer was, “Let Thy work appear unto Thy servants, and Thy glory unto their children.” When I was planting some walnut trees in my garden, the gardener said to me, “You will never live to eat any of the fruit from them, for they will not bear anything for twenty years.” “Well,” I replied, “that does not matter to me in the least; yet I believe that I shall live for twenty years longer. I am not so old as I look, and I may live longer than you imagine; but even if I should not, this is my freehold ground, and my boys will eat the walnuts if I do not.” It is only ten years since the trees were planted, but I had a lot of the fruit from them last year. That is just what often happens in connection with the

work we do for Christ ; but even if we are not spared to see the fulness of the prosperity of our service, our children will see it ; and what is far better, our God will see it. It is, however, very sweet to us when we do see any of the result of our labour for the Lord, and so prove that it is not in vain. It is also a great joy to others. If your brother is converted, or your sister is saved, or your child is brought to Jesus, at any of your services, what a rich reward it is for your kindness in having entertained the preacher, and having taken your share in the work. It may be that, long after all of us have passed away, the results of our service will be found all over the world, and that they will continue to multiply, and increase, and bring forth fruit, even to a hundred-fold. The Lord grant that it may be so!

As this is a Baptist Country Mission, I hope that you are not only Christians, but that you are out-and-out Christians, and Baptists. When a man is converted, if he does not become a Baptist, there is something lacking, of which many professing Christians do not seem to be aware. I mean that, if the ordinance of believers' baptism is according to our Lord's will,—and His Word teaches us that it is,—then, if we do not obey His will, we seem to lack one characteristic of His true disciples. Though baptism is a very small matter compared with believing in the Lord Jesus Christ, yet that is an additional reason why it ought to be observed by all the Lord's professed followers. A young lad, whom I knew, who had rather a weak intellect, but a strong love to Christ, was thought to be dying. He was very anxious to be baptized, but his sister said to him, "Why, Isaac, baptism will not save you." He at once replied, "I know that ; I would not wish to be baptized if I was not already saved. We have to be saved first, and baptized afterwards." "Well, then, Isaac," said his sister, "if you are saved, you will go to Heaven." "Yes," he answered, "I know that I shall. I was not thinking that baptism was going to make me fit to go to Heaven ; we have no right to be baptized till we know that we are saved by grace, through faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, and that, therefore, we shall go to Heaven when we die." "Then, Isaac, why do you want to be baptized?" "Because, you see, when I go to Heaven, and see the Lord Jesus Christ there, He will say to me, 'Isaac, you might have done that little thing for Me,' and when He talks like that to me, I do not know what I shall say to Him." If it were a greater thing than it is, and our salvation depended upon it, and we should then do it, that would be sheer selfishness ; but our Lord Jesus simply asks us, in this ordinance, to follow His example, and so to say to the world, "We are dead." Dead people ought to be buried ; so we come to the baptismal pool to be buried with Christ in baptism, and thereby to say to the world, "You will not be able to get us into your power again, for we are dead and buried with Christ, we are crucified to the world, and shall never return to it." Baptism is, to a believer, very much the same sort of thing as happened when General Cortez landed in South America, and marched his men up into the country, where they were greatly outnumbered by the inhabitants of the country, and then sent back his principal lieutenant with orders to burn all his ships. Then he told the soldiers that they must either conquer or

die, for they could not go back. In a similar fashion, in our baptism we sink our ships, and say to friends and foes alike, "We are never going back any more." When a man is baptized, he bears in his body one of the marks of the Lord Jesus. It is the water-mark, which can never be taken out of him. It is not a brand that can be cut out; baptized persons may disgrace their profession, but they can never be unbaptized. From head to foot, they bear the mark of Christ upon them. I would have all of you feel an intense interest in the ordinance which sets forth, so significantly, the death and burial of the believer with his Lord. If any of you say that you cannot see it, you had better buy a pair of spectacles; and if you want a little book that will tell you all about believers' baptism, I should recommend you to read the New Testament, and to ask the Holy Spirit to teach you its meaning. That is the only work on the subject that you need to study, though there are many other books that help to throw light upon the ordinance.

Now I have to say a little about these young brethren going out to preach in the country districts all round this great city. I am a great believer in our young men endeavouring to become preachers of the Gospel. I do not think that all of you would be right to attempt to preach; a large number of you would be a great deal better employed in keeping shop, or going out to day labour, rather than becoming such "muffs" and "sticks" of preachers as can be found without much difficulty by anybody who cares to look for them. All Christians are not called to that special and honourable work, but they should all try to be the best servants of the Lord Jesus Christ that they can be; and there are numbers of Christian young men who will never know what they can do for Him until they try. In all our churches, there are numbers of godly old men, who never are heard praying in public simply because they did not begin to do so while they were young; and there are many, who will never speak well for Christ because they did not begin to do so early enough in their Christian career.

I urge all young men to try to speak for Christ, *because it is by speaking that we learn to speak.* How does a baby learn to talk? Why, by beginning to talk. It does not talk very fine language at first, —though I have heard mothers say that it is remarkably sweet to their ears;—but it gradually learns to speak more and more distinctly; and, in similar style, though in a somewhat higher sense, young men will learn to speak by speaking. You will never teach a boy or a man to swim until you take him to the water; you may talk to him about what he should do, and about what he should not do; but he will never learn to swim in that way. Throw him into the water; and then, unless he means to be drowned, he will have to swim ashore. It is very much the same with regard to public speaking. No man can possibly become eloquent by simply reading all about the laws of oratory; he must begin to speak as he has the opportunity. That is the only way to teach him to speak.

I like Christian young men to begin speaking for their Lord *because, even when they speak very imperfectly, God often blesses their message.* The polish that can be given to an address may add to its power in delivery; but I have known both addresses and sermons to be as

polished as steel, and just as cold, and with no edge to them whatever. No one would be likely to be either cut to the heart or pricked in the heart by such blunt weapons. Sometimes, I think that the wild-bird notes of young beginners have a peculiar charm about them; there is something delightful in the very tremulousness of the accents, the feeble way in which you can see that the speaker puts his thoughts, yet the strong way in which you feel that he would put them if he could. You can read much "between the lines" of his stammering, blundering address. Let the young men speak by all manner of means; they often speak best when they seem to speak worst. David said, "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast Thou ordained strength;" and we may say that, out of the mouth of the most veritable suckling orator who ever attempted to speak in his Lord's name, God has oftentimes ordained strength.

I like these young men to speak *because it will do them good*. They will find out their blunders in the process of making them. Frequently, you cannot tell where your faults lie until you have developed them, just as you cannot tell what strength you have until you have tested it. There are many people, who think it is a wonderfully easy thing to preach until they try to do it themselves; after that, their opinions are considerably modified. Possibly, you have heard of the youth, who had long wanted to preach, and who thought it was, as he said, "as easy as kissing your hand;" but when, at last, an opportunity was presented for the display of his talents in the pulpit, he delivered the following practical if not very eloquent speech, "Now then, if any of you have conceit enough to think that you can preach, just come up here, and you will soon have it all taken out of you." I am not certain that it is recorded whether anyone accepted the invitation or not, but I believe that other instances of the same sort of thing have been observed in other pulpits since that memorable occasion. I am firmly convinced that attempting to preach does help a young man to find out how great his weakness is; and the more he suffers in that way, the better will it be for him, for other influences, not so beneficial, will be brought to bear upon him. The young lady, whom I call "Jemima" when I am talking to the students of the College, is delighted with him. She feels that, now, a young man has risen, who will dazzle the people; of course, she judges by the way in which she is herself dazzled by his wonderful eloquence. She tells him what glorious things will happen to the world now that he has begun to preach, and perhaps he is silly enough to believe what she says; but, as he continues speaking and preaching, he will find that there are other people beside "Jemima" who will come to hear him, and they will not all be so struck with him as she is. Some will say that he is about the biggest fool they ever heard talk. Others will observe, possibly even in his hearing, that, if he would hold his tongue, he would be a wiser man than he is now. Some will tell him to his face, "You had better learn a little more yourself before you try to teach others." Some Hyper brother will say that his sermon was a mangle-mangle, and neither law nor Gospel, and will express his belief that the young man came from Spurgeon's, which is the worst thing that can be said of anybody who attempts to preach in

the hearing of certain people. All that will do the young man good, it will be greatly blessed to him if he is made of the right sort of stuff. I believe that a preacher is made useful in very much the same way as a beef steak is made tender,—that is, by being well hammered. If there is really anything of value in a young man, he will have no need to ask anybody to hammer him; there will be plenty of people willing to do that without being asked. I can speak from experience upon this question, for I had, in my earlier days, my full share of this hammering. I have several volumes of pamphlets, at home, in which I find myself described in various ways, the titles ranging from “the greatest preacher of the age” to “a man, who, if he were conscious of the meaning of what he was saying, and not too ignorant to understand his own utterances, would be a blasphemer.” I do not suppose that any of those criticisms have ever raised or lowered my spirits to the tenth part of a degree; still, they are very excellent medicine to anyone who needs them. They are admirably adapted for cutting a young gentleman’s comb, and that is one of the most useful operations that can be performed; for some of them are very very big when they begin to preach.

Another good thing about this preaching is that *it gives the young men confidence*; it knocks it out of them in one way, and puts it into them in another way; they have less confidence in themselves, and more confidence in God. Our young men in the College are not with us very long before they learn one most important truth, viz., that they are great fools; and, afterwards, they learn a second truth, *i.e.*, that they are not the only ones. The first truth knocks one over, but the second sets him up again. When I first came to preach in London, I imagined that all the people who came to the chapel would be wise, intelligent, and judicious;—I don’t suppose that I thought they would all have their Greek Testaments with them, and read their Hebrew Bibles to see whether I gave the right meaning of the original; but when I went into the pulpit at New Park Street, the thought that crossed my mind was that I could eat the lot! You know, probably, what I mean by that expression; and I have felt a good deal like that ever since; and, in another sense, I have gone on from that day to this eating and being eaten, enjoying the very heart and soul of Christian love.

It does our young men good to get back this kind of confidence after they have learned not to put confidence in themselves. I know what a young brother says when he commences to speak. “I will make my sentences short, so that I shall not lose myself;” but, after a little while, the nominative and the verb and the objective case get hopelessly confused, and the sentence, which was to have been so short and clear, becomes hopelessly muddled. I have seen brethren going along, like Blondin on the tight-rope, with balancing pole in hand, and looking very grand indeed; but they have not got to the end of the appointed course. It is always interesting to watch a budding orator when he is in such trepidation that he is not quite sure where his next step will be; and, presently, down he comes on all fours! He makes up his mind that he will try again, and it is very amusing to an onlooker to watch his performance, though it may not be at all

amusing to him. There are some, who go through the ordeal all right, and never slip at all. I have even heard of some, who could keep on speaking without really saying anything for half an hour. They are like the Yorkshire deacon, whose mill was going, one bright Sunday morning, while the good man was at chapel. Someone pointed it out to one of his friends, but the man replied, "The sails are going round, it is true; but our deacon is not the man to work on Sunday, and if you go into the mill, you will see that the wheel is going Click-a-de-clack, Click-a-de-clack, but that it is not grinding anything." So there are some speakers, whose tongues go Click-a-de-clack, Click-a-de-clack, but they are not grinding anything. That is one of the evils that will grow, in some cases, out of constant practice in speaking; a man is able to keep on talking when he has little or nothing to say. Beware, brethren, lest that should be the case with any of you.

Some of our young friends develop extraordinary talent through beginning to preach, as many of them do, in the villages and small country towns around London. I wish I could get some more of them into the College; I would give almost anything for Mr. Fullerton* if I could have him, and there must be others, too, who will grow into able ministers of the Word. I am afraid that the leaders of this Mission and the Evangelists' Association must almost dread to hear of a young man getting on well in preaching, as they know that I shall be sure to want him for the College. They feel just as a mother does when her daughter begins to look so attractive, and she says to her husband, "John, I do not think it will be very long before somebody will be after our Jemima;" yet no mother would wish to see her daughter stunted and dwarfed. So, my good brethren are right glad to see their sons reaching that excellence of beauty of speech which we have seen in those of them who have spoken to us to-night. Long may it continue so!

A Sunday in New York.

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

THREE days can hardly be accounted more than a flying visit, howsoever unimportant the place visited, and however short the journey to it. But what shall be said of a sojourn in America, by a traveller from Britain, lasting three days only? Surely so great a country and so long a voyage demanded a more lengthened stay, and there is little marvel that the Americans declared that it was "too bad." But circumstances alter cases. For a healthful holiday, commend me to the sea. It is better to be on it than by it. So, when I discovered that friends of mine, in whose company I had previously voyaged from Liverpool, were outward bound, and that a berth on the R.M.S. *Campania* could be secured, I somewhat hastily decided to

* "Sword and Trowel" readers are, of course, well aware that Mr. Fullerton did enter the Pastors' College, and that he is one of the most notable ministers who ever went forth from the Institution.

take shipping also. There was just time, ere my furlough ended, to cross the Atlantic twice. Of the voyage itself, for it seemed to be one, though it was in two parts, I need only say that it was "o'er summer seas" in two of the best vessels of the Cunard Co., with pleasant passengers, and with absolute freedom from calls and cares. Yet, thanks to Marconi, we were not without daily tidings, on our world of waters, of the doings of men on the dry land. Saturday, Sunday, and Monday were my only days ashore. The last of these was "Labour Day", and much might be written concerning it; but it is of the Rest Day that I desire to tell.



DR. CAMPBELL MORGAN.

Noticing that Dr. Campbell Morgan was preaching three farewell sermons, my friends and I determined to hear one of his parting messages. Accordingly, we wended our way, in the forenoon, to the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church. As was to be expected, the place, huge as it is, was thronged in every part. We managed to get to the front of the press that stood at the top of one of the aisles,

and there we stood till the service was well under weigh. Then the seat-steward took pity on a few of the ladies round about us, and escorted them to the front. After a while, my friend introduced me to the aforesaid official, who, despite his difficult task, was courtesy itself to all. "Then, I guess, I'll have to find *you* a seat," he said; and with "Come along, Doctor," led me down to his own pew. Here I was indeed in clover, for the pew was in a good position, and comfortably appointed, while the excessive temperature was relieved for me, without exertion on my own part, by the good offices of the lady on my right, who wielded a serviceable fan with refreshing effect. So, yet once more, the magic of the name I bear stood me in good stead. I was, by this time, comfortably seated in the beautiful sanctuary sacred to the memory of Dr. Hall's notable ministry, joining in the worship of a great host, whose presence proved that they regarded with regret the home-going of a man of God who had brought a real blessing to their country, and that they wished him well on the other side.

Last words are ever noteworthy. What would his parting message be? But there was much before the sermon. The Scriptures were read, in Judges, and in Mark, without comment, but with illuminating emphasis and suggestive gesture. The prayer was helpful to a great degree, and augured well for the address that was to follow. There is, generally, the closest connection between the two. From confession we were led to thanksgiving, and thence to supplication, and as the prayer concluded we found ourselves sitting at the posts of His doors waiting to hear what God the Lord would speak. I can scarcely call to mind a public petition more after my heart since the days of long ago when C. H. Spurgeon took us right up to the throne. The hush of Heaven was over every spirit, while the sympathetic voice told, in acceptable words, our sins, our gratitude, our needs, into the kind Father's ear.

After the great congregation had joined very heartily in singing—

"Joy to the world, the Lord is come,"—

Dr. Morgan spoke a brief personal word. He thanked the eager, kind, and appreciative audiences that had gathered during "the summer service", and asked their prayer for himself in London. "I am going," he said, "to a large and almost empty building, in the hope that it will yet be filled. The down-town Church must never be forsaken, but held for God."

The preacher having announced that offerings were now to be made "in the spirit of worship," the officials collected the same, the choir (a quartette) singing, meanwhile, a beautiful rendering of "Art thou weary?" The collectors, plates in hand, then approached the platform, the congregation rose, and Dr. Morgan prayed after this fashion, "Almighty God, we desire to offer Thee our grateful gifts. We beseech Thee to receive them as tokens of our love, to command on them Thy multiplying blessing, and through them to accomplish Thy glory." I find that it is quite customary in American places of worship in some such way to identify the giving with the other items of devotion, and I confess to admiring the procedure. Anything that

really helps to reinstate the Offering in its honoured place in the service of the sanctuary commends itself.

The text was from Matt. xii. 30: "He that is not with Me is against Me; and he that gathereth not with Me scattereth abroad." The sermon that followed was remarkable indeed. Only a verbatim report can do it justice, and I almost hesitate to set down the sentences which I managed to reduce to ordinary writing, until indeed I felt that I could no longer wield the pencil for very interest in the theme, and lest my own heart-hunger should remain unsatisfied. Perhaps my best plan is to set down what I gleaned, even though it may appear somewhat disjointed. By way of preface, the preacher said, "Our lot is cast in an age characterized by toleration. The rack and excommunication are argumentative methods of bygone times. We have done with physical attempts to produce spiritual results. There can hardly be too much toleration as between man and man. I have no right to usurp the throne of judgment, and to hurl my petty and harmless anathemas at others. But, my brethren, is it not true still that the old fiery physical test cleared the atmosphere, and made much of what we mourn to-day impossible? The Church of God in Rome, pure and persecuted, was powerful; patronized, it became impure, and lost its spiritual force.

"We stand in the presence of the imperial Christ, who utters eternal principles. We shall all be judged by Jesus Christ as we leave the sanctuary. I myself shall pass from this pulpit, within fifty minutes, with Christ or against Him, to gather or to scatter."

The preacher then indicated the theme he was about to handle,— "the imperial personality and programme of our blessed Lord." His figure was traced in outline at the back of the text. There was an imperial ring about it, a great masterful attitude in the manner and the matter of it. We were to be arrested, arraigned, judged, sentenced by it, and by Him who spake it. Of Jesus Himself, he could not say much then. We know Him, and we love Him. His programme rather than His person was the theme. "He sets up a definite claim that He is a *Gatherer*: 'He that gathereth not *with Me*.' He came to gather together in one the children of God that were scattered abroad." At this stage, it was pointed out that the word used for "gathereth" was the strongest possible. It meant to lead into union, to find the wandering things, to return them to a communion with each other. "Scattereth" was also a forceful term,—to put to flight, as men scatter before stinging, evil, poisonous things, for there was a suggestion of the scorpion in its primal meaning.

There followed a reference to, and an explanation of, the favourite modern phrase, "The solidarity of humanity." "The idea," said the preacher, "is from Christ and His apostles. All that is true of the Church is true of the world. When one member suffers, all the other members suffer with it. All the pain of the Far East is affecting the West, and all the light of the West is created for the East." Then came graphic delineations of the work of disintegration in nations, and churches, and families. We were shown Europe cursed with greed; New York divided into cliques and circles; homes divided against themselves, and the Church singing, "All one body we," but

split into a multitude of sections. "Christ came to *gather*, that is, to realize the Divine ideal as against the human failure. How did He do it? By affirming the cohesive principle of the Kingdom of God, and so destroying other kingdoms and cliques. He came to take hold of the disintegrating forces of selfishness and sin. His atoning work did not begin at the cross. It began when there was no room for Him in the inn."

Illustrations were then given us of the gathering power of Christ and of His Gospel. The first was a personal one. "For *me* He has gathered together the things that were scattered. He found me wandering and wondering, divided and perplexed. He set on the throne of my inner heart the Lord God Almighty. The music began when the offering was complete."

Then came a very touching recital of a home united by the love of Christ, in the course of which an eager hearer close behind me was constrained to cry aloud, "Bless His name!"

"If God was King in New York," exclaimed the preacher, "could I have seen the things I saw yesterday? Would it then be necessary for armed police to guard a branch of your commerce? I thank God for policemen whenever I see them, yet they are always signs to me that the millennium has not yet arrived." "He *will* gather," said this prophet voice, "till all that divides is cast out. This is His work, and this is He; then let Him speak to me."

Here are a few of the striking sentences which reached our hearts as the speaker applied the text, and drew to a conclusion. "My influence in the world depends on my relationship to Christ." "The man who is against Christ *scatters*. Watch him long enough, and you will find it is really so. He can do no other." "Our position is tested by our influence. A man who is gathering, casting out a devil, fighting selfishness and sin,—he is with Christ in sympathy and effort." On the other hand, "A man, whose children feel relieved when he goes away, is against Christ, for he is scattering. 'Oh, but he is a minister!' you say. That may be; but he is no Christian."

The final appeal was impressive indeed. "*In a few minutes, you, my hearers, will be pouring out through the open doors into the broad avenue, and you will be—for neutrality is impossible,—with Christ, gathering, or against Christ, scattering. WHICH IS IT?*"

The service over, there was much handshaking; and Dr. Campbell, wearied though he must have been, held quite a reception on the platform. I was among the number of the received, for I wanted to thank him for the discourse, and to assure him of a welcome to London town. He knew me, though we have seldom met, and it was evident that he was gladly surprised. He told me he was sailing on the following Saturday, and wished I could wait till then. He said also that he was going to live at Norwood, "near the old home," and that it was sweet to see me. For all of which kind words, my heart was greatly thankful. Then he introduced me to some of the friends, and I forthwith began to hold a reception on a smaller scale on my own account. So ended the first lesson of a Sunday in New York.

The second lesson began at eight o'clock. At that hour, we found ourselves in the Lecture-hall or Schoolroom of the Calvary Baptist Church. The Pastor, Dr. MacArthur, had just returned from his summer tour, (it cannot be called a vacation, as will presently appear,) and was to preach from the text he has used on similar occasions for several years,—“A basket of summer fruit.” The “preliminaries” included responsive reading from the Word, (the congregation standing,) a beautifully tender and comprehensive prayer, and some hymns led by a quartette specially attired. These also sang, “The Homeland,” during the taking of the offertory. In announcing a “charming” hymn, the Dr. called our attention to the unusual combination,—the words of a French author to a Russian melody.

“There’s a wideness in God’s mercy like the wideness of the sea,
 There’s a kindness in His justice that is more than liberty.
 There is welcome for the sinner, and more graces for the good ;
 There is mercy with the Saviour, there is healing in His blood.”

The sermon commenced with a description of Amos and his style.—He was a minor prophet, cotemporary with Isaiah and Hosea, a member of the shepherd class, and a dresser of sycamore trees.—Hence he refers frequently to natural objects,—the lion roaring in the forest, golden harvests and the waggon loaded with sheaves, to agricultural pursuits and pastoral employments. Inspiration never changed the writer’s natural taste and disposition. It left men their idiosyncrasies, exalting, enriching, ennobling, consecrating all their gifts. The inspired writer was not God’s pen, but God’s penman. So Paul differs widely from James. If Paul were alive to-day, he would talk about telephones, and railways, about the new subway, and wireless telegraphy. There would be parables about modern discoveries in it if the Bible were written to-day. Jesus spake of three measures of meal in which the leaven was hidden because He had seen His own mother bake, and of the new cloth in the old garment because He had seen His mother mending the clothes of her husband and her Son. He drew His illustrations from everyday life. He would do the same now. Paul and James had marked characteristics in this respect. The one spake of markets, and games, and soldiers. He was immensely modern. The other was a lover of nature, as a bird in the open air. He wrote of fountains sweet and bitter, of the passing cloud, the green grass, and the ripe fruit. Amos was a shepherd : he lived in the open. What a great world is hidden from most of us ! A Baptist minister, with whom the preacher had lately spoken, recently began to study botany, and now the flowers in the garden nod to him, and say, “Good morning,” when he walks among them. They open to him their hearts. The Dr.’s own children had been studying the birds during their holiday with great delight and profit. “I envy,” said he, “men and women who live this larger life.”

Taking up his parable, the speaker proceeded to say :—“Summer has put its fruit into a basket for us. During the past two months, I have travelled 16,200 miles, in 15 States. I have delivered 65 sermons, lectures, and addresses. I have attended 26 Chautauquas, and have met men of every profession, and a great number of great fruit growers. We have little conception of the greatness of our

country. We know next to nothing of the wonders of the middle West and of the remoter West. We dwellers in the city can hardly imagine a cornfield stretching mile after mile with stalks 8, 10, 12, or even 14 feet high. Nor do we appreciate the culture of the smaller cities in what some are pleased to term 'the wild and woody West.'" The Dr. told us that he had preached to 40,000 or 45,000 people, and lectured to, possibly, 75,000. He had seen 4,000 hearers gathered, though it would cost each person 10 cents to come and go, and 25 cents to secure admission. This surely was positive proof that they were hungry for the simple Gospel.

But he had, unfortunately, some very poisonous fruit in his basket, apples of Sodom, bitter, ashes in the mouth, and poison in the body. He referred to strikes, riots, and lynchings. "I speak of this," said he, "with extreme sorrow. The spirit of lawlessness and anarchy is the one humiliating element in our American life. Strikes are relics of barbarism. Labour is capital. Capital is labour. They are friends, not foes; allies, not aliens. They should march side by side to the music of American patriotism and of the golden rule."

Then came a never-to-be-forgotten denunciation of lynching,—eloquent, pathetic, terrible. "America is the only country in the world where men are bound to the stake, and burned without trial. No heathen land is so brutal. Think of deliberately setting fire to a man over whose body kerosene has been poured! I blush with shame for the country I love. We are indifferent. We hear of the shocking details, but we are not shocked. We are being barbarized, demonized. I cannot tell you all that is in my heart concerning this matter. The Lord preserve our nation! It is high time for the press and the pulpit to speak in honour of America, in honour of law, in honour of 'God.'" It was not possible to take full notes while this vehement indictment was being spoken. The orator was stirred to his deepest depths. So also were his hearers, and not a few afterwards accorded him their grateful thanks for his outspokenness.

The preacher next dealt with industrial fruit, and then with financial fruit. "The eyes of a wise man are in his head," and Dr. MacArthur had evidently used his to good purpose throughout his travelling. It was a bright picture that he painted, and gratifying indeed to his American hearers. Perchance, some who hailed from other lands were not so charmed as he claimed for his own land industrial and political supremacy; but who can deny its greatness, its enterprise, and the integrity of many of its leaders? Dr. MacArthur did not hesitate to declare his own satisfaction with the present Government, and he extolled Colonel Hay with unstinted praise.

Intellectual fruit was next descanted on, with a review of the Chautauqua movement, which stands for intellectual culture, true patriotism, and spiritual devotion.

There was too little time left, as I thought, for the spiritual fruit, but it was good to hear the much-travelled preacher declare again that the people were hungry for the old simple story of Jesus and His love, and to listen to his description of a great audience spell-bound while he talked to them from "I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee."

Another meeting had been announced, (for the discussion of the assistant-pastorate,) so I hurried forward to get a grip of my old friend's hand. How astonished he was, and how glad! He was fain to embrace me in his unexpected joy. What was I doing there? When had I come? How long was I staying? You must speak to these people! "No, no," I cried, "it cannot be." But his hands were loudly clapped, and the ebbing stream was stayed, and flowed back into the hall. Then the cheery Dr. introduced me in his friendliest tones and terms to the amazed people, and called upon me to address them. What I said I know not, for I was not a little taken aback by the suddenness of the call. Yet it was evident that the people were glad to see and hear my father's son. Then my good friend began to tell the story of his acquaintance with me, and of his interest in me. He spoke of hearing me twice in the Tabernacle, ("You've been burned out since then," he said, in an aside;) and in his own beautiful church adjoining; ("Oh, how hot it was!" in another aside;) of his visit, with me, to my dear mother, ("and she has passed on since then,") and to my beloved father's grave. He called on the people to have me in their prayers, and gripped my hand in pledge thereof; he asked the choir to lead us in "God be with you till we meet again," and bade me close with prayer. Then began greetings from the congregation of the kindest and heartiest, till someone remembered the business meeting, and the Dr. hurried off in his rustling robes. So ended the second lesson, a bright and gladsome one, of this Sunday in New York.

To a Friend of Early Days.

I KNOW thee near me, feel thy tender gaze:
 Once more we meet in life's strange winding ways.
 I clasp thy hand as on thy face I look,
 Thine eyes are speaking as an open book.
 I see their love-light,—lamp of memory's store;
 I read their message,—asking not for more.

So brief! But, oh, the sweetness of the chime,
 When hearts ring true amidst the vales of time!
 So brief! But oft the echo wakes and sings
 Of *thee*, and *thus*, and all my thoughts have wings.

* * * *

Dear early days of Christian life and love,
 Birth-time of peace which nothing can remove,
 Your charm is with us still, your dawn-light cheers,
 When thus we meet a friend of yester-years.

E. A. TYLER.

Lovable Christians.

BY T. L. CUYLER, D.D.

THERE is no line of eulogy in the Bible that is more to be coveted than this single line, "the disciple whom Jesus loved." The original possessor of this precious encomium was John the Evangelist, and the inspired writer of five wondrous Books of Holy Scripture. There is a very false conception of him in many minds, as if he were a mild, effeminate person, lacking in all the robust qualities of an athletic manhood. On the contrary, he was peculiarly bold, and energetic, and outspoken,—one of two "sons of thunder." He was a man of flaming zeal for his Master's glory, and of red-hot hatred for everything false and wicked; and yet he was the author of those three marvellous love-letters which have the effusive sweetness of the pressed honeycomb. There seems to have been a peculiar inner sympathy between Jesus Christ and His favourite disciple; he penetrated more fully into his Master's mission, understood more deeply his Master's character, and partook more of his Master's spirit than any other of the twelve. He was the planet that rode nearest to the sun. That "leaning on the breast of Jesus" at the Paschal Supper had a meaning in it; it meant that John's heart drew so strongly to Christ's heart that their outward embrace was as natural as the kiss of a husband and a wife.

John might have sat for that portrait which Paul afterwards painted when he described the Christian character as possessing "whatsoever things are honest," and then adds as a finishing touch, "whatsoever things are lovely and of good report." This word "lovely" does not occur elsewhere in the New Testament. It signifies what is dear to anyone; and the phrase, "things of good report," signifies that which wins admiration and approval. We might paraphrase the expression, and render it,—*"Be lovable; so live as to win converts to your Master."* Every Christian is, or ought to be, a representative of Jesus Christ before the world. He has been well styled "the world's Bible", and is about the only Bible that thousands ever look at. It should be the aim of every follower of Christ to be a living epistle, not only legible, but attractive to all who study him.

Is this always so? Is the religion of every good man and every good woman truly lovable? We fear not. Some men's piety has quite too much of the flavour of the "Old Adam" still lingering about it. Others sour their religion with the acidity of censoriousness, and their conversation sets everyone's teeth on edge. After an hour's talk with them, you find yourself almost insensibly prejudiced against some of the best people of your acquaintance. A fly has been dropped by these censorious dyspeptics into every pot of fragrant ointment, and a smirch has been left by their uncharitable tongues on the fairest characters. There is quite too much lemon and too little sugar in the composition of such people to make them agreeable to anybody.

Somewhat akin to those is a class of knotty and crabbed Christians whom everybody respects, and almost nobody loves. In my early ministry, I had a most conscientious and godly-minded officer in my

Church, who rigidly practised whatsoever things were true, and whatsoever things were just, and whatsoever things were honourable. He was honest to a farthing, and devout to the very core. I never knew him to do a wrong deed, and I scarcely ever knew him to do a pleasant one. There was a deal of good, solid, and most excellent meat in him, but no one liked to prick his fingers in coming at it. The rugged old chestnut-burr-Christian might have been a great power in the Church; but even the children in the street were afraid to speak to him; and so he went sturdily on his way to Heaven, praying, and working, and growling as he went, reminding me constantly of his famous countryman, Thomas Carlyle. If there had been a few drops of the Epistles of John distilled into him, he would have made a grand specimen of a Christian; and probably he has become sweeter and mellowed, by this time, in the warm atmosphere of Heaven. That good man did more than make a mistake; he committed a sin by destroying a large part of his influence for winning others to Christ. As a soldier has no right to wet his powder or to blunt his sword when he goes into battle, so no Christian has a right to make his religion offensive when he might make it attractive. His personal influence is a trust and a talent which he is bound to use for his Master. "He is wise that winneth souls," and no one of us is likely to win anybody until we have won both their respect and their affections. Influence is never to be gained by compromising with other people's sins, or conniving at their wrong doings; trimmers and time-servers are only repaid with contempt. The price of permanent love is fidelity to the right of an unselfish aim to do good to others.

A lovable Christian, therefore, is one who hits the golden mean between easy, good-natured laxity on the one hand and stern or uncharitable moroseness on the other. He is sound, and yet sweet; he is all the sweeter for living much in the sunshine of Christ's countenance. He never incurs suspicion or contempt by compromising with sinful prejudices, nor does he repel people by doing a righteous act in a churlish or bigoted fashion.

Who are the best-loved people in the community? I answer, unhesitatingly, they are the unselfish. They are those who have drunk most deeply of the spirit of Jesus Christ. They are those who have the most effectually cut that cursed cancer of self out of their hearts, and filled its place with that love that "seeketh not its own." This beautiful grace sometimes blooms out in the most unexpected places. It was illustrated by the poor lad, in the coal mine, when a fatal accident occurred, and a man came down to relieve the sufferers, and the brave boy said to him, "Don't mind me; Joe Brown is a little further down, and he's a-most gone; save him first!" There are enough "Joe Browns" who are lower down in poverty and ignorance, in weakness and in want, than we are, and Christianity's first duty is to save them. It was to save sinners from sinking into the deeper pit of hell that Jesus died on Calvary. He who stoops the lowest to rescue lost souls will have the highest place in Heaven. Will it not be those unselfish spirits who will have John's place up there on the Saviour's bosom, and will be the disciples whom Jesus loves?

Green Pastures.

BY H. T. SPUFFORD, F.L.S.

X.—THE HIDINGS OF HIS POWER.

IT was Zophar, the Naamathite, who cried, "Oh that God would speak, and open His lips against thee; and that He would shew thee the secrets of wisdom, that they are double to that which is." He went on to ask "vain man", "Canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection?"

"Double to that which is" runs the comment of Inspiration upon all human announcements and conclusions as to the works and ways of the Author and Governor of life. Study, concentration of mind, scientific research, do but confirm this. Therefore, as experience attests the verdict of Revelation, it behoves those who would speak on natural phenomena to do so with a certain humble reticence, while, at the same time, they magnify, in adequate language, the inexhaustible resources of God, and stand in worshipful awe as they recognize His reservations. His revelations hold the mind spellbound, and the more so as they force on the conclusion that each one of these contains incontestable proof of "the hiding of His power."

"God came from Teman, and the Holy One from mount Paran. Selah. His glory covered the heavens, and the earth was full of His praise. And His brightness was as the light; He had horns coming out of His hand: and there was the hiding of His power." (Hab. iii. 3, 4.) There is the alternative reading of the margin: "bright beams out of His side." The Revised Version has it: "He had rays coming forth from His hand: and there was the hiding of His power."

But each rendering spells out the same truth. Glorious is His manifestation, but what must God be, who thus manifests Himself? And much as is to be learned from that which is seen, that which may be inferred is even greater. To dwell upon the unseen is even more than dwelling upon the seen, however marvellous, for "the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal."

The postulate is this,—All Divine manifestations come out of infinite reserves. All revelations are the unfoldings of eternal purposes. Further, that which is revealed to-day has vital relation to that which, in the purpose of God, took place in the remote past.

There are no expedients to meet exigences in the ways of God.

Think of "the hiding of His power" in the natural world.

There are oceanic islands in which grow plants, and on which live insects, birds, fresh-water shell-fish, lizards, and tortoises, that are to be found nowhere else on the earth. The existence of these distinct forms of life presents a great mystery, unless you regard their homes as relics of "a continent which once supported the mountain whose peaks are now mere points in the ocean waste." Then the *fauna* and *flora* of these islands would be survivals of the life which once existed on what is now "a drowned world." They are the "rays coming out of His hand;" the 18,000 feet of sea-water around is "the hiding of His power."

Take another remarkable illustration of the relation of the world

to-day to the remote past. Along our country roads rushes the much-abused motor car, leaving a trail of petroleum behind. What is petroleum? It is an animal and, possibly, a vegetable oil, obtained from great oil-fields which lie in certain positions in the Carboniferous and Silurian strata of the Earth's crust. Where fissures in the rocks occur, there is found the crude petroleum which, by distillation, yields the oils of the high commercial value that we know. But how did the oil originate? Ah! here comes in a wonderful conjecture. In the seas of that far-away period, there swarmed huge reptiles, and an abundance of fish. On the Silurian and Cambrian rocks are to be found very plentiful traces of the *trilobites* and *annelides*. Then, later, come multitudes of fish, the first traces of land plants, and then the monster reptiles, to be followed by the dense luxuriant vegetation which we now have in the shape of the coal deposits. It would be strange indeed if no more evidence of all this life, through countless ages, could be found than what is afforded by inferences from fossils. But we are not left to these. The coal-measures and the oil-fields belong to this palæozoic period; and, looked upon in relation to the life of that far-distant era, are most striking illustrations of "the hiding of His power." Under enormous pressure, exercised through vast lapses of time, the forests are turned into coal, and the prolific life of the period is distilled and stored in far-reaching reservoirs of petroleum.

If space allowed, like deductions could be made from the possible origin and distribution of gold; a most fascinating topic, if only from this point of view.

Take, however, as a final reference from Nature, the hidden virtues which are stored away in the leaves, bark, and roots of plants. All floral life is as the "rays coming out of His hand," but there is "the hiding of His power." Within the leaves of one plant lies a strong narcotic, smoked now by half the world; within the seed-vessel of another is a white opaque juice, which may be used as a deadly drowse, or a most precious medicine; while, under the bark of a third, is an alkaloid, which, combined with an acid, gives that most valuable tonic, quinine, to this age of "nerves."

But why pursue this line, when even the weeds of the wayside would furnish evidence? All are "rays coming out of His hand," and within every one of them is "the hiding of His power." There is no finality to the possibilities of plant use.

The same may be said of the salts, clays, and minerals of the earth, till we halt before the recently-discovered wonders of radium, which are as rays from His hand, but are also proof of "the hiding of His power."

* * * * *

This double thought is found all through the Old Testament. It is not too much to say that it is ever in the background, and shines through the marvellous utterances of the Christ. It further has a determining voice in the hopes that breathe in the Epistles. "Why," cried Job, "seeing times are not hidden from the Almighty, do they that know Him not see His days?" The same question holds good now. Read Isaiah xlv., as illustrating the revelations and reservations

of the Lord in the choice of Cyrus as the instrument of His will. Think of our Lord's wonderful prophecy, in Matt. xxiv., as another instance of light given, and the very light suggesting the depth of the purpose. Think, too, of the mild rebuke administered to the disciples on the very eve of the Ascension, "It is not for you to know the times or the seasons, which the Father hath put in His own power." And, yet, let the humble, thoughtful enquirer also remember that the Lord said to Jeremiah, "Call unto Me, and I will answer thee, and shew thee great and hidden things, which thou knowest not."

To quote Matthew Henry,—“There are secrets in the Divine wisdom; *arcana imperit*,—State secrets. What we know of God is nothing to what we cannot know. What is hid, is more than double to what appears. We may, by searching, *find God*, but we cannot *find Him out* in anything He is pleased to conceal. This is a good reason why we should always speak of God with humility and caution, and never pre-scribe or quarrel with Him; why, we should be thankful for what He has revealed of Himself, and long to be there, where we shall see Him as He is.”

Our subject may be used to strengthen our faith and enlarge our hopes. Does the apostle speak of “the mystery of Christ”? That is a mystery which the Holy Ghost reveals to the seeking soul; and to the sanctified, more and more; and to the glorified, most of all. Think of what is yet to be revealed of the glorious Person of the Son of God,—and rejoice. Again, can we not more fully trust His providence if the rays from the hand of His dealings are such as we know them to be? Moreover, if, in the kingdom of Nature, He arranges the end from the beginning, cannot we trust that He will pilot our little bark into “the desired haven”? And is such an arm as His “shortened, that it cannot save”? No! A thousand times, No!! All the ages cry it. Then, bring the worst, which is yourself, that the rays of the hand once pierced may heal.

Facts and Figures for Temperance Workers.

SALFORD has outstripped Manchester by depriving the whole of its eight theatres of their drink licences.

For the twelve weeks, during which the public-houses in Glasgow have been closing at 10 o'clock, the “drunks” have numbered 1,567 as compared with 1,979 last year during the same period.

“The most direct cause of serious illness in hot weather is alcohol, especially if taken in the form of brandy, whisky, or gin, and it is certain that over-indulgence predisposes to heat-strokes.”—*British Medical Journal*.

“We believe that alcohol is detrimental to the highest possible health of the body; that it lowers the vitality, and debilitates the reserve force on which the body is dependent in warding off or fighting disease.”—**BROOKLYN PHYSICAL CULTURE SOCIETY.**

"Besides reducing the power of endurance, and exercising a directly injurious influence by lowering the temperature of the body, and weakening the activity of the digestive organs, alcohol also destroys energy and lessens the spirit of enterprise."—DR. NANSEN, of Arctic fame.

"I venture to say that, if a plebiscite were taken, of the independent licensed victuallers, of their opinion on the proposed Bill, it is very doubtful whether or no a single vote would be given in its favour."—JOHN DUFFY, Licensee of Crown Inn, Deansgate. (Alas! the Bill is now law.)

"It is amazing and pathetic that, in face of the great movement which is going on all over the world to get rid of the alcoholic curse, and when 30,000,000 people in America are living under Local Option, we in England should be perpetuating our shame and misery by this Licensing Bill."—SIR WILFRID LAWSON.

"It was a sad fact that the victims of drink were found in the wealthiest families and in the most splendid residences, as well as in the slums. Doctors, if they told the truth, had to acknowledge that a large percentage of their best-paying patients were suffering from over-indulgence."—THE BISHOP OF TASMANIA.

"Looking back from more than middle life, I can hardly remember a case of wreck and ruin that has not been, directly or indirectly, the result of drink. It is a terrible roll-call my memory goes through of men of good and even brilliant gifts, and of bright and glorious opportunities, who are dead, or worse than dead, at the hands of the great hypnotist."—HALL CAINE.

"We think too much of easy philanthropy which alleviates results, and too little of the genuine reforms which would remove causes. We talk about the housing problem. As a nation, we spend more on drink than on house-rent. We talk about the underfed. We spend more on drink than on butchers' meat, bacon, ham, poultry, and game put together. We spend more on drink than on bread, flour, milk, butter, cheese, and eggs."—MR. T. P. WHITTAKER, M.P.

"We talk about facilities of communication to enable the people to get out where the air would be purer and the dwellings more spacious. We spend enormously more on drink than we do on railway, tram, and omnibus fares, or than would provide free communication to enable everyone to live in the country. We complain about rates and taxes rendering it impossible for us to provide funds for much that would promote the physical, mental, and moral well-being of the people. We spend as much on drink as all our rates and taxes amount to. We talk of old-age pensions. The working-class families, who are non-abstainers, spend as much per head as if, put aside from the age of 20, would provide a pension of £2 a week for life for every one of them who reaches 65 years of age."—MR. T. P. WHITTAKER, M.P.

Chinese Proverbs, with Every-day Lessons.

BY JOHN A. STOOKE, C.I.M., CHEFOO.

VI.—CAREFUL, PERSISTENT STUDY.

(Tzī Tzī YAO YAO CH'UH CIHH CHIANG LAI.—Every character must be chewed to get out its juice.)



IT is not surprising to find a numerous collection of proverbs under the heading of study, education, etc., etc. China is, as we know, celebrated for many branches of learning, and it is natural that we should find a good many excellent maxims upon that subject. The high value of learning is set forth in the following:—"Learning is far more precious than gold;" and this, which we cannot altogether endorse:—"All pursuits are mean in comparison with that of learning."

In another series, we have the advantages of study thus set forth on the lines of profit and pleasure:—"No pleasure equals the pleasure of study." "Study will be sure to yield its golden house." "Study will provide you with a lady beautiful as jade."

The proverb selected for this article is one that sets forth the necessity for diligent study if success is to crown the effort. Although it is not, perhaps, so choice in its language as others, it is, nevertheless, very suggestive. We have English sayings of similar meaning:—"There is no royal road to learning;" "Every one may succeed if he will;" "Where there's a will, there's a way;"

and "The plodders usually carry off the prizes." These aphorisms are very much like the Chinese saying, "Every character must be chewed to get out its juice." How true it is that, in reading "the Book of books", there must be the chewing of the cud in order to obtain that spiritual nourishment which is essential to our growth

in grace. Equally true is it in the realm of speaking, preaching, or evangelizing. What rubbish is often doled out, in village and town, when there has been no careful study! Can we wonder that souls are not saved, or that saints are starved? How can God bless such unpreparedness? Mere memorizing will not make up for the lack of patient, persistent thinking; and no amount of mere natural eloquence will qualify anyone to be a winner of souls.



CHINESE CHILDREN IN SCHOOL.

Poor China has much to learn on the thorny question of National Education, and we trust the day is not far-distant when the separateness of the literary caste, as also the stunted and changeless nature of the curriculum of studies, shall be exchanged for true educational freedom, so that the poor may have an equal chance with the rich. On paper, it is so to-day, but money can and does purchase the much-coveted Chinese degrees of B.A. and M.A. Artisans and men of business are shut out from competition. The Chinese have proverbs, which, if remembered and carried out, would bring untold blessing to millions; such as this, "Education requires a proper method;" and this, "The youthful student must carve and grind; he must not complain at the amount of instruction his teacher gives him; for nothing can be made of yellow gold until it is hammered, and the jewelled sword is useless until it is sharpened."

"Admirable!" we say; and it would be so if those in authority opened the gates of knowledge to the whole Empire. Meanwhile, we can apply the maxim to ourselves, and see that all we learn is duly taken in, and made to be part and parcel of our very being.

An Old time Pastor in the Pillory.

PERSECUTION, FOR CONSCIENCE' SAKE, TWO HUNDRED AND FORTY YEARS AGO.



BENJAMIN KEACH.

IT is exactly two hundred and forty years ago, this month (October), since Benjamin Keach, one of the former pastors of the Church now worshipping in the Metropolitan Tabernacle, was pilloried in the Aylesbury market-place for the publication of his Baptist principles. A recent visit to this Buckinghamshire town vividly revived the scene. It was again market-day, and the town was full of farmers and country people from the fat and fertile vale which spreads for miles around. Tethered to the iron railings which surround the square, were a number

of patient beasts, which took the proddings and punchings of the farmers with wonderful imperturbability. With a little stretch of imagination, one could reproduce almost the whole of the old-time picture. The pillory has disappeared; the site of the old market-cross



AYLESBURY MARKET-PLACE AS IT APPEARS TO-DAY.

itself is now occupied by a modern clock-tower. But the atmosphere of the market-place, on this particular day, did not seem so immensely changed. Some of the farmers, between their bits of business, were again talking religion, and Passive Resistance in particular; and, so it seemed, decidedly against the very principles professed long ago by Benjamin Keach. Presently, they turned again to the prodding with their sticks of the poor patient beasts tethered to the railings. Perhaps, one thought, the very ancestors of some of these men once thought to divert themselves on market-day by baiting Benjamin Keach.

Stoke Hammond, a few miles off, was the birthplace of this good man, and he was minister of a little Baptist Church at Winslow, a town ten miles from Aylesbury. The chapel in which he preached is still in existence, (see page 514,) and is now occupied by the local Strict Baptists. What an old-world little place it is! Inside, it will measure twenty feet long, perhaps; a miniature gallery occupies one end, an antiquated pulpit the other. The seats are very upright, and very uncomfortable. It is uncertain when Keach settled here; but, in 1664, he found himself in trouble with the authorities.

His crime was, the publication of a small primer for children, entitled "The Child's Instructor," in which he advocated Baptist sentiments, by saying that "believers, or godly men and women, who make profession of their faith and repentance," should be baptized. Other truths, equally offensive to the ruling powers of the day, were taught in this little book. The personal, millennial reign of Christ on earth, a

favourite doctrine of some Baptists of that time, was taught; also what proved to be particularly obnoxious, that "Christ's true ministers have not their learning or wisdom from men, or from universities; for human arts are not essential to the making of a true minister, but only the gift of God, which cannot be bought with silver and gold."

For these heresies, Keach was indicted at the Aylesbury assizes, in the following terms:—"Thou art hereby indicted by the name of Benjamin Keach, of Winslow, for that thou, being a seditious, heretical, and schismatical person, evilly and maliciously disposed and disaffected to His Majesty's government, and the government of the Church of England, didst maliciously and wickedly, on the 1st day of May, in the 16th year of our sovereign lord the King, write, print, and publish one seditious and venomous book entitled 'The Child's Instructor,' wherein are contained, by way of question and answer, these damnable positions, contrary to the Book of Common Prayer and the liturgy of the Church of England."

He was tried at Aylesbury, for this offence, by Chief Justice Hyde, afterwards Lord Clarendon, a judge who, for the sake of his sentence on Keach, deserves a moment's attention. Hyde was at first a supporter of Cromwell; but, during the civil war, he became a devoted Royalist, so retaining his posts in Parliament, and becoming presently the most zealous servant of the Episcopalian Royalists. The Conventicles Act, the Act of Uniformity, and the Five Mile Act, had avenged the Church on her enemies, and forced all but the most determined clergy within her ranks; but Lord Clarendon has won a certain reputation in history as having, at that moment, restrained his party from too insolent a triumph. But it is evident that this alarm at the triumph of the Church over Dissent arose from no pity to the Dissenters. His opinion of them, and the policy which ought to be observed against them, is emphatically stated in his Life:—"Their faction is their religion, nor are those combinations even entered into upon real and substantial motives of conscience how erroneous soever, but consist of many glutinous materials of will, and humour, and folly, and knavery, and ambition, and malice, which make men cling inseparably together, till they have satisfaction in all their pretences, or till they are absolutely broken and subdued, which may always be more reasonably done than the other."

When Benjamin Keach came before this judge, he expected to receive but little mercy; but, on this particular occasion, Hyde conducted himself with unwonted malignity, and to a degree utterly unworthy of office. Sentence was thus passed:—"Benjamin Keach, you are here convicted for writing, printing, and publishing a seditious and schismatical book, for which the Court's judgment is this: That you shall go to gaol, without bail or mainprize, for a fortnight; and, on the next Saturday, shall stand in the pillory at Aylesbury, in the open market, for the space of two hours, with a paper upon your head with this inscription, 'For writing, printing, and publishing a schismatical book, entitled "The Child's Instructor."' And, the next Thursday, to stand, in the same manner, and for the same time, in the market at Winslow; and there your book shall be openly burned before your face by the common hangman in open disgrace of you and your doctrine. And you shall forfeit to the King's Majesty the sum of twenty pounds,

and shall remain in prison until you shall find sureties for your future good behaviour." The execution of this sentence was placed in the hands of a sheriff more bitterly partisan than even the judge himself, and he took good care that the sentence was carried out to the very letter.



BENJAMIN KEACH IN THE PILLORY.

The punishment of the pillory was generally reserved for persons guilty of perjury and other infamous crimes. The common crowd, unused to fine distinctions as to the merits or demerits of the pilloried, usually made merry, with rotten eggs and brickbats, with anyone found therein. But the sight of Benjamin Keach in the pillory appears to have been too much for them. True, a certain number were ready to torment him, but they were held back by others. The crowd, therefore, did not pelt him; they kept a respectful distance, and, presently, rallied around to hear what he would say.

"Good people," he began, "I am not ashamed to stand here, this day, with this paper on my head. My Lord Jesus was not ashamed to suffer on the cross for me; and it is for His cause that I am made a gazing-stoek. Take notice, it is not for any wickedness that I stand here; but for writing and publishing those truths which the Spirit of the Lord hath revealed in the Holy Scriptures." Before he had well finished, one of the clergy in the crowd shouted, "No, it is for writing and publishing errors." Keach was about to ask whether he was prepared to prove them errors, but the crowd was not in any mood to listen. To the surprise of Keach and his friends, it commenced an attack on the clergyman himself! One asked him if it was not true that he had been recently pulled out of the ditch drunk, another whether he had not

seen him drunk under a haycock. These personal and pointed questions appear to have been too much for the cleric, who made his way home as fast as he could.

While this disturbance was going on, Keach managed, somehow or other, to liberate one of his hands, and took his Bible from his pocket. A moment later, a gaoler had snatched the Book from him, and fastened his hand again in the hole, but not before Keach had said, "Take notice, my people, that the things which I have written and published, and for which I stand here this day, a spectacle to men and angels, are all contained in this Book."

Whenever a hush passed over the crowd of spectators, Keach found his opportunity. "A great concernment for souls," said he, "was that which moved me to write and publish those things for which I now suffer, and for which I could suffer far greater things than these. It concerns you, therefore, to be very careful; otherwise, it will be very sad for you, at the revelation of the Lord Jesus from Heaven, for we must all appear before His tribunal." The mention of some other tribunal appears to have upset the officers; they interposed, and for a few minutes compelled him to be silent, threatening to gag him if he persisted in speaking. But the good man could not hold his tongue. "Oh!" said he, "did you but experience the great love of God, and the excellences that are in Him, it would make you willing to go through any sufferings for His sake. And I do account this the greatest honour that ever the Lord was pleased to confer upon me."



WINSLOW MEETING-HOUSE.

On the Thursday following, he was pilloried at Winslow, when he witnessed the same confession. And, as might be expected, his sufferings on behalf of the truth did not in the least relax his hold of them.

A year or two later, he was again attacked by the authorities. He was preaching at the little chapel at Winslow when he was suddenly seized, and tied on a horse behind a trooper, and so conveyed again to Aylesbury Gaol, and this time for the sin of preaching in his own little chapel. It was in 1668 that Keach removed to London, and became pastor of Zoar Chapel, Southwark, where he wrote several voluminous works, some of which are read to the present day. The Church at Zoar Chapel, in the course of time, became the Church at New Park Street, and so, the Church at the Metropolitan Tabernacle.

“LAWLEY.”



Another Milestone!

THE forty-eighth anniversary of Pastor Thomas Spurgeon's birthday was celebrated at the Tabernacle, under most auspicious circumstances, on Monday, September 19th. The "Reception" commenced at four o'clock, and for three hours there was an almost continuous arrival of visitors, who had come to say cheery words, and, with hearty handshakes, to wish the Pastor—

"Many happy returns of to-morrow,"—

and to express desire for blessings upon his family. All were staunch upholders of the traditions of the Tabernacle, and the sincerity of their good wishes was abundantly certified by the gold and silver coins, bank-notes, and cheques, which they brought as thank-offerings, to be devoted to the work of the Lord. By the time of the evening meeting, a goodly sum had been gathered.

A "Rally" of the Tabernacle Societies and Institutions had been called for half-past seven, and resulted in a splendid muster of workers and sympathizers. Pictorial illustrations of the various phases of Christian activity had been prepared, with the assistance of Mr. Edward Johnson and other friends, and these were exhibited by

Edward Johnson and

means of a powerful quadruple lantern under the direction of Mr. D. W. Noakes.

Considerable interest and enthusiasm were evoked as one hundred and fifty of these pictures passed in review. It was not possible to include all the good works attached to the Tabernacle, but the illustrations comprised the following:—

Pastors' College	Open-air Services †
Stockwell Orphanage	Six Ladies' Working Societies
Colportage Association	Flower Mission
Almshouses	Haddon Hall Mission
Sunday-school	Richmond Street Mission
Young Christians' Missionary Union	Townsend Street School
Loan Tract Society	Lansdowne Place Ragged-school
"John Ploughman" Gospel Temperance Society	Mansfield Street Sunday-school
	Surrey Gardens Memorial Hall
	Arthur's Mission

A specially interesting and helpful feature was the *facsimile* reproduction of Birthday Cards from old and valued friends of the Tabernacle and its Pastor, some of them accompanied by portraits of the writers. We give the messages *in extenso*:—

"Peace, peace be unto thee, and peace be to thine helpers; for thy God helpeth thee!"—W. R. LANE.

"The Lord Jehovah, who hath fixed thy first and second birthday, thy workday, and thy glory day, be magnified for thy faithfulness in a faithless age, patience amid many trials, tenderness of heart, and zeal for souls.

" 'Keep it up,'—

"since thou, and thine, and the great Tabernacle Church and Institutions are—

" 'Kept for Jesus Christ.'"

HUGH D. BROWN.

"I sincerely rejoice with my friend and brother in the completion of another year of devoted service. May the great Head of the Church give him many years of extending usefulness! He occupies a responsible position as the successor as well as son of as true and brave and faithful a man as ever bore the standard of the Cross. I thank God that he shows that stainless loyalty to the Gospel of the Grace of God which was the secret of his distinguished father's power,—a power which is, I believe, widening as the years roll by."—J. GUINNESS ROGERS.

"My dear friend, and friend's son,

"I wish you many happy returns of your birthday; and may every year bring you fresh blessing in your work, and fresh strength and grace to do it!

"Believe me,

"Sincerely yours,

"DAVID MACÉWAN."

"Man, gie's a shake o' yer haun'; and here's a haun o' mine. Lang may yer lum reek. And dinna be feart:—Ye're never yer lane. It's me."—JOHN MCNEILL.

"To the beloved son of my greatest friend, my heart wishes many happy returns of the day. All blessing be on him and his loved ones!"—ARCHIBALD G. BROWN.

"My dear Mr. Spurgeon,

"My love constrains me to wish you many happy returns, each growing brighter and gladder, to which all at home say, 'Amen, and again they say Amen.' May the good Lord grant it!

"Yours affectionately,

"D. J. HILEY."

"All our household unite with me in affectionate greetings and heartiest good wishes to you on this another birthday."—W. WILLIAMS.

"My beloved President,

"I wish you many happy returns of the day. May His love that sought you, His blood that bought you, His power that keeps you, His presence that sustains you, be increasingly precious to you as the years roll by! So prays,

"Yours heartily in God's service,

"D. H. MOORE."

"Kind regards to Mrs. Spurgeon and the bairns."

"I send affectionate birthday greetings to my President and friend. May God give him a long, glad life, made rich with every token of Divine and human love!"—JOHN W. EWING.

"Standing among the golden candlesticks,
The Lord, in His right hand, holdeth the seven stars,
Which shine through all the darkness and the gloom,
Dispelling even Death.

"Star of the Lord, and Angel of His Church,
Kept in that band which was nailed to the cross,
Let His eternal love, through thee, shine upon us,
Until the promis'd dawn!"

R. SAILLENS.

"Avec mes meilleurs vœux."

"There is a love that deepens with the years,
Rich and enriching, past all wealth of gold,
Stronger than death, and tenderer than tears,
And never can its opulence be told:—
Our love, dear friend, shall still our greeting be,
Till years are gone, and there is 'no more sea.'"

F. A. JACKSON.

Brief addresses were given by Pastor C. B. Sawday, Mr. Wm. Higgs, Mr. S. Johnson, Mr. Round, and Mr. Charlesworth, and the orphan children, accompanied by Mr. Ladds, sang several sweet melodies. Pastor D. J. Hiley having been discovered in the audience,

and brought to the platform, made some characteristic remarks upon the happy relations of Pastor and people.

Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, who had presided over the gathering, paraphrased his feelings thus,—

“For all good wishes,—thanks on thanks;
For willing service,—love;
For birthday gifts,—my gratitude,
And favour from above.”

The Birthday Fund, at the time of going to press, amounts to £466. It will be kept open for a while, in the hope that some of our readers may be able to help us in the many good works at the Tabernacle which are needing assistance.

F. H. F.

A Sense of the Infinite.

BY F. A. JACKSON.

IN the autobiography of Mark Rutherford, there is a passage describing a preaching engagement in a country place. It had not been an exhilarating experience. It was a cold day, and there was no fire in the vestry. In the dejected assembly of seventeen persons, there was no warmth and no magnetism. He had to make his own fire. He was not encouraged when he found in the Bible a funeral discourse which had been left by one of his predecessors. He was “faint, benumbed, and with no heart for anything.” He describes the hospitality, which was meagre and ineffectual, like his host and hostess. After dinner, his host drew near the basket stove, and, having remarked that it was beginning to rain, fell into a slumber. At twenty minutes to two, they sallied out for the afternoon service, and found the seventeen again in their places, excepting two labourers, who were probably prevented by the wet from attending. The service was a repetition of that in the morning,—lifeless and depressing. The fee was a guinea, but from that two shillings were abated for his entertainment! He was informed that a farmer, who had been hearing him, and who lived five miles on his road, would give him a lift. When they came to the guide-post, he got out, and was dismissed in the dark with the observation,—uttered good-naturedly and jovially, but not very helpfully,—that he would “have a wettish walk.” The walk was wettish, and as he had had nothing to eat or drink since the mid-day meal, he was miserable and desponding.

Then follows the passage:—“But just before I reached home, the clouds rolled off with the South-west wind into detached, fleecy masses, separated by liquid blue gulfs, in which were sowed the stars, and the effect upon me was what that sight, thank God, always has been,—a sense of the infinite, extinguishing all mean cares.”

If it is given to few to express so well the charm and the healing of the vision, it is given to many to feel the need of “a sense of the infinite, extinguishing all mean cares.” We are obscuring that sense somewhat, it is to be feared, in the strenuous days in which we

live. The very phrase—a sense of the infinite—seems to belong to an earlier and leisured time. But the need is still very real and very great, even where it is not named, or very well understood. It insists and persists, even unto pain, with the strength of an instinct that cannot be stifled or bribed. It was present in that dull country congregation of seventeen; and if Mark Rutherford's eyes had not been holden, the histories and the possibilities of seventeen immortal souls would have impressed him, far more than the stars, with "a sense of the infinite, extinguishing all mean cares."

We have the story of the preacher's day,—the cold and wet, the meagre fare, the small country chapel, the small, unlettered congregation, the preacher's own faintness, heaviness, and want of heart. It is all remarkably well told. There is the simplicity and strength of the artist in Mark Rutherford's pages. Then that vivid impression born of the vision of the "liquid blue gulfs, in which were sowed the stars,"—it is a touch of inspiration. And yet, was not the inspiration, like the evening glory, late? Was it not needed where the seventeen people met in the little chapel? And if life had grown drab and uninteresting, was not the inspiration needed the more? And who should impart it, if not the prophet of the Lord? We will not say that the stars are far away. Nothing is far away that really speaks to us, and fills our soul with peace. But those seventeen souls,—they were so human, so nigh, so desperately needy. To have listened to an inspired man of God, himself made strong and attractive by the glory and the gentleness of his message,—*that* would have meant more to them than a vision of stars, more than a whole firmament of stars. It would have brought more than "a sense of the infinite"; it would have brought a sense of God. Pity and pity it was that the gifted preacher was "faint, benumbed, and with no heart for anything."

It is where there are "mean cares", other than our own, to extinguish, that "a sense of the infinite" is needed, and a sense of the infinite will be found. Can anyone look into the eyes of a little child, for instance, without feeling "a sense of the infinite"? What a great day it is in the life of a teacher, or friend of the young, when that sense awakes! It is the dawn of a new creation; all things are become new. The effect of mind on mind,—how vast and far-reaching it is seen to be! The value and responsibility of a mere suggestion, who can measure? We have but to look into our own lives to feel the grand or dread significance of these things. We call them little things; but nothing is little that influences life. Is it not the fact that bias has been given to our souls by subtle influences that we cannot define;—a glance, an inflection of the voice, an arresting phrase, a strain of music, a manner, a gesture, a smile? Faith, or hope, or love, or all the three have known the long, despairing ebb: then, under the sway of a single thought, the tide has "turned again home", booming and abounding towards the shore.

It is a wonder that we can ever escape "a sense of the infinite", for the Infinite is everywhere and for ever around us, and within us. In it we live, and move, and have our being. We are in touch with eternal realities all the time. We are issuing suggestions, whose

effects no mortal can tell. How was it with the congregation of seventeen, to whom Mark Rutherford preached that day? We know how it was with him; but how was it with *them*? We are not told; and yet, it is an immensely important question. Do what we will, our thoughts go back to that little company of common country folk. Did heavy burdens grow lighter as the preacher spoke? Did the Sabbath break in their souls? Did the weary take heart of grace? Were homespun qualities redeemed from fatigue and death? Were the careless awakened? Was the wanderer won home again? Did the sinful find their sins falling away from them, like the withering scales of a disease? We do not know. *But we want to know.* There are multitudes who are dying to know precisely these things, and how these things can be.

"The common people heard HIM gladly." Did they hear Mark Rutherford gladly? Could they, when he was "faint, benumbed, and with no heart for anything"? It is good to have the human document of his autobiography. We can find plenty of forgiveness for the self-consciousness so candidly set forth. The same thing has been all too much with us. We have thought too much of ourselves. We have taken our cue from our own conditions instead of meeting our people in the grace and command of our Lord. We have looked for encouragement where it was our privilege to impart it. We have found our inspiration when its opportunity was past. We have waited for the stars, and let the souls of men slip from us. Well, so it is that we learn; and, please God, we will do better next time.

There is one passage in the autobiography,—the gem of the book,—which is beautifully suggestive. It will be well to give it fully, so revealing is it of the best that is in the human heart, and of the true power and significance of ministry. In his early years, Mark Rutherford had a dream of a perfect friendship. He says:—"I always felt that, talk with whom I would, I left something unsaid which was precisely what I most wished to say. I wanted a friend who would sacrifice himself to me utterly, and to whom I might offer a similar sacrifice. I found companions for whom I cared, and who professed to care for me; but I was thirsting for deeper draughts of love than any which they had to offer; and I said to myself that, if I were to die, not one of them would remember me for more than a week. This was not selfishness, for I longed to prove my devotion as well as to receive that of another.

"How this ideal haunted me! It made me restless and anxious at the sight of every new face, wondering whether, at last, I had found that for which I searched as if for the Kingdom of Heaven. It is superfluous to say that a friend of the kind I wanted never appeared, and disappointment after disappointment at last produced in me a cynicism which repelled people from me, and brought upon me a good deal of suffering. I tried men by my standard; and if they did not come up to it, I rejected them; thus I prodigally wasted a good deal of the affection which the world would have given me. Only when I got much older did I discern the duty of accepting life as God made it, and thankfully receiving every scrap of love offered to me, however imperfect it might be.

"I don't know any mistake which I have made which has cost me more than this; but, at the same time, I must record that it was a mistake for which, considering everything, I cannot much blame myself. I hope it is amended now. Now, when it is getting late, I recognize a higher obligation, brought home to me by a study of the New Testament. Sympathy or no sympathy, a man's love should no more fail towards his fellows than that love which spent itself on disciples who altogether misunderstood it, like the rain which falls on just and unjust alike."

How like these words are to the noble language of the apostle Paul when he wrote to the Corinthians, "and I will very gladly spend and be spent for you; though the more abundantly I love you, the less I be loved."

Here, if anywhere, is "a sense of the infinite, extinguishing all mean cares." For unto love is given the largest vision and the richest ministry, and every day is a day of the Son of man. Then the world of men and the world of nature alike appeal to "a sense of the infinite", and the work and walk of the common day are commonplace no more.

"No lily-muffled hum of a summer bee
But has some coupling with the spinning stars,
No pebble at your feet but proves a sphere,
No chaffinch but implies the cherubim:
Earth's cramm'd with Heaven,
~ And every common bush afire with God."

But it was in human nature that HE lived who "was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God." It is a false love that lures us from our kind, even when "the love of nature" breaks into prayer and song. No one ever loved the fields, the mountains, and the sea, as Jesus loved them. Night on the hills had no terrors for Him; it gave Him sanctuary. Nothing reveals His love for the hills like that. But this love was ever subordinate to the love of "His own." So will our love be when it is awake; and in the humblest conditions of human life "a sense of the infinite" will abound. Let the Stockwell Orphanage tell how true this was in the life of the Founder, when his love—his great love—ran over to the fatherless of the land. We have seen him, when cares were heavy upon him, standing in the midst of the orphans, his face positively radiant—with what? Surely, with "a sense of the infinite, extinguishing all mean cares." The dancing love-light in young eyes was more to him than the stars of heaven. Lives like his *are* the lights of Heaven, "for they that be wise (or, teachers,) shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever." It is by such means of joyous sacrifice that a true "sense of the infinite" comes home to stay;—much more by such means than through the poem which sadly tells—

". . . how love fled,
And paced upon the mountains overhead,
And hid his face amid a crowd of stars."

"It came to pass that, while they communed together and reasoned, Jesus Himself drew near, and went with them."

He, whose name is Love, had been denied and forsaken; He had tasted death, and come through death, but not to "hide His face amid a crowd of stars." No; but, "having loved His own which were in the world, He loved them unto the end." And death was not the end. And the love He gave was not a love that had been deserved; but Love sought out two undeserving backward men on a country road, and kindled on the altar of their hearts such a fire as never burned there before.

This was the lesson Mark Rutherford was learning when he wrote:—
 "Sympathy or no sympathy, a man's love should no more fail towards his fellows than that love which spent itself on disciples who altogether misunderstood it, like the rain which falls on just and unjust alike." It is safe to affirm that the vision of stars never brought to him, as this love did, "a sense of the infinite, extinguishing all mean cares."

So is it, then, that, in the life which lies nearest, and in the duties which immediately front us, our divinest liberty is to be found. Let the poetic sentiment or the spiritual exaltation be detached from everyday responsibilities, and it will come to be simply inane. But let it answer the claims of the hour and the place, let its dream-glory live on the earth among men, let its song be yoked to service,—and daily work shall march to music divine, and a home-sense of the infinite ennoble all.

If Mark Rutherford's vision of the stars brought liberty and peace, what shall we say of the soul's vision of the Heavenly Home? *That* vision is there when the clouds break, and when the clouds hang dark on all the sky. It is nearer and clearer than the stars of the evening. It is brighter and better than the noon-day sun. It gives "a sense of the infinite" without the sense of loneliness.

"My Father's House." It is a land that is very far off when our hearts are estranged from our Father. But the Father is not far from His house; and when the Father dwells with us, can "my Father's House" be very far away? Is death the only door by which we can enter into it? I think, when we awake, we shall be surprised to find how very near it was to us all the while.

Let us lift our eyes to it. Let the thought of it, and the beauty of it, and the glory of it, inform our labours and our prayers. Let us sometimes sing of it, and so "extinguish all mean cares."

There's a land beyond the sounding of this world's storm-beaten shore,
 There's a land, beyond the gloaming, that is bright for evermore,
 And the morning light lies warm upon the hill:
 There are jasper walls, and gateways gleaming bright as burnished gold,
 And a fire of love is kindled on a hearth that ne'er is cold,
 And the hearts are there that love us, and that never shall grow old,
 And the earth-unrest for ever shall be still.

There's a life beyond the sinning, and the sorrow, and the shame,
 There's a life beyond the wand'rings, and the burdens, and the blame,
 And the wonder of an infinite release:
 There's a life of fair fulfilment, past the mystery and pain,
 And the vision of a healing for the wounding and the stain,
 And it's there the song we used to sing we shall sing o'er again
 Beside the shining river of His peace.

"Ours Not to Reason Why."

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

GOD was the preacher on the occasion which we are about to consider. His pulpit was a desert bush that burned with fire, yet was not consumed. His audience consisted of only one. Be content, I pray you, to talk to one. God was, Jesus was; and if They were glad to spend Their time, and thought, in talking to single individuals, it is not for you and for me to say, "I cannot go to so small a meeting, or preach with all my vigour unless the place is thronged." It may be that some poor woman hears you who will be a missionary to a whole town, as Sychar's sinner was, to whom the Master spake beside the well. It may be that some God-sent Moses is listening to your earnest word, who shall be the deliverer of his family and his friends.

The sermon that God preached to Moses was, as you can well believe, a very striking one. Shall we read it? (Exodus iii. 7—10.) "*The Lord said, I have surely seen the affliction of My people which are in Egypt, and have heard their cry by reason of their taskmasters; for I know their sorrows.*" Eyes and ears and heart had all been interested in Israel's woes, though it seemed not so. It looked as if they had been deserted and forsaken by their God. "*And I am come down to deliver them out of the hand of the Egyptians,*"—oh, how often God comes down! every act of mercy on His part is a coming down, a condescending,—"*and to bring them up out of that land unto a good land and a large, unto a land flowing with milk and honey; unto the place of the Canaanites, and the Hittites, and the Amorites, and the Perizzites, and the Hivites, and the Jebusites. Now, therefore, behold the cry of the children of Israel is come unto Me: and I have also seen the oppression wherewith the Egyptians oppress them.*" Can you see Moses listening to this sermon? There was no sleepiness about him, you may be sure; he was all attention. This was the Gospel of God's grace to him, for, though he himself was at liberty, his heart was aching for the rest of the people, who were ground between the stones of slavery. Yes, he fully approves this sermon, and blesses God that the hour of deliverance is dawning.

But the sermon is not quite finished,—the application is to be made, the personal, pointed home-driving of some truth: "*Come now therefore, and I will send thee unto Pharaoh, that thou mayest bring forth My people the children of Israel out of Egypt.*" Now Moses' face is not quite so bright. He hardly expected this. Right glad was he to know that God was going to bring His people up out of the land of their servitude; but when it comes to designating *him* to the office of leader, when it appears that God would put this awful task into *his* hand, he is not quite so jubilant. I find it is the application of the sermon that is generally least liked. Talk about generalities, and the people listen open-mouthed; but when it comes to "Thou art the man!" their faces wear a different complexion. The little ones will listen gladly to the pretty tale you tell them; when you come to point the moral, their wits go wandering. We are very much like the little children,—overgrown children most of us are;—and

when it comes to something pointed, personal, practical, especially when it comes to being appointed to some unenviable task, we begin with our "buts" and our difficulties, and are not quite so pleased as if the sermon left off before the application began. Those who are familiar with the sermons of the old Puritan preachers will remember that, towards the close of their discourses, they often anticipated the objections which their hearers might make to the doctrines they had discoursed upon. I do not know whether, if they were alive to-day, they would venture upon such a course. Objections were prolific enough, evidently, in their time; but they grow in a much thicker crop, I fancy, nowadays, and it is not always the wisest way to anticipate objections, for one may sow the seeds of doubt in some minds that else would not be unbelieving, and raise difficulties which else had never occurred. Notice how Moses takes objection. He has quite a crop of excuses, some of them remarkable for their ingenuity. He had been living for forty years a life of comparative ease. He had had his troubles there, I expect;—where can you get that they do not reach you?—but they had been nothing in comparison with the burdens that will now be his, if, emerging from his obscurity, he becomes the leader of a downtrodden people; so he begins to invent arguments and to manufacture reasons why God's commission should not be readily taken up, and implicitly obeyed. I want you to look at these objections, because, though Moses manufactured them, I am afraid he did not take out a patent for them, and there are a good many that are in the same line of business in the present day.

1. I notice, first of all, in Moses, what I may call a *pardonable sense of insufficiency*. That is in the 11th verse of the chapter: "*Who am I, that I should go unto Pharaoh, and that I should bring forth the children of Israel out of Egypt?*" In one sense, this was a good sign. The man who feels quite certain that he is able for everything is not truly able for anything. He who is self-sufficient is altogether inefficient. There is in Moses a natural shrinking from prominence and pre-eminence, a native modesty that would keep him in the desert, a pardonable fear that he was scarcely qualified for such a tremendous task. I tremble for the man who undertakes any work for God with the full assurance that he is perfectly able to do it in the best possible way. No, my brother, thou mayest well tremble if thou hast undertaken even to teach the infants in the Sunday-school; for, unless thy heart is right with God, and is kept right by Him, thou wilt find that task too much for thee. Thou mayest well tremble, dear mother, as thou thinkest that the little ones God has given thee have to be trained for Heaven. Thou knowest thine own inability for this tremendous task; and if thou knowest it, thou hast avoided at least one disadvantage and disability. Thy very helplessness will drive thee to the Helper, thy weakness will make thee lean upon His strength.

So far, so good; and if we did not know any more, we should have no suspicion about Moses and his modesty. But I am half afraid that it was not modesty merely that made him wish to be in retirement; there was something of sinful fear mingled with it. As a matter of fact, there was no man living so fit for this special service as Moses

was. He was well trained in all the wisdom of the Egyptians. He was himself, even as to his appearance, peculiarly qualified,—a proper child, to begin with, and a man doubtless of striking personality when he had become full-grown. His residence in the wilderness had helped to equip him, and his previous known successes in Egypt would serve him in good stead at such a time as this. Ah, it would have been better if he had mingled with his native modesty an overbalancing faith in God that said, "Well, the Lord has had me in training for something; now He calls me to the task, He has been fitting me all these years for His service. I knew not what it was; but now He has drawn back the curtains, and I see my path before me, I dare not hesitate." When God sets an open door before His people, they have no alternative; they must go on, whatever happens, and nothing can happen then but what God ordains and Heaven decrees. I am afraid there was something of fear mingled with the natural shrinking and timidity. God's promise ought to have determined him as to what his duty was, but it did not. "Certainly I will be with thee," said Jehovah. Do you think Moses should dare to hesitate after that? If it had been only native modesty that made him shrink at the first, it would have been dissipated by such a sweet, kind promise; but, since it was not so dissipated, I conclude that there was something of guilty apprehension lurking in the heart of the prophet. Brethren, this promise is just as true for us as it was for him. Doubt is dumb when Jesus says, "Certainly." Loneliness cannot be when He declares, "I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." Oh, I pray you, take God at His word! Take Him with you into your service; there will be two at it then. Nay, we reckon not His presence by our numerals; He is worth ten thousand of us; and if Christ and I go together, there is Omnipotence with me, and I myself become invincible. "Certainly I will be with thee," clears away that objection. Unfortunately, it does not clear away the unwillingness of Moses to accept the commission of God.

2. Notice next that *Moses pleads lack of instruction*. In the thirteenth verse we read, "*Moses said unto God, Behold, when I come unto the children of Israel, and shall say unto them, The God of your fathers hath sent me unto you; and they shall say to me, What is His name? what shall I say unto them?*" We cannot help cherishing the suspicion that this was a paltry excuse, a difficulty that was evolved out of the mists and miasmas of the unbelieving heart. "Lord, I do not know what to say to them. Thou hast not instructed me to the full. How can I go uninformed as to this important matter?" Well, the Lord soon clears that away. "*This is My name,*" saith He, "*I AM THAT I AM. Say unto them, I AM hath sent me.*" Oh, what a glorious name is that! What wonder that we cannot fully explain it! God is Himself incomprehensible by finite minds, and His very name has much of mystery about it! "I AM" certainly signifies God's self-existence, God's unchangeableness, God's absolute faithfulness and truth. He gave another name to be told to the people: "*The Lord God of your fathers, the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob.*" This was the more familiar name, reminding them of promises given long years ago, many of which had already

been fulfilled to the letter; calling to their recollection the covenant God had made, a covenant ordered in all things and sure.

When God bids you go forth, you sit you down, and wonder about this, and trouble about that. "What shall I say to them? What will they say to me, and how shall I answer them?" Oh, my friend, if God sends you forth, if the I AM commands you, it will be well! "In the word of a king there is power." Tell them that the King has sent you, that you are His herald and ambassador, that your own words are invested with His authority. Preach not the Gospel as one who must apologize for it, and for the preaching of it. Tell not sinners of their sin and of their doom with velvet in your mouth, but with the commission of God in your hand, and Omnipotence to back you. Dogmatize—to use a word they do not like—dogmatize about the truths that you have assuredly been taught by the Spirit. Tell them who God is. Ah, me, that is a mistake too many of God's messengers make; they do not give Him all His glory. Tell the people that He is the great I AM, the Jehovah, the God who cannot be known save through a knowledge of His Son, the God who cannot be approached save by the blood-stained way, and with the merits of the Redeemer in our hands. Oh, may God help you to get over that objection! He will tell you what to say; He will help you to talk about Himself, and His sovereign grace, and His glorious covenant; if you will go just leaning on His love and power.

3. Next I find that Moses pleads *the unbelief of the people he is going to*. The first verse of the fourth chapter says, "*And Moses answered and said, But*"—oh, these "buts", they get even in God's way!—"But, behold, they will not believe me, nor hearken unto my voice: for they will say, The Lord hath not appeared unto thee." He has come out in his true colours. My suspicions were not unfounded. There can be no doubt about it, this is rank unbelief. He is *concocting* difficulties now. It is evident he does not want to go. He has antedated the disinclination of Jonah to go upon the mission and business of the Lord. Now, God had already said to Moses, "They shall hearken to thy voice," and Moses so far forgets himself as to bring out his little "They will not," to combat God's "They shall." You know what the result of such an unequal contest must be. Everything must go down before God's "shall." Let unbelief hide its diminished head when God Almighty says, "They shall."

You have had this same difficulty. "What is the good of going down into the slums? They won't receive me." "Why should I waste my energies in talking to those unbelievers? They are case-hardened, some of them are Gospel-hardened." But has the Lord sent you to that very difficult sphere? Has He spoken directly to you, telling you that that is your appointed place? Well, then, be there; and as to the results, if you have not so direct a promise as God gave Moses, you do at least learn from God's Book that His Word shall not return unto Him void. You know quite well that all whom He purposes to bring to glory will be brought there,—not a hoof shall be left behind. All His blood-bought ones shall yet surround His throne. Well, then, go and preach. If you do not know who of these are His elect, so much the better, for you then preach the same

Gospel to them all, and affectionately invite "whosoever will" to come. Perhaps the people *will* disbelieve you, but those whom God designs to bless will hear and live, and His glorious purposes shall every one of them be fully and for ever accomplished.

Besides, God has given to all His true and faithful servants a mighty power. O brethren and sisters, these are not our words that we speak; they would be powerless if they were. These are not our thoughts that we utter; they had better be unexpressed if so. It is not our energy that converts, and quickens, and convicts, and saves. There were put into the mouth of Moses words to speak, and into his hand wonders to work, in the name of the Great Jehovah; and the Lord has done the like for us. The age of miracles is not past. Every faithful community of Christian workers can tell of marvels just as great as those that Moses wrought in the name of God, for conversion is a miracle of grace, and you and I are the humble instruments in God's hand of bringing it about. When that little girl said to her mother, "Mother, ain't daddy different?" she was speaking of a miracle of grace that God had wrought. She did not understand it fully, but she saw that something had happened; he was not the same man he used to be. I am simple enough to be pleased with this childish description of a regenerated heart, "Mother, ain't daddy different?" Different? yes, indeed, for God had changed him. The serpent had become the rod, the leprous hand was made clean once more. Some humble city missionary was the Moses in that case, whom God employed to work a miracle as great as any that Jesus Himself wrought in the days of His flesh. Oh, shrink not from your task! The unbelief of the people shall be conquered, and God will get His praise even through your humble effort.

4. What is the next objection? For, quickly as God clears one away, another rises up. In the 10th verse of the 4th chapter we read, "*Moses said unto the Lord, O my Lord, I am not eloquent, neither heretofore, nor since Thou hast spoken unto Thy servant; but I am slow of speech, and of a slow tongue.*" Maybe, he had some impediment in his speech. It is more likely that, though he had a great mind, he was not so gifted in the art of expression, like a vessel ever full, but with a too narrow neck. Well, God knew this, and this is God's first answer to him, "'Who hath made man's mouth? or who maketh the dumb, or deaf, or the seeing, or the blind? Have not I the Lord?' I know all about your infirmity. I arranged it, so it is according to My will it should be so. You think you cannot serve Me with it. You cannot serve Me so well without it, else it had not been imposed upon you." I am not going to guess what *your* special difficulty is. Perhaps no one knows it but yourself and your Lord; but do not forget that He knows it, and do not forget either that He ordered it so. It is all right, then. It looks wrong, but—

"All is right that seems most wrong,
If it be His sweet will."

Stephen tells us that Moses was mighty in words and deeds. You know those are not always the mightiest words that flow forth the fastest. The liquid may be very thin that runs so swiftly. He is not

the most valuable speaker who is the most voluble. It is doubtless a great luxury to be able to speak right on with ceaseless flow of thought and utterance; and God has used many a man, gifted thus, to touch the hearts of his fellows, and to win them to Christ. But I am not unmindful of the equal truth that He has used the stammerers, too, and that some men, with great intellects, who have not been so happy in expression, have nevertheless touched some hearts over which the flood of words had flowed without effect. How is it with you, my friend? You have sometimes envied those who spoke so easily and naturally. "Oh!" you say, "they have only to stand up, and open their mouths, and they can talk any quantity." Yes, that is true of some. How about the quality? That is the more important point, is it not? If it happens, as thank God it sometimes does, that the man has both quantity and quality, he will do grand service for God, though I am not sure that even then God will get the greatest glory from such an one. He will want some of it himself, probably. Ah, Lord, my tongue may well be glad to stutter if it stammers forth Thy praise! My "glory" will rejoice if by any means it brings glory to Thy holy name! Paul's speech was contemptible; that is, I suppose, so far as the graces of rhetoric and eloquence were concerned; but it was mighty in striking at the heart, and pulling down Satanic strongholds.

Now, how does God sweep away this objection? Says He, "*Now therefore go, and I will be with thy mouth, and teach thee what thou shalt say.*" When God said, "Certainly I will be with thee," I thought that was about as sweet a promise as He could give, but I find He has never given us His best. "Now," saith He, "I will be with *thy mouth.*" What, Lord, wilt Thou take cognisance of the details of me, and of the peculiar infirmities that are mine? Wilt Thou not only be near to me, but specially near my mouth, because it is the weakest place? As the mother cares most for the child that is most delicate, so God is nearest that organ which is feeblest; and just where you feel your failure, there, if you will but trust, you shall find His force and favour. Touch, Lord, our lips with the live coal from off Thine altar, and they shall be completely cleansed, and fitted to speak Thy truth! See here, my brother; it matters little what is the matter with thy mouth if God puts His matter into it.

5. Well, surely Moses will not find any more objections. Has not the Lord swept every obstacle away, like a torrent that clears a channel for itself? Yes; but Moses must have another word. He is beaten back on every other ground, and now he cries out, "*O my Lord, send, I pray Thee, by the hand of him whom Thou wilt send!*" The plain English of which is, "Oh, get a substitute for me!" He says now what he meant at first,—"*I do not want this task.* I am quite content with my easy-going life in the back of the desert, leading the sheep, and tending the flock. Men are much more difficult to manage than silly sheep, and I would rather be a shepherd still. Send, Lord; the work must be done; but please do not send me." Ah, Moses, the Lord has great difficulty with starting thee; but when once He gets thee on the lines, thou wilt serve Him grandly. Is not that so with us? What a job God has had to get us into the

work at all, and even now we are not under way as we ought to be. But let us hope we shall be by-and-by; God is still patient.

Did you notice that the Lord's anger was kindled against Moses? Who can wonder? Yet in wrath He remembered mercy. Moses ought to have obeyed. Said the old sailor to the young midshipman, "There are only two things, my lad, on board a man-of-war: the one is duty, and the other is mutiny. If you don't obey, you're a mutineer." Moses was a mutineer. Even he was found objecting, and cavilling, and excusing himself. O guilty heart of mine, if thou hast done like this, cast thyself at the Master's feet, and ask His pardon, and then go forth to His service!

Dear reader, you are not a worker for God, because you are not a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ. No one can truly work for God until he has come to Calvary, and lost his sins there. Shall the blind lead the blind? Do they not both fall into the ditch? Well, that is your present duty, and that is just as much a command to you as to go into Egypt was a command to Moses. Repent and believe the Gospel. Turn from sin, and look to Jesus.

"He will save you, He will save you;
He will save you now."

Then work for Him. We do believe with all our heart in works, —not as a means of salvation, but as evidence of saving faith. We work for love of Him who died for us, not that we may earn salvation, and escape hell, but that we may show, in some faint way, that we appreciate His marvellous love. God help you to trust Jesus, and then to work for Him with all your might and main, and may God speed the plough to which you put your hand!

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.

Helps for Speakers, Incidental and Illustrative, for Pulpit, Class, and Platform. By Rev. H. O. MACKAY. Marshall Brothers. (3s. 6d.)

OUR friend Mackey has a special gift for seeing good illustrations of Scripture truth, and turning them to account for the good of others, as those can testify who have made a right use of his previous volumes, "Points, Parables, and Pictures," and "One Thousand New Illustrations." The present selection consists of 720 paragraphs, alphabetically arranged according to their titles, with topical and textual indexes which greatly increase facility of reference. The volume

ought to be of immense service to speakers, and to them we unreservedly commend it, and to readers and writers also.

A Treasury of Wisdom. Extracts from many Authors for the use of Teachers, Speakers, and others. Selected by ALFRED SINDALL. Andrew Melrose. (2s. 6d. net.)

MR. SINDALL has culled flowers from a great variety of gardens; choice flowers they are almost without exception. A good gift for a young man who hopes to lead and help others. We cannot help wishing that the full name of the author were given in each case.

A batch of Story-books comes from the Religious Tract Society to remind us that Christmas is coming. They are certainly very cheap, and well illustrated, and without exception worthy of commendation.

There is one at 2s. 6d., *The Heir of Bragwell Hall*, by ALFRED BEER, which illustrates both the folly and sin of wrongdoing and the blessedness of forgiving those who have injured us.

The Jilting of Bruce Heriot, by EVELYN EVERETT-GREEN (2s.), is a double love-story, in which the tangles are gradually smoothed out, and a double wedding follows to everybody's satisfaction.

There are two books at 1s. 6d.,—*Little Robin Gray*, by EDITH C. KENYON, an interesting sketch of a charming little fellow in the United States, who has many painful experiences before he comes home to the uncle who at first failed to appreciate his real worth;—and *The Triumph of Truth, and other Stories*, by MARGARET SCOTT HAYCRAFT and others, Edited by JOHN BURNHAM with the view of providing suitable readings for Mothers' Meetings and similar gatherings. They are admirably adapted for that object.

There are also two books at 1s.,—*David Graham, Pitman*, by RAMSAY GUTHRIE, a thrilling tale of self-sacrifice abundantly rewarded;—and *Fighting his Way*, by H. LOUISA BEDFORD, a stirring story of smuggling and other exciting adventures in the South of England in the days of Wellington and Napoleon.

A History of the Baptist Church now Meeting in George Street Chapel, Plymouth. By HENRY M. NICHOLSON. Baptist Union Publication Department. (1s. 6d. net.)

THIS is a revised edition, brought down to date, of a valuable record which has long been out of print. Beginning with the sailing of "The Men of the Mayflower," and ending with the resignation of Rev. Samuel Vincent,—who contributes an Introduction to the History,—the little volume abounds in interesting particulars concerning this notable Plymouth Church. It is most timely that this record of the brave days of old should be issued in these times when so many are being persecuted and prosecuted after the manner of their protesting forefathers.

The Existence of Evil in the History of Nature. By Rev. C. F. WHIDBORNE, M.A. Charles J. Thynne. (1s. net.)

THIS little volume will repay careful perusal. It is an earnest and reverent attempt—not without a measure of success, to shed light upon a subject of age-long mystery.

We are not prepared to endorse the statement that "all difficulty arising from the presence of evil in the primitive earth has vanished." The curtain will, doubtless, be raised in God's good time; but, in our opinion, the time is not yet. And is it not better so? Meanwhile, there are great positive and saving truths to be proclaimed with heart and soul.

Notes.

Personal Paragraphs.

PASTOR THOS. SPURGEON, after spending ten days with his family at Ilkley, voyaged to America in s.s. *Campania*, returning in s.s. *Carpathia*, after spending only three days in New York. He went, of course, to get the benefit of the sea trip. His experiences on the Lord's-day he was ashore are set forth on another page. He greatly enjoyed his holiday, and has benefited much thereby. There were

good congregations to welcome him on the first Sunday after his return, and he turned his trip to good account, in the evening, by discoursing on Psalm civ. 25 (R.V.), "Yonder is the sea; great and wide."

A thousand thanks from Pastors and people to all who ministered the Word of Life during the Pastor's holiday. The message was greatly prized in every case. The Lord bless them, and

the Churches over which they preside!

The Pastor's Birthday Celebration was a true success. The story of it is related, with some fulness, elsewhere; but the half was never told. No one can reproduce, in black and white, the heart and hope that filled the people and the Pastor. It was good to be there. Gifts of all sizes, from friends of all classes and ages, delighted our heart, and strengthened our hands. We cannot imagine a happier occasion, or suppose a more affectionate people. All glory be to God, for this great mercy.

The meeting that followed the Reception was unique. Nearly all the Tabernacle Institutions and Societies, and many of the workers, marched, so to say, through Eye-gate, while we watched, and cheered, and thanked God. It was a grand idea to throw greetings from these, and from well-known ministers, on the screen. We thank, with a whole heart and a full one, every donor and each well-wisher. At the risk of it seeming invidious, when all were so kind and so welcome, we feel we must specially mention the loving greetings of the old folk in our Almshouses, and of the young folk in the Stockwell Orphanage, and in our Sunday-school. To the wish of the dear lad, Arthur Middleton, who represented the others, that all the boys in the Sunday-school may grow up to be good men, we append our heartiest "Amen," and we thank him and them for saying, "Please give our love to Mrs. Spurgeon." Alice Hart wrote for the girls, and what she wrote pleased us immensely:—"Dear Mr. Spurgeon,—The girls of the Sunday-school send you their love, and wish you a very happy birthday. We hope that you may have Jesus with you all the next year. From your loving scholar, Alice Hart."

Shall it be confessed that there were some mystic crosses at the foot of the page?—"blessings in disguise," we called them. But what a beautiful wish! I pass it on to every reader,—May you have Jesus with you all next year!"

Humanly speaking, the success of the Birthday Rally is due to our good friend Mr. Ford. It was his "happy thought", and he worked it out most skillfully. We hereby express to him the gratitude of the whole Church.

The fact that he does not look for thanks is but an added reason why this grateful acknowledgment should be made.

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Tabernacle Tidings.

Bold protests have been made by Passive Resisters from the Tabernacle; several hundreds of whom have appeared at the Police Courts for the first time in their lives. Distress warrants have been issued against Pastor Thos. Spurgeon, Pastor C. B. Sawday, the Trustees of the Tabernacle and of the Pastors' College, Deacons, Elders, and members. This will be repeated each quarter until the law is altered.

Four friends were baptized at Haddon Hall on Tuesday, August 23rd, viz., Arthur Savage, Esther Letley, Carrie Millard, and Rose Cook.

At the monthly communion service, on Lord's-day evening, September 4th, five new members were received, and the deaths were reported of the following,—Ellen Johnson, Ann Wagner, Alfred Childs, Mary Ann Howling, Thos. Vickery, Barbara McGregor, and Jane Hunt.

A deputation of Pastors' College students provided an excellent and varied programme at the monthly meeting of the "John Ploughman" Gospel Temperance Society. The speeches were good, and the testimonies in favour of total abstinence were clear and powerful. The singing, by the Pastors' College Quartet, thrilled us all. They have our prayers that the Lord will set His seal upon the Gospel of His grace made known in song. There was an increased audience, and some names were added to the membership. The annual meeting will be held on Wednesday, October 5th, at 7.30. The Pastor will preside.

At the Tabernacle prayer-meeting, on Monday evening, September 12th, at which Pastor C. B. Sawday presided, an address was given by Miss F. M. Harrald, of the North Africa Mission, upon the medical mission work in which she has been engaged at Tripoli, Barbary, and to which she is now returning. At the same meeting, a party of missionaries, about to sail for China under the auspices of the China Inland Mission, gave an ac-

count of the way in which they had been led up to that point, and asked for prayer on behalf of their future service for the Saviour.

Yet another representative of the Tabernacle Church has started for the foreign mission field.



Mr. John I. Rowe, whose farewell meeting was held on Wednesday, September 14th, has been for many years connected with the Sunday-school, and has been an active member of Mr. G. B. Wilmot's Bible-class. For the past year, he has studied at the China Inland Mission. The Young Christians' Missionary Union has undertaken his support, and formed a "circle" of subscribers under the management of Miss A. Godbold, Miss N. Howl, and Mr. C. Lyon.

Dr. and Mrs. Churcher, who are about to return to Sousse, Tunisia, after spending several weeks with their children at Shoreham, Sussex, also took part in the meeting; and, the following day, the doctor spoke to the orphans at Stockwell.

Lord's-day, October 16th, will be observed as the Universal Day of Prayer for Sunday-schools. In our own School, special services will be held throughout the day, and during the following week, conducted by Messrs. Sayer and Reed. In the afternoon, at 3 o'clock, Pastor Thos. Spurgeon will address the Bible-classes, when all young men and young women will be heartily welcomed.

On October 25th, the annual meeting of the British Auxiliary of Pasteur Saillens' Work in France will be held

at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, at 7.30.

Pastor Frank White is to speak, and Pasteur Saillens will give an account of the work in Paris, and in other parts of France and Switzerland. A most interesting meeting is anticipated. E. Wood, Esq., has kindly consented to occupy the chair.

The members of the Tabernacle Church will meet for friendly intercourse on Tuesday, November 1st. Printed particulars will be issued about October 10th, and can be had on application.

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Concerning the College.

Mr. Fromow is settling at Silvertown, and Mr. Miller at Hounslow.

Mr. Percy J. Smith has sailed for China under the auspices of the Baptist Missionary Society.

The following brethren have removed:—Mr. A. F. Cotton, from Brabourne, to Pembury, Kent; Mr. J. Beaupré, from Wincanton, to Cul-lompton, Devonshire; Mr. T. Douglas, from Waltham Cross, to Lymington, Hampshire; and Mr. S. Pilling, F.G.S., from East Dulwich, to Godstone, Surrey.

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Our Fatherless Family.

The autumn number of "Within Our Gates," contains the second instalment of the history of the Orphanage, and other items of interest. A new edition of eight numbers of the Orphanage Leaflets has been prepared, and a set of four Picture Post-cards has also been published, showing a number of boys at drill.

Specimens of all these publications may be had on application to the Secretary, enclosing stamps to cover postage.

During the summer vacation, certain sanitary improvements, advised by the Medical Officer of Health, were commenced; and the cooking apparatus, after being in use for thirty-five years, has been replaced by an entirely new system.

The electric light has also been installed throughout the Institution, thus securing for the children in the schools, dormitories, etc., a healthy atmosphere.

These necessary alterations have entailed considerable expense; and it is hoped that the cost will be met by

special contributions in response to the President's appeal.

At the next collectors' meeting, on Tuesday, November 29th, the President hopes for a large gathering of our Helpers' League. An interesting programme for the evening is in preparation. Those who desire to help the Orphanage should write to the Secretary for collecting-books or boxes, and a supply of leaflets for distribution.

Now that the season for holiday-making is over, we hope that our friends will not fail to remember the need of our family of nearly five hundred fatherless children, now in the Orphanage. It will greatly cheer the heart of the President to enrol the names of new subscribers, or to receive single donations even of small amounts. Contributions should be sent to the Secretary, Stockwell Orphanage, London, S.W.

We hope our friends will not forget to arrange for a visit of the Orphan choir and handbell ringers during the forthcoming season. This is one of the most delightful ways of helping the Orphanage. Write to Mr. Charlesworth for particulars, offering a choice of dates.

* * * *

Colportage Chronicles.

Notwithstanding the inactivity which always marks the holiday season, the colporteurs send encouraging reports as to spiritual results. One brother tells of a seaside mission, in connection with which he spent his summer holiday, and reports:—"Much blessing has rested upon our work, several good cases have been dealt with, and a goodly number decided for Jesus, while backsliders have been restored, and God's children blessed."

A young colporteur, noticing a lad at the prayer-meeting, invited him into the vestry; and, enquiring the reason why he was there, the lad replied, "Because I want to get saved." Conversation and prayer ensued, and the colporteur says:—"He professed to trust in Jesus, and has since appeared bright and happy."

A colporteur, in going his rounds, knocked at a door, and hearing the salutation, "Come in, sir, you are just in time," entered the room, and was pleased to find the family all gathered around the table. The father

remarked, "I am just going to read a portion from God's Word; will you lead us in prayer?" The colporteur responded, and, in addition, had an earnest word for the children from the text the father had given him, "Come in, you are just in time." He writes:—"I quite believe the influence of that little service will bear fruit in after days."



IN THE PARK.

One brother says:—"A young man, whom I have visited for a long time, seems to have undergone quite a change. Instead of indifference, there is marked interest; he receives me with a welcome, and expresses thankfulness for my visits, and has told me that I am practically the only one who ever pays him a visit."

Contributions to the General Fund are very much needed.

* * * *

Miscellaneous Matters.

We have been interested in reading the Jubilee Report of the PURE LITERATURE SOCIETY (11, Buckingham Street, Adelphi, Strand, London, W.C.), which is adorned with the portraits of past and present Officers of the Society, and gives a most interesting account of its fifty years' work. There is still great need for the widespread circulation of *pure* literature.

Under the appropriate title, *In the Midst of Savagdom*, Mr. Samuel E. Roberts, 8, Paternoster Row, has issued a sixpenny illustrated booklet, containing Mr. Stuart Watt's thrilling record of Pioneer Missionary Effort in British Equatorial Africa, together with an account of some of the many marvellous deliverances which the Lord has wrought for the missionary and his family.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from August 15th to September 14th, 1904.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Collection at Sevenoaks Baptist Chapel, per Pastor C. Rudge ...	2 2 0	Contribution from Marlowes Baptist Church, Hemel Hempstead, per Pastor W. W. Robinson	2 0 0
Pastor W. Willis	0 5 0	Contribution from Commercial Street Baptist Church, Newport, Mon., per Pastor W. C. Minifie	6 17 9
Mr. W. Pitcher	1 0 0	Part collection at Broadmead Baptist Chapel, Bristol, per Pastor D. J. Hiley	7 2 6
Collection at Cecil Square Baptist Chapel, Margate, per Pastor B. Brigg	0 13 10	Contribution from Park Road Baptist Church, Rushden, per Pastor W. M. Harris	2 0 0
Collection at Stroud Green Baptist Chapel, per Pastor F. H. King ...	2 10 0		
Collection and Weekly Offerings at Metropolitan Tabernacle	29 11 0		
Collection at Wadhams Street Baptist Chapel, Weston-super-Mare, per Pastor R. S. Latimer	2 2 3		
			£58 4 4

Pastors' College Missionary Association.

Statement of Receipts from August 15th to September 14th, 1904.

	£ s. d.
For Christ's sake	0 3 0

The Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from August 16th to September 14th, 1904.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Mrs. J. E. Hullett	1 0 0	J. L. L.	0 5 0
Mrs. E. D. Le Feuvre	0 10 0	Mr. G. Ashby	0 2 6
S. L. Auchinleck	0 5 0	Mrs. M. A. Bickford	0 2 6
Mr. W. Smith	0 4 0	Mr. G. E. Arundel	1 1 0
A mite, Devizes	0 1 0	Mr. James Wilson	0 10 0
Mr. J. Barrie	0 10 0	Collected by Mrs. Court	0 4 0
Stamps, Manchester	0 2 0	Miss Wilmot, in memory of Mrs. G. Wilmot	0 10 6
Mrs. E. E. Wright	0 10 0	God's tenth, Portsmouth	0 10 0
Mr. J. Riley	0 1 0	Pastor H. R. Hawkins	0 10 0
Miss S. E. Hall	5 0 0	X. Z.	0 5 0
Kent, Pewsey	0 10 0	Mr. P. H. Davies	0 5 0
Mr. G. Barlow	1 1 0	Mr. W. Hiner	0 1 0
Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Crome	1 1 0	Sandwich, per Bankers	2 2 0
Townley Street Mission, Walworth, per Mr. R. H. Tomkins	0 14 0	Mr. E. West	1 1 0
Mr. T. Wright	0 1 0	Mr. O. E. Ellis	0 10 6
Mr. W. Reeves	0 2 0	Billó	0 2 6
Mr. Otto Albert	0 5 0	Collected by Mrs. E. Chubb	0 2 0
Mr. T. Williams	1 0 0	Mr. W. Graham	1 0 0
Mr. W. J. Tull	1 0 0	The Central Markets Committee, per Mr. H. C. Overall	35 0 0
St. Stephen's Church, Clapham Park, per Rev. J. C. Elliott, M.A.	1 1 0	Orphan Boys' Collecting Cards, as per list	67 18 2
Mr. G. Thorburn	0 10 0	Orphan Girls' Collecting Cards, as per list	55 6 3
Mrs. Leary	1 0 0	Executors of the late Mr. Joseph Abbott	16 1 9
Collected by Miss Dean	0 4 6	Executor of the late Miss Charlotte Poate	50 0 0
Stamps, Walworth	0 1 0	Executor of the late Miss Henrietta Bosisto	4 1 2
Mr. R. Dawson	0 5 0	MEETING BY MR. CHARLESWORTH AND THE ORPHANAGE CHOIR:—	
Q.	0 10 0	Crawley Baptist Chapel	3 3 0
A friend, E.D.	0 10 0	SEASIDE HOME, MARGATE:—	
Collected by Miss E. C. Butcher ..	0 5 0	Mr. J. Barrie	0 10 0
Lord and Messrs. A. and L. de Rothschild	2 2 0	Mr. R. Dawson	0 5 0
Mr. W. J. Hieron	0 2 6	Mrs. S. A. Dowle	1 0 0
Miss Adcock	0 10 0		
Collected by Mr. H. Thompson	2 10 0		
J. B. C.	1 0 0		
Bromley Friendly Bible-class, per Mr. F. J. Witham	1 5 0		

Per Mrs. Jas. Withers:—	£ s. d.	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Mr. M. J. Sutton	3 3 0		Collected by Mrs. Stark	1 10 0
Mr. Leonard Sutton	3 3 0		Mrs. Young	1 0 0
Mrs. J. Davis	0 2 6		Rev. E. S. Neale	1 0 0
Mrs. Cox	0 2 6			
		6 11 0		£280 3 10
Mrs. E. Mallin		2 0 0		

ORPHAN BOYS' COLLECTING CARDS:—Adams, W., 12s; Adams, H., 5s; Avery, A., 3s; Alderton, L., 5s 6d; Abbott, B., 10s; Arklay, J., 4s; Amy, A., 3s 8d; Adams, W., 12s 4d; Brown, D., 1s 6d; Burns, J., 2s 3d; Bartram, H., 1s 1s; Barnett, W., 5s; Brubach, F., 1s 3d; Boots, F., 1s; Burnard, H., 10s; Beckett, P., 4s 6d; Brookman, R., 5s; Balneaves, F., 10s 6d; Barlow, H., 18s; Biddle, H., 1s; Boswell, E., 1s 1s; Bray, S., 6s 4d; Cornish, P., 12s; Campbell, J., 1s 1s; Campbell, P., 1s 1s; Carey, A., 4s 2d; Crump, S., 15s; Clayton, T., 9s 6d; Carrington, E., 5s 8d; Copping, W., 4s 8d; Cope, S., 1s 1s; Cooper, W., 7s 2d; Camden, W., 14s; Coombes, R., 11s 3d; Collett, F., 2s 7d; Cole, F., 7s 6d; Chapman, A., 8s; Dean, F., 14s; Dawkins, L., 7s; Dolittle, J., 3s; Dutton, G., 7s; Dobson, C., 12s 4d; Day, W. T., 2s 7d; Ennor, V., 1s 1s; Edmunds, G., 1s 2s; Elson, D., 1s 1s; Evans, H., 1s 1s; Emmett, J., 4s; Edwards, P., 4s; Franklin, W. H., 6s 6d; Fuller, W., 8s 6d; Goodyear, P., 3s 6d; Godfree, A., 5s 6d; Green, G., 1s 9d; Golding, W., 1s; Geard, J., 3s 5d; Goater, A., 8s; Griffin, W., 14s; Humphrey, S., 4s 2d; Harris, H., 1s 1s; Howe, A., 13s 6d; Hodgkinson, E., 11s 6d; Harries, R., 15s; Hawkes, H., 17s 7d; Hulks, S., 8s 6d; Ibell, E., 1s; Jago, S., 9s; Johnson, A., 2s; Jeffreys, P., 2s 6d; Jennings, L., 5s; Kite, A., 13s; Kendall, B., 10s 8d; King, H., 10s 4d; Kimber, F., 1s 1s; Knight, J., 2s 6d; Knight, C., 8s; Lumley, E. H., 1s 1s; Lindley, E., 5s 6d; Lee, W., 2s 6d; Miller, P., 18s; McDonald, W., 7s 3d; Moss, G., 10s; Mapleston, E., 6s; Malin, H., 3s; Morgan, H., 1s 1s; Montacute, L., 5s 6d; Northcroft, E., 5s 2d; Norwood, P., 5s; Olrod, T., 2s 6d; Osborn, F., 10s; Parsons, P., 13s; Parsons, F., 7s; Pearson, H., 6s 6d; Prew, P., 9s 3d; Pratt, F., 5s; Pateman, R., 13s 3d; Pyke, D., 8s 1d; Price, L., 7s; Prentice, A., 6s; Pratt, S., 6s 2d; Payne, L., 2s 6d; Rix, G., 3s 6d; Ralph, J., 6s 6d; Rudd, P., 8s 1d; Rowlands, E., 1s 2s; Riley, H., 7s 6d; Ray, W., 10s; Ray, L., 3s; Shearer, H., 9d; Swan, A. J., 7s; Stewart, M., 2s 2d; Stewart, G., 2s; Spurge, T., 10s 6d; Smith, J., 6s 6d; Strand, W., 5s 2d; Stevenson, A., 1s 1s; Samuel, F., 1s 6d; Seaman, H., 1s 1s; Stephens, F., 16s; Thompson, H., 16s 6d; Thornton, A., 4s; Tilling, C., 2s 3d; Taylor, A., 1s 1s; Tarrant, H., 10s; Walklett, B., 1s 1s; Wood, R. J., 1s 1s; Witchlow, G., 1s 2d; Wagner, F., 7s; Williams, A., 1s 1s; Wallis, W., 5s 4d; Wells, E., 8s 10d; Warren, F. C., 1s; Wain, G., 6s; Williams, D., 7s 6d; Waugh, A., 17s 2d; Wakeham, E., 1s 1s; Webster, T., 8s; Webb, G., 1s 1s; Young, W., 2s 6d.—Total, £67 18s 2d.

ORPHAN GIRLS' COLLECTING CARDS:—Abbott, A., 10s; Arnold, L., 6s; Atkins, F., 5s; Adams, E., 7s 7d; Brown, V., 1s 6d; Bruns, P., 4s; Barker, A., 1s 1s; Bradley, M., 8s; Brayley, M., 2s 6d; Briggs, A., 10s; Burns, A., 2s 3d; Billson, E., 9s; Backhouse, G., 6s 4d; Bennett, E., 1s 4s 8d; Belton, M., 5s 6d; Brock, A., 4s 2d; Cooper, K., 2s 7d; Chilman, E., 12s 10d; Copley, G., 17s; Clark, W., 12s 6d; Cook, E., 17s 6d; Cole, D., 1s; Cutting, E., 4s 10d; Coombe, C., 2s 9d; Clue, G., 3s 9d; Coward, L., 5s; Cole, C., 1s; Camden, D., 3s; Campbell, A., 9s 2d; Cook, K., 3s 4d; Cheney, M. E., 8s 6d; Daviss, A., 5s 4d; Day, P., 10s; Dalton, F., 8s 6d; Downer, B., 7s; Figg, H., 1s 1s; Gibbs, L., 8s 3d; Garratt, D., 1s 1s; Godfrey, E., 5s 9d; Grainger, M., 12s; Green, E., 5s; Goddard, K., 11s 7d; Head, I., 10s 6d; Hutchinson, F., 6s 6d; Hore, M., 1s 1s; Hopkins, D., 8s; Hulks, F., 8s 6d; Hearnden, E., 10s; Hocking, E., 7s; Hammond, M., 18s 6d; Heather, A., 1s; Henton, A., 1s 8d; Hiuksman, E., 2s 10d; Heagerty, K., 3s; Hawkins, F., 6s; Jefferies, L., 6s 3d; Jordan, A., 4s; Jackson, N. and W., 17s; Kirby, E., 2s 8d; Kelsey, E., 3s 9d; Kent, E., 1s 1s; Kendall, E., 5s 10d; Knowles, E., 3s 4d; Lockett, M., 1s 1s; Leaver, E., 1s 3s; Lamb, T. L., 7s 9d; Low, E., 7s 2d; Lambourn, N., 2s; Mountfield, G., 1s 1s; Millar, A., 6s 3d; Montford, F., 1s 6d; Maidment, A., 8s 6d; Morgan, M., 5s 2d; McLauchlan, M., 3s; Martin, M., 5s 2d; Mold, M., 10s 6d; Needs, E., 8s 8d; Nicholls, E., 3s 10d; Oliver, B., 1s; Page, M., 3s; Puxley, K., 1s 10d; Pauden, R., 3s 3d; Parkins, L., 3s; Peterson, L., 10s 5d; Pooley, L., 3s 6d; Freedy, D., 16s; Plowright, G., 4s; Perks, L., 12s; Richardson, R., 8s 6d; Rittman, E., 7s; Roylance, M., 1s 2s; Reynolds, M., 3s 8d; Siggins, W., 10s; Shannon, R., 10s; Staples, M., 6s 8d; Slade, E., 5s 6d; Smith, D., 13s; Smith, R., 5s 6d; Spurgin, G., 4s 8d; Salmon, G., 1s 6d; Surrey, K., 7s 3d; Sherwood, N., 10s; Smith, G., 11s; Stokes, M., 10d; Steed, E., 2s 7d; Scouse, M. and L., 10s; Sharp, M., 10s 6d; Slaughter, K. and A., 1s 4s; Spall, L., 3s; Stalker, A., 7s 6d; Thomas, L., 5s 2d; Walters, M., 3s; Weston, V., 13s 6d; Warrell, F., 12s 6d; Wetton, L., 3s 2d; Watson, L., 14s 6d; White, E., 10s; Waldron, N., 3s; Woodmansec, D., 5s; Wright, E., 6s; Wilkins, E., 7s 6d; Webster, A., 9s; Warner, S., 2s 6d; Wilson, W., 18s 6d; Webber, M., 7d; Webb, E., 5s 3d; Warr, L., 5s 5d; Yeomans, R., 15s.—Total, £55 6s 3d.

LIST OF PRESENTS RECEIVED FROM AUGUST 16TH TO SEPTEMBER 14TH, 1904.

PROVISIONS:—24 dozen Eggs, Mr. C. Dewar; 1 bag Apples, Mr. W. Jones; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Sir A. Sealie Haslam; 9 bushels Apples, Mr. Samuel Barrow; 1 cask Apples, Mr. Thomas Emmett.

GIRLS' CLOTHING:—14 Articles, Miss Dawson; 6 Articles, Mrs. Sellar.

BOYS' CLOTHING:—3 Day Shirts, a Friend, per Rev. B. S. Morris.

GENERAL:—A quantity of Pencils, Messrs. Banks and Co.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from August 15th to September 14th, 1904.

DISTRICT SUBSCRIPTIONS:—		£ s. d.			£ s. d.
Freemantle, per Mr. R. Beck		11 5 0	Evesham, per Mr. E. T. Field		10 0 0
Great Totham, per Rev. H. J. Harvey		10 0 0			£166 7 0
Aylesbury, per Mr. G. Tweddle		10 0 0	AGED COLPORTEURS' FUND:—		£ s. d.
Kent and Sussex Baptist Association, per Mr. S. J. Hart		30 0 0	Mrs. Durn, per Miss Jones		0 5 0
Horsforth, per Miss C. E. Bilbrough		11 5 0	GENERAL FUND:—		£ s. d.
Widcombe, per Mr. J. A. Brewer		12 10 0	Mrs. E. Raybould		1 0 0
Loughborough, per Mr. G. T. Levers		8 7 0	Mr. W. Hiley		20 13 3
Hadleigh, per Mr. J. G. Stow		10 0 0	Dividend on £100 Govt. Quebec		
Brentford, per Messrs. Greenwood Bros.		10 0 0	5 per cent. Bond, less Income Tax		2 7 6
Eastern Districts, per Mrs. Lane		11 5 0	Mr. H. Wakeling		0 5 0
Wolverhampton, per Miss E. A. Tyler		11 5 0	Mr. Sidney Frost (Collecting-card)		0 5 0
Swaffham Prior, per Mr. R. J. Moffat, F.S.S.		20 0 0	Mr. and Mrs. F. Weekes		0 5 0
Sellindge, per Mr. J. Turner		0 10 0	Mr. Matthew Rogers		1 1 0
			Mr. F. Collier		0 2 7
			Mr. W. Pitcher		1 0 0
					£26 19 4

Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon's Book Fund.

Statement of Receipts from August 15th to September 14th, 1904.

		£ s. d.			£ s. d.
Mrs. P., Toronto		0 4 0	Mr. C. B., Streatham		0 5 0
Miss C. W., Blackheath		0 2 0			
S. M. H.		0 2 0			
"In loving memory"		0 5 0			£0 18 0

Gifts of Books:—Mrs. E., St. Leonard's-on-Sea, 6 books; Miss K. S., Saxpundham, 12 books.

Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon's Pastors' Aid Fund.

Statement of Receipts from August 15th to September 14th, 1904.

Miss B., Purton	£ s. d.
	0 2 6

Gifts of Clothing:—Mrs. W., Willesden; Miss G., Galgorm; Mrs. H., Blackheath; Mrs. S., Ballinling; Miss B., Tunbridge Wells.

Contributions in aid of "Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon's Book and Pastors' Aid Funds" should be sent to Miss E. H. Thorne, addressed (for the present), "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, 1904.

Preaching the Doctrines of Grace.

AN ADDRESS TO THE STUDENTS OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE,

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

I AM going to give you, brethren, the reasons why I most earnestly urge you to preach the doctrines of grace, and to keep on preaching them right to the end of your ministry. I am going to tell you my own reasons for preaching the Gospel in what is called the Calvinistic manner in preference to preaching it after the Arminian fashion.

And, first of all, I preach the doctrines of grace *because I believe that the Calvinistic system, as we call it for shortness, is the most Scriptural.* I do not say that all Scripture truth could be arranged under the head of Calvinism, and I am quite certain that it could not be arranged under the head of Arminianism; but I do think that a much larger part of the truth, revealed to us in the Word of God, is included in the Calvinistic system than in the Arminian system. That system which makes God to be the Author and Giver of all grace, and makes man to be the unworthy receiver of it; that system which shows God working in us to will and to do of His own good pleasure, and man working out what God has worked in; that system which finds in God all grace, and mercy, and power, and gives Him all the glory, and that makes the creature to be condemned, and ruined, and undone, in God's sight; that system which represents God as giving His grace and favour where He pleases;—that system I believe to be Scriptural. I do not understand how a man can read the Bible without seeing these truths. An Arminian brother said to me, the other day, "When I read the eighth and ninth chapters of the Epistle to the Romans, I do not feel easy in my mind." "I do," I replied, "I feel perfectly at ease when I read them, and that glorious Epistle to the Ephesians; in fact, I do not know any portion of

Scripture that troubles me in my doctrinal belief." Sometimes, I meet with a passage of which I have to say, "I do not exactly understand how this truth squares with other passages of Scripture; however, I believe it, and I must go on reading, and learning, and praying until I do understand it. It is not by giving up any portion of the truth, nor by twisting it, that I shall get set right, but by remembering that there are more things in Heaven and earth than I have dreamed of in my philosophy." Of course, a man, who is a thoroughly sound Calvinist, will find other difficulties; but, in the other system, he will find ten times as much to puzzle him, and he will not find anything like so much that is clear and plain, I am sure of that. After searching the Scriptures for thirty or forty years, I still stand to it that, in preaching the doctrines of grace, we have Scripture to support what we preach. Even Arminianism has Scripture to support that part of it that is true; but, as a system, we cannot receive it, because it has not Scripture to warrant it.

Another thing that always makes me love this system is that *it is so coherent with itself*. If any man believes in one of the doctrines of grace, it follows, as a matter of course, that he must believe all the rest. If you believe in the total depravity of the human race, you must believe in effectual calling; that is to say, that it is by the power of God's grace that men are called out of spiritual death into spiritual life. If you believe in effectual calling, you must believe the doctrine of election; because, if some are called out of death, and they owe their life entirely to the grace of God, there is an election, seeing that all are not called; and you must ascribe the calling of some, and not of others, to the sovereign grace of God. I do not see how you are to get off it if you receive the other doctrines I have mentioned. Neither do I see how you can deny that there is a speciality and peculiarity in the redemption by Christ Jesus; for, surely, it cannot be that He died just the same for Judas as He did for Peter; it cannot be that He did the same for Cain, who was already in hell, that He did for John, who leaned upon His bosom. It is quite true that the Scripture says that "He is the propitiation for our sins: and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world;" but it is equally explicit when it states that He laid down His life for the sheep, and that He has redeemed us from among men. "Having loved His own which were in the world, He loved them unto the end." The special, discriminating, distinguishing characteristics of the grace of God are clearly taught in His Word; and if you once believe any part of this system, you must believe the rest, for one doctrine follows inevitably upon another by stern logic, and by blessed relationship. There is such a thing as the analogy of faith, and in Calvinism we have a practical illustration of it.

Moreover, I am able now to say what a younger man cannot say,—that I have received great confirmation of my faith in the Calvinistic form of truth *from experience*. I find that, the longer I live, the things that I meet with in my own heart, or in my daily circumstances, all tend to confirm me in the doctrines which I have received. If I did not believe in the alienation of the human heart, I should have been driven to believe in it, for I know that my own heart was

"deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked;" and I find that the flesh still "lusteth against the Spirit," and "is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be." Looking back over my past experience, I feel certain that, before the Lord called me by His grace, I was so estranged from Him that I should never have come to Him of myself. I cannot help believing the truth of our Saviour's words, "No man can come to Me, except the Father which hath sent Me draw him." That is a truth which I have proved by experience; and now I also perceive, by experience, that, if there be any good thing in me, it must be by Divine grace that it is within me; for I do not find that, even now, as a quickened man, I am what I ought to be; and if I, being now alive, do not the things that God desires, how much less could I have done them when I was dead in trespasses and sins; and if, now that I am reconciled to God by the death of His Son, I still grieve Him, how could I please Him when I was His enemy, and my heart was estranged from Him? Experience also leads me to believe that God casts not away His people; for, otherwise, He would certainly have cast me away. If God wanted to find any reasons for casting away His people, He would have found plenty of reasons for casting me away. If ever the sheep of God could be left to themselves, as Hart sings,—

"My fickle, feeble soul, alas!
Would fall a thousand times a day."

That is just what I think about myself. I know that we are to be watchful and prayerful; but if our salvation depended upon our own watchfulness and prayerfulness, we should be in a sorry case indeed. Who can keep himself watchful and prayerful? If we are watchful and prayerful, that is the evidence of the working of God's grace within us, for these are the gifts of God's Spirit, as every man must know. When a man has neither God, nor Christ, nor hope of Heaven, he may well be an Arminian; he cannot claim anything as his own, for even if he has anything good now, he is not sure whether God will not take it from him by-and-by; but when a man comes to have faith in an unchanging God, who does not predestinate a man to be saved, and then permit him to be lost after all; or who does not love him to-day, and hate him to-morrow, then he gets to deal with God after a different fashion from that of the man who holds Arminian doctrines.

I used, sometimes, to go to see a man, whose name I will not mention; he was a well-known Wesleyan minister, and he used often to come to hear me preach. One day, he said to me, "I am an Arminian, but I believe in election, and I believe in the final perseverance of the saints, and I am quite certain that, at my age, I could not live in peace if it were not for those grand truths." I could not quite see how he could be an Arminian; and, only a little while ago, a very eminent Wesleyan minister said to me, "I do not think that you and I differ on a single point of doctrine." I replied, "Why, how is that? I am a Calvinist, and you are an Arminian." "No," he answered, "I am not, and there are very few of us who are." I know, for a fact, that if you want to hear a good Calvinistic

sermon, nowadays, you must often go to a Wesleyan chapel to hear it. Not to all Wesleyan chapels, for I remember another minister of that Connexion, who was a thorough Arminian, and for whom I once preached. Some time afterwards, he met me, and he said to me, "I do not wish to say anything unkind, but I do not think I will ever ask you to preach for me again, for there are lots of my people, who sucked in the doctrine you preached, and I cannot get it out of them; and what is more, if I had received it myself, I would never give it up, for it is a deal more comforting than ours is." Experience does teach us this; and I do not see why young men should not learn the same lesson that others of God's children have been taught. It is well for preachers always to begin as they mean to go on, and I hope all of you will be found preaching such things from the beginning as you will wish to preach right to the last.

Another thing that makes me preach the doctrines of grace is my *observation*. Take that expression on the largest possible scale, for I do not mean simply what I have seen with my own eyes; but, from wider observation, from reading history, I notice that those periods, in which the Church of God has most flourished, have been the periods when Calvinism has been to the front; and so far from it being true that the preaching of the doctrines of grace does not tend towards holiness, it only needs the historian, whose pen will write the truth, to inform us that there never was such holiness in this world as when Calvinistic doctrine was predominant. Have we not proved it to be so in England? Think of the state of morals during the Puritan period; even when there was the Cavalier faction to do all the mischief possible, those were the days when devotion, prayerfulness, and godliness were seen beyond anything that you and I have seen, and I was going to say beyond anything that we are likely to see again in this land. But the moment that Laud came in, with his Arminianism, down went godliness in England directly; and, very soon, not only godliness, for, in the degeneracy that followed the Puritan period, there was little enough even of morality, and still less of true religion. Whatever power there is in Arminianism,—and there is some,—it cannot hold a nation right, as Calvinism does. You just watch where that wave rolls up, and you will see that the wave of godliness also rolls up; and when that wave goes down, godliness goes down, too.

I have observed also that *there is a great holdfast* in these truths that are called Calvinistic. I remember a remark of old Dr. Thomas Jackson, who was once President of Richmond College, and also President of the Wesleyan Conference. He said to me, at the house of my friend, Dr. Campbell, "I have been very grateful to God that you are a Calvinist." I replied, "My dear friend, I am astonished to hear you say that, knowing that you are not a Calvinist yourself." He answered, "There are no Arminians in the world, except the Wesleyan Methodists, who hold Evangelical truth." That is quite true, for all other Arminians, sooner or later, let it go; but, somehow, within the bounds of Wesleyan Methodism, it is always preached thoroughly; but if you take other Arminian preachers, you will find that, as a rule, they leave out, not only the doctrines of grace, but the

grace of the doctrines; and, by-and-by, they get preaching "modern thought", and then they glide away, further and further, into Unitarianism, and Rationalism; and that is about as straight a road down to the devil as I know; and, alas! many there be that take it. But you never heard of anybody becoming an infidel because he had received and taught too much of the Calvinistic form of truth. That is not an inclined plane down towards Deism, or Atheism. A man may be so extreme in his Calvinism that he becomes a fatalist, and so falls into errors of another sort; but, certainly, never will he give up Evangelical truth because he preaches the doctrines of grace. He will never fail to preach that the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost, and he will bear a clear testimony to the Deity of Christ, and to the personality of the Holy Spirit. Calvinism is a great sheet anchor; and the young man, who has got that down in the deeps, may feel perfectly safe whatever storm may arise. You cannot depart from the faith while you have this holdfast; but if you go off to a mangle-mangle, which is neither Law nor Gospel, you will gradually turn aside until you will not know where you are.

One great reason why I delight to preach the doctrines of grace is *that they seem to me to be the very essence of all theology*. Other doctrines appear to me to be like laying the plates, and knives, and forks; but this is meat, of which our soul may eat till it is satisfied. In these doctrines of God's eternal, unchangeable love, Christ's matchless atonement, and the effectual working of the Holy Spirit of God, you have something which you need never be ashamed to speak. These doctrines reveal the truth as to man's condition as utterly lost, and also reveal to him his need of the almighty power of God's grace to save him. These truths give a rest of heart which can be obtained nowhere else. All other systems seem to me as if they trifled with man. What we need for salvation is God; and this system has God in the very forefront of it,—it makes much of God. The other system makes little of God, but exalts the creature, and cries him up as though he were everything. It needs infinite wisdom to see the right position of both God and man. My wisdom is not infinite; but if I am able to see only one thing, I had rather see the height, and depth, and length, and breadth of God's grace, than have that view in which man is the most prominent object. Since we cannot take in the infinite, if I had to make a choice, I would rather take in that which concerns God, and His glory, and the wonders of His amazing love to the undeserving and the lost.

Another reason why I believe in preaching Calvinism is *because of the consoling character of it*. If you ever have the gout, brethren, you will find that you need free grace then, that I am sure of; and if your head aches very often, and your mind is subject to dark depression, or if, as probably will be the case, you have to struggle with poverty in your future pastorates, and have times of trouble, and seasons of dismay, I know that then you will want something very solid and substantial to rest on. In your disappointments through man, you will often have to fall back upon the eternal purposes of God, and to find comfort in His unerring sovereignty. I can get comfort out of the atonement that does atone for somebody, but I could get none out of

an atonement that atones for everybody, and yet really atones for nobody. I want a Gospel that stands fast, and abides for ever; not one that changes with my changing circumstances and feelings.

Perhaps someone says, "But that does not prove a thing to be true, because it is comforting to those who believe it." No, I know that it does not; but when we believe it to be true, we do get rich consolation out of it. I feel that the God of all comfort is pleased to make that which is true to be our comfort; and when I get comfort from that which appears to me, from a diligent study of the Word, to be God's truth, and as I know that He joins truth and comfort together, the comfort confirms the truth to me, whatever others may feel or think. I always say to the Arminian, "My dear friend, I do not covet your doctrine. It is such a dry and bare bone that I would not take it away from you; there is no marrow in it, so I am sure I do not want it." There is no comfort in it, so I let him have it all to himself. But I love the other system because, in it, there are wines on the lees, well refined, and fat things full of marrow; and if truth was meant to comfort us in life, and sustain us in death, that is just exactly what this doctrine does.

Just one other point, and then I have done. I like this doctrine, and hold fast to it, *because I can pray with it, and praise with it, and preach with it.* It is wonderful how difficult it is for Arminians to pray consistently with their system. They have to pray backwards if they are at all consistent with what they believe. Fancy a man, who lays it down, first of all, that God is bound to deal with all alike; He is no respecter of persons, He does not give blessings to any that He does not give to all; He does not influence the will of man in the least; or, if He does exert any influence upon any, He exerts the same influence upon all men, and therefore the doctrine of sovereign grace is false. Now listen, he is going to pray. He begins by asking God to bless the village in which he dwells. That is the first infringement of his principles. What right has he to ask God to bless that village any more than all the other villages in the land? Next, he asks God to bless the children of those that are gathered there. In his own heart, if we could read it, we should find that he is praying for his own children to be blessed. That is another infringement of his principles. If I held such erroneous notions as he does, I should never pray to God to do anything wrong; and if Arminianism is true, it must be wrong for the Lord to save one person, and not save all the rest; in fact, it is altogether wrong to pray for any man at all unless we pray for the devils as well, because they are all creatures of God, and man ought not to stand before the fallen angels. Why did God pass by angels, and set His love upon man, but that He would show His sovereignty, and prove that He does as He pleases? If you state as your doctrine that He is bound to do the same for one man as for another, and the same for all men as for any one man, then it becomes altogether invidious and wicked to pray for anybody, and especially for your own children. Do you wish to mislead God,—to lead Him to do that which you believe to be wrong? I could not pray on that theory at all.

Then, how could you ask the Lord to convert multitudes by the

preaching of the Gospel? That is a prayer that is prayed everywhere, and a very proper one, too, in my judgment; but it is not a proper prayer if the will of man is perfectly free, and cannot be influenced by anything that God can do. He cannot do it, in the first place, because the will of man is so strong that it can resist His power; and, as a certain eminent Arminian divine said, not long ago, "I attribute a kind of omnipotence to the will of man;" that is to say, the will of man is so omnipotent that Omnipotence cannot master it; God has made it so strong that He has put it beyond His own power to influence it. If it be so, that it ought to be left entirely to the sinner's own choice, why do I pray that God will convert a single sinner? Is not that prayer a plea for effectual calling? It seems to me to be just the crystallization of that truth. I think, therefore, that you will have to be Calvinists before you can pray aright.

Further, when we praise God, do you not think that a great deal of the best praise that ever ascends to Him is when we praise and bless Him that we were ever converted by His grace? The Arminian says that it was the self-determining power of your own will that made you resolve to do what you liked, so do you not think it is wrong to praise God for that? Why should you thank Him for grace, and Christ, when, according to this theory, it is your own doing entirely? On that theory of the self-determining power of the will, to yourself be the honour and the glory! But when I praise God for a renewed heart, I must still be blessing Him for what He has done for me; and I feel that I must attribute His love to Himself, and not to myself, and must praise and bless Him for his grace; and I call upon others to join me in praising Him.

"In songs of sublime adoration and praise,
Ye pilgrims to Zion who press,
Break forth, and extol the great Ancient of days,
His rich and distinguishing grace."

If you could take this doctrine away from us, you would have taken away one of the greatest blessings that God has given to His people. In fact, if you put me on the other theory, I do not know whether I shall have cause to praise God from day to day. I cannot praise Him for making me His child, because I do not know whether I shall be His child to-morrow; I cannot praise Him for loving me, because He may not love me to-morrow; I cannot praise Him for full salvation, and the hope of Heaven; because, though I know whom I have believed, I do not know whether He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him. I do know that hitherto He has blessed me, but I do not know that He that has begun a good work in me will perfect it until the day of Jesus Christ. I am of that persuasion, namely, that He will not complete it unless I let Him; my will must be concurrent with His, and must have an equal share in the work. I shall have no songs for God upon that theory. I feel like Jonathan Edwards, who said, when he had finished his great treatise upon the human will, if any man can disprove this, and disprove the whole system of grace, after he has done so, let him say within himself that he has deprived the world of that which would have afforded the greatest cause

for rejoicing; if he says it is a dream, let him go and mourn for ever that it was a dream, since it would have been most glorious to God and most blessed to mankind had these things been true. Blessed be God, they *are* true, and therefore will we praise Him for them world without end!

We mean to preach them, too, as well as to pray, and praise God for them. The reason why these doctrines have fallen into some disrepute is because certain brethren preach them in such a bigoted style that men recoil from them. Now, half a truth is a lie. If you take a truth, and cut it in halves, it will be two lies; and if you take a truth, and tack a piece of something else on to the end of it, it will be a lie. Take care, therefore, how you preach these doctrines. There are some, who say that we must not preach to the sinner dead in sin. Now, I hold most firmly that this is the very thing that we are to do. This I know, that God sent me not to preach life to those who are alive, and sight to those who already have good eyes, but to preach life to those who are dead, and to say to them, "Ye dry bones, live;" and to cry to him who believes not, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." If they say to us, "It is absurd to do that," we answer,—Yes, we know that it is absurd if God is not with us; but, as He has bidden us so to preach, we will obey His command, and expect to see sinners repenting and believing through the effectual working of the Holy Spirit upon the truth that is proclaimed to them.

Autumn Tints.

FADING leaves, and falling, falling,
 Floating earthward on the breeze;
 Voice of Autumn gently calling,
 Making music 'mid the trees;—

Rain-clouds passing o'er the meadows,
 Changing hues and softening light;
 Deepening tints and darkening shadows,
 Lessening day and lengthening night;—

These are mentors to remind us
 Of the waning of the year,
 Of the past we leave behind us,—
 But their words are words of cheer.

There's a promise in the bracken
 Turning gold beneath the sun;
 There's a love-song in the bramble
 Reddening when its task is done.

So we catch the sound of singing
 When the shades of evening come;
 Weary feet our steps are bringing
 Where "they" sing the "harvest home."

E. A. TYLER.

Green Pastures.

BY H. T. SPUFFORD, F.L.S.

XI.—SCENTS AND SWEETS AS SYMBOLS.

AS the summer wanes, the water-courses are flanked with thick growth. Among the flags, there is one, with bearded head, which is extremely interesting, for a property of the plant may act as a guide to higher things. No casual passer-by would suspect that he was near a Nature parable. He might, as he walked, admire the tall bulrush, the *equisetum*, with its erect, hollow, and jointed stems; he might even be attracted by the peculiar growth of the flag we mention, and yet not discover the particular quality, which leads, through the name, to further search. But if he sought to appropriate this sedge by the water way, and proceeded to break its sword-shaped leaves, and further to dig up its root, then he would find that its name, "sweet flag", was well applied, for the bruised leaves, and more especially the root, are most fragrant.

The botanical name for this grass of the marsh is *Acorus Calamus*, or, as it was formerly styled, *Calamus Aromaticus*. In old medicine books, it is thus described:—"An aromatic stimulant, and has the advantage of rarely causing febrile excitement. It has been employed chiefly as an adjunct to other stimulants and tonics. In weakness of the digestive organs, such as often occurs in gouty subjects, in atony of the stomach, agues, and asthenic fevers, it has been found beneficial." Forsooth! If we did but know the dose, we could doctor ourselves. Well, here is the *recipe* of former days, if the reader cares to try; only the writer would say, "Don't be rash!" "Of the powdered root, from 15 to 40 grains; of the infusion, from 1 to 2 ounces; of the tincture, $\frac{1}{2}$ a drachm to $1\frac{1}{2}$ drachms."

But, by-play apart, the word *Calamus* comes from the Greek, and signifies a reed. We have arrived, then, at a name, structure, and virtue. By the means of these, we can get upon a track which will take us right into the Scriptures.

Calamus! Thinks the student, was not that one of the ingredients of the holy anointing oil mentioned in Exodus xxx. 22—33; the oil which was not to be imitated, or misused, under pain of death? A most suggestive section! Further, does not *calamus* also appear among the "chief spices" of the garden in Canticles iv. 13, 14, where the qualities of the beloved spouse are compared to "an orchard of pomegranates, with pleasant fruits; camphire with spikenard, spikenard and saffron; *calamus* and cinnamon, with all trees of frankincense; myrrh and aloes, with all the chief spices"? What a beautiful description of a desirable and savoury character!

Moreover, was not *calamus* brought with cassia to the markets of Tyre? Do we not further read, in Jeremiah vi. 20, of a "sweet cane from a far country," and, in Isaiah xliii. 24, of a sweet cane that could be bought with money?

Now, as we pluck the sweet flag by the English watercourse, have we gathered the very plant from whence was distilled one of the "chief

spices" of Bible times? By no means. Yet, in name, growth, and aroma, there is similarity; and the writer, as he smelled the fragrance of the English reed, was more vividly able to imagine what that sweet odour was like, used in the beautiful simile of the virtues of the Shulamite. "A leap of the imagination," says the critic. "No," answers the author. There grows, by the edge of one of the tanks at Kew, a garden variety of *Acorus Calamus*. One of the principal attendants was good enough to gather me some of this flag. I compared what I had gathered with the natural species growing round the large lake in the gardens, and I found that the sweet flag of the water-way was far stronger in scent than its more cultivated brother.

I was on the track, so I next enquired for a plant called *Andropogon Schœnanthus*, called, in other days, *Calamus Odoratus*, as the *Acorus* was called *Calamus Aromaticus*. The *Andropogon* comes from India. It is a grass, though of a different botanical order from our sweet flag. It has a reed-like stem which is most odorous, as are also the leaves, when bruised. The hollow stem is filled with pith, like a spider's web. The commentators get amusingly mixed as to the botanical distinction between our *Acorus* and this plant of the East; but there is little doubt that the *Andropogon* is the Calamus of the Pentateuch and the Canticles, and some go so far as to say that *Calamus Odoratus* is the "sweet cane from a far country." From this conclusion, the late Dr. Macmillan differed, as we shall see further on. But there is no wonder that the identification of Bible plants is somewhat difficult. How many people are aware that a crocus grows in our own gardens which yields the saffron spoken of in the Song of Songs?

Having found the real Calamus,—there is still one more, belonging to the order of the Palms,—I saw at once how the *Odoratus* came to be thought worthy of a place among the ingredients of the anointing oil, and also how its perfume might well stand as the symbol of a person whose character was of sweet savour, such as the much-desired of the Canticles. It was further borne in upon me that nothing which was not of the finest quality was used in the setting apart of the servants of God under Moses; that none but the "chief spices" could serve as symbols of the Divine anointing; and that not a thing which was not most precious could be held worthy to describe her whose beauty was essentially the possession of Him who loved her.

I have already hinted that the late Dr. Macmillan differed from some as to the identification of the "sweet cane." In his very interesting book, "The Clock of Nature," there is a sermon on Isaiah xliii. 24. In the introduction, he says it was an object that appealed to the sense of taste and not of smell. "In all likelihood," he adds, "we must understand, by the 'sweet cane' of Isaiah, the sugar-cane, which has become so well known and so widely used in our own days." This product came originally from India, and was probably first imported into Judæa in the days of Solomon. By the time of the prophets, it had come to be regarded as a most precious thing, got with much trouble and expense from "a far country." It was the habit of the Jew, when his heart was right with God, to dedicate a part of his most valued possessions as a free-will offering to the Lord. He procured

the cane at great price; it was a much-desired luxury;—should he not offer the first of it on the altar of his piety? But there came on a time of coldness, when the liberal donation was withheld, neither was the best of anything devoted, but rather appropriated to selfish ends. Then was there heard the pathetic complaint through the prophet, "Thou hast bought Me no sweet cane with money, neither hast thou filled Me with the fat of thy sacrifices." This is the exposition. The application to modern life is obvious. We may have ceased to render to the Lord the firstfruits of our precious things. He has not held back His best from us, but we have become miserly as to time, or means, or interest. Anything will do for God; the "fat" of the sacrifice, that which is the Lord's by appointment, is no longer put upon the altar.

* * * *

Here, then, are three topics, with scents and sweets as symbols, and I venture to think that they are somewhat new. The first can be wrought out from those wonderful chapters, Exodus xxix., xxx. There is not one topic alone in those chapters; there are scores of suggestive themes. Our subject would be the holy anointing oil,—its constituents, its sanctity, and its purpose, as symbolic of the gifts, grace, and operations of the Divine Spirit. Then, for the second illustration of our title, turn to the fourth chapter of the Canticles. Hear there the Great Lover describe His Bride. To consider the imagery as only setting forth excellencies of physical beauty, is to miss the meaning. The "chief spices" are types of high qualities of character, and therein you may see a picture of the ideal Church and the ideal Christian. Then, thirdly, apart altogether from botanical identification, the "sweet cane" lends itself to spiritual treatment on the line I have suggested above. I might go much further. The spikenard of Mary is full of fragrance yet; and what of the myrrh and aloe set aside by Nicodemus for the embalming of the body of Jesus? Mary's offering was that of overmastering love directed by spiritual insight. The wealth of Nicodemus was to be devoted to the preservation of a loved form, to tone the horrors of death, to keep alive a sentiment, and, in the case of the giver, to express much vain regret. But the first step towards a superstition was frustrated by the resurrection.

* * * *

How many wonderful secrets as to the uses of aromatics have been buried under the fall of Empires? But many a page of Holy Writ is steeped in the perfumes of the odorous East. To-day, pictures of former human interests, associated with scents and sweets, revive as we turn over the leaves of our Bibles. We see the merchants, who bought Joseph, wending their way across the desert with their camels laden with the spices of many lands. We look upon that marvellous people, the Egyptians, embalming their dead. Further on, Moses is given specific directions as to the making of the holy oil. Still later, the successor of David surrounds himself, in Oriental lavishness, with odorous woods. In his time, the shepherd of Lebanon sighed for her who had been spirited away to the King's gardens. We turn another page, and we follow refined Hezekiah as he walks in his house of

spices. Anon, we come upon degenerate times, when the sweet cane is withheld from the sanctuary. We pass to the days of the Son of man, when, in the house of Simon, the woman from the street laid her weary head at His feet, and the perfume of forgiving love rose above the odour of the anointing. We hear, on the way to the Passion, the unctuous voice of the false friend cry, "Why this waste?" and then, as we near the close, on the still eve of Calvary, we see the servants of the rich Rabbi bearing the spices which will never need to be used.

Facts and Figures for Temperance Workers.

THE State of New York has about 300 towns under Local Prohibition.

The State of Mississippi has sixty-five of its seventy-five counties under Local Prohibition.

The total population of Kentucky is 2,147,174, of whom 1,622,522 are living under Prohibitory Law.

The "Lancet" has discovered that boys indulge in "nips" of scent out of the automatic scent-fountains on railway platforms!

The large section of Texas that has no saloons has one convict to 1,500 of the population; the part that has saloons has one convict to 500 of the population!

"He did not wonder very much that, to salve their consciences, members of the trade occasionally built a church."—THE BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH (DR. CARR GLYNN).

The petition in favour of the compulsory teaching of hygiene and the nature and effects of alcohol in all public elementary schools was signed by 14,718 members of the medical profession.

"The whole country (U.S.A.) is honeycombed with Prohibition by localities. Unorganized, ill-developed, but insistent, the sentiment is there. It is crystallizing into action."—REV. JAMES C. FERNALD, D.D.

"The finances of the city of Stockholm rest chiefly on the proceeds from 'the traffic.' This has created a dangerous position, as now the people generally are interested in the maintenance of the trade."—MISS AGNES E. SLACK.

"The profession that 'the trade' want moderate drinking and consequent national sobriety, is entirely inconsistent with their actions and financial calculations. It is excessive drinking which maintains 'the trade'."—"Alliance News."

"We (in America) consider a licence to sell liquor a privilege granted

at the good pleasure of the community, and subject to withdrawal whenever the good of the community is believed to require withdrawal.”
—MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE.

“It is found that many of the male parents of these (hungry) children (in schools) spend as much on drink, from noon on Saturday till the following Monday night, as would feed a small family for several days.”
—A Hospital Physician, writing to “The Times.”

“I took no alcohol whatever throughout the journey, except in two cases of great exhaustion, when the stimulants only made me worse. Humanly speaking, I believe I owe my life to this abstinence.”—Miss KATE MARSDEN, describing her journey on sledge and horseback through Siberia.

“If this present barbarism and anarchy of covetousness, miscalled modern civilization, were tamed and drilled into something more like a Kingdom of God on earth, then we should not see the reckless and needless multiplication of liquor-shops which disgraces this country now.”—CANON KINGSLEY.

“In Chicago’s residence district known as Hyde Park are twelve square miles of territory without a saloon; and Chicago has thirty-two square miles where Local Option prevails. The movement towards Local Option regulation of the liquor traffic steadily spreads.”—“The Chicago Standard” (Baptist).

“Oh, the power of intemperance! How it encroaches on the best dispositions in the world! How it comes upon us gradually and insensibly, and what dismal effects it works upon our morals, changing the most virtuous, regular, well-instructed, and well-inclined tempers into worse than brutal!”—DEFOE.

ORIGIN OF THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

“The ‘Domestic MSS.’ of Elizabeth’s reign, Vol. I., A.D. 1558, which can be seen in the National Record Office, reveal the terrible story. A nobleman, (how frightful the perversion!) writing to Cecil, Secretary of State, complains of the independence of the common people, peasants, farmers, and artizans, thus:—‘The wealth of the meaner sort is the very summit of rebellion, the occasion of their insolence, of the contempt of the nobility. It must be cured; so much for the motive, now for the means. It must be cured . . . by providing, as it were, of some sewers or channels to draw or suck from them their money by subtle and indirect means, to be handled insensibly.’

“And, to this day, this demonic machinery ‘sucks’ from ‘the meaner sort’ alone £40,000,000, yearly, to sustain law, police, army, navy, and hereditary pensioners.”—“Alliance News.”

(Is it not curious that a relative of the Cecils should endorse this “demonic machinery” as he has recently done by the Brewers’ Bill?)

Human Nature in the Bible.*

BY AVARY H. FORBES, M.A.

INTRODUCTORY.

THESE are three ways of determining the authenticity of a document:—First, by evidence wholly internal; secondly, wholly external; and, thirdly, partly internal and partly external. Mere's list of Shakespeare's plays, given in his *Palladis Tamia*, 1598, is evidence wholly external. The allusions in "King Lear" to the Gunpowder Plot, and the reference in "Macbeth" to the union of the Scottish and English Crowns, are evidence partly internal and partly external.

Wholly internal evidence consists in an analysis of style, sentiments, consistency, undesigned coincidence, truth to human nature, etc. When Coleridge, Gervinus, and other great critics proved the intense humanity of Lear and Falstaff, they showed that those characters were either very talented photographs from real life or else the most wonderful creations of the profoundest master of human nature that ever lived.

Blunt and Paley have done much, in the department of *undesigned coincidence*, to show that the Historical Books of Holy Scripture are genuine narratives of fact. Much, too, that is admirable and valuable has been written in the department of character study, with the object chiefly of drawing out the spiritual lessons therein contained. But, in the field of *psychology*,—in applying the touchstone of humanity to Scripture characters, little progress seems to have been made. Indeed, (not being a theologian,) I am not aware of anyone by whom this line has been seriously attempted. The task is a difficult one; for, though we are all human beings, yet a profound knowledge of human nature is the rarest thing in the world. Even the bodily organism is a sealed book to the vast majority of people. How many persons, other than specialists, could explain the structure of the ear or the eye; or even tell how many bones there are in the arm or the leg? But the mental and moral nature is vastly more complex than the physical.

Of all species of evidence, then, the psychological is the most valuable and conclusive. Yet, if the Bible is what it professes to be, it ought to be full of this kind of evidence. We ought, that is, to find at least the same amount of fidelity to nature in Jacob and David, Moses and Daniel, and John and Peter,—nay, in the motley throng of townsmen, or crowds of villagers, labourers, idlers, or beggars,—as the German critics have found in Shakespeare's Shylock and Ophelia, his Roman mobs, and Danish courtiers, and London tipplers.

And so we do. The Biblical characters are marvellously true to human nature. And yet there is nothing marvellous about it, unless we are prepared to argue that the Bible was written by a succession of Shakespeares; for if it was written by men recording facts, and telling the truth, then the characters it contains are faithful portraits of human beings. The former alternative is so incredible that it will never find responsible supporters.

* In the July number of the "Sword and Trowel" for 1887, C. H. Spurgeon published an article entitled "Touches of Nature in the Gospels," by Mr. Forbes, concerning which he expressed himself in most gratifying terms to the author. We are glad to be able to publish some more matter from his able pen.—ED.

My proposition, then, is this:—The Biblical characters are true to human nature,—more true even than are Shakespeare's. The endeavour to establish this position, even though it be a failure, ought to prove not uninteresting.

I. LOVE OF FAME, THE UNIVERSAL PASSION.

In Matthew xiv. 22, 23, we read, "And straightway Jesus constrained His disciples to get into a ship, and to go before Him unto the other side, while He sent the multitudes away. And when He had sent the multitudes away, He went up into a mountain apart to pray."

Why "constrained"? Jesus, on other occasions, "bade" or "sent" His disciples, or "told" them to do so-and-so. When He wished them to prepare the passover, He said, "Go into the city to such a man, and say unto him," etc. (Matthew xxvi. 18.) When He wished to ride into Jerusalem, "Then sent Jesus two disciples, saying unto them, Go into the village," etc. (Matthew xxi. 1, 2.) When He despatched the apostles on their mission, we read, "These twelve Jesus sent forth, and commanded them, saying, Go not into the way of the Gentiles, . . . but go rather to the lost sheep of the house of Israel. And as ye go, preach," etc. (Matthew x. 5—7.) Similarly, when He sent out the seventy, we read, "The Lord appointed other seventy also, and sent them two and two before His face, . . . and said unto them, Go your ways; behold, I send you forth as lambs among wolves." (Luke x. 1—3.) Elsewhere we read, "He took Peter and John and James, and went up into a mountain to pray." (Luke ix. 28.) Why should the element of *constraint* come in when our Lord sent His disciples away from the shores of Galilee? Mark throws no light on it: "Straightway He constrained His disciples to get into the ship, and to go to the other side." (Mark vi. 45.) Luke does not mention the matter at all.

On turning to John, however, we find that the constraining necessary on this occasion had its root deep down in human nature. John, indeed, does not mention anything about constraint, but he shows us *why* constraint would be very naturally necessary under the circumstances. Christ had just performed a notable miracle, and one that would appeal strongly to the people. He had fed an immense crowd of, perhaps, ten thousand people, (five thousand men, beside women and children,) and they wanted to "come and take Him by force, to make Him a king." (John vi. 15.) The disciples, no doubt, had been expecting that, sooner or later, Jesus would set up a temporal kingdom; and now, doubtless, they thought the time had come; and what more natural than that they should be unwilling to be absent on this auspicious occasion, when their own Leader was about to realize the honour and glory they had in view for Him? Though Christ was unwilling to accept the honour, the people seemed about to do the thing "by force." Hence "constraint" was necessary before the disciples could be got to leave Him with the enthusiastic crowd, for it was not until the disciples were gone that Jesus "sent the multitudes away."

Pulpit Fervour.

BY T. L. CUYLER, D.D.

A MEMBER of the Stock Exchange told me, recently, that he had gone into one of the noonday services in Trinity Church, and had listened with deep interest to an eloquent Lenten discourse by a young minister, which was delivered with such fervour that the sweat started on the speaker's face. After describing the effect of this impassioned discourse on himself and other business men around him, he enquired, "Why don't all ministers put more *fire* into their sermons?" This question of my friend the stockbroker is a very pertinent one for every man who addresses his fellow-men as the message-bearer from the living God.

The preaching of the Gospel is spiritual gunnery; and many a well-loaded cartridge has failed to reach its mark from the lack of powder to propel it. Preaching is, or ought to be, a message-bringing from the Almighty. The prime duty of God's ambassador is to arrest the attention of the souls before his pulpit,—to arouse those who are indifferent, to warn those who are careless, to convict of sin those who are impenitent, to cheer those who are sorrow-stricken, to strengthen the weak, and to edify believers. An advocate in a criminal trial puts his grip on every juryman's ear. So must every herald of Gospel-truth demand and command a hearing, cost what it may; but that hearing he never will secure while he addresses his audience in a cold, formal, perfunctory manner.

It cannot be impressed too strongly on every young minister that the delivering of his sermon is half the battle. Why load your gun at all, unless you can send your charge to the mark? Many a discourse containing much valuable thought has fallen dead on drowsy ears, when it might have produced great effect if the preacher had had what the Trinity Church preacher had,—*inspiration and perspiration*. Many and many a time, a sermon that was quite ordinary as an intellectual production has produced an extraordinary effect by a direct and intensely fervid delivery. The minister who never warms himself will never warm up his congregation. I once asked Albert Barnes, "Who is the greatest preacher you have ever heard?" Mr. Barnes, who was a very clear-headed thinker, replied:—"I cannot answer your question exactly; but the greatest specimen of preaching I ever heard was by Rev. Edward N. Kirk, before my congregation during a revival. It produced a tremendous effect." Those of us who knew Mr. Kirk knew that he was not a man of genius or profound scholarship, but he was a true orator, with a superb voice and a pleading persuasiveness, and his whole soul was on fire with a love of Jesus and a love of souls.

It is not easy to define just what that subtle something is which we call pulpit *magnetism*. As near as I can come to a definition, I would say that it is the quality or faculty in a speaker that arrests the attention, and kindles the sympathy of auditors, and, when aided by the Holy Spirit, produces conviction in their minds by the "truth as it is in Jesus." The heart that is put into the speaker's voice sends

that voice into the hearts of his hearers. As an illustration of this, I may cite the celebrated Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, the rector of St. George's Church in New York, who was one of the most magnetic speakers I have ever heard, in the pulpit or on the platform. Every sentence he uttered went like a projectile discharged from a gun. I remember that, one evening, Henry Ward Beecher and myself were associated with him in addressing a public meeting called to welcome John B. Gough on his return from a Temperance campaign in Great Britain. When we had finished our speeches, we went to the rear of the hall, and listened to Dr. Tyng's rapid rolling oratory. I whispered to Beecher, "That is fine platforming." "Yes, indeed," replied Beecher; "he is the one man in this country that I am most afraid of; I never want to speak after him, and when I have to speak before him, when he gets a-going, I wish I had not spoken at all." And yet Dr. Tyng's sermons or addresses, when put into cold type, lost most of their power! Everybody wanted to hear him; very few ever cared to read his books; his soul-conveying power was in the pulpit.

It is an undoubted fact that pulpit fervour has been the characteristic of nearly all the most effective preachers of a soul-winning gospel. The fire was kindled in the pulpit that kindled the pews. The discourses of Frederick W. Robertson of Brighton were masterpieces of fresh thought and pellucid style; but the crowds were drawn to his church because they were delivered with a fiery glow. The king of living sermon-makers is Dr. Maclaren of Manchester; his vigorous thought is put into vigorous language, and vigorously spoken. He commits his grand sermons to memory, and then looks his audience in the eyes, and sends his strong voice to the farthest gallery. After I had thanked him for his powerful address on "Preaching" to the thousand ministers in London, he wrote to me:—"It was an effort; for I could not trust myself to do without a manuscript, and I am so unaccustomed to reading what I have to say, that it was like dancing a hornpipe in fetters." Yet manuscripts are not always "fetters"; for Dr. Chalmers read every line of his sermons with thrilling and tremendous effect. So did Dr. Charles Wadsworth in Philadelphia, and so did Phillips Brooks in Boston. In my own experience, I have as often found spiritual results flowing from discourses partly or mainly written out as from those spoken extemporaneously.

Finally, while much may depend upon conditions in the congregation, and much aid may be drawn from the intercessory prayers of our people, yet the main thing is to have *the baptism of fire in our own hearts*. Sometimes a sermon may produce but little impression; yet that same sermon, at another time, and in another place, may deeply move an audience, and yield rich spiritual results. Physical conditions may have some influence on a minister's delivery; but the chief element in the eloquence that awakens and converts sinners, and strengthens the Christian, is the unction of the Holy Spirit. Your best power, my brother, is the power from on high. Look at your auditors as bound to the judgment-seat, and see the light of eternity flashed into their faces! Then, the more fervour of soul that you put into your preaching, the more souls you may bring to your Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

Fear or Power.

IN life's last analysis, one of two masterships will stand revealed,—the mastership of fear, or the mastership of power. The two forces seem often to be so inevitably intermixed in a human life that one is sometimes constrained to speak and write with reserve. There is a certain note of irresponsible optimism which has its appeal to the cloudless gaiety of health or circumstance, but which has no ministry for hearts bowed down. Its sheer thoughtlessness jars and hurts, as when a rough hand slaps a shoulder which has been broken. And yet, in every life, it is the mastership of one or the other,—the mastership of fear, or the mastership of power. "No man can serve two masters."

We must all have felt that the fear which hath torment is the arch-enemy of life. It is never anything better than a negative thing. It is the negation of faith, hope, and even love; for "perfect love casteth out fear." It leaves character without decision, and life without power.

Fear neutralizes life's best things. It lays a cold and clammy hand on effort, on enterprise, on enthusiasm. It has no dignity, and no command. It is timid and cringing. It is always apologizing, explaining, excusing,—than which nothing can be more pitiable. It never lifts its face to the wind and rain. Fear has no freedom, no largeness, no joyous abandonment, no sense of proportion. It has no gift of indifference with which to meet trifling troubles, and has no vision or grasp of ultimate things. It will never get the breeze and the view from the hill-top, for it will never climb. It will never know the uplift and glory of Divine power, for it never puts out to sea. It lies chafing and tethered inside the dock, and rots on the harbour mud.

There is nothing more crippling than fear. It places heavy chains on thought and emotion. It casts enthusiasm into the inner prison, and makes its feet fast in the stocks. Fear clouds the home-life. It makes sickness, sorrow, and hard times ten-fold more terrible than they ever need, or were intended, to be. Fear slackens the fibre of body, soul, and spirit, unqualifies us for life's blessed ministry, and unfits us for the shouldering of the lightest load.

Fear in our life reacts upon others. Our very presence is felt to be as melancholy as the gloom and drizzle of a dark December day; and it is possible, by our persistent depression, to exhaust the patience, if not the tenderness, of the truest friend. If we are set to minister unto others, we stultify our best efforts, because the influences of the mind are far more potent than the service of the hand. If a dinner of herbs with an appetite, is better than a stalled ox without an appetite, even so is the ministry of a calm, bright mind a far more opulent thing than the most lavish material gift gloomily bestowed. In every department of life, fear is weakness, and the mark of the Fall. In the Kingdom of our Lord, the fear which hath torment has no rightful place; for "God is love," and "there is no fear in love."

One friend will sometimes say to another, "I have been very anxious about you." It is not to be denied that there is real sympathy in that feeling; there is also a certain touch of delicate flattery. The phrase may, indeed, be the expression of a profound and tender solicitude, too

full of mortal pain to be merely complimentary; and yet, love is greater than sympathy, for it includes sympathy; and, after all, the best help I can give to my friend is, not to be anxious about him,—that may, under certain conditions, be a peril to him: the best help is to send to him across the spaces, or to greet him face to face with my strongest, most liberating thought; to think of him, and think unto him, heartily, prayerfully, confidently. This is sometimes called telepathy. Well, it is a vital force, and God calls it—love.

Does the Master ever say, "I am very anxious about you"? If He did say that, would He not be less to us than He is? Would not such language convey a certain suggestion of fear, and so place us in a new and awful danger? Are we ever helped, in calamity and pain, by weeping and wringing of hands? If, through the tears of tenderness, there shines the brave, believing look, there is the gift of ministry indeed. When Satan desired to have the disciple, that he might sift him as wheat, did the Master say, "Simon, I am very anxious about you"? No; but this: "I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not." He is always saying to us, "Fear not," because His love is so great and all-sufficient. "Why are ye so fearful?" "Be of good cheer." "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." "All power is given unto Me in Heaven and in earth." *That* is what we need,—that suggestion of granite strength under the shining of the love-light. Our life responds to that, as one has said,—

"Like the sound of a great Amen."

"God hath not given us the spirit of fear." He never suggests anxiety, dismay, bewilderment. What then? What is the spirit of a man like when he is filled with the Spirit of God? He is a man of power. "God hath not given us the spirit of fear; *but of power.*"

Do these words meet the eye of one who has lost power,—who is tempted to fear that, if it exists in human life, it is not for him? It is possible for life to drift until it becomes like a muddy and offensive backwater, or a plunging riot upon the rocks. But we cannot take heart of grace from the irresponsible movement of a drifting stream. Life is not like that. We have to give an account, and fear or power will determine the issue. There is a little poem by Dean Hole which is singularly suggestive in thought. He is thinking of the hidden forces of vegetation which are at work under the stones of London Town,—the unseen, almost unsuspected, powers which lie close to the roar of the traffic on the great streets:—

"What time the Spring is due,
The captives dungeon'd deep
Beneath the stones of London Town
Grow troubled in their sleep;—

"And wake,—mint, mallow, dock,
Brambles in bondage sore,
And grasses shut in London Town
A thousand years and more.

"Yet though beneath the stones
They starve, and overhead
The countless feet pace London Town
Of men who hold them dead:—

"Like Samsou, blind and scorn'd,
In pain their time they bide;
They seize the roots of Loudon Town,
And tumble down its pride."

They are down there, in the deep darkness of the underworld, waiting, waiting; with the same life running through them that clothes the far-off woods with green, and gives the tender grass to the great hills. And "when the Spring is due," they will fight for the light again, till their spears are free to the upper air, because they are one with the Spring glory. The green grass and the gentle flowers are growing unencumbered, to-day, within the walls of ancient palaces and citadels, as, one day, in the dim years, they will grow on the streets of London Town.

Well, the great silent powers of God, in human life, and in the nations, are overlaid and built over by the heavy masonry, and run over by the bewildering traffic of the world-spirit, till it seems as if they were not only unobserved and unremembered, but almost as if they had ceased to exist; and the old questions are repeated, "Where is thy God?" "What is truth?" "Who will shew us any good?" The world-spirit rises and extends, a very babel of voices and unresting traffic, while the homeland of the soul, with its freedom and freshness, is a land that is very far off.

The calm powers of eternity are there under the hardness, and the fear, and the wild unrest, and "countless feet pace London Town," and every town, "of men who hold them dead." But dead they are not, and "when the Spring is due," when "the Winter of our discontent" is breaking, when the Spirit of Truth reveals to us our redemption in Christ, when the thrilling tidings tell that here and now, to-day, we are not intended to be slaves, but free men, joyous men, men of service, men of government, then—

"The captives dungeon'd deep"—

will—

"Grow troubled in their sleep,
And wake!"

That is to say, thought, and will, and love, and imagination, and faith, and labour will pierce through their prison roofs into the sweet fresh air. The weights, which held them down and hid them, will be undermined, and their pride brought low, and the garden of the Lord will blossom where the traffic and the pacing feet have been. "God hath given us the spirit of power." It is power to live in no dungeon of darkness and dread, but in His own open world of happy service and serene immortality.

There is one particular, of course, in which the analogy happily breaks down. The power, that can bring a nation to birth "in a day", can also, in a day, and in less than a day, make of you and me new creatures in Christ Jesus. The power that called Lazarus from the dead; the power that hushed the tempest; the power that healed the leper; the power that gave transcendent loveliness to a Magdalen's soul; the power that snatched a dying brigand from the hell of remorse, and made Paradise possible; the power that quickened into

new life three thousand souls on the day of Pentecost;—that same power is at hand to-day, to lead “from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God.”

One of the chief values of recent discoveries is the rebuke they offer to the fears and failures of the human spirit, and the enlargement they bring to the faith of Christian men. Sir William Stokes writes:—“It has been computed that, in a single foot of the ether which fills all space, there are locked up ten thousand foot-tons of energy which have not yet been brought to notice.” Here, around us, in the air we breathe, through which we pass with such unconscious ease, is a vast storehouse of force, which is at the disposal of him who shall know how to use it. At present, its possibilities are as unknown as were those of electricity before the telegraph wire had entered the dreams of men.

It is stated that there is also, in the ocean itself, a boundless store of electrical force,—that, while our ocean steamers are propelled by the cargoes of coal they lay in, and which, at a tremendous cost of human energy, are feeding, day and night, the hungry engines, the very water, over which the ship is sailing, freely offers her an infinitely greater force of motive power, did she but know how to harness it to her use. That this will be accomplished, it is believed, is only a question of time.

In the light of these stupendous truths, and in the light of the amazing developments of recent years, one reads again, with deepening awe and wonder, the truths of the spiritual realm. The greater includes the less; and when we read, “Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father’s good pleasure to give you the Kingdom,” can it be possible that we shall rest content with the sound of the words? Shall we refuse Him that speaks from Heaven? Shall we listen to His offer, and yet reject the gift? Or shall we say, “I will take this and that, but I must leave the rest”? There is offered unto us “*the Kingdom*.” Shall we always walk amid its glories as apprehensive strangers? Shall we never go into the land to possess it? Is it nothing to us that we should hinder our Father’s “good pleasure”? We have accepted His pardon; have we rested in His peace? We have accepted His love; have we entered His service? We have accepted His promises; have we rejoiced in His power?

Just as, of old, they brought forth the sick into the streets, that the shadow of Peter, passing by, might overshadow them, so the shadow of our influence is to be a healing and restoring thing wherever we go. It is the will of our Father that “virtue” should go forth from us to the sin-sick and sin-haunted lives of this hard world. When God works in us,—really works in us,—it is nothing less than “to will and to do of His good pleasure.” Right through the Book of God, and right through the storm and gloom of our time, this great truth reaches, like a bar of golden light: “God hath not given us the spirit of fear; but of power.”

An Eastern symbol of renunciation is the opening of the hand downward. It is the letting go of that which was held. The simple gesture is full of pathos and irony. This spirit of “letting go” holds a large place in the philosophy of the East. And it is a part of truth. Those who know life know how much has to be let go. The mere mention of this is the sounding of immense depths.

Nevertheless, the Spirit of God, in the Bible, and in life, is not the Eastern symbol of renunciation. It is this: "*Lift up* the hands which hang down." "I will *lift up* my hands in Thy name." The hands are, indeed, emptied in the act, but they are lifted to be filled "exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us." Jesus came, not to give less life, but more,—"*more abundantly.*" He was "*lifted up*", first upon the cross, and then to the exceeding glory, that He might lift me also.

I can take this Gospel to my fellow-men,—this Gospel that *lifts*. I can go to them in their sins and sicknesses and sorrows, and I can say, "*Lift up* your hands, my brothers. They are empty now;—empty of strength, empty of hope, empty of joy and gladness;—but lift them up. In His great name, I call upon you to lift them up, and they shall be filled with gracious and undying powers."

Let a man do this, believing, and the picture of the clenched hand, from which the electric shafts are leaping, shall be literally true of his spiritual life. He shall close on eternal grace, and spiritual health shall radiate from his simple presence.

F. A. JACKSON.

Good Works Connected with the Metropolitan Tabernacle.

XI.—SURREY SQUARE BAPTIST MISSION.



THE lights along the rock-bound coast of our island home are not more welcome to the storm-tossed mariner than are our mission stations to many of the struggling landmen who battle with temptation and poverty, frequently against tremendous odds. To such as these, the Gospel service, and the cheery counsel of some brother, who himself bears the marks of conflict, or the singing of a few bright melodies at the street-corner, are like the soft radiance of a guiding star or the flash-lights of hope. How many weather-beaten toilers, upon life's rough sea, have been helped to reach the port of salvation and peace, by these unobtrusive but patient and persistent light-bearers, none but the great

Harbour-Master can ever know.

One of these Gospel Light-houses, known as—

SURREY SQUARE BAPTIST MISSION,

has just celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of its foundation. The completion of a quarter of a century of honest effort for the enlargement of Christ's Kingdom, and the salvation of one of London's dark corners, gives the opportunity for a short sketch of the work.

In the year 1879, two earnest soul-seekers commenced an open-air service in the neighbourhood of the Old Kent Road. The meetings became so popular that, throughout the summer, large crowds gathered.

The leaders were, Mr. B. Brigg,—now Pastor of the Baptist Church at Margate,—and our good friend, Mr. C. A. Pavey, who, from then till now, has persevered in the good work, and bids fair to carry it on for years to come.

The chilly evenings of autumn reminded the workers of the approaching winter, and they sought shelter in a room at the rear of a herbalist's shop in the Old Kent Road. The approach was by a narrow lane in Mina Road, from which the congregation mounted a ladder, which creaked ominously if two persons climbed at one time. The blending of odours possibly nullifies any ill effects, for no one took exception to the combined aroma (!) of sausage-making, herb-drying, and stabled horses, which encompassed the outhouse.



FIRST MISSION HOUSE.

This first home of the Mission was opened for service on the 16th of September, 1879, and blessing followed. One only, of the many difficulties encountered, need be mentioned. Upon a memorable Sabbath, the friends, upon coming up for the early morning prayer-meeting, found a man in possession, the superior landlord having distrained for rent. They promptly repaired to the house of the leader, and held the services there.

In the following year, it was thought desirable to seek larger premises for the increasing audiences, and a disused rag warehouse, in Surrey Grove, was secured. It adjoined a beerhouse, and was seriously out of repair; but, with the assistance of Mr. Baker, a builder, and other willing helpers, the warehouse was converted into a comfortable meeting-room, and the transfer was effected in the month of June, 1880. It quickly filled, and, as the windows ran down to the ground, the outside hearers were often as numerous as those inside. The work flourished, and many wanderers found the homeward road.



OLD SURREY GROVE MISSION HALL.

So far, the Mission was not officially attached to any Church; but the advantages of affiliation being pointed out by their leaders, and Pastor C. H. Spurgeon's advice having been sought, about forty workers and friends were received into the fellowship of the Tabernacle Church, upon the first Sabbath evening of December, 1880, permission being given to hold communion services at the Mission Hall upon the first and third Sundays of the month, the attendance cards to be registered in the Tabernacle books.

The impossibility of accommodating the crowds of children, who clamoured for admission to the ordinary Gospel services, caused the workers to again consult their Pastor; and under his guidance, and with his practical help, a Sunday-school was opened, on the 4th of July, 1881, with Mr. Baker as the first Superintendent. This section of the work has been a continuous success to the present time.

Next came some changes in the executive. Mr. Brigg, having been elected to the pastorate of Drummond Road Baptist Church, the President of the Pastors' College appointed Mr. F. Tuck, another student, to be the preacher, and President of the Mission, which position he occupied for about two years, when he was called to the Windmill Street Church, Gravesend, and subsequently accepted a pastorate in America.

The leadership of the Mission being again vacant, Mr. C. A. Pavey, who, from the commencement, had occupied the position of Vice-President, was nominated by Mr. Spurgeon for the Presidency, and was unanimously elected by the members of the Mission. A recognition service was held on Easter Monday, 1883, and was largely attended. Mr. Pavey has remained in command to the present time, and has been loyally supported throughout by an efficient staff of helpers, whose zeal and perseverance are unexcelled.

* * * *

The Gospel is melodious everywhere, and its sweet influence can reach the human heart as readily in a stable as in a cathedral; but those, whose lives have been brought into harmony with the heavenly music, are the first to desire to improve their surroundings, and to "prepare a place for the Lord." Indeed, the importance of providing a permanent and more capacious building was constantly pressed upon the attention of the workers, and a Building Fund was started. Its growth, however, was extremely slow, until the President, by a display of business tact, succeeded in enlisting Pastor C. H. Spurgeon as Treasurer. The new Treasurer's generous help and powerful advocacy, with the addition of the enthusiastic co-operation of the Mission friends, caused the golden stream to flow, and the scheme was successfully launched. Land was procured in Surrey Square, Old Kent Road; and, on the 22nd of February, 1887, a commodious building, upon which £600 had been expended, was formally opened by C. H. Spurgeon, who laid a memorial stone bearing the inscription, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."—1 Tim. i. 15. In the afternoon, Mr. Spurgeon preached from this text, and made the pleasing announce-

ment that the building was *free of all debt*. In the evening, a public meeting was held, presided over by the late Mr. Wm. Olney, who was ever a warm friend of the Mission.



SURREY SQUARE MISSION HALL.

The Pastor's reference to the matter, as recorded at the time, is characteristic, and may be quoted :—

“ On February 22nd, Mr. Spurgeon had the great pleasure of opening the Mission Hall, Surrey Square, Old Kent Road, free of debt. The work had been in existence several years, and had outgrown the hovel in which it commenced. Mr. Pavay, the Conductor of the Mission, begged the Pastor to find them a new place. ‘ Now,’ said Mr. Spurgeon, ‘ how is this to be done? You have no money, and I have no money, neither do I know where to look for it. Let us pray to God. You go home, and call the friends together, and tell them to plead with all their might. Give all you can; and, as that will be little, pray the more.’ That week, a friend, hitherto unknown, gave £100, and promised another £100. It was a thankoffering to God for blessings received under the Pastor's ministry; and, at the Pastor's request, it was thus appropriated. The rest of the story need not be told. Friends at the Tabernacle gave personally and by collection, and the work is done. Glory be to God! Mr. W. Higgs built the House at a rate which could bring him no reward but the pleasure of serving God, and in that pleasure all the donors share.”

Subsequent extensions were made by the addition of class-rooms and a gallery, the expenses of which were duly met.



MR. AND MRS. PAVEY.

In those early days, 1887—1892, zeal for the conversion of souls was most intense, and the blessing spread like the breaking out of fire. Night after night, the anxious ones crowded the Hall, and the glad work of pointing them to "the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world," occupied the preacher and his helpers until the late hours. One company of these earnest young people went further afield, preaching and singing at the street-corners, and visiting other Missions, whilst such as were "players on instruments" en-

rolled themselves into what was known as "The Skirmishing Band", and, under the direction of Mr. J. Carter, "beat up" the neighbourhood. Many of the young men, converted at this period, are now the most active workers of the Mission.

There are, at the present time, a number of most useful Societies connected with the Mission, manned by splendid workers. The Sunday-school is large and vigorous; there are twenty-eight tract-visitors, who, under the direction of Mr. F. Davis, call at nearly a thousand homes, every week, with the good news of the Kingdom; there is a flourishing Mothers' Meeting, conducted by Mrs. Pavey, who, by the way, has always been a gracious helpmeet to her husband in the work of the Mission.

Time would fail to tell of Mr. Romang, the Treasurer, who, through good report and evil report, does his best to balance accounts, and to avoid a deficit, and of a host of others, whose service of love is, doubtless, registered on high. It is pleasing to remember that Pastor Frank Harmon, the first Secretary of the Mission, afterwards proceeded to China, under the auspices of the C.I.M. For Mr. and Mrs. Pavey, we express the hope that many happy years may be in front of them, in which to continue their life-work at Surrey Square in conjunction with their noble band of fellow-labourers. Some of these earnest souls think that they can discern the early signs of a new revival. May God give them their hearts' desire, so that the first streak of dawn may ere long develop into the full noontide brightness of the Spirit's power, bringing salvation and sunshine to all the district around!

F. H. F.

Chats with the Children.

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

VII.—THE PILOT.

I MANAGED to secure this snap-shot just as the pilot stretched out his hand to grasp the ladder that had been let down for him. In another moment, he was trotting up the ladder to take the good



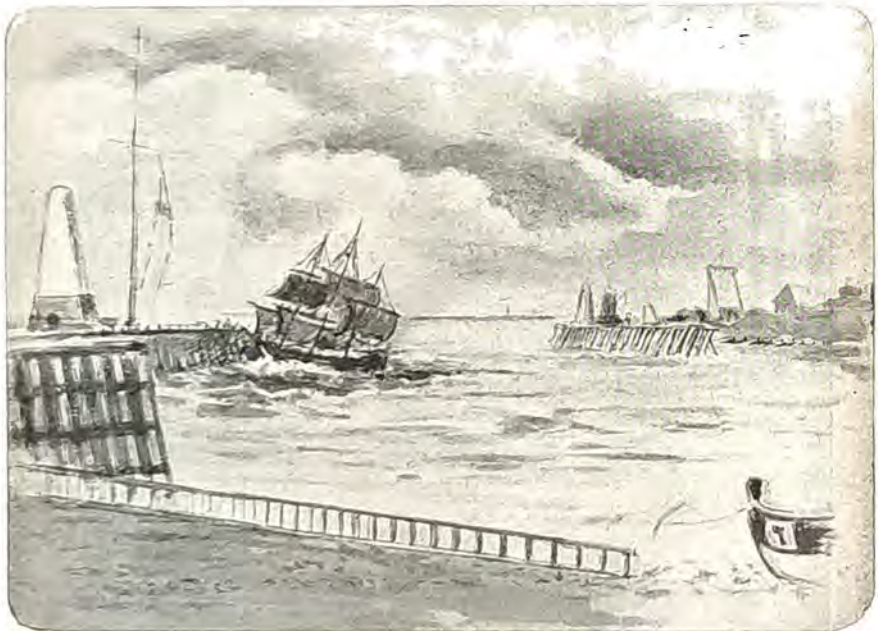
ship *Axim* into the port of Las Palmas, Grand Canary. Although the harbour looks a very safe one, it is best to secure the services of a man who knows every inch of it. So we ran up our signal in the early morning, and soon this little boat came out to us bearing the man whose services we needed. Once up the ladder, and on the bridge, he took charge of the navigation, and very shortly after brought us to a safe anchorage in the haven where we would be. He was a Spaniard, or I expect some of the passengers would have waylaid him, on his way to the bridge, to ask him the latest news.

I well remember arriving outside the Heads of Port Philip, (Australia,) after a twelve weeks' voyage. What excitement there was, to be sure, and how we looked forward to the coming of the pilot! I have looked up my diary

for the day, and this is what is recorded there:—"Soon, the smoke of steam-tugs was watched with interest, and when the sun shone on a white boat, dancing on the waves, its pilot flag told us that we should soon set eyes on a fresh individual. We could not help looking on the pilot as a curiosity. No sooner had his little boat sped merrily away than we turned to look, rather inquisitively I'm afraid, at the new arrival on our deck. He was eagerly besieged when he handed the captain 'to-day's paper'! We had not seen such a thing for three months. He informed us that the Turks had defeated the Russians, but he was too busy to be talked to." This was in 1877, but I

remember it as though it was yesterday. He was busy for a good while, too, for ours was a sailing vessel, and we did not use a tug until we had gone most of the way up the intricate channel to Melbourne.

Speaking of arriving at Melbourne reminds me of the experiences of another visitor to the great island-continent,—an American Professor,—and of the first news that greeted him and his fellow-voyagers. He was approaching the shores of Australia at a time when the fate of our Empire hung in the balance. Like his fellow-passengers, he was eager to hear what the first news would be as he approached the shores of the great island-continent. The pilot boat approached, and the pilot, through his speaking trumpet, roared these memorable words, "The Australians have won the first test match." "I calculated then," remarked the Professor, "that I had come to a great sporting country." He was right in his conjecture, but the same thing might have happened almost anywhere,—certainly in England, where the amusement and athletic craze now knows no bounds. What a thousand pities it is that things good in themselves are spoiled by being overdone! We need a wise and skilful pilot to steer us from these dangers.



THE RESULT OF DOING WITHOUT A PILOT.

Many a good ship has come to grief because the services of a pilot were dispensed with. In most places, the law compels the employment of the pilot. Oh, how many lives have been wrecked because it was

thought that there was no need of guidance! Life's sea is as trackless as the Atlantic or the Pacific. Every true Christian may say, "My Father's at the helm," and may feel delightfully secure in consequence.



WAITING FOR THE PILOT.;

All is well if God holds the wheel. My dear young reader, is God guiding you? Have you asked Him to do so? If not, I pray you to

do so now. Lift the prayer, "Guide me with Thy counsel." That will be like signalling for the Pilot, and He, who guides and guards, will soon come to your help.

Some say they cannot pray. They remind me of a vessel that had suffered so severely in a storm that, when it managed somehow to reach the neighbourhood of a harbour, it could not signal because the flag-locker had been washed away. But the look-out man saw it, and its helpless condition was all the signal necessary. I think the pilot went out more readily and more quickly than ever that time. So, if you can only let your great need appear, that will be enough to call the Pilot to your aid.

"All the fitness He requireth,
Is to feel your need of Him."

I must tell you that, when the pilot gets quite close, the ladder is lowered for him, and he is received with due courtesy. He goes at once to the captain, and is soon on the bridge, or the quarterdeck, as the case may be. And now, though the captain is captain still, the pilot is in charge, and all on board, who have anything to do with the navigation, hold themselves in readiness to do his bidding.

It must be so when Jesus comes in answer to our call for help. If the Lord is to direct our hearts into the love of God, and into the patience of Jesus Christ, as into safe and peaceful harbours, we must willingly receive Him into our ship as the disciples did into theirs. Then every power and faculty must stand at attention, ready, aye ready, to do His blessed will. There must be no questioning of His orders, and no delay in executing them. "Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it." Following His instructions, we shall be safely brought into the desired haven, for He knoweth the way that we take. It is sweet indeed to entrust our lives, with all their interests, into His kind keeping.

"Jesus, Saviour, pilot me
Over life's tempestuous sea:
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rock and treacherous shoal;
Chart and compass come from Thee:
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me!"

Do you know what "a sky-pilot" is? The sailors call their ministers and missionaries that. Not a bad name for them either. I have had many happy hours in the fore-castle, talking to the men of the sea about the way to Heaven. I was their sky-pilot, and I believe some of them have reached the Port, thank God! And I shall see them again, by-and-by, brought there by the same grace. There may be storms and dangers for us all ere then, but "all's well" if Jesus is with us. With Him on board, we need not fear even the crossing of the bar.

"When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,—
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
'Fear not!—I will pilot thee!"

Chinese Proverbs, with Every-day Lessons.

BY JOHN A. STOOKE, C.I.M., CHEFOO.

VII.—“A SPRAT TO CATCH A SALMON.”

(SIAO CH' IEN PUHK'Ü, TA CH' IEN PUHLAI.—If a little cash does not go, much cash will not come.)



IN so many words, this means,—If you do not expend a little money in the entertainment of customers, you will do no business. Put in another form, it is,—“You must give in order to get.” As “John Ploughman” says, “Giving is generally a kind of fishing. They give a sprat to catch a salmon. Orientals are great at this art, and some in these Western parts are becoming proficient.” All the world over, this is true policy in trading, and the Chinese realized this long before England and other countries existed as centres of commerce.

The question of money is ever pushed to the front in China. Walk alongside a couple of Chinamen for a few moments, and you will soon hear the word “Cash, cash, cash.” Their national proverbs have frequent reference to money. For instance, there is one that advises you to enquire before you buy : —“If you would not be cheated, ask the price at three shops.” Then, as to inferior money, we find the saying, “Bad silver will only buy old sow’s flesh.” There is another proverb to the effect that you cannot trade without some capital, “You must have a couple of grains of rice in order

to catch fowls.” All will agree that these are smart sayings, revealing not a little of business cuteness.

A few cash is an important item to an ordinary Chinaman. I have known the beginning of a threatened riot quickly quelled by the wise addition of ten copper cash ($\frac{1}{2}$ d.); and I heard of a murder in Shanghai native street over the withholding of one cash from a bargain made by two Chinamen.

But what has all this to do with us, and what lessons are there here for this twentieth century? I think we may gather several useful suggestions even from "John Chinaman."

Do not let us imagine that we shall be ourselves considered unless we have consideration for others. Galatians vi. 7 puts this truth very clearly: "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." In the Church, and in the world, there must be a spirit of "give and take" if there is to be mutual unity and good feeling. If you withhold everything from others, the probability is that you will receive nothing yourself. "Open a shop," says one Chinese proverb, "and give no advantage, and the cash won't come." As children of God, let our giving be on a lavish scale. Do not let us measure or weigh our gifts, but let us remember the words of the Lord Jesus to His disciples, "Freely ye have received, freely give."

The Chinese street hawkers will often throw in a few extra peanuts to retain a customer; and if we are to be successful, we must carry that principle out, in its highest and best sense, in every part of our Christian life and work.

God of Our Fathers.

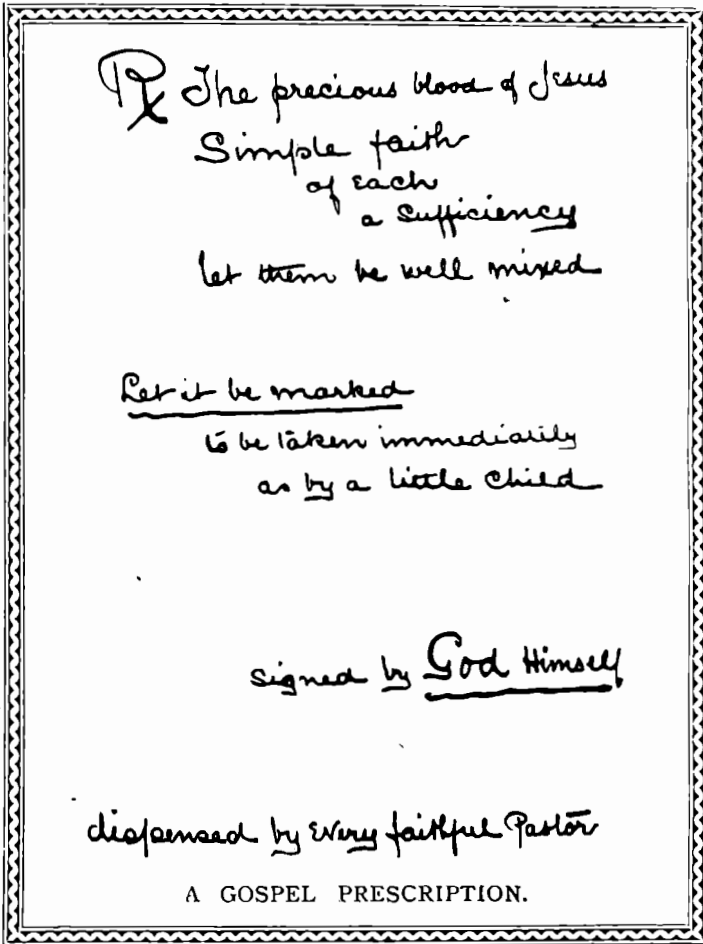
GOD of our fathers:
 Guarding and guiding,
 Every good providing,
 Strong in faith they lived Thy name to praise:
 And Thou wilt be our Father, too,
 As our journey we pursue!
 May Thy mercy and Thy goodness crown us all our days!
 God of our fathers:
 We seek Thy favour.—Oh, hear us,
 As on Thy dear name we call,
 Send Thy blessing on us all,
 Till we rise to Heaven above,—to Heaven,—
 Where all is joy, and peace, and love!

God of our fathers:
 Thee ever praising,
 And our anthems raising,
 Hear and bless us while on earth we roam!
 Our burdens we would cast on Thee,
 And from sinful care be free,
 Till we gather with our fathers in Thy Heav'nly Home!
 God of our fathers:
 Thy grace imploring,—oh, hear us!
 Keep us, guide us evermore!
 Thee we ever would adore,
 Till we rise to Heaven above,—to Heaven,—
 Where all is joy, and peace, and love!

V. J. CHARLESWORTH.

Recipe—Take.*

A PHYSICIAN, when he writes a prescription, always begins with a capital R, to stand for the Latin word "Recipe." What does that word mean? "Take." "Take of such-and-such a drug, so much; and of another, so much." That is what the Gospel says: "Whosoever will, let him *take* the water of life freely." That word I pass on to



you, *Recipe*,—take,—receive. Take what? Why, take the sufferings of Christ to be instead of thy sufferings. Trust thou in Him to save thee, because He died for all who trust Him. Rest thyself on Him now.

* From "Spurgeon's Illustrated Almanack" for 1905. The "Gospel Prescription" was written by Dr. Churcher, and is reproduced in *facsimile* from his handwriting.

"Suppose I should trust Him, and He should not save me?" Ah, soul, that were to suppose Him to be a liar, and that cannot be. He that believeth in Him is not condemned; or, as He put it Himself, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." Thou hast to come to Him just as thou art, and trust Him to save thee, relying upon the merit of His blood and righteousness to stand for thee before the justice of God. Canst thou do that? "Why!" says one, "it seems so simple." And are you going to quarrel with it because it is simple? Are you as foolish as Naaman, who would not wash in Jordan, because it was so simple? He wanted the prophet to perform a great many ceremonies, but he would not at first bring himself down to wash, that he might be clean. Surely, my friend, you are not such a fool as that; I will give you credit for more sense.

"But do you really mean that, if I trust my soul with Christ, believing He can save me, I am saved?" Mean it? Mean it? If that be not so, I am not saved myself, for this is where I stand. I have believed in Jesus Christ, and rested myself on Him; and if He does not, cannot, or will not save me, and I should ultimately be ashamed of my hope, I must be damned, for I have not a second hope. You have heard of the fox that had three holes to run to; but the Christian has only one; and if that is stopped up, "There is none other name under Heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." "God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."—C. H. S.

Letter* from Pastor Thomas Spurgeon to Readers of "Spurgeon's Illustrated Almanack."

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—It has been my joy and privilege, for many years, to feast upon the good things provided from God's word by my beloved mother. She had a real gift for this work,—an aptitude for discovering what I may reverently call the tit-bits of Scripture, and for setting them in order before the Lord's people. Much prayer was made concerning each text. Thus it was that the morning message "fitted", at times, in a most remarkable degree. Afar off upon the sea, and in climes remote, I have experienced the appropriateness and power of these rays from "the bright candle of the Lord"; and thousands more can say the same.

The letter, too, was always of the sweetest. Noteworthy as was its literary charm, *that* was not the most conspicuous feature. Tender love for Jesus, deep delight in God's truth, and earnest solicitude for the spiritual health of her readers were graciously manifest in each epistle.

Conscious of all this and more, I have felt my responsibility in the addition of this new duty to the wonderful heritage of honourable service that has fallen to me. As, however, I did not seek the task, I dared not decline it. So, here are the texts, many of which have been culled from God's flower-garden, during my ministry, and jotted down either for use in the pulpit, or for private meditation.

What infinite variety of form and fragrance and hue God's flowerets have! Here is one for every day, a "buttonhole" to deck and to delight

* The above letter accompanies the texts which the Editor has selected for the 49th annual issue of "Spurgeon's Illustrated Almanack" (see Notices of Books).

the believing heart, and to remind of Him whose cheeks are "as a bed of spices, as sweet flowers;" and whose lips are "like lilies, dropping sweet-smelling myrrh."

It is to be hoped that these sprays will tempt into the garden from which they hail. They are only specimens. The parterres where they grow are beautiful indeed. Truth to tell, certain of these blooms seem to suffer somewhat by being plucked, and he who would perceive their real radiance and fullest fragrance must visit the flower-bed whence they came, and tarry there awhile. In other words, these texts are not meant to supplant diligent searching of the Scriptures, but rather to invite to study of the Divine oracles.

Here are "exceeding great and precious promises", which seem to beseech us to plead them diligently and believingly. Here are quickening precepts, every one of which seems to say, "Love and keep me; so shall you get understanding." Here, too, are searching questions which claim the answer of a good conscience toward God. There are not a few texts about Jesus and His love, for a smile from Him in the morning means sunshine all day long. Passages which tell of pardon through the blood, of sanctification by the Spirit, and of the coming of our Lord, are numerous, for all these truths need underlining in these dark days.

Let it be ever borne in mind that the illuminating Spirit cannot be dispensed with if these selections are to prove of real service. He must explain and apply them.

I cherish the hope that, for life's daily battle, these snatchès of the song of Scripture will prove inspiring. I have the more hope that this will be so, if my readers will at the outset fully realize that daily victories, in so-styled little things, are as glorious as tremendous triumphs. These little texts are to help the Lord's people, who may be little in Israel, and are certainly of small account in the world's esteem, to bear little troubles (often the sharpest), to take the little foxes which spoil the vines, and to be "faithful in a very little." God bless and help you, dear friends, in your daily struggle, and give you the victory again and again!

"I asked the Lord to let me do some mighty work for Him:

To fight amidst His battle hosts, then sing the victor's hymn:
I longed my ardent love to show, but Jesus would not have it so.

"For quietly the answer came: 'My child, I hear thy cry;

Think not that mighty deeds alone will bring the victory;
The battle has been planned by Me; let daily life thy conquests see.'"

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 are about to publish, price one penny each, *Spurgeon's Illustrated Almanack for 1905* and *John Ploughman's Almanack for 1905*. The above letter gives information as to the texts selected by the Editor for the Book Almanack, and "Sword and Trowel" readers will be interested in learning that more than half the illustrated articles still bear the familiar initials, C. H. S. The proverbs on the Sweet Almanack

have been pronounced, by competent judges who have read them, fully equal to those of former years, while the pictures are as striking as usual, and two of the articles are "John Ploughman's" own. Both Almanacks can be procured through the colporteurs, or from all booksellers, or direct from the publishers, who will be pleased to supply terms for large quantities for distribution. Address, Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster, 4, Paternoster Buildings, E. C.

The Quiver. Cassell and Co. (7s. 6d.)

REALLY, it seems as though "The Armoury" or "The Treasure-house" would be a more appropriate title than "The Quiver" for such a mass of good things as we find here;—1,212 quarto pages, about 800 illustrations including six Rembrandt photogravure and coloured plates, four complete stories of single volume length, and an almost endless variety of short articles on art, biography, philanthropy, science, theology, etc., etc., etc. It is a wonderful 7s. 6d. worth.

The title of Dean Spence's series rather puzzles us, for we cannot understand how Jerome, Basil, Gregory, Chrysostom, and Ambrose can be called "The Makers of Modern Christianity," or, indeed, the *makers* of Christianity at all; its Maker was Divine.

The Leisure Hour. The Sunday at Home. Religious Tract Society. (7s. 6d. net.)

WE might repeat, almost word for word, the commendation given above, and apply it to these two handsome volumes, for they also have reached the high-water mark of illustrated serials. If a little less than "The Quiver" in bulk, there are some points in which they excel it, so again we say, of each of these volumes, it is a wonderful 7s. 6d. worth. Last April, "The Sunday at Home" completed its fiftieth year; if any of our readers can compare the present volume with the first one issued, they will see what amazing progress has been made since then, good as the Magazine has always been.

The British Workman, The Band of Hope Review, The Children's Friend, The Infants' Magazine, The Family Friend, and The Friendly Visitor,—Messrs. Partridge and Co.'s ever-welcome annual volumes, ranging in price from 1s. to 2s. 6d., are as admirable as ever, and in some respects even surpass the issues of former years. The coloured pictures, on the covers and

inside, make them still more attractive. For a large family, or an institution, the whole set would be appropriate; but any one of them will be prized by the happy recipient.

Our Young Men's Annual, Vol. II. (Partridge and Co., 2s.), abounds in good things,—biography, hygiene, literature, poetry, science, travels,—which will interest many others beside the young men for whom they are more especially prepared.

The Child's Own Magazine. Seventy-first Annual Volume. Sunday School Union. (1s.)

THRICE happy children to have a Magazine all to themselves,—and such an one!

Young England. Twenty-fifth Annual Volume. Sunday School Union. (5s.)

Too military for our taste. Still, there is much that is entertaining and instructive in the volume. The religious element is—well, not obtrusive.

The Official Hand-Book of the Presbyterian Church of England, 1904-5, published at 14, Paternoster Square, London, at 6d., appears to be as comprehensive and accurate as usual, though the compiler has still to use some asterisks in the place of information not supplied. The Hand-Book is mainly for English Presbyterians, but many others will be interested in its contents.

The Gist of the Lessons. A Concise Exposition of the International Sunday School Lessons for 1905. By R. A. TORREY. Nisbet and Co. (9d., and 1s.)

ADMIRABLE, as in former years, but still not clear upon believers' baptism. There are occasional expressions which we cannot endorse; but, on the whole, the Exposition of the Lessons ought to be really helpful to all true teachers.

Insulated Bob, and other Readings, (Morgan and Scott, 1s.) is the

title of the annual volume of "The Herald of Mercy" and "The Revival." The new issue fully maintains the high reputation of the "readings" of past years. Gospel testimonies, invitations, and appeals, put in new and varied forms, and most copiously illustrated, make up a wonderfully cheap and useful shillingsworth.

The Empire Elocutionist. Readings and Recitations selected and arranged by A. L. HAYDON. Andrew Melrose. (3s. 6d.)

JUST the thing for giving to a lad who can recite a bit. Here are instructions as to how to do it better, and a really good selection of recitations.

The Onward Reciter, Vol. XXXIII. "Onward" Office, Manchester. (1s. 6d.)

THE children need not run short of Temperance recitations, for here are 110 more, and good ones, too.

Love Unknown. By H. M. WARD. Stirling: Drummond's Tract Depôt. (1s. 6d.)

A LANCASHIRE story, illustrating the dreadful doings of drink, and also the blessings of Colportage work.

The Three Graces. By EVELYN-EVERETT GREEN. Andrew Melrose. (3s. 6d.)

A PLEASING enough story, but hardly purposeful enough.

Messrs. Nelson and Sons' *Story-books* have all the excellences of the previous publications of the firm, and the coloured plates give an additional attractiveness to the volumes, even if they do not always agree with the letterpress.

First comes the fifteenth annual historical tale by Miss E. EVERETT-GREEN,—*Ringed by Fire*, a Story of the Franco-Prussian War (5s.), dealing specially with the siege and surrender of Metz, yet revealing the true cause of the failure of that mad campaign. The horrors of war are

by no means hidden, but special mention is made of the heroism of those who cared for the sick and wounded, and there are some pretty love-matches between English, French, and Prussians.

There are two splendid stories of school-girls,—*The Little Heiress*, by MARGARET BRUCE CLARKE (3s. 6d.), a life-like portrait of a most charming Californian girl, daughter of a millionaire, and grandchild of an English peer, yet utterly unspoiled, and ultimately married to the man she loved;—and *The Girls of Cromer Hall*, by RAYMOND JACBERNS (2s.), which begins with the expulsion from school of a spoilt ten-years' old girl, to whom the stern but necessary discipline becomes a life-long lesson.

The Twins and Sally, by E. L. HAVERFIELD (2s.), is the story of a wild little daughter of a seaman, who gets into all manner of scrapes and adventures before she settles down to a more civilized life. One of the little twin-boys exerts a very helpful influence over poor Sally, but his brother is more at home in her escapades.

Messrs. Nelson and Sons also send us specimens of their new *Coloured Picture-books*, as follows:—*Sea and Sand*, by RUTH COBB, with Verses by EDWARD SHIRLEY (3s. 6d.), which will delight the youngsters with reminiscences of their visits to the seaside, or anticipations of such a treat in the future;—*Robinson Crusoe* (1s.), a condensation of Defoe's famous story, beautifully illustrated;—*No End of Fun* (6d.);—and three at a penny each, *Off and Away*, "Pretty Poll," and *The Star in the East*, Stories about Jesus. The announcement that specially pleases us is, "All T. Nelson and Sons' Coloured Picture-books are designed and printed in Great Britain."

A Memento of Frederick Tryon. By M. J. TRYON. E. Wilmshurst.

AN unpretentious record of one of the best-known ministers amongst our Strict Baptist brethren. Begin-

ning as a clergyman of the Church of England at Deeping St. James, he was afterwards minister of "Cave Adullam" Chapel. Extracts from his diary, a selection of his letters, and three of his sermons, make altogether a pleasant memorial of a man of God, who exercised a wide influence, and always contended earnestly for the Truth.

Peter Mackenzie as I Knew him.
By DINSDALE T. YOUNG. Hodder and Stoughton. (2s. 6d.)

A MOST delightful appreciation of a truly remarkable character, as profitable as it is readable.

Sea Puritans. By FRANK T. BULLEN. Hodder and Stoughton. (6s.)

THOSE who enjoyed reading this story in "The British Weekly" will be glad to have it in permanent form with goodly illustrations. We do not think Mr. Bullen is at his best when writing fiction. Nevertheless, this work bears traces of its author's undoubted genius; it is an interesting and instructive record of the brave days of old, and a worthy tribute to the memory of our Puritan forefathers.

Six Anti-Papal Studies. By Rev. J. M. LOGAN. A. H. Stockwell. (1s. net.)

THESE are the blows of a born fighter against error; but they are both well-placed and strictly fair. To any who have to meet the subtle encroachments of Romish teaching, these "Studies" will be specially valuable as examples of how to face and fight the foe of God and man. We give them sincere welcome.

In the Net. An Appeal to Protestants concerning Convent Schools. By Rev. A. B. DE MILLE. Charles J. Thynne. (6d. net.)

A FEARLESS and honest exposure of a system which needs only to be known to be condemned. The facts contained in this booklet ought to be known throughout the land, for the danger is not merely at our

doors, but within our borders. The author has been doing, for many years, noble Christian service on behalf of Convent girls.

Birds without a Nest. A Story of Indian Life and Priestly Oppression in Peru. By Mrs. CLORINDA MATTO DE TURNER. Charles J. Thynne. (1s. 6d. net.)

THE vivid scenes portrayed here are not fiction. They are stranger than fiction, and frequently more startling. This is a book of painful and thrilling interest. It is the hireling shepherd again, with his gross and cruel designs,—all too often successful!

Tales of the Countryside. By H. T. SPUFFORD, F.L.S. Nisbet and Co. (1s. net.)

MR. SPUFFORD needs no introduction to readers of this Magazine. He is one of their favourites. Here are nine of his choicest sketches in a handy little volume for a shilling. Whether he is describing "The Old Folks at Home," or "An Old Wall," Mr. Spufford reveals keen insight, true pathos, and a sense of lumour delightfully compounded. These are literary gems. They are truly spiritual withal.

The Land of Sinim. Illustrated Report of the China Inland Mission, 1904. (1s. net.)

THIS is a model of what a Missionary Report should be. Beginning with a general review of the situation in China, the special work of the Mission is outlined, province by province; many pictures, in a high style of art, grace the volume, which, as the Introduction notes, is something between the Blue Book and a popular narrative.

Pastor Hsi, One of China's Christians. By Mrs. HOWARD TAYLOR. Morgan and Scott. (3s. 6d. net.)

WE cannot too highly praise this most remarkable volume. Nothing more fascinating and inspiring to the devout reader can be imagined. It tells a wonderful story of saving and keeping grace, in a style that

arrests attention, carries conviction, and sets the joy-bells ringing. It creates a blessed heartburn, and makes us long that every other heart may feel the glow. We would like to know, for instance, that it is being read in every Sewing Circle during this winter.

A Yankee on the Yangtze. By W. E. GEIL. With a hundred illustrations. Hodder and Stoughton. (6s.)

THE most original and utterly unconventional book of travels ever written by a Christian minister. It abounds in smart sentences, quick turns of expression, and, at times, even in daring puns. Yet it is a very enlightening volume as to the social and spiritual conditions of the swarming Empire. Beneath the seeming flippancies of this clerical Mark Twain, there is a very serious purpose; both pen and camera being used to show the great possibilities that underlie the racial and religious incongruities of China.

If all travel-books were written after this style, the fiction of the lending library would soon be eclipsed in popularity. After reading this volume, we are hungry to hear Dr. Geil preach, for we feel sure that he must do it with equally racy interest and power.

By Nile and Euphrates. By H. VALENTINE GEERE. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. (8s. 6d. net.)

NOT many men have experience of excavation both in Egypt and Babylonia. Mr. Geere, who has been happy enough to have been called to assist Professor Petrie by the Nile, and Dr. Hilprecht by the Euphrates, does not present to us a scientific treatise on the remains of the ancient cities into whose memorials the spade and the pickaxe are penetrating; but, with a gift of picturesque narrative, gives an interesting account of his experiences during the several expeditions in which he shared. We trust that his book will arouse new interest in the work of exploration in Babylonia

and Assyria; England certainly lags far behind in the country where Layard was once so noble a pioneer.

The Moral Influence of England upon the World. By BENJAMIN BROOMHALL. Headley Brothers.

A VALUABLE little treatise upon a great subject. England's influence upon the world has indeed been great; but it would have been far greater had more respect been paid to the rights of humanity and the laws of God. Mr. Broomhall shows both the bright and dark sides of his subject, and indicates the secret of England's great influence for good. Its price is twopence.

Evangelism. By Rev. G. CAMPBELL MORGAN, D.D. Fleming H. Revell Co. (1s. 6d. net.)

DR. CAMPBELL MORGAN is at once a master of the art of Evangelism and of vivid and incisive language; he goes straight to the heart of the matter. The breezy hopefulness of these pages will do much to stimulate Gospel workers, and we trust will help to thrust others into the field. As an example of his style, we may quote one sentence, in which he speaks of "The Jesus of the virgin birth, the virtuous life, the vicarious dying, and the victorious resurrection." Nothing could be much more epigrammatic.

Heavenly Springs. By Rev. ANDREW A. BONAR, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton. (1s. 6d. net.)

HERE we have pure gold minted in the experience of a man who walked with God. Worth a dozen ordinary text-books.

Text-studies for a Year. By Revs. A. R. BUCKLAND, M.A., F. BAYLIS, M.A., and W. R. BLACKETT, M.A. Hodder and Stoughton. (6s.)

IF the observance of "days, and months, and times, and years," which Paul did not approve, is a matter of the first importance, then this is a useful set of outlines, for

they relate to the ecclesiastical seasons. They are free from Ritualism and Romanism, and the compilers' effort is to present pure Gospel teaching; but it is not a very successful effort. The "studies" may be suitable for Anglican pulpits, but they would not be either strong enough or interesting enough to be used by Nonconformist preachers. There are, however, several suggestive subjects, which might help a busy curate when pushed for time for sermon-preparation.

The Light of the Gentiles. A Series of Discourses. By Rev. R. LEITCH, M.A. A. H. Stockwell. (2s. 6d. net.)

SERMONS of solid instruction and true Evangelical ring. Mr. Leitch does not give a display of fireworks; but there is strong logic, spiritual dignity, and fervour of soul in each of these discourses. For weighty worth, they will be valued by all true sermon-tasters.

Bible Studies in the Life of Paul. By Rev. H. D. SELL, D.D. Fleming H. Revell Co. (1s. 6d. net.)

FOR a devoted Bible-class teacher, this is a model handbook: for a lazy one, it would be of absolutely no use. Terse, and full of precious suggestion; but in such a form that it compels honest personal pondering to be of use. After the elaborate and coddling type of "lesson helps" (?), it is quite refreshing to turn to such a thought-compelling series as this. Perhaps the best features of a good book all through, are the analyses of Paul's Epistles.

The Point of Contact in Teaching. By PATERSON DUBOIS. Sunday School Union. (2s. 6d.)

THERE is no lack, nowadays, of aids to teachers: that there is room for this one, is proved by its popularity. There is plenty of strong common sense in these pages, and not a little ingenuity. Best of all, the author has ever in view the spiritual nature of the teacher's work; and the true teacher will thank him for his in-

valuable suggestions. This is a book that every teacher, either in the Sunday-school or the day-school, should possess.

Shot and Shell for the Preacher's Gun. By Rev. JOHN MITCHELL. A. H. Stockwell. (1s. 6d.)

A BOOK of useful sermonettes and addresses for children's services. We like the substance of this little volume better than its title. "Food for Lambs" would have been a far more appropriate description of its contents. The less the servants of the Prince of peace have to do with shot and shell, the better.

The Churches and the Supernatural. By J. LEONARD POSNETT. Elliot Stock. (6d. net.)

A PAMPHLET setting forth "the need of supernatural power in order to secure the ultimate triumph of righteousness." This treatise is entirely to our mind. It is Scriptural, spiritual, and convincing. It inspires one afresh to declare, with joyous fervour, "I believe in the Holy Ghost."

The Path of Life, and How You May Find it. Stirling: Drummond's Tract Depôt. (1s., and 2s.)

ANOTHER volume similar to "The Traveller's Guide," and likely to be just as helpful. It contains short illustrated articles by such writers as J. C. Ryle, A. A. Bonar, Horatius Bonar, P. B. Power, George Everard, Cheyne Brady, etc. Some of the stories, such as "John iii. 16," and "Herrings for Nothing," are familiar to us; but there are many new ones.

What Every Christian Should Know. By HOWARD W. POPE. Fleming H. Revell Co. (2s. 6d. net.)

THIS book, by the Secretary of the Northfield Extension Movement, is all alive. It is a practical work of sanctified genius, the reading of which cannot fail to stir Christians up to more earnest endeavour for Christ.

Notes.

Personal Paragraphs.

The Baptist Union, at its recent gathering in Bristol, took occasion to honour the memory of C. H. Spurgeon by a special resolution, and accompanying speeches. These left nothing to be desired, save that they made no reference whatever to his withdrawal from the Union as a protest against the inadequacy of its Constitution, in view of the inroads of unsound doctrine, and "higher criticism."

To our thinking, the Union would have honoured him better, if, in its amended Basis, it had stated its firm adherence to the truths for which he so earnestly contended, and that in terms so definite and unmistakable as to secure that membership should be for those only who steadfastly hold the fundamentals of the Evangelical faith.

The Pastor's Birthday Fund reached the encouraging grand total of £520.

We feel ourselves regretfully compelled to state, in answer to a large number of enquiries, that we have no connection whatever with the National Old Age Pension Trust. Many correspondents seem to imagine that it is a Tabernacle Institution. The confusion arises, probably, from the fact that the Organ of the Spurgeon Memorial Sermon Society is also the Organ of the Trust. *We venture to think that they should be quite distinct.* It must be understood that we do not, in saying this, reflect in the least upon the good men who manage the Trust. As to the scheme itself, we can only say that it should be judged from a purely business point of view.

The silver trowel, with which C. H. Spurgeon laid the foundation stone of the Pastors' College, and which was afterwards used by Pastor T. S. for laying one of the stones of the Baptist Schoolroom at Bexhill, has suffered restraint by reason of its owner's Passive Resistance. It has not dimmed its lustre by this adventure, and we believe that he, to whom the trowel was first presented, would rejoice to have it put to such good use. We trust it may help a little to dig a deep, deep grave for an Education Act which practically endows the teaching

of Roman Catholicism and High Anglicanism, which things The Pastor and his Pastors have always hated.

We notice that many of the Magazines have already issued their January number, and published their programme for 1905. We, too, have our projects for the New Year; but all we need say, at present, is that, gratified by many testimonies as to the interest and help of the Magazine, we intend, God helping us, to make it increasingly worthy of the commendation of those who have long been subscribers. It would be a real encouragement to us if such would endeavour to widen our circle and extend our influence. We may give some idea of our plans for 1905 in next month's issue.

In 1888, C. H. Spurgeon wrote, in the Notes:—"Moneys sent to us without any special designation will henceforth be acknowledged under the head of—**FOR GENERAL USE IN THE LORD'S WORK.** It is extremely useful to us to have some amounts at our disposal; and when friends leave their gifts at our discretion, we shall feel much helped by being able to use them for those parts of our work which are most in need of help."

In view of the fact that we, too, have occasionally had sums thus entrusted to us, and because we have ever-increasing need of practical sympathy in our great and varied work, we propose to acknowledge, in the issue of January, 1905, and thenceforth, all gifts sent to us to be disposed of at our own discretion, under the title—

GENERAL PURPOSES FUND.

(To be distributed at Pastor T. Spurgeon's discretion.)

We need hardly say that we do not wish this Fund to receive anything that has previously gone to College, and Orphanage, and the other good works. We feel that we ought to acknowledge in print sums that reach us, for the Lord's work, without being specifically allotted, and we hope that there will be many more of such.

On Tuesday, October 11th, the Home Counties Baptist Association

held its Autumn Session at Upton Chapel, Lambeth, by kind invitation of Pastor Williams and his deacons. The occasion was singularly helpful and successful. In the evening, Pastor Thomas Spurgeon preached, in lieu of Pastor A. G. Brown, who was unfortunately indisposed.

We rejoice much in this Association and its sterling work. It is worthy of all sympathy, for it holds fast the faithful Word.

On Wednesday evening, October 12th, Pastor T. Spurgeon attended the great meeting of Welcome Home to Gipsy Smith in Exeter Hall, and added his congratulations. We all rejoice in the success of the South African tour, and we follow the missionary with our love and prayer.

* * * *

Tabernacle Tidings.

The ordinance of believers' baptism was administered, in the Tabernacle, for the first time upon a Sabbath, on the evening of September 25th. The building was crowded, and the service was peculiarly solemn and impressive. Pastor Thos. Spurgeon preached; and, immediately following the sermon, Pastor Frank Smith, of Brixton, (as Pastor Sawday was unfortunately indisposed,) baptized the following eight persons upon profession of their faith in Christ:—Florence Hendy, Lionel Bowyer, Josephine Field, Blanche Laurence, Walter E. Newman, Ernest C. Hunt, Sarah E. Morgan, and J. Jones.

Baptisms at Haddon Hall, September 29th, five,—George Fryer, Thos. Jarvis, Annie Kidd, Emily Pond, Alma Bright.

Dr. and Mrs. Churcher have returned to their work in North Africa. It was a happy thought of Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Pearce to invite a company of Y.C.M.U. friends to meet these two devoted missionaries at their residence, in Angell Park Gardens, on Saturday evening, October 1st, to bid them "God speed", and to pray for them. The meeting and the addresses by Dr. and Mrs. Churcher will be remembered and cherished.

Twelve friends were received into Church-fellowship, by the Pastor, on Lord's-day evening, October 2nd, and

four members were reported to have been called home, viz.,—Chas. Fuller, Emma Wilson, Ellen Wear, and Maria A. Ballard.

Pastor Thos. Spurgeon presided at the annual meeting of the "John Ploughman" Gospel Temperance Society, on Wednesday, October 5th. There was a good attendance, notwithstanding the heavy rain. Pastor Frank Smith and the Rev. J. Watkin gave stirring addresses, and Madame Annie Ryall sang solos which delighted the audience. Pastor C. B. Sawday supported the Chairman.

Our friends at Surrey Square Mission have recently celebrated their twenty-fifth anniversary by a series of successful meetings.

On Lord's-day, October 2nd, sermons were preached by Mr. J. Everitt and Pastor B. Brigg, of Margate, the first President of the Mission. Upon the following Sabbath, the preachers were Mr. E. Tovey and Mr. J. Russell. The chief interest, however, was centred in the tea and public meeting, on Monday, October 10th. Mr. F. Fisher occupied the chair, and spoke with his usual vigour. The President, Mr. C. A. Pavey, gave an interesting report of the year's work, and Mr. M. Romang, the Treasurer, presented a balance-sheet showing a deficiency of £7 10s., which disappeared during the evening. Congratulatory addresses were delivered by Pastor C. B. Sawday, Mr. Frank Thompson,—who also brought a kindly greeting from Pastor Thos. Spurgeon,—Mr. O. Alden, and Mr. W. E. Pritchard.

Next followed the uncovering of a mysterious object, and the disclosure of a roll-top desk, with an inscription setting forth the virtues of Mr. C. A. Pavey, and recording the gratitude of the donors for his long and faithful services. The presentation was made by Mr. Wilkins, a past and prominent worker, who had an equally pleasant task in handing to Mrs. Pavey a silk umbrella and a hand-bag. Grateful acknowledgments ensued, and the meeting closed at a late hour.

A goodly company met for the annual meeting of the Maternal Society, on Monday, October 10th. Pastor C. B. Sawday presided, and Pastor Dawson, of Walworth Road Chapel, gave an interesting address

upon "Contentment." Mr. Wm. Olney followed with some practical and inspiring words for the workers, and Madame Ryall's sweet singing was appreciated in the intervals. The Treasurer, Mrs. Hall, gave an outline of the year's work, and showed the need for means to extend the operation of this most useful Society. Fresh subscribers are being earnestly sought by Miss Jennie Pearce, the Collector, who will be glad to correspond with friends desiring information.

The special services held in our own Sabbath-school, in connection with the days of Universal Prayer, have been marked by much fervour. On Lord's-day, October 16th, the teachers gathered for prayer at half-past seven in the morning, and other meetings for prayer and exhortation were held throughout the day. A memorable occasion was the gathering of the several Bible-classes, in the afternoon, to hear an address, by Pastor Thos. Spurgeon, upon the words, "Where is the guest-chamber?" The speaker spiritualized his text delightfully, and showed how the Saviour claims the right to the chief place in every human heart and life, and, having paid the price in ruby drops, desires to enter in, and eat the Passover Feast with His chosen.

The primary and middle sections of the school were addressed by Messrs. Sayer and Reed, who also conducted successful services for young people throughout the following week. On the Monday evening, Pastor Thos. Spurgeon spoke to Sunday-school and Ragged-school teachers.

The election of Elders took place on Monday evening, October 24th, at a Special Church-meeting called for that purpose. The members expressed their appreciation of the faithful services of these devoted brethren, by calling upon them to serve for another year. Affectionate reference was made by the Pastor to the late Elder Fuller.

Three new names were submitted; viz., Mr. S. C. Bowker, Mr. W. Jones, and Mr. H. G. Budden; and, by separate and unanimous votes, these brethren were honoured by being elected to the Eldership of the Tabernacle Church. May the blessing of God rest upon the entire Elders' Court

in an abundant and increasing manner!

We are greatly indebted to Dr. G. Campbell Morgan for his promise to visit us upon the occasion of the special gathering for friendly intercourse and conference on Tuesday, November 1st. Dr. Morgan has a huge task in front of him at Westminster Chapel, in which we wish him true success.

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Concerning the College.

Three students have accepted pastorates:—Mr. J. W. Humphreys, at Lower Sloane Street Chapel, Chelsea; Mr. H. W. Seaman, at Crayford, Kent; and Mr. L. J. E. Smith, at Carey Memorial Chapel, Kettering.

Mr. E. J. Cordon is removing, from Romsey, to Conssett, Durham; and Mr. D. Russell Smith, from West Hendon, to Haydon Park, Wimbledon.

Pastor E. Isaac, who has been for some time in this country from Australia, and has done good work for God, is about to sail for Tasmania. He has received a hearty call to the pastoral care of the Henry Reed Memorial Church in Launceston. May he have a prosperous journey, and a joyous pastorate!

IN MEMORIAM.—PASTOR P. J. WARD, of California, passed away suddenly on September 7th,—the thirty-third anniversary of his wedding day. His wife was a member at the Tabernacle. "Sword and Trowel" readers may remember that C. H. Spurgeon once published in the Magazine the portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Ward grouped with "the greatest Baptists in the world",—a colossal Christian brother and his wife, whom Mr. Ward had baptized.

A local paper, "Ocean Park Journal," says:—"Mr. Ward was a strong preacher, and a sturdy defender of the faith. Few opponents could stand before him. He was universally respected. He was deeply loved, and even revered, by those who knew him heart deep. He has done much good in his pilgrimage, and there will be many stars in his crown."

We are grateful for a kind reference, by Prof. Kierstead, D.D., of Nova Scotia, to a visit to the Pastors' College:—

"We listened to a sermon by one of

the students, which was thoroughly Evangelical in doctrine, practical in application, well-constructed, and well-delivered. The criticism by the Principal was very thorough.

"A lecture, by Rev. Thos. Spurgeon, on 'The Sermon', was at several points in marked contrast to the ideal sermon of the American Seminaries. Mr. Spurgeon has small place for science, philosophy, and literature in the pulpit. His views would be considered narrow by Professors of Homiletics this side the Atlantic. But what he loses in breadth of thought, he perhaps gains in directness and intensity."

* * * *

Our Fatherless Family.

Owing to several cases of sickness in the Orphanage, the collectors' meeting will be postponed until the New Year. We shall be glad to receive any amounts our friends have in hand, as soon as possible. As the period for collecting is extended, we hope for an increased sum in the boxes when they are brought in at the next meeting.

We shall be glad to hear, as soon as possible, from those friends who can distribute the envelopes for the Christmas dinner-table collection. This is such an interesting way of helping the Orphanage that we hope for an increase in the number of our correspondents from year to year. Address, The Secretary, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London, S.W.

At our quarterly service, Mr. Burgess, of the International Bible Reading Association, gave an interesting account of his missionary labours in India. We were glad to hear from the Secretary, Mr. Chas. Waters, that the Orphanage Sunday-school is nearly at the top of the list of the annual amounts contributed to this Fund.

* * * *

Colportage Chronicles.

The men have had their stocks replenished, and are now bracing themselves for the busy activities of the autumn and Christmas season. New bright Wall Texts, Scripture Calendars, Christmas Greetings, fresh volumes suitable for gifts for old

and young,—all with a genuine Gospel ring,—are among the specialities which the colporteur carries round in his pack or portfolio.



IN AUTUMN DAYS.

A new District has been opened at Milton in Cambridgeshire, and the work has been started under favourable circumstances. Mr. S. G. Green has been appointed colporteur, and there is reason to hope that a really useful and prosperous work will be carried on.

A new Home District will be started almost immediately, under the superintendence of the Secretary. The spiritual needs of Southwark and Newington are very great, and it is felt that there is no more suitable locality than around the Depot for carrying on Colportage work. Mr. T. M. Mead, an experienced and successful colporteur, is being transferred from Kent for this special work; and having had a London training, and a little experience in the locality to be occupied, the brightest anticipations are entertained that a substantial and fruitful work will be carried on from this central position. At present, about half of the first year's guarantee money is in hand; and the Secretary, who has guaranteed the necessary £50, is looking to residents in the neighbourhood to assist in completing the full amount.

A welcome parcel of clothing has been received from A. B. T., the receipt of which the Ladies' Working Society desires to acknowledge with warmest thanks. Further gifts of clothing, including overcoats for the colporteurs, will be very acceptable.

All parcels should be addressed to the Secretary of the Society, Pastors' College, Temple Street, London, S.E.

* * * * *
Miscellaneous Matters.

Our good brother, Mr. Weekes, of Wyndham Road, Camberwell, gives us good news regarding his Mission to Lifeboat-men. During twelve months, he has been able to send to these brave fellows no less than 700 Marked Testaments, and 4,630 sermons. He has abundant evidence that they have been appreciated, and blessed. He gratefully acknowledges receiving £10 7s. 6d., and 683 sermons. We hope he will be further encouraged in so good a work.

From the office of the China Inland Mission, there has been issued a penny booklet, entitled "Found Faithful,"—a brief memorial of Mrs. Hudson Taylor, by Mrs. Howard Taylor. The honoured lady's bright and useful career is sympathetically sketched, and then a short account is given of her last illness and home-going. The Lord graciously comfort all the members of the bereaved family and Mission!

The 29th Report of the Children's Auxiliary of the Medical Missionary Association records the continued progress of this interesting work. The branches are mostly called by the names of flowers,—Bluebells, Forget-me-nots, Daffodils, Daisies, Lilies, Roses, etc. Particulars can be ob-

tained of Miss Annie R. Butler, 49, Highbury Park, London, N.

The work of the Bible Translation Society appeals especially to Baptists, but it should have the sympathy and support of all who desire the circulation of pure versions of the Word of God. While various foreign fields are whitening unto the harvest, it seems a pity that the Committee is hampered for lack of funds, as the new Annual Report states:—

"The fact is, the ordinary income of the Society is distinctly inadequate to the requirements of its work, and it needs to be doubled,—to be raised from one to two thousand pounds. It is for the Baptist Churches at home to say if they will give this enlarged help to uphold a work peculiarly their own. There need be no burdensome effort if all will bear a part; if givers of small sums, and others, if possible, will increase their contributions; if collectors will take care that, year by year, there is growth instead of diminution in the amount remitted; if the agents of the Society will break up fresh ground, and spread more widely the knowledge of its work and claims, the required sum will be forthcoming. Many *are* doing worthy and excellent work, but it is necessary that these should 'abound more and more,' and that others should come to their aid."

Contributions will be gratefully received by the Secretary, Rev. P. G. Scorey, 19, Furnival Street, London, E.C.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from September 15th to October 14th, 1904.

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Collection at Hunslet Tabernacle, per Pastor A. E. Greening	3 17 3	Collection at Worthing Baptist Chapel, per Pastor W. D. Ross, B.Sc.	5 10 0
Pastor A. E. Greening	1 0 0	" N. B."	25 0 0
Mr. T. Thornton, per Pastor A. E. Greening	0 10 0	Mr. W. Pitcher	1 0 0
Collection at Sunnyside Baptist Chapel, Rawtenstall, per Pastor R. M. Hunter	0 9 11	" Ashford "	1 0 0
Pastor Charles Spurgeon	25 0 0	Collection and Weekly Offerings at Metropolitan Tabernacle	28 5 4
Mr. E. H. Edwards	2 0 0		
Mr. J. Wilson	1 10 0		
			<u>£95 0 6</u>

Pastors' College Missionary Association.

Statement of Receipts from September 15th to October 14th, 1904.

	£ s. d.
For Christ's sake	0 2 6

The Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from September 14th to October 14th, 1904.

		£	s.	d.			£	s.	d.
Mr. J. Williams	0	2	6	Miss Burnell	2	0	0
Miss E. Kewer	0	10	0	Mrs. L. C. Glasier	1	1	0
Mrs. Smith	0	5	0	Mrs. Chapman	1	0	0
Mrs. Ewart, per Mrs. B. Miggins	1	0	0	Mr. J. Pearson	1	0	0
Mrs. B. Miggins	1	0	0	Mrs. S. Willcox	0	10	0
Collected by Miss Stevens	0	16	6	Mr. P. Norman	0	5	0
Mr. B. Whitworth	0	10	0	Mrs. S. Robinson	0	5	0
Miss A. E. Osborn; "In memory of dear father"	5	0	0	Mr. T. Dawes	0	5	0
Harvest thanksgiving service, Stow- upland Congregational Church, per Mr. T. E. Carter	1	4	0	Mrs. and Miss Ryder	0	3	8
Mr. C. Hooper	0	7	0	Rev. S. R. Young	0	2	6
Mr. A. Powell	0	10	0	Stamps, Aylesbury	0	1	0
Mr. G. H. Holt	1	1	0	Stamps, Tunbridge Wells	0	0	3
Mr. W. Fox, sen., part of the Lord's tenth	1	10	0	Miss Spurgeon	0	2	0
Skegness Baptist Chapel, per Miss Staynes (Christmas dinner-table collection)	0	18	9	Devonshire Square Baptist Sunday- school, Stoke Newington, per Mr. A. J. Shepherd	5	10	0
Postal order, Devonshire Street, W.	1	0	0	Mr. W. Woolidge	0	5	0
Lavender Hill Congregational Sun- day-school, Clapham, per Mr. W. Clement	1	1	0	Anon, Postal-order, Hatton Garden	0	2	6
Rev. G. Hughes	1	0	0	Rev. W. May, in loving memory of C. H. S.	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Fryer	0	14	0	Mr. S. Cornish	0	2	0
Mr. A. W. Sutton	1	1	0	Mr. G. Pedley	2	2	0
Belle Isle Bible-class, per Mr. W. Edwick	2	0	0	Mr. E. Chitty	2	2	0
A friend of the late C. H. Spurgeon	25	0	0	Mr. R. Baxter Booth	2	2	0
Collected by the late Mr. H. B. Dry	0	0	4	Mr. H. Lee Rutter	2	0	0
Mrs. Collin	1	0	0	Mr. C. Frean	1	1	0
Mr. J. Batten	0	10	0	Miss H. Fennell	1	1	0
Miss M. Hayward	0	10	0	Mr. S. Laurie	1	0	0
Stamps, Waterbeach	0	1	0	Mr. C. Voysey	1	0	0
For Christ's sake, Postal order, Ardrihaig	0	10	0	Mrs. Yates	0	10	6
Mr. S. Popplestone	1	0	0	E. J., a widow's mite	0	10	0
Mrs. E. H. Edwards	2	0	0	Miss A. Brown	0	10	0
A few friends at Earley, per Miss S. Bolland	0	10	0	Mr. S. B. Pumpfrey	0	10	0
Mr. Hoult	0	10	0	Mr. A. C. Malley	0	5	0
Collected at Mr. Humphrey's Anti- infidel meeting on Peckham Rye, per Mr. A. Haile	12	1	3	Miss H. Stacey	0	5	0
Mr. George Siggs	3	3	0	Miss A. M. Shaw	0	5	0
Mrs. Southernwood	0	2	0	Stamps, Arundel	0	1	6
Mr. Jas. Wilson	0	15	0	Per Mrs. Charlesworth:—				
Collected by Mr. H. Pope	0	2	7	Messrs. Pocock Bros.	2	2	0
Mr. J. Marshall	1	1	0	Mr. W. W. Thompson	2	2	0
Miss C. Guy	5	0	0					
Miss L. E. Whitfield	5	0	0	Miss Letchworth	4	4	0
Mr. J. H. Day	1	1	0	Mrs. M. Gavet	1	0	0
Mr. M. H. F. Sutton, per Mr. J. A. Barrett	1	1	0	Mr. J. Wilson	0	10	6
Mr. T. T. Nesbitt	0	10	0	Miss G. Bell	0	2	6
Mr. T. Stark	0	5	0	Mr. W. Barker	0	5	0
A friend, Nuneaton	0	5	0	Mrs. and Miss F. W. Hay	0	3	0
Miss Parkinson	0	5	0	Mr. J. Rowlands	0	2	6
Mrs. E. S. Taylor	0	5	0	Mr. A. James	0	2	6
Mr. F. Watkins	0	5	0	Pastor A. J. Parker	0	2	6
Mr. T. G. Thomas	0	2	6	Mr. Ll. Thomas	0	2	0
Mr. S. J. Elvin	0	2	6	Collected by Mrs. R. C. Allen	0	6	0
Postal order, Cheadle, Manchester	0	1	6	Collected by Miss N. Lamb	0	4	0
Master F. R. Linsell	0	1	6	Mrs. H. Storm	0	2	6
Stamps, Sudbury, Suffolk	0	1	0	Mr. D. Davies	1	0	0
Stamps, Macclesfield	0	0	6	Mrs. Fordham	0	3	0
Collected by Mr. J. Gray	0	6	6	Postal order, Dunstable	0	2	6
Miss B. Sampson	0	1	0	Collected by Mr. D. Hawkins	2	8	0
Mr. A. H. Sly	2	2	0	Collected by Mr. W. Brazier	0	2	6
Miss A. Furse	1	0	0	Mr. W. G. Cole	0	5	0
Mr. H. C. Edwards	0	5	0	Mr. T. G. Green	1	1	0
Mr. W. J. Hieron	0	2	6	Mr. and Mrs. J. Alexander	1	0	0
Mr. Jas. F. Pullar	25	0	0	Mr. J. D. Barrett	0	5	0
Mr. J. Storey	1	0	0	Mr. W. Hawley	10	0	0
					Mrs. Bousema, "A tenth from the Bush," per Miss E. H. Thorne	1	10	0
					Mrs. H. M. Simons	1	1	0
					Mr. S. Young	1	1	0
					Vernon Baptist Sunday-school, King's Cross, per Mr. E. T. Salmon	1	0	0
					Mr. J. E. Perraton	1	0	0
					Mr. J. W. Bessant (Christmas dinner-table collection)	0	8	6
					Mr. G. Tolley	0	10	0

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Billingsley Colliery, near Bridg-		Mr. E. P. Woodson	1 11 6
north, per Mr. G. Tolley	0 2 0	Executors of the late Mr. Opie	1 0 0
Mr. E. Reynolds	0 2 0	Rodway	100 0 0
Mr. J. Patmore	0 2 0	Executors of the late Mrs. Sabina	
Collected by Mrs. Parker	0 2 0	Tomkins	90 0 0
Sandwell, per Bankers	2 2 0	MEETINGS BY MR. CHARLESWORTH	
Mr. T. Field	0 5 0	AND THE ORPHANAGE CHOIR:—	
Mrs. R. Warner	0 10 0	Hitherfield Road Mission, Streatham,	
Miss Dunn	2 2 0	per Mrs. D. Campbell	2 2 0
Mrs. Dexter	1 0 0	Boxmoor and district, per Mr. A.	
Mrs. Sellar	1 1 0	Marnham	80 10 0
Mr. G. W. Slater	0 10 6	Eltham Baptist Chapel	3 8 1
Mr. A. Le Poidevin	0 4 0	ELECTRIC LIGHTING FUND:—	
A country minister	0 5 0	Mrs. M. A. Stringer	0 2 6
Mr. J. Mee	0 5 0	Mrs. A. Cox	1 1 0
Mr. F. C. Peel	2 0 0	Mr. Jas. F. Pullar	10 0 0
Mr. Morris	0 2 0	Mr. J. Storey	1 0 0
Mrs. Mudge	0 5 0	Mrs. Lane	2 0 0
Bank of England note, Stoke New-		Miss Kirk	1 0 0
ington	5 0 0	Mrs. L. A. Jeffries	1 0 0
The Trustees of The Delmar Charit-		Miss G. Bell	0 2 6
able Trust, per Messrs. Kerly and		Mr. J. Patmore	0 0 6
Sons	5 5 0	Miss Mayers	0 5 0
Mr. J. G. Taylor	1 1 0	Mrs. Harding	0 10 6
Postal order, Brechin	0 1 6	Mr. J. G. Taylor	1 1 0
Mr. R. C. Roblason	2 0 0	Mr. T. Birch	0 2 6
Mrs. J. Terry	0 5 0	Mr. W. Nicholls	0 2 6
Mr. E. Laphorn	2 2 0	SEASIDE HOME, MARGATE:—	
Miss Green	0 4 0	Mrs. E. Bonnett	0 6 6
Mr. D. Rippett	0 2 6	Mr. G. Sell	0 5 0
Mr. J. Funnell	0 2 6	Mrs. R. Fell	0 10 0
Miss M. Morrell	0 2 0	Mrs. S. A. Dowle	0 10 0
Miss Bennett	0 1 6	Mr. H. C. Edwards	0 5 0
Rev. G. H. Rouse, M.A., D.D.	2 0 0	Mrs. Whiting	0 2 6
Mr. W. Paid	1 1 0	Miss G. Bell	0 2 6
Westbury Leigh Baptist C.E.		Mrs. E. Bousfield	1 1 0
Society, per Pastor E. Ashton	0 5 0	Mr. A. Le Poidevin	0 2 0
Orphan Boys' Collecting Cards, as		Mr. J. G. Taylor	1 1 0
per second list	11 6 0		
Orphan Girls' Collecting Cards, as			
per second list	11 0 1		
			£528 9 6

ORPHAN BOYS' COLLECTING CARDS (SECOND LIST):—Buss, H., 12s; Boots, S., £1 1s; Bothamley, J., 2s 9d; Baldwin, S., 4s 6d; Balcombe, C., 2s; Beazley, H. J., 17s; Buckle, C., 1s; Campbell, T., 5s; Ellacott, E., 6s 10d; Fulton, B., 5s; Gaylor, W., 10s; Graham, H., £1 1s; Galton, R., 7s; Hards, P., 1s; Jolly, S. M., 4s 5d; Locke, S. A., 18s 6d; Maisey, H., 4s; Mitchell, A., 13s; Norrie, H., 2s 6d; Northcott, P., £1 1s; Quaife, F., 18s 6d; Smith, J., 1s; Tilley, G., 5s; Weller, H., 7s; Webb, E., 15s.—Total, £11 6s.

ORPHAN GIRLS' COLLECTING CARDS (SECOND LIST):—Bolton, A., 8s; Cole, M., 12s; Cooper, M., 7s; Cross, V., £1 1s; Dempsey, F., 3s; Edwards, M., 9s 6d; Fields, D., 5s; Fossey, A., 5s; Gaylor, C., £1 1s; Haylock, F., 1s 6d; Kensett, M., 2s 8d; Mitchell, J., 3s 6d; Merrifield, E. and M., 7s 1d; Maytum, G., 2s 6d; Martin, G., £1; Oates, G., 10s 6d; Plumley, W., 9s 6d; Price, V., 3s; Pike, L., 18s; Rawlings, A., 4s; Sawyer, L., 4s; Taylor, N., 10s; Thomas, R., 5s; Wooldridge, E., 6s 4d; Williams, M., 6s; Williams, Maggie, 15s.—Total £11 0s. 1d.

LIST OF PRESENTS RECEIVED FROM SEPTEMBER 14TH TO OCTOBER 14TH, 1904.

PROVISIONS:—33 Rabbits, Mr. C. Dewar; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Sir A. Seale Haslam; bag of Apples, Mr. W. Jones; 1 cwt. Blacking, Messrs. Carr and Sons; 2 casks Apples, Mr. W. I. Graham; 224 lbs. Rice, Mr. J. L. Potier; 6 boxes Apples, Mr. Samuel Barrow; basket of Bullaces, Anon.

PROCEEDS OF HARVEST THANKSGIVING SERVICES:—Dunsford Mission, per Mr. Samuel Barrow; Stowupland Congregational Church, per Mr. E. Carter; Westbury Avenue Baptist Church, per Rev. F. Horace Newton; Forest Green Congregational Church, per Mr. G. Woodward; Ewhurst Congregational Chapel, per Mr. G. Woodward; Cheam Baptist Chapel, per Mr. E. Cox; Palmer's Green Mission, per Mr. G. Dudley; North Cheam Baptist Chapel, per Mr. E. Plercey; Union Chapel, Crockenhill, per Rev. J. H. Marshall; Green Street Green Baptist Chapel, per Mr. J. M. Higgs; East Finchley Baptist Chapel, per Pastor J. J. Bristow; Chitterne Baptist Chapel, per Mr. F. Maldmatn; Raleigh Park Baptist Chapel, per Pastor F. M. Smith.

GIRLS' CLOTHING:—18 Articles (girls' and boys'), Mrs. Wilson; 61 Articles (girls' and boys'), Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 29 Articles, Cheam Baptist Working Society, per Mrs. E. Cox; 1 Article, Mrs. R. Oakley; 4 Articles, Miss M. Reeder; 22 Articles (girls' and boys'), Tonbridge Working Meeting, per Mrs. Stockbridge; 19 Articles (girls' and boys'), Miss Baker; 4 Articles, Mrs. Penney; 13 Articles (girls' and boys'), Miss Daniell and friends; 2 Worn Articles, Anon.

BOYS' CLOTHING:—28 Knitted Ties, Mrs. L. Eyres; 6 Shirts, Anon.

GENERAL:—41 vols. "Sunday at Home," Mr. W. J. Smith; 75 yards Gravel, Messrs. Wills and Packham; 1 Bedspread, Mrs. Overbury.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from September 15th to October 14th, 1904.

DISTRICT SUBSCRIPTIONS:—		£ s. d.	Mrs. Morton	£ s. d.
Maldon, per Mr. W. F. Kelsey	2	10	0	0
East Dereham, per Mr. T. Phillips	11	5	0	0
Ealing, per Mr. A. J. Young	11	5	0	0
Sellindge, per Mr. W. G. Tester	0	12	6	0
Barrow, per Mr. S. J. Harwood	11	5	0	0
Mendlesham, per Mr. S. J. Harwood	12	10	0	0
High Wycombe, per Mr. H. W. Hooper	11	5	0	0
Minchinhampton, per Messrs. P. C. Evans and Sons	20	0	0	0
Melksham, per Mrs. H. Keevil	11	5	0	0
New Southwark District:—				
Colonel R. Parry Nisbet, C.I.E.	10	0	0	0
Pastor Thos. Spurgeon ..	5	0	0	0
Mr. A. S. Tatnell	5	0	0	0
Mr. Joseph Everett	1	1	0	0
Mrs. S. Wigney	1	0	0	0
Mr. S. P. Catterson	1	0	0	0
Mr. G. D. Stapleford	0	10	0	0
	23	11	0	0
	£105	8	6	0
AGED COLPORTEURS' FUND:—		£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Mr. E. Rawlings		5	5	0
				£27 15 6

Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon's Book Fund.

Statement of Receipts from September 15th to October 14th, 1904.

		£ s. d.	Mrs. B., "Tenth from the Bush" <th style="text-align: right;">£ s. d.</th>	£ s. d.
Miss H., Ashley Down	0	5	0	10
Mrs. S., "In memoriam"	2	2	0	8
Mrs. E., Longsight	1	0	0	1
"N. B."	5	0	0	0
Miss S. H. B., Harrington	2	10	0	0
				£13 15 0

Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon's Pastors' Aid Fund.

Statement of Receipts from September 15th to October 14th, 1904.

	£ s. d.
Mrs. L., Woodside	0 5 0

Gifts of Clothing:—Miss G. E. T., Glenhurst; Anon., New Croydon; Mrs. H., Crosshills; Miss B., Thornton Heath; Mrs. O., Forest Hill; Mrs. L., Woodside.

Contributions in aid of "Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon's Book and Pastors' Aid Funds" should be sent to Miss E. H. Thorne, addressed (for the present), "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, 1904.

Souls Ruined by Unfaithful Ministers.

A PRAYER-MEETING ADDRESS, BY C. H. SPURGEON.



WANT you, dear friends, as the orphans are here to-night, to offer special prayer for them, and for all children. At the church-meeting downstairs, we have had some very delightful testimonies from our young friends who have told us what the Lord has done for their souls, and this should encourage us to pray for the conversion of the orphans before they leave the Institution, and of all our children while they are yet young. It is of the utmost importance that our young friends should know the Lord early in life, and that they should really know Him;—that it should be no sham work with them, but a true, solid, saving operation of the Holy Spirit upon their hearts.

I hope there are none here who are, or ever will be, like the writer of a letter that I am going to read to you. It has come to me from the very centre of Germany, and this is a translation of it:—

“In great trouble I write to you as my condition is unbearable. I cannot pray. Until my fifteenth year, I was quite devoted to my Saviour, and often prayed a whole night; but then came blasphemous thoughts, about which I consulted our clergyman, who advised me to go to a place of amusement, and dance. I obeyed, and found more and more pleasure in dancing, and thus got into all the snares of the devil. I spent my money in dancing and licentiousness, thinking this no sin, as also no preacher warned me. Thus I lived many years until, on a sudden, I was startled, and felt all the tortures of conscience by day and night. When I pray, a voice seems to say, ‘It is of no use, you will never be saved.’ Sometimes, it is as if Satan would tear out my tongue. I am sixty-seven years of age, and the thought of going in this state into eternity makes the measure of my sufferings full. I

have heard much of your faith, as I have much intercourse with Baptists; and firmly hope God will help me by you. Please pray with your Church for me. May I ask an answer?

“Yours respectfully,
“_____.”

Poor soul! Now, there is a case in which the unfaithfulness of a German minister is responsible for the ruin of a soul, unless the Lord, by His grace, shall prevent it. You see, dear brethren, what we may yet come to in England. In Germany, there was once a believing Church, and the Gospel was faithfully preached both by the Lutherans and the Calvinists; but the ministers have been led aside by the heresies of “modern thought”, until, in their criticisms of the Bible, they have cast a doubt upon well-nigh every truth which God has revealed; and the result is that the German nation is rapidly becoming an unbelieving nation. There is a faithful remnant left, according to the election of grace, and they know and fear the Lord; but many of the so-called ministers of the Gospel have stamped true religion out in Germany so far as it was possible. The devil has found none to do his service better than those who were supposed to be ministers of Christ;—I say this coolly and deliberately;—and I believe that, at this moment, in England as well as in Germany, more real injury is being done to the cause of Christ by some professed preachers of the Gospel, and certain religious newspapers, than by all the infidels put together; and unless God, in His infinite mercy, prevents it, we shall be completely over-run by these enemies of the cross of Christ.

Many of these men are very crafty; they dare not openly deny the Gospel, and they even use many of the same expressions that we use, but they give a different meaning to them, and so rob them of their real value. One thing has gone, and another thing is going; there will soon be little left, for these critics, like rats which gnaw the piles of a building, seem to be eating away the very pillars of the palace of truth. May the Lord speedily make a clearance of them! Otherwise, we shall presently find ourselves in the same condition as the people in Germany are in; already fewer people go to places of worship, in proportion to the population, than used to go. This is not to be wondered at while the ministers tell the people that there is no hell, and that, even though they live in sin, it will be all the same with them in the end, for everybody is to be finally restored. When we get this sort of teaching from the pulpit, we cannot be surprised if the people say that there is nothing in religion. I pray that the Lord may raise up, all over the country, honest preachers of the Gospel, and that we, as a Church, may be “steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as we know that our labour is not in vain in the Lord.” May these dear children never be tempted to imbibe false doctrine, or to suppose that there is any true pleasure in sin; but may they be kept from folly, and be taught to know the Lord, for the ways of wisdom are pleasantness, and all her paths are peace!

The Child Time.

CHRISTMAS is the child time. We owe all its homely glow and charm to the "holy child Jesus." Because Jesus was born in Bethlehem, we hang the holly in our houses, draw around the Christmas fire, and sing the Christmas song,—after over nineteen hundred years. Christmas is the festival of Christ. From that stable-chamber, in a little Eastern town, where the young child lay, has come down to us all that is beautiful and best of Yule-tide, all its music of bells, all its holy mirth, all its gracious friendliness, all its thoughtful kindness, all its youthful rapture, and every note of its distinctive singing. It is the child time of the year, and a little child leads us into all its warm and kindling joys.

The word "jolly" comes to us from Yule, through the French. It is a good word,—a Christmas word. "Jolly!" It is a word good to speak, and good to hear. There is laughter in it,—full deep laughter, and suggestions of great good cheer. It is not a word that Gabriel Grub would care for, and it is a word that is excluded from the vocabulary of the super-refined; but it is not a word that we can spare, since its original reference is to the festivities of Christmas.

Christmas is the child time, and child time is jolly, or should be. It is good, therefore, to keep up the observance of Christmas, if only to be reminded of the happiness of a true child heart. *That* is the inwardness of Yule-tide.

For it was winter when Jesus came,—winter on the world without, and winter on the world within. Indeed, in the hearts of men and women, it was all the year winter,—bereft, and dark, and cold. The heaviness and loneliness of age were in the thoughts of men. The ruling passion was pleasure,—always a sign of decay; and the ruling power was the sway of the sword. But child joy, child freshness, and fervour, and song;—no, they were not there. It was winter, in the sense of coldness, and hardness, and great weariness. Not more desolate was a night wind in winter than the lonely sighings of the human heart when Jesus came.

He came,—a little child,—into the world's wintry heart, to teach it to forget its gloom and cold in the warmth and light of an infinite love. He came to kindle, on the world's melancholy hearth, a fire that should never burn out;—to spread, in the world's bleak banquet-chamber, a feast of joy and gladness beyond all its dreams. And He came,—a little child,—to restore the world's wonder-time,—its time of worship, its time of singing, its time of happy play.

"It is written, "a little child shall lead them." How deep a truth is there! There are men of the wolf, the lion, and the leopard nature, whom no man can bind;—no, not with chains; because they have been often bound with fetters and chains, and the chains have been plucked asunder by them, and the fetters broken in pieces; neither can any man tame them. There have been tried this means and that,—means gentle and means desperate; and there has been, perchance, the promise of success for a time. But the wild nature within has broken all bands, revealing itself, at last, for what it really is. With fire and guns such natures can be driven; but *led*,—only "a little child shall

lead them," or a man with the child-like heart. It will be found, in the men whom God has most greatly blessed to the blessing of others, that, whatever their intellectual equipment has been, their most abounding attribute has been the grace of a child-like spirit;—a certain large, unconscious simplicity, with a freshness and youthfulness of outlook and bearing, which have won their way where a masterful will, or mere cleverness, would utterly have failed. It was not for nothing that the Master took a little child, and set him in the midst of the disciples, and said, "Verily I say unto you, except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."

The fact is, when our life is caught up into the life of our Lord; we become new creatures. We are "born again." We grow younger with the increasing years. "Old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new." There is new light in the morning, new fragrance in the flowers, new restfulness in the night, new meanings in work, in prayer, in grief, in gladness, in silence, in love, in the shadow of death. We are "one with Him"—oh, amazing words!—who has the dew of His youth. He is "from everlasting to everlasting;" He is "the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever;"—and He has the dew of His youth. There is no age in His love,—in His power. So it is that His words of long ago still "drop as the rain," and "distil as the dew, as the small rain upon the tender herb, and as the showers upon the grass."

Here, right in our path, are the hard, aging facts of life, the costly experiences which we hardly ever name;—and here also, right in our path, and in the midst of the years, is the bright and winsome Christmas message, "Unto us a child is born." Which has the greater appeal,—the hard circumstance, or the eternal vision?—the world, or Christ? If the world, then, indeed, life can grow very old before the years are many, and the most hopeful heart be beaten back to the earth, like a bird with a broken wing. That moan of desolation, in the Book of Job, how modern it is! "Wherefore is light given to him that is in misery, and life unto the bitter in soul; which long for death, but it cometh not; and dig for it more than for hid treasures; which rejoice exceedingly, and are glad, when they can find the grave?" This longing to hide away from life's hurt and evil can come to be an overwhelming hunger; and what wonder, then, if the sense of age and weariness takes the ruling place?

But even apart from exceptional and desolating experiences, there is an atmosphere of gloom which is fast spreading through our literature; and if literature be an interpretation of the common life, heaviness of heart is general.

There are young men so old,—so depressingly old,—quite decrepit in thought and outlook;—young men with the bearing of one "born tired." They are not ill; they carry no stern responsibilities; they have almost all that heart could wish; "the burden and heat of the day" have no sharp meanings for them yet; but their self-consciousness has become a disease, which is eating up their naturalness and strength. Life is a pose, not a power;—an affectation, not a service;—a dream that never condescends to do anything. And they are old,

so old! Perhaps, when the years of youth are gone, "like ships that pass in the night," they will feel how immense were the opportunities of life and service,—how very good it is to be alive when there is strength to dare and do "for the sake of the Name."

The world or Christ,—which? The answer to this question determines whether life shall descend from gloom to gloom, or grow in hope, and gladness, and fruitful endeavour. For, when we walk with Him who has the dew of His youth, it is not possible that our heart should grow old. He takes all terror from the encroaching years, and, in the love that casts out fear, the heart keeps young. The Epistles of John the aged are as fresh as a mountain spring; the wisdom of God finds expression in these Epistles in language understood of a child; it is a child heart speaking there,—a child of God.

It was reported, of a great religious assembly in Scotland, that nothing was more impressive than "the youthfulness of the veterans." Quite so. There is a very suggestive sequence of thought in the one hundred and third Psalm: "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; who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's." Goodness, forgiveness, healing, salvation, crowning mercy, entire satisfaction, *a young heart*. How the music beats and thrills as it rises to this wonderful climax, "so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's"!

There had been a day when the singer sang not so bravely: "I watch, and am as a sparrow alone upon the housetop." That day, the song was but a chirp and a twitter, such a lonely little soul seemed he. But now, hark!—it is the sound of the beating of great wings, a rushing, soaring flight, up and up, far beyond the heights climbed by the lark, up above the clouds, up into the blue,—

"Close to the sun in lonely lands."

"Thy youth is renewed like the eagle's." The power to soar is restored to thee; thou shalt know the freedom of the heights and the cloudless air; thou shalt be upheld where no tracks are save God's; thou shalt have thy joyous, unfettered life where clouds are not, and where the hunter's arrow cannot reach.

Don't grow old. The heart bowed down shall be young again, like the heart of a little child. World-weariness shall melt, like mists in the East at the coming of the morning. Child heart is morning heart. "The glory of the Lord came into the house by the way of the gate whose prospect is towards the East."

Don't grow old. Thy Lord is not old; He has the dew of His youth. He would have thee as a child; nay, thou canst not enter the kingdom of heaven until thou art a child again, "for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Don't grow old. Let not the world have thy heart; let not its commerce, its cleverness, its cynicism enthral thee. The world will break thy heart, even the world that is moral and respectable. It will fail thee in thy hour of need; it will not want thee when thou

aiest. It has no love for sorrow and tears; it is dumb to pain and prayer. The world will break thee on its wheel when thy strength is spent, and forget thee in less than a day. Hearts are old because these things are so.

Don't grow old. In other words, let Him have thy life whose very heart is Love. Let Him smooth the lines from thy clouded brow; let Him kindle the love-light in thy weary eyes; let Him sing His song in the halls of thy heart; and thou shalt not grow old;—no, not if the tale of thy years shall exceed the allotted span, and thou art left alone, bereft of all the friends of thy youth;—no, not if thy griefs are multiplied beyond the measure of thy strength, and thou seest "an end of all perfection." Thou shalt not grow old even in exile; thou shalt have "the grand Apocalypse" when thou art dead to the world. "It shall come to pass, that at evening time it shall be light."

And so, sweeter than music of bells across the snow is the message of Christmas: "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

"O song of the bright, bright angels, breaking the midnight gloom!
O song that was born of the Father's grace to charm His children
home!
Our heart has lost its winter, its sadness, and its pain;
Our heart is warm with the gentle Christ, and we are young again!"

F. A. JACKSON.

A Letter from Father Christmas

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE SWORD AND THE TROWEL."

GOOD SIR,
I pray you accept herewith respectful greeting. Your periodical hath not escaped my notice, and oftentimes have I found delight in tasting of its sweets. I trust it savoureth not of presumption that I assure you of my sincere goodwill.

But I have been too long in prefacing to what I intended forthwith to have fallen upon. Let me therefore straightway tell you that I am minded to visit that most excellent Institution, THE STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE, in the month of December, in this year of grace 1904, on or about the twenty-sixth day of the month, in such state and style as befitteth the festive season.

Moreover, I do you to wit that it is my intent, if I be not let in the matter; to dispense such gifts to the lads and lassies as will, if I mistake not, make glad their little hearts.

Now, I can no way secure such delicacies as I have set my hopes upon, save as I am helped of others, seeing that I myself am so impoverished that my basket is well-nigh empty. Desire is strong within me to be heavily laden with fruit, and sweets, and bonbons, and beef, and pudding, and other creature comforts. Let no man fear to load me, for, albeit I am well stricken in years, my shoulders are still strong.

These children dear have welcomed me erewhile. How the welkin rang with their merry shouts! Methinks I hear them now. If my memory deceiveth me not, Providence hath blessed the bairns not with sound lungs alone, but with prodigious appetites to boot, and I would have them to be satisfied.

Peradventure, certain of your amiable readers, good Sir,—did you but see your way to make request of them,—would forward to your kind care their gifts, that the children (my dear loves to them all!) may be regaled, and that the widows, their mothers, may be of good comfort concerning them.

Of these little ones, I say truly that they are worthy to be loved, if for this cause only, that their fathers are no more; but I can bear witness that they themselves are good children, having learned to behave themselves aright, whereof right heartily those their teachers are to be thanked.

I have been bold to call upon you, you see, and to beg at the hands of your friends. If, of their mercifulness, they will commit to your trust the wherewithal to lay in of most desirable things a goodly store, my happiness will over-run my cup.

But the post calls, and therefore I must conclude. I question not that I shall hear of this matter from you presently. Fare you well!

I am,

Your humble servant,

FATHER CHRISTMAS.

* * * *

We hasten to assure our esteemed correspondent that we are of one mind with him in this matter, and that we will gladly receive, as of yore, special donations for the approaching festivities. As the old gentleman is likely to be very busy in a few weeks' time, we venture to suggest that contributions be forwarded as soon as possible, addressed to the Secretary, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London.—EDITOR.

Facts and Figures for Temperance Workers.

"I ASK you,—how long do you working-men intend to be the dupes, the tools, and the slaves of the liquor trade?"—SIR WILFRID LAWSON, M.P.

"The Chinese, in their cheaply-illustrated newspapers, picture the European as a drunkard holding a bottle of whisky."—M. LE PASTEUR HENRI ANET, M.A., B.D.

"The drinking habits of the poor, in every climate, had contributed to their political dependence, industrial bondage, civic inferiority, and domestic misery."—JOHN BURNS, M.P.

"We shall never get real Temperance reform until Churchmen, from Bishops downwards, make up their minds to do without the brewers' money."—MR. EMERY, quoted by CANON HICKS.

"The little town where I live (in Belgium,) counts 6,000 inhabitants and 250 public-houses; all the houses of the large Town-hall square are pot-houses without any exception."—PASTEUR ANET.

"The publicans are, with the priests, the real rulers of Belgium, all the elections being made at the confessional or in the public-houses."—PASTEUR ANET.

(Is this the key to the Congo atrocities?)

"London had 16,500 policemen. But for drink, they could do with 5,000. Of these 16,500 policemen, 1,655 were, last year, assaulted by drunken men, 68 were bitten by mad dogs, and 40 were injured by runaway horses, proving that mad dogs and runaway horses were nothing like so dangerous as drunken men."—JOHN BURNS, M.P.

"There is one way of raising a good deal of money before we tax the bread of the people. Let us have the full monopoly value of these licences. Their holders have had them for next to nothing in the days that are past; let us make them pay their full monopoly value; and when we have done that,—and we shall not require the sanction of the House of Lords for that,—it will go into the Budget."—MR. T. W. RUSSELL, M.P.

"The appetite for 'red herrings', in this country, is enormous, and the supply is unfailling; and what grand scheme the politician may dangle before our eyes before the next election comes, I cannot say. But whatever happens, I ask the working-men to keep their eyes fixed on the liquor traffic, and to keep to weapons, with which they may overthrow England's most pressing enemy."—SIR WILFRID LAWSON, M.P.

"In Sweden, the consumption of spirits, containing 50 per cent. of alcohol, in 1830, was 46 litres, and in 1890, six litres per head. The percentage of rejection of conscripts, in 1845, was 34.46, and in 1885, 19.61. In France, the consumption of proof spirits, containing 50 per cent. of alcohol, in 1830, was 2.2 litres per head; in 1898, it had risen to 10.16 litres; the rejection of conscripts was 21 per cent. in 1830, and in 1895, it had risen to 32 per cent."—Interdepartmental Commission on Physical Deterioration (France).

JOHN BURNS, M.P., recently said that "he appealed to every workman to decree that liquor was useless, and dangerous, and ought to be abolished. It dissipated character as no other form of surfeit did. . . . The drink sterilized that holy discontent which, but for liquor, would take a more practical form in securing the amelioration of the conditions of the people. They were promised from 2d. to 2½d., per family, per week, to tax bread from abroad. Why did they not do it more quickly and more wisely? They could gain 5s. to 6s. per week by leaving off beer at home."

Green Pastures.

BY H. T. SPUFFORD, F.L.S.

XII.—"THOU REMAINEST."

I WRITE the last of these sketches on an autumn day, with the end of the year in view. It is ten years ago that, sitting on a gate, on another autumn day, I wrote "Peeps from an Invalid's Window,"—the first of the articles on Nature and Life that have appeared through all the subsequent years in this Magazine. That first autumn day seems now almost in another existence. The events which have crowded in have pushed it far back. Yet ten years is not, after all, a very long time.

But where are they who peopled the circle at the beginning? Time, the unscrupulous Remover of landmarks, has been over all the scene, beckoning away the keepers of the borders, and emptying utterly the seats of the mighty. So, at the end of ten years, I sit among memories, as the yellow leaves fall slowly to the earth;—memories of "Westwood," as 'it was soon after C. H. Spurgeon's "home-going";—the study almost as he left it; the chairs, the very pens, the revolving bookcase, the shelves, filled with treasured volumes;—the conservatories with his favourite foliage plants,—leaves of all hues, pea green, olive, silver, gold, and terra cotta;—the house permeated with associations of its great master, whom you felt you would not be surprised to meet as you passed from room to room. And memories on memories as one wrote under the spell of those years;—ministers' fraternals rose from the dead, P'uritan meeting-houses, hidden away up forgotten lanes, were re-peopled, till at last, far back, the first Wycliffe preacher could be descried, walking over the Chiltern Hills.

Now I sit on a garden seat in the pleasance I once wrote about. The owners are far away, and the flowers are memories. A few blackened stalks of foxgloves, the bursting seed-vessels of the evening primrose, bedraggled nasturtiums, fallen leaves of the red maple fill in the picture. No more does the Lady of the Garden put on her gloves, and trim the rough edgings of a man's work,—woman's legitimate vocation. And I, well, I am left, with only memories for a theme. The privet berries are glossy black, the yew hedge berries are red, the sweet briar hides its thorns behind its blushes, the leaves of many plants have deepened into the hues and rusts of metals. What are these but proofs that the year is dying? Let it die. Why keep it lingering out a fungus existence? As soon as it is buried, over its very grave the renewing forces, let loose by the unchanging One, will begin to work.

* * * *

Am I without a theme then? Not while the mind can be impressed with the profound words of the Epistle to the Hebrews: "And, Thou, Lord, in the beginning hast laid the foundation of the earth; and the heavens are the work of Thine hands: they shall perish; but THOU REMAINEST; and they all shall wax old as doth a garment; and

as a vesture shalt Thou fold them up, and they shall be changed; but Thou art the same, and Thy years shall not fail." What are the seasons but the vestments of God? What the feasts, fasts, and celebrations of the Old Testament ritual but drapery in which are clothed the truths of the holiness, sovereignty, and eternity of the Almighty? What are holy lives, moreover, but illustrations of the possible investiture of human nature? The saints pass into the unseen, but they will appear again in the raiment of glory and beauty. Ah! What is the complete *cosmos*, but the veil cast in the present around the glories and workings of the unchanging God? So did one, but little known, sing of it in his day,—

"This world I deem but a beautiful dream
Of shadows that are not what they seem,
Where visions rise giving dim surmise
Of the things that shall meet our waking eyes.

"I gaze o'erhead, where Thy hand has spread
For the waters of heaven that crystal bed,
And stored the dew in its deeps of blue
Which the fires of the sun come tempered through.

"Soft they shine through that pure shrine,
As beneath the veil of Thy flesh Divine
Beams forth the light that were else too bright
For the feebleness of a sinner's sight.

"I gaze aloof on the tissued roof,
Where time and space are the warp and woof,
Which the King of kings as a curtain flings
O'er the dreadfulness of eternal things.

"Soon the whole, like a parched scroll,
Shall before my amazed sight uproll,
And without a screen at one burst be seen
The Presence wherein I have ever been."

It is God who is the same. The Old Testament, with its Law, Oracles, and Prophecies, is a gramophone rendering audible His voice as it came to men in the past. The New Testament is a living speech, addressed by the ever-present Holy Ghost to the ear and the conscience of men from Christ's time onward, and recognized by those who heed it as the voice of the same God who "spake in time past unto the fathers by the prophets." As the new message spreads, all things in turn become reverberant, each according to its capacity of tone, till at last the whole earth and sky in one great harmony of avowal shall—

"Roll the rapturous Hosannas round."

* * * *

I sit, then, amid the desolation of a dying year, but I am not desolate. Through the rent veil I can see the handiwork of the great Renewer;—seeds bursting from horny cases, beautiful seeds from the womb of plant life, ready for service in the common cause;—new wood and new skins of wood;—buds prepared to respond to the impulse when it rises. These are evidences of the unexhausted Source of things. "Thou renewest the face of the earth." The

message of Hope, calm, abiding Hope, can be read upon the face of Autumn; yea, Hope is as much there as when Spring boldly looks in at the door on a February day.

So I meander on penning down my thoughts as I think them; and, the longer I think, the more glorious becomes the theme. My friends are gone; the dwellingplaces of past delights are deserted; memories haunt the corridors of the mind, like disappointed place-hunters. What then? God remains! I can see the evidence of His abiding through all things and times. Enoch walked with the Unseen, and was the first true Mystic, at the beginning of things recorded; Job and Abraham held communion with God under the vault of heaven, and "endured as seeing Him who is invisible." The Bible begins and ends with the comings of God. It is God manifest in creation; in the voice which became familiar to Adam in Paradise; in the Lamb who leads the glorified by the living fountains of waters. The fuller, more understandable revelation of God is held out to man all through Scripture till it culminates in the return of the Lord Jesus. But, ah! How much lies between the Eden of Genesis and the Garden City of the Revelation! The mystery of the Fall; the procession of races known only by the name of their common father, the law, the prophets, the ministry and passion of the Christ, Pentecost and the presentation of the leaven of the ministry of the Church, the tears and tragedies of countless generations, the springs and autumns of six thousand years. And yet He tarries, whom the heavens received "until the times of restitution of all things"; and the wistful, who have drunk of this long-opened fountain of Hope, yea, they whose faith overcomes all the modern cries of "Where?" wait for the coming forth of the great High Priest in the garments of glory and beauty, at whose appearing the trumpets of the Levites of the sky shall proclaim the inauguration of the Sabbatic year.

What an ever-increasing glow of anticipation must have possessed the Jewish community as the year of the Jubilee drew nearer! Or, on the other hand, must we reluctantly admit that the Sabbatic year only remained as an ideal, but ceased to be operative as a practical part of the polity of the State? It is difficult to find direct historic notice of its observance. Did Israel become slack concerning it, as the Church has become slack as to the return of her Lord? Yet, whoever studies its institution, as recorded in Leviticus xxv., cannot but be impressed by the relations in which it is placed, nor will such a student escape from the feeling that the whole event is a figure of greater things. All is set in a new light as he, who reads, sees "Jesus, who was made a little lower than the angels, for the suffering of death, crowned with glory and honour." To him who has this key, all the Jewish feasts reveal their significance. Christ becomes the true Passover, and His resurrection "the *first fruits* of them that slept", presented the day after the Sabbath; the wheat of the two wave loaves of the Pentecost, the increased value of the Lord's ascension ministry; while the fact that they were leavened suggests the imperfect service of the Church. Further, as such an one reads of the feast of the ingathering, with its prelude of the feast of trumpets, and its interlude of the Great Day of Atonement, he will

meditate upon the joyful sound of a preached Gospel; but he will observe that no feast is without its sin offering, its burnt offering, and its peace offering, and that the preface to all rest is propitiation. Especially will he mark that the Great Day of Atonement immediately precedes the sounding forth of the Sabbath year. Then he will think of this dispensation as the Day of Atonement. He will see his Lord as High Priest, in the vestments of His personal purity, enter within the veil, there to plead the merit of His own blood; and he will willingly wait, reflecting that He, who has thus passed into the holiest of all, will appear again, the Atonement having been fully honoured; and that, in that hour, the trumpet of the Lord shall sound, and the year of His redeemed shall be ushered in.

* * * *

I sit in the autumn quiet, soon after the celebration of the Jewish feast of Tabernacles. I ponder on the significant climax of the seventh month. As I do so, there comes to me the intense conviction that, amid all the petty daily strifes of men, the great purpose of God marches ever onward to its fulfilment. Each autumn, as the leaves fall, is one year-end nearer to the time when the King shall come back. Then there arises a wondrous wistfulness, and I look out upon the shortening day, and I cry, not aloud, but with the heart in the breath, "Come, Lord Jesus; come quickly! Tired of the patchwork ways of men am I, tired of their endless bickerings; come, great Deliverer, come!"

And when He comes, the opening verses of the twenty-third Psalm will receive a new fulfilment.

Talks with our Young People on Free Church Principles.

BY PASTOR J. W. EWING, M.A., B.D.

XI.—AS TO CHURCH GOVERNMENT.

IT would be impossible for us, in a single article, to discuss all methods of Church Government,—Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Methodist, Congregational, with their many shades and modifications. But this is, happily, not necessary; as, when we look closely at the Churches, we find that they tend to group themselves into two classes, according to their acceptance of one or other of two opposite principles, viz., government by official rulers, and government by the whole body of believers. Of these two classes, we may take, as typical examples, Episcopacy, or government by Bishops, and Congregationalism, or government by the people.

Now it is often said that the form of Church Government is not essential, since spiritual life may inspire a Church, in whatever way she is ruled. This I gladly admit. But it is not everywhere admitted; and, in this land, we have a great Church, which claims to be *the* Church, and denies the name to all bodies not governed, like itself, by Bishops. Bishop Gore, in his "Church and Ministry," writes:—"The various presbyterian and congregationalist organizations, how-

ever venerable, on many and different grounds, have, in dispensing with the episcopal successions, violated a fundamental law of the Church's life;" and he adds, a little later, that "a ministry not episcopally received is invalid" (p. 313).

If the Bishop is right, we ought at once to disband our Churches,—Baptist, Congregational, Methodist,—and seek admission into the one true Church. But I think I shall be able to show that, instead of Episcopacy being the only true form of Church Government, it is less Scriptural than that of the Churches to which you and I belong.

Come back with me to the fountain-head of "the Church's life." We find it in a quiet spot of Northern Palestine, where Jesus is conversing with His disciples. He is drawing near the end of His ministry. It is time for the foundations of His Church to appear. The people generally have failed to understand Him. They speak of Him as "John the Baptist", "Elijah", or "Jeremiah." Jesus looks into the faces of His disciples, to read their thoughts. Have *they* penetrated His secret? "Whom say ye that I am?" Peter answers, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." Jesus rejoices. It is the first streak of dawn. He answers, "Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-jona, for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but My Father which is in Heaven; and I say unto thee, Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church."

Now, in saying this, did Christ make Peter the ruler of the Church that was coming into existence? Did He give him an "authority", to be transmitted to successors? Is there a hint of "episcopal office"? We may answer in the words of a great Episcopalian, the late Dr. Hort:—"The whole was a matter of personal or individual qualifications, and personal or individual work. The outburst of keenly perceptive faith had now at last shown St. Peter, carrying with him the rest, to have the prime qualification for the task which his Lord contemplated for him. . . . In virtue of this personal faith vivifying their discipleship, the apostles became themselves the first little Ecclesia" (or Church), "constituting a living rock upon which a far larger and ever-enlarging Ecclesia should very shortly be built slowly up, living stone by living stone, as each new faithful convert was added to the society." ("Christian Ecclesia," p. 17.)

The new community has now begun to be. What are the laws of its life? You find the earliest of these in Matt. xviii. 15—17, where Christ lays down the lines of the discipline which is to guard the Church's purity; and you will notice that the final authority is vested, not in a few leaders, but in the Church itself.

After this, our Lord does not name the Church, but He proceeds to train its members. One evening, in the Passover room, the disciples quarrel about "first places." He washes their feet, as an object-lesson in humility. Then He gives a new commandment, that they "love one another." He declares Himself to be the Vine, while they are the branches, deriving their life from union with Him. He promises to send the Comforter. He prays that they may be "all one." But nowhere does He give a hint of "lordship" among them. They are to be a band of brothers. Indeed, as Dean Stanley admits, "it is certain that the offices of the Apostolical, or of any subsequent Church,

were not part of the original institution of the Founder of our religion: that of Bishop, Presbyter, and Deacon, of Metropolitan, Patriarch, and Pope, there is not the shadow of a trace in the four Gospels." ("Christian Institutions," p. 235.)

In the Acts of the Apostles, we have a beautiful picture of the Early Church,—a community of men and women, joyous, united, and eager, sharing earthly possessions, meeting frequently for instruction and fellowship. There is, at first, no organization. The Christians are one great family.

THE ELECTION OF DEACONS.

As time wore on, however, it was found necessary to appoint men to manage the business of the Church, and, in Acts vi. 5, we have an account of the choice of seven "deacons." There are two points to notice here; first, that the word "deacon" means a *servant*, not a ruler; second, that the election was by the people. "The whole multitude" chose Stephen and the others. The vote was unanimous.

THE ELDERS.

With the growth of the Church, another body of officers became recognized, viz., the "elders", or "presbyters." We have no record of their appointment, the first mention of them being in Acts xi. 30. Who were the elders? They would seem to have sprung up informally on the lines of the Jewish eldership. From the days of Moses, it had been customary, among the Jews, for certain of the older men to hold a recognized position as overseers of the people, and guardians of morals. So, when the apostles were away on preaching tour, the Christians, feeling the need of such spiritual shepherding, would naturally look to wise men among their seniors to do for them what the "elders" did for the Jews. And thus the Church came to have two, simple offices, "deacons" for temporal, and "elders" for spiritual, service.

A CHURCH-MEETING.

One of the most interesting glimpses of Early Church life is given us in Acts xv. A crisis had arisen, and there was grave danger of a division in the Church. The question was, whether or no the Gentile converts must submit to Jewish rites. The issue was momentous. Upon it hung the future of the Christian Church. Was she to go forward in a path of liberty and glory? Or to sink into the position of a Jewish sect? The matter was brought to a head by the arrival in Jerusalem of a deputation from Antioch. This deputation, headed by Paul and Barnabas, was received by the whole Church in Jerusalem (xv. 4). A debate ensued, in which the apostles naturally took part, but in which they made no appeal to any peculiar "authority" of their own. Peter delivered a speech, in which he pointed out that both Jew and Gentile were saved, not by ceremonies, but by "the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ"; and then Paul and Barnabas told of the "miracles" of grace which they had witnessed among the heathen. One can see the crowd listening, with moist eyes, to stories of missionary triumph which proved the sufficiency of the Gospel alone. The result was a unanimous vote for freedom (xv. 22—29). In the

resolution adopted, one famous line occurs, "It seemed good to the Holy Ghost and to us." In that sentence, we have the true principle of Church Government; the whole Church acting under the influence of the Spirit of God.

WHEN DID THE BISHOPS COME IN?

In the modern sense, they never came in at all, during New Testament times. As Dr. Hort says:—"Of officers higher than elders, we find nothing that points to an institution or system, nothing like the episcopal system of later times. In the New Testament, the word 'episcopos' as applied to men, mainly, if not always, is *not* a title, but a description of the elder's function." That is to say, the "elder" is called an "episcopos", or overseer, because that word describes his work. He is the man with open eye, who watches over the interests of the brotherhood. The only references to the "bishops" are in Phil. i. 1, 1 Tim. iii. 1, 2, and Titus i. 7,—passages which illustrate the above remarks.

Thus the New Testament "bishop" was one of several men in each Church, appointed to take care of its spiritual life,—a very different personage from the "Lord Bishop" of to-day, ruling a diocese.

BUT DID THE APOSTLES EXERCISE "EPISCOPAL" AUTHORITY?

I answer that the apostles, as the companions of Jesus, and the witnesses of His resurrection, naturally wielded a unique influence in the Church, but formal authority they distinctly disavowed. We have already seen how Peter, in a crisis of the Church, used no argument except that of an appeal to truth. And Paul disclaimed any right to command conscience (1 Cor. iii. 5; 2 Cor. i. 24). The apostles stood among their brethren, distinguished only by their spiritual gifts, and eager not to intervene between the believing soul and its Divine Lord. The Apostolic Church was democratic. Every man had a voice in its affairs, under the leading of the Spirit. And the Churches were not governed from one centre, but each community, while bound to the others in a fellowship of love, possessed "home rule."

HOW, THEN, DID THE EPISCOPAL SYSTEM COME INTO EXISTENCE?

In the words of Dr. Hatch, the Church writer, "By gradual steps, the congregational system of early times passed into the diocesan system of later times." ("Growth of Church Institutions," p. 7.) It is not difficult to trace those steps. Among the "elders" of each Church, one would be called to the chair as the presiding elder, and would at length be thought of as *the* elder, or bishop. City Churches would come to possess influence over the surrounding region, and the bishop of the city would be looked upon as the bishop of the district. Among these city bishops, those from the capitals of provinces would take the lead, and, finally, the Bishop of the Imperial City, Rome, would be regarded as the Bishop of Bishops, and the Head of the Church. Thus the Papacy is the logical outgrowth of the episcopal idea. If you are to have government from a centre, there must be a centre of centres, that is, a Pope.

The sway of the Pope was broken in the eighth century, when the Eastern, or Greek, Church split off from Rome; and again in the sixteenth century, when the Anglican Church started on its independent career, under the "headship" of Henry VIII.. We claim that all these Churches—Roman, Greek, and Anglican,—have drifted away from the simplicity of the Primitive Church, which is represented most nearly in the Protestant Free Churches, and especially in those which hold to the Congregational idea. These Churches are under the spiritual jurisdiction of no man, and no body of men, although they pay reverence to all in whom they perceive the spirit of Christ. They are separate from all others in government, though one with all in love. Their members meet on one level, admitting no distinction between "clergy" and "laity." They are served in temporal things by "deacons", and in spiritual by "ministers", who represent the "elders", "presbyters", or "bishops" of apostolic times.

But some defenders of Episcopacy claim, with Drs. Hort and Hatch, that, although Congregationalism was the early mode of Church organization, the Spirit of God has been leading the Church, in later centuries, to another form. This is certainly a possible line of defence. God forbid that we should dare to limit the way in which the Divine Spirit may work. But, in considering such an argument, we need to take care lest we forsake certain ground for uncertain. We *know* that the Holy Ghost led the Apostolic Church; and when we keep close to its methods, we are on safe ground. But if anyone claims a similar guidance of the Spirit for *changes*, we must make sure (1) that those changes are in accord with the original principles of Christ, and (2) that they are such as to promote the strength, the usefulness, and the holiness of the Church.

Now, tried by these tests, I fear that the Episcopal system is not justified. Can we say that Episcopacy accords with the principles of Christ? Our Saviour discouraged "lordship" among His disciples (Matt. xx. 25—27, xxiii. 8—12), and throughout His ministry waged an unrelenting battle with the spirit it engenders in religion.

And do the historic fruits of Episcopacy commend it? The "monarchical" principle in the Church has led to the Papacy, to persecution, and to the heart-burnings and divisions of modern Christendom.

The more I study the New Testament, and the more I survey history and life, the more I am compelled to feel that the safety of the Church lies in a return to the simplicity and freedom of the apostolic era.

Only there is one warning impressed upon my mind. It is not enough to go back to the *form* of Apostolic Christianity. No form, even the best, will suffice. We need the apostolic spirit of love, and sympathy, and brotherliness, or our Independency will be a rope of sand. We have no earthly tie. We must have the "bond" of the Spirit. Pray, dear young people, that, in our time, the Churches of Christ may be drawn into a true and living fellowship, and that, in every Church, the members may live near to God, and to one another, thus realizing the beautiful ideal of "the household of faith."

“Our Own Men” and their Work.

CXXIV.—PASTOR W. D. ROSS, B.Sc., WORTHING.



MR. ROSS is recognized as one of our “coming” men if, indeed, he has not already “come.” He is one of the “personal forces” of the Denomination, the pastor of an important Church, and he has a brilliant educational record. When twenty-four years of age, he took his degree of B.Sc., and had before him the brightest prospects in the profession for which he was originally intended and trained; but a series of significant circumstances, which he recognized as the leadings of Divine Providence, constrained him to devote his life “to prayer, and to the ministry of the Word.”

He was converted to Christ, when sixteen years of age, through the personal influence of a lad, who has, since then, served the Master as a missionary in China, and is honoured to-day as a consecrated worker in the homeland. Conversion was to Mr. Ross a great reality,—the miracle of miracles,—and is the key to his theological position and the

choice of his life's work. Saved himself, he was compelled to proclaim the message of salvation to others. Although brought to Christ in his youth, he had deep convictions of sin. He could not be anything else than true to the theology which centres in the cross, nor can he fail to "do the work of an evangelist," drawing sinners to the Saviour's feet.

Glasgow is the city of his birth; but, when only four years of age, his parents came to London, and afterwards to Woolwich, to reside. His mother, a true Christian, died before her son had given any indication of his future career; and he was left to the care of his father, who had always the greatest pride in his boy, and encouraged him to make the best use of his gifts for the glory of God and the service of men. His father has always taken a prominent part in Temperance work, and is to-day one of our Borough Councillors. His son attended one of our fine Board Schools, and is ever ready to acknowledge his indebtedness to that splendid School Board system which the present Government, to its everlasting dishonour, has destroyed in the interests of a narrow and intolerant sacerdotalism.

At fourteen years of age, our brother was apprenticed as a fitter and turner in the Woolwich Arsenal; and, during the whole seven years of his apprenticeship, he attended evening classes at the Birkbeck Institute, City of London College, Regent Street Polytechnic, and Woolwich Polytechnic, gaining silver and bronze medals for Science at several of the Colleges. In 1895, he won the London County Council Senior Scholarship of £90, tenable for three years; the Whitworth exhibition of £50; and a "Free Studentship" for three years at the Royal College of Science, South Kensington. The last, however, was resigned, in order that he might proceed to Durham College of Science, where, after a three years' successful course of study, he secured a high place in the final B.Sc. examination, passing also a preliminary examination in Arts.

But all his time was not given to study. Prayer was never crowded out. He was a diligent student and a Christian worker; a leader in the athletic games and President of the College Christian Union. His first sermon was preached in a small mission-room at Newcastle-on-Tyne, and made a distinct impression; it was followed by invitations to preach at various mission-halls in the counties of Durham and Northumberland; and when one of the ministers was suddenly laid aside, Mr. Ross was asked to take his place. He did so for two successive Sundays, and not only won the favour of the people, but had many "seals to his ministry" in the conversion of souls; and, as a result, twenty confessed Christ by baptism.

These tokens of God's favour led Mr. Ross seriously to consider what his future was to be,—whether an electrical engineer or a Baptist minister. He would not hesitate if only he were quite sure as to the will of God. He asked my advice, and I had no difficulty in giving it;—God was calling him, and it was at his peril that he would refuse to obey. We saw Mr. Thomas Spurgeon together, and he gave him a hearty welcome to the Pastors' College, where he had two happy and fruitful years' training in theology and the original languages of Scripture.

Dr. Denney, in an article on Ministerial Education, in "The London Quarterly Review," strongly advocates variety in the training for the ministry. He thinks the Church "should accept men who have graduated in history and economics, in biology and chemistry, in literature and art, as well as men who have passed on the old lines." Mr. Ross has had the advantage of both, and must be intellectually well equipped; but, to him, the supreme qualification is the spiritual,—love to Christ, and compassion for the souls of men.

While a student at the Pastors' College, he accepted the pastorate of the Church at Foot's Cray. The cause was somewhat depressed, but speedily revived under his ministry; the chapel was soon filled, and, before he left, the membership was nearly doubled. It was while he was at Foot's Cray that he married a lady in every way qualified to share with him the honour and responsibility of a minister's life,—the daughter of devoted Christian parents, her father a deacon of the Church at the Woolwich Tabernacle. She was early led to take part in the work, a gifted singer, whose singing of the Gospel has been blessed to the salvation of many.

In 1901, Mr. Ross received a call to Worthing, where he has been signally blessed. Over 200 have joined the Church, and the congregations fill the chapel morning and evening. An assistant-pastor has been chosen to take charge of the branch-stations at West Tarring, Arundel, and Broadwater. A colporteur is maintained to visit the villages with Christian literature, and to preach the Word as he has opportunity; and foreign missions are not neglected, the Church undertaking the support of a missionary in India,—another of "Our Own Men," Mr. John Reid, of Rangamati, Chittagong, India.

Our brother's gifts are already recognized by his brethren, and his services are highly appreciated. That for him and his wife there may be a future of great usefulness, is our earnest expectation and confident hope; and that they may, at last, have a place with those who have turned many to righteousness, and who shall shine as the stars for ever and ever, is the prayer of many who love them for their own and their work's sake.

Woolwich.

J. WILSON.

An Hour in John Bunyan's Village.

A SHORT WHILE AGO, the question occurred to me whether, after the lapse of two hundred years, it were still possible, in his own native village, to identify anything of which John Bunyan may have spoken. Fortunately, this question may be answered without stirring far away from one's own fireside. The biographies of Bunyan, particularly Dr. John Brown's remarkable volume, put us into possession of almost every fact, relating to the early life of the Dreamer, that it is possible to know. Still, there is nothing like seeing a place for oneself, going over, with one's own eyes, the things others have pointed out on the printed page. Accordingly, one summer day, I found myself wheeling along the mile or so of road which lies between Bunyan's town of Bedford and Bunyan's village of Elstow.

Everybody nowadays is interested, not only in books, but in the

making of books. Authors have chatted so familiarly to us, and let us into their secrets, till we have come to expect "local colouring" in everybody's writing, and the most stupid of us keep a sharp look-out for the possible originals of an author's characters among the people of the place where he happens to have been brought up.

The country round about Elstow is just right for the cyclist; it is as flat as the proverbial pancake. But it is a foregone conclusion that this country could never have suggested to Bunyan the ups and downs of the life of his Pilgrim. Pastoral landscape is here in abundance, but hill and valley are far away. The river Ouse winds its sinuous way between the meadows; we see, "on either side of the river, a meadow curiously beautified with lilies," and also "fields of living green bespread with flowers;" but where is the Hill called Clear, the Delectable Mountains, or the Valley of the Shadow of Death? In winter-time, it may not be necessary to go far to find the "very miry slough that was in the midst of the plain," but where are Hill Difficulty, where Christian goes upon his hands and knees because of the steepness of the place, or that dreadful precipice over which the careless traveller fell, and was dashed to pieces? The gently-undulating Downs are on the distant horizon miles away; it is just possible that Bunyan may have meditated upon their high slopes, and looked down into the very moderate depths of some unprotected chalk-pit to be found there, and so received impressions to be afterwards wrought out by masterly imagination, and made to serve descriptions of the wide prospects and deep perils of the heavenly way; but it was not here in Elstow that these things were to be seen.

Upon entering the village, I resisted every temptation to dismount, and at once wheeled the whole length of the street. Straw-thatched roofs, and half-timbered houses, with upper stories projecting over the roadway, give an unmistakably old-world atmosphere to the place. Bunyan, one instinctively feels, may have lived in a cottage similar to any one of these, and helped his father to earn his living as the village "braseyer", which, by the way, was a skilled trade, for which the word "tinker" is not a fair equivalent. Near the gate, in the centre of the village, I found some "larrikin" lads, carrying-on in fine style, just as Bunyan, at their time of life, used to do. Perhaps Bunyan was the ringleader of the more evilly-disposed youth of his day. Was it upon this spot that one of the women of the place called him to account for his bad language, declaring him to be "the ungodliest fellow for swearing she had ever heard in all her life, and able to spoil all the youth in the whole town if they come but in his company"?

The village green is well worthy of its name, for it is covered with thick grass. On one side of it stands a stone stump, the last remains of what may have been, in Bunyan's day, the Market Cross. Here were held those annual fairs which Dr. Brown says had been a village institution ever since the days of Henry II. Who knows but that here Bunyan may have seen the originals of the "jugglings, cheats, games, plays, fools, apes, knaves, and that of every kind" which he introduces in his description of Vanity Fair, through which he makes his pilgrims pass?

Here, upon this green sward, Bunyan, as a lad, played his favourite game of tip-cat, not only on week-days, but also on Sundays. Here, one Sunday afternoon, when in the midst of his game, something

happened;—he had struck his “cat” one blow from the hole, and had lifted up his arm to strike it again, when a loud voice rang in his soul, “Wilt thou leave thy sins, and go to Heaven, or have thy sins, and go to hell?” For the moment, he was startled; and, looking up to Heaven, he thought he saw the Lord Jesus looking down upon him with great displeasure. The vision, however, did not hinder him finishing his game. “I can but be damned,” thought he, “and if it must be so, I had as good be damned for many sins as for a few.”

The lads and lassies, in Bunyan's time, used to dance upon this village green,—a diversion of which Bunyan himself was very fond. Upon his conversion, he found this habit one of the most difficult to give up; and when he had conquered it, he felt so self-righteous that he imagined he had not much else to do in the way of pleasing God! Later on, he saw things differently, and had not the slightest wish to join in the frivolities and revels in which he formerly delighted. But he never quite forgot those merry-makings, and the music of the village fiddler never quite died out of his ears. In the second part of his great book, we hear echoes of these old times. Bunyan must have laughed to himself as he wrote down the story of the hilarity and sportiveness of the pilgrims when they were delivered from the grim castle, on the death of Giant Despair. Christiana played upon the viol, and her daughter Mercy upon the lute. “Then Ready-to-halt took Mr. Despondency's daughter, Miss Much-Afraid, by the hand, and together they went into the road. True, he could not dance without one crutch, but I promise you he footed it well. Also the girl was to be commended, for she answered the music handsomely.”

Elstow Church is smaller than it used to be, and is remarkable from the fact that its tower stands apart from the main building. This tower contains a set of bells, the very bells which Bunyan delighted to ring. When he became serious, he gave up bell-ringing, just as he gave up tip-cat and dancing; but his old love of ringing the changes on the village bells lingered long after he had left his other dissipations. He dared not pull the ropes himself, but he would hang about the door of the belfry. By-and-by, he was afraid to go anywhere near; the steeple of the church might fall on him, and crush him for his many sins. But, as long as he lived, he heard these fine old bells swinging in the Elstow belfry. Did he hear again the crash and wild clang of some merry peal which, years before, he had helped to ring in honour of the home-coming of some village notable, when he tells us that the pilgrims, as they approached the City, “thought they heard all the bells therein to ring, to welcome them thereto”? Near the church are the ruins of the house of an ancient lord of the manor, with a well-preserved and very fine doorway in stone, which is acknowledged by experts to be the work of some master-hand. Dr. Brown says this house was at its best in Bunyan's day, and may have suggested to him “that very stately palace, the name of which was Beautiful, which stood just by the highway side.”

In what is called Bunyan End, I found the little cottage to which he brought his wife. “We came together,” says he, “as poor as poor might be, not having so much household stuff as a dish or spoon betwixt us both,”—whatever that may mean. Mrs. Bunyan came from a pious home, and she loved to tell her husband about her godly



BUNYAN'S COTTAGE AND PORTRAIT.

father, who had gone to Heaven. To this cottage she brought from her home two books, which proved to be more valuable to her husband than if she had brought him a thousand pounds. One was "The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven," the other, "The Practice of Piety." The contents of the first volume are set forth, as the title-page says, "dialogue-wise", for the better understanding of the simple; and, in its pages, four persons, a divine, a plain honest man, an ignorant man, and a caviller, "conferre of heavenly matters." Here, in this very cottage, the good man and his wife spent quite literary evenings together, and the wife, in reading to her husband, night after night, this "Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven," which was "written dialogue-wise," was unconsciously preparing him for that great task which he had yet to render in writing the story of the progress of a pilgrim from this world to that which is to come.

Every yard of road between Elstow and Bedford was well trodden by John Bunyan. One day, when going into the town, he heard some poor women, "sitting at the door in the sun, talking about the things of God." With all his imagined religiosity, he was amazed to discover that he did not understand the language in which these poor women conversed. "They spake as if joy did make them speak." He had never listened to religious conversation with this accent;—religion with a joy in it he had never experienced. He told his difficulties and distress of soul to these women; they did what they could to help him, and afterwards introduced him to their minister, who played the part

of a true Evangelist to him, pointing him the way to the wicket-gate, the shining light, and the cross.

For two years, Bunyan went to and fro from Elstow to Bedford to listen to the preaching of this Mr. Gifford. At first, the neighbours were not a little surprised to see him turn his back upon the parish church, and walk the other way; but, at length, they resolved to follow him whither he went, and to listen for themselves to those truths which had wrought such a miraculous change in his life. "Almost all the town, at times, would go out to the place where I found good." It has been remarked that Mr. Gifford, who was called home to rest shortly afterwards, must have realized that his new convert was no ordinary man thus to bring a whole congregation with him into Bedford from Elstow. His distress of soul was with him for many days. "I tarried long at Sinai, to see the fire, and the cloud, and the darkness, that I might fear the Lord all the days of my life, and tell of His wonders to



BUNYAN PREACHING.

my children." When, at last, the light of the revelation of Christ's saving grace dawned upon him, he could not but preach it to others. "I was so taken with the love and mercy of God that I could not tell

how to contain myself till I got home. I thought I could have spoken of His love and His mercy even to the very crows that sat upon the ploughed lands before me."

Presently, he came to conduct services in his native village. Upon the green, to-day, stands a curious old building called the Moot Hall, the very place where he used to preach. Making my way up the steep wooden stairs, I found a barn-like room, seating perhaps a hundred persons. Big, uncovered beams support the open roof; at the pulpit end, is part of the original flooring. Services are now held here in connection with the Church at Bunyan Meeting House, Bedford, of which, until quite recently, Dr. Brown was the minister. To stand, if only for a few minutes, in this old place, is to feel the thrill of the past. The memory of John Bunyan's pulpit and pastoral labours comes over one, comforting one, and maybe, chiding one. As a preacher, what an honest man he was! "I never endeavoured to nor durst make use of other men's lines," said he, "for I verily thought, and found by experience, that what was taught me by the Word and Spirit of Christ could be spoken, maintained, and stood by, the soundest and best-established conscience." And the little Church, gathered together in this house, must have been well cared for by him, and it realized, to the full, the blessedness of holy fellowship. "You Christians," said he, "are like the several flowers in the garden that have upon each of them the dews of heaven, which, being shaken by the wind, they let fall dew at each other's roots, whereby they are greatly nourished, and become nourishers of each other."

"LAWLEY."

Human Nature in the Bible.

BY AVARY H. FORBES, M.A.

II.—"THE WORM WILL TURN."

THIS proverbial saying represents a phase of human nature which we see verified in history, in domestic life, and even in the animal world.

In history, it underlies the whole question of Tyrannicide. It was only the other day that we read of the crushed and exasperated Finns turning on their governor, and killing him. In our own country, the peasant revolt of the fourteenth century was begun by a tiler of Dartford turning on the tax-collector, and knocking out his brains with a hammer. This subtle touch of nature did not escape Shakespeare. In "King Lear" we find a noteworthy case in point, where Cornwall, in putting out Gloucester's eyes, is set on and mortally wounded by a faithful servant, who had been in his (Cornwall's) service from childhood. There were the strongest reasons of safety and self-interest why the servant (who actually forfeited his life by his interference,) should forbear to interfere. But Cornwall's cruelty was too much for the servant's humane feelings. He could not stand it. He attacked and killed his master, and lost his own life. ("King Lear," Act III., Scene vii.) It is touches of this kind, so true, and yet so

unexpected, that help to mark out Shakespeare as the greatest student of human nature who ever lived.

Let us look for a few Scripture cases to illustrate this principle of "the worm turning." Pharaoh's callous and obstinate behaviour, in the face of the horrible plagues which Moses called down upon Egypt, may seem to us a little unnatural. It was more than that, it was supernatural, for we are told that "the Lord hardened Pharaoh's heart." We are not told, however, that God hardened anyone else's heart. Pharaoh, moreover, was a rich and powerful king, and could, no doubt, largely protect himself from the evil of the plagues. Not so his underlings, or the people at large. It was, therefore, extremely natural that the Egyptians should chafe and fume under the infliction, that their murmurings should reach his ears, and that, at length, his servants should come forward boldly, and remonstrate with him to his face: "And Pharaoh's servants said unto him, How long shall this man be a snare to us? let the men go, that they may serve the Lord their God: knowest thou not yet that Egypt is destroyed?" (Exodus x. 7.)

Let us take another case. David, when Absalom rebelled against him, was a mighty king. He had had a remarkable career. He had killed Goliath, he had slain his ten thousands. He had escaped the hands of Saul; he had three times been anointed king; he had captured Jerusalem from the Jebusites, and made it the royal residence, and become "a king on the scale of the great Oriental sovereigns of Egypt and Persia." Finally, he triumphed over the rebellious Absalom, who was slain, with his fellow-conspirators. But, in this tragedy, the feelings of the king were lost in those of the father. His grief was excessive, so much so, that the people were ashamed of their victory, and "gat them by stealth that day into the city, as people being ashamed steal away when they flee in battle." The royal anguish, however, was immoderate;—at least, so the people thought, and they probably put Joab up to tell the king so. Joab did not mince matters, but took a bold position, and reminded David very effectually that "the worm will turn:" "Thou hast shamed this day the faces of all thy servants, which this day have saved thy life . . . , in that thou lovest thine enemies, and hatest thy friends . . . For this day I perceive, that if Absalom had lived, and all we had died this day, then it had pleased thee well. Now therefore arise, go forth, and speak comfortably unto thy servants: for I swear by the Lord, if thou go not forth, there will not tarry one with thee this night." (2 Samuel xix. 3—7.)

One more case. Naaman, the Syrian, when he came to Elisha, expected some great theatrical performance by the prophet in person; and when he simply received a message, he was highly indignant, and went off in a rage. Perhaps his servants were indignant, too; but the imagined insult was not so personal to *them* as to their master, and they were the first to recover their calmness of reason. They had come a long way with great expectations of a wonderful cure; were they to go straight back again, through a pique on the part of their master, and without even making the experiment? No; their lord must not be allowed to carry it with such a high hand. "And his servants came near, and spake unto him, and said, My father, if the

prophet had bid thee do some great thing, wouldest thou not have done it? how much rather then, when he saith to thee, Wash, and be clean?" (2 Kings v. 13.) Naaman evidently felt convicted and ashamed; for, apparently without another word, "then went he down, and dipped himself seven times in Jordan, according to the saying of the man of God." (2 Kings v. 14.)

A Fellowship-meeting at the Tabernacle.

IT was a happy thought of the Elders' Court to suggest the holding of Fellowship-meetings, in order that the members of our great Church may have opportunities of knowing each other better.

The first of these gatherings transpired on Tuesday evening, November 1st, and was eminently successful. Mrs. Spurgeon and other ladies prepared and dispensed the good things of the tea-table, and a company of bright young ladies, escorted by attentive burden-bearers of the other sex, carried the viands to the guests. The number of friends, who accepted the invitation, was, however, so large that the resources of the establishment were taxed pretty heavily to find seating accommodation, and to make tea in sufficient quantity in the limited time available. The utmost good feeling prevailed, and as the Pastors and officers moved from group to group, they found everyone in a happy frame of mind, with kind things to say, and congratulations to offer.

As soon as the "first cups" of tea were well circulated, Miss Hall entered boldly upon the contest of one piano against a thousand voices in conversation, the sweet music being heard only at intervals. Sacred solos by Miss Beaumont and Miss Permain, and instrumental discoursing by Miss Wigney and Mr. Lyon prepared the way for the speeches, which were bright and vivacious.

Pastor Thos. Spurgeon welcomed the "great family", and expressed himself as delighted with the heartiness of this first social gathering. He urged, however, that the prayer-meeting should be still regarded as the *rendezvous* of members and workers.

Mr. S. R. Pearce brought a message of brotherly love from the Deacons, which he delivered in well-chosen words, not without some humour.

Pastor C. B. Sawday had some kind things to say about the loving interest of the Elders' Court in the welfare of the members, whose greetings he was commissioned to express. He also proposed the thanks of the members to the ladies and gentlemen, whose kindly efforts to render the occasion enjoyable, had resulted so happily.

Then came the address by Dr. Campbell Morgan, which will long be remembered. It was listened to with deep interest by an audience filling every corner of the Hall, and overflowing into the lobbies and two of the vestries. Dr. Morgan, who was accompanied by his father, rose to speak a few minutes before nine o'clock. He took for his topic the words "Fellowship" and "Service", dwelling chiefly upon the former. He claimed for himself, and for all Christians who were in fellowship with their Master and their brethren, that they were "high-

churchmen" in the truest sense of the term,—so high, indeed, that they had reached and been borne along by the flood-tide of grace.

In its comprehensiveness, there was no greater term than "fellowship" throughout the New Testament; its full interpretation could not be reached in the English language. The original term comprises fellowship, communion, communication, connection, contribution, distribution. In the second chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, we read that the disciples had "all things common," and the term "fellowship" included that thought also;—not the modern idea of the man who carried a red flag to Hyde Park, and wanted to share the fortunes of the thrifty. There were limitations to *that* doctrine, as exemplified by the story of a Socialistic coachman of whom he had heard. John was fond of airing his views, even when he drove his master out. After a while, he ceased to talk of the need for social reform, and his master taxed him with the change in his views, to which John replied, "You see, master, it is like this; we have been working it all out down at the club, and we find that, if all the wealth was divided, there would be just £37 4s. 1½d. for every man; and as I have saved £100, and it is all my own, I have given up Socialism." No; but the apostle Paul believed in equality; there was a Church, poor in this world's goods, but rich in spiritual gifts. This Church ministered of its spiritual things to the richer brethren, and received temporal help in return. "For it hath pleased them of Macedonia and Achaia to make a certain contribution for the poor saints which are at Jerusalem. It hath pleased them verily; and their debtors they are. For if the Gentiles have been made partakers of their spiritual things, their duty is also to minister unto them in carnal things." (Rom. xv. 26, 27.)

But the word has a deeper significance than all this, for our "fellowship is with the Father and with His Son Jesus Christ." The apostle John makes the word fellowship the key of his Epistles; and, in his writings, he uses three words,—*Light*,—*Life*,—*Love*,—in all of which the believer has fellowship. Thus united, our interests are identical, and we sympathize with and love each other. The speaker told of the late Samuel Martin, whose loving care of his flock was so tender that he spent whole days in Westminster Chapel, passing from pew to pew that he might pray individually for those who would occupy the seats upon the following Sabbath.

Service is the outcome of fellowship realized. Life is the power for service, Light the illumination for service, and Love the impulse for service. The first impulse of the Christian life is a missionary spirit. How well he remembered the time of the Simultaneous Mission! He journeyed, with Mr. Proctor, to Portsmouth, where services were to be held, those for the grown-up people to be conducted by himself, and others for children by Mr. Proctor. One day, he received a letter from a boy, which read something like this:—"Last night, I went to Mr. Proctor's meeting, and I gave my heart to Christ; but I have been unhappy ever since because my father is not a Christian."

There had come, into the heart of that boy, the very life of God; and, by an infallible rule, his first impulse was an agony of desire for his father's salvation. It was the same spirit which made the apostle willing to be accursed for his brethren's sake.

The boy continued his letter:—"I am trying to persuade father to come to hear you to-night: won't you pray for him?" The next morning, there came a letter from the father:—"Last night, my boy worried me until I came to hear you preach. I gave myself to God, and went home to pray that my wife and my other children may be saved." That is the necessity of the case. May God help us to cultivate this spirit!

F. H. F.

Pastor Saillens' French Baptist Mission.

BRITISH AUXILIARY.

THE third anniversary of the above was held at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, on Tuesday, October 25th. The President, Pastor T. Spurgeon, and Mrs. Spurgeon very kindly invited the Committee and Council to a Reception, at 5.30,—together with the Pioneer Mission's Council and Committee,—to meet Pastor R. Saillens.

After tea, we gathered round the honoured guest of the evening, and listened to the cheering stories of God's grace and goodness in the land of the great and free Republic of France.

At 7.30, we adjourned to the Lecture-hall, where between three and four hundred friends had assembled for the annual meeting. The chair was taken by Ernest Wood, Esq., of Champion Hill; Dr. McCaig led in prayer; the Honorary Secretary, Pastor E. H. Brown, of Surbiton,—in the absence of the worthy Treasurer, Mr. William Olney,—read the totals of the financial account for the year, which showed an increase of £80. The Secretary's Report mentioned the many places visited by Pastor Saillens, and Pastor Gross, of Rouen, and himself; as also the Churches to be now visited by M. Saillens; and he read a letter of much sympathy and appreciation from Pastor F. C. Spurr, of Maze Pond Chapel.

The Chairman and our President gave brief and bright speeches, which well prepared the audience to hear the French Pastor, Evangelist; and Champion of the old Faith; who, in splendid English, gave us a very clear view of the present glorious struggle in his country, and delighted us with the details of several striking conversions, and of the marvellous opening of doors of opportunity for still further labourers in this great harvest-field. Pastor Frank H. White, of Talbot Tabernacle, in his usual quiet and gracious manner, summed up the need for and blessing in such work as this, and urged us all to hold fast the faithful Word.

A collection, amounting to £14 15s. 6d., was contributed to the funds. The meeting was, in all ways, well up to the average of the two preceding ones, and the financial results were considerably better.

E. H. B.

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 will publish, almost immediately, price 5s., Vol. XL. of "The Sword and the Trowel." Happy are they who have a complete set of the yearly issue! Forty goodly

volumes! We dare not say that the last is as good as any of its predecessors, but we do not think we have need to be ashamed of it. Our readers shall judge as to its quality. Buy and try.

Early this month, Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster will publish the JUBILEE VOLUME of the *Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit*. The price is 7s., but, for a limited time only, they make a SPECIAL OFFER to readers of "The Sword and the Trowel" to send the volume, post free, for 3s. 6d. All orders should be sent, at once, to Passmore and Alabaster, Paternoster Buildings, London, E.C., and the books will be despatched as soon as they are ready.

Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster are also issuing, this month, new editions of *Morning by Morning, Evening by Evening, Morning and Evening Daily Readings*, and *The Cheque Book of the Bank of Faith*, price 2s. 6d. each. The original editions, in superior bindings,—cloth, 3s. 6d. each, leather, 7s. 6d. each,—can still be obtained. More than 250,000 copies of these works have already been sold, and any or all of them would make most acceptable Christmas or New Year's gifts to those who do not at present possess them.

Our Lord's Passion and Death.
Sixty-three Sermons by C. H. SPURGEON. Passmore and Alabaster. (5s. net.)

THIS is a volume which Mr. Spurgeon would himself have issued if he had been spared long enough, and he took even more than usual pains with many of the discourses that are included in it. Almost every incident, from our Lord's last Passover to his "Royal Funeral", is made the subject of a separate sermon,—in some cases, of two or three. Preachers and teachers will here find great help when studying these momentous themes for the benefit of their congregations or scholars, while the volume cannot fail to be of much value as an aid to private devotion. The publishers have issued it at 5s. net in the hope of securing for it a wide circulation.

Mrs. JAMES A. SPURGEON, of "Campbelton," Whitehorse Road,

Croydon, has issued a *Calendar*, containing portraits of leaders in the Christian world, both men and women, with appropriate quotations from their writings. It is sold on behalf of several good works; viz., The Home of Rest at Brighton, the Y.W.C.A., and certain Home and Foreign Missions. The price is two shillings.

Love Jesus and Live for Heaven.
Little Dicky, with Comment by C. H. SPURGEON. *Sunshine in the Heart.* "Gone Home," with Tribute by JOHN B. GOUGH. "Grannie." "Take my Hand!" With Postscript by C. H. SPURGEON. *Out of the Valley of the Shadow.* "In Memoriam," with A Plea for the Orphans, by C. H. SPURGEON.

THESE are the titles of the eight Stockwell Orphanage Leaflets, written by Mr. Charlesworth, of which new editions have just been published. Any of them can be obtained from the Secretary, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London, S.W., at one halfpenny each, or 3s. per 100. They afford beautiful and touching illustrations of the child piety which has been manifested and nourished in the Institution, and their widespread distribution will tend to secure still further support for the "Home and School for 500 Fatherless Boys and Girls" founded by C. H. Spurgeon.

Finding the Way. By J. R. MILLER, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton. (3s. 6d.)

THE sixteenth volume in the "Silent Times" Series is likely to be as useful as its predecessors. Dr. Miller says that these books "have been a great comfort to the author in that they have proved helpful to many people in all parts of the world."

We do not care for Dr. Miller's Christmas booklet, *Sunshine Within* (Hodder and Stoughton, 1s.), so much as for previous issues of the same series; but tastes differ, so others may like it.

The Divine Idea of Human Dress.
By ENΔΥΜΑ-ΚΡΙΤΙΚΟΣ. Elliot
Stock. (2s.)

WE opened this book in a state of expectancy, but closed it with a sense of disappointment. The author fails to convince us that he has grasped "the Divine idea" notwithstanding his free use of Scripture. The subject treated is one of great human interest, and of deep moral and spiritual significance. We agree with the writer that "the thoughts of God and the thoughts of men regarding it are altogether different." This volume not only accentuates this difference, but also the difference between the thoughts of man and man.

We do not think that, because God intended "that every human being should be visibly clothed with a living moral garment put on from within," that material garments put on from without are out of harmony with the Divine mind. Both the moral and the material were worn by the perfect Man, Christ Jesus, and both can be worn by the believer without any inconsistency or violation of any really "Divine idea." The book is worthy of perusal albeit the author's aim is not always very clear.

Present-day Rationalism Critically Examined. By Rev. G. HENSLOW, M.A., F.L.S., F.G.S. Hodder and Stoughton. (6s.)

A KEEN, scholarly examination of the assumptions and fallacies of Rationalism. Professor Henslow writes for the student only; the ordinary reader will find little to the popular taste, and much that may only confuse: but the student, and all who have been troubled by materialistic theories, will find much to help them.

The author accepts, with his whole mind, the doctrine of Evolution, whilst he opposes Darwinism as a process. Whether this can be done with success, we take leave to doubt. So far as the critical examination of Rationalism is concerned, we warmly appreciate the book; but when Professor Henslow builds up his own

positive theory of the universe, we are not sure that he is either philosophically or religiously true.

Sermons to Young Men. By R. J. CAMPBELL, M.A. (The World's Pulpit Series.) S. C. Brown, Langham, and Co. (3s. 6d.)

THESE sermons exhibit all the best qualities of Mr. Campbell's work. They are direct, practical, living, interesting, dealing mainly with ethical and experimental matters; but the defects are apparent,—the lack of doctrinal statement, the meagre measure of Gospel truth, the pronounced humanitarianism, the using of Evangelical phrases with other than Evangelical meaning. The chief thought, monotonously insisted upon throughout the volume is, that men should follow the highest in themselves, and only very occasionally do we get any clear hint of the redeeming work of Christ, although there is much in praise of the Christ life. It would almost seem that, in these sermons, Evolution takes the place of Regeneration, Self-mastery that of Redemption, and Human Instinct that of Divine Grace. The sermon on "The Sheltering Manhood," (Isa. xxxii. 2,) leaves much to be desired. The manhood of Jesus is expounded, in Mr. Campbell's own peculiar way, in the light of his special heresy of the identity of the Divine and human; but even while extolling the sheltering power of that glorious Manhood, he ignores the real reason why the sinner can find shelter in Christ.

The Old Paths "Public Protest" Series. No. 4. "A Young Man's Christ!" By A. E. CLARKE. Parsons and Baverstock, Earlsfield Road, London, S.W. (Price 1d.)

OUR beloved friend, Frank White, has written, for this pamphlet, a strong and touching remonstrance concerning the so-called "New Evangel." Mr. Clarke himself writes trenchantly, his one desire being to honour Jesus and His redemptive work. *A much-needed protest!*

Some Difficulties in the Life of our Lord. By Rev. G. S. COCKIN, M.A. Elliot Stock. (4s. 6d. net.)

WHILST there is nothing strikingly original in these papers on Gospel difficulties, they are both scholarly and devout; and, for those already interested in the themes, will be helpful. The author has read widely, and is fair in his judgments, and clear in his expression of them; but his book is not popular in style, lacking the fire and force that are needful for the swaying of the average man.

Some Things the Bible has Taught an Unlettered Layman. C. H. Kelly. (2s. 6d.)

THE author is excessively modest in his title; for though not abounding in technically theological jargon, these papers are far from "unlettered." They are splendidly clear and cogent; and, though they may not convict the modern Biblical critics of the folly of their assumptions, they will confirm believers who may have been upset by these religious Esaus. Earnestly we hope for this able volume a very large circulation and most attentive reading.

Modern Philosophers and the "Per Quem." By G. E. TARNER. Elliot Stock. (1s.)

A VERY capable attempt to show the folly of any scheme of philosophy that seeks to banish God from His own creation. The author's style is lucid, but brief, almost to a fault. To earnest students, the appeal will be both satisfying and assuring, and to these only is it ever worth appealing.

Why do I Believe in Jesus Christ? Four Addresses to business and professional men. By CANON GIRDLESTONE. Hodder and Stoughton. (1s.)

IT must have been a privilege to the City men to hear these cogent talks on Bible evidences, and it was well worth while to print and publish them, that they might reach a much larger circle of readers.

Canon Girdlestone has made his four lectures to deal with The Book of Nature, The Bible, The Mission of Christ, and The Witness of the Spirit; and each topic is treated in a masterly and attractive fashion. It will be a splendid handbook for other speakers and preachers, and would make a firm foundation for a series of Christian Evidence sermons or addresses. It is one of the best shilling-worths of brain and dialectic that we have seen for a long time.

The Apostles of our Lord. By Rev. J. G. GREENHOUGH, M.A. Hodder and Stoughton. (5s.)

INTO these illumining character-studies, the author has evidently put the careful ponderings of years. The literary felicity of them is no less marked than the penetrative insight; and the result is, that one reads with delight, and is taken captive by the graphic skill of the writer. Preachers will find here many a lurking hint for a fresh sermon, whilst the rank-and-file Christian will be helped in Christian knowledge and personal devotion. This quickening volume would make a most acceptable and helpful Christmas gift.

The Golden Book of John Owen. By JAMES MOFFAT, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton. (6s.)

MANIFESTLY, a labour of love was the compiling of this book of extracts from the voluminous writings of Dr. John Owen, and "love's labour" has in no degree been "lost." The quotations give us a fine sample of the massive mind and gracious heart of this Saul among the Puritan divines;—the choicest of the wheat from a vast prairie of theology. The biography of John Owen—modestly called by the author an "Introductory Sketch"—greatly adds to the value of the whole book. The "genius for history" has never been better exhibited by Dr. Moffat than in this instance. The volume is a memorable and solid piece of workmanship.

The Evangelist Monthly. Vol. XIII. Bemrose and Sons. (2s.)

THE sub-title is, "A Church Magazine for Parochial and General Circulation," and it appears admirably adapted to that end. It would not suit the bulk of our readers, for the articles, notes, and even the stories are very "churchy."

Martyr Times; or, "the Seed of the Church." By CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D. "Home Words" Publishing Office. (1s. 6d.)

JUST the book to give to boys and girls of opening mind, in order to imbue them with Protestant and Christian principles. In fifteen chapters, we get a thrilling story of the heroic witness and death of some of England's choicest sons and daughters. We cannot imagine anyone reading the book without being strengthened in the conviction of God's truth and help to His people in time of persecution. It has our warmest commendation.

Heart Messages; or, Homely Words of Grace and Truth. By Rev. T. I. STOCKLEY. (With portrait.) A. H. Stockwell. (2s. 6d. net.)

ANYONE, who carefully reads these sermons, can discover the secret of the spiritual success of our Brother Stockley at West Croydon Tabernacle. They are rightly termed "Heart Messages," for they came from the preacher's heart to the hearts of his hearers, and readers of them will find that they go to their hearts also.

Golden Words for Every Day. By M. JENNIE STREET. Partridge. (1s.)

BRIEF, bright, helpful talks, on a text for every day in the month, to boys and girls, by one who understands and loves them. Mothers and teachers would do well to purchase this little book for a Christmas gift, or school prize. Many Junior Endeavourers will welcome a new volume from their friend, M. J. S. It is neatly bound in red and gold, and has several illustrations.

More *Story-books* have come from Messrs. Nelson and Sons,—all admirable. A bulky volume of 374 pages (3s. 6d.), *Mother Maud*, by Mrs. ARTHUR, contains a really charming story of sisterly love and self-sacrifice which, in due time, bring their own reward.

There are two books at 2s. 6d. each,—*Father, M.P.*, by THEODORA WILSON WILSON, a brightly-written description of a very lively North country family, the father of which is elected M.P. amid tremendous excitement;—and *A Slave of the Saracen*, by GERTRUDE HOLLIS, a thrilling tale of the seventh crusade, the disastrous campaign conducted by that gracious monarch, Louis of France, who well deserved the title, "the most Christian king," by which he was known throughout the Christendom of his day.

A Daughter of the Druids. By S. N. SEDGWICK. A. H. Stockwell. (2s. 6d.)

A STORY, giving a very vivid recital of the events that happened in the South of England in the days of the Druids, and culminating in the martyrdom of Alban, the Roman courier, afterwards canonized as "St. Alban." Tales of love and war are skilfully woven into the narrative, which is of considerable historic interest.

England's Sea Story. By ALBERT LEE. *With Pizarro the Conquistador.* By A. L. HAYDON. *A Rank Outsider.* By KENT CARR. Andrew Melrose. (5s. each.)

THESE three volumes have come to hand just as we go to press. We believe them to be wholesome books for boys, and certainly they do not lack interest. The first is "A popular record of the doings of the English Navy from the earliest days." The second is a tale of the Spaniards in Peru. The third tells of a false accusation in a boys' school, of the turning of the tide, and of the ultimate justification of the innocent.

Mr. Henry Frowde has just issued, from the Oxford University Press Warehouse, Amen Corner, E.C., the *Pearl 32mo Clarendon Text Bible* (1s. to 4s. net,) and also the *Pearl 32mo Clarendon Reference Bible* (1s. 3d. to 7s. 6d. net); both editions are also printed on the Oxford India paper, the prices ranging, respectively, from 3s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. There could hardly be a choicer Christmas or New Year's present for a friend than one of these dainty bijou volumes.

As the available space is needed for Notices of *new* books, we can only just mention *new editions* of various works which have come to

hand. The most notable of these is *Classified Gems of Thought from the Great Preachers and Writers of All Ages*, by Rev. F. B. PROCTOR, M.A. (Popular edition, 816 quarto pages for 5s., Hodder and Stoughton.) Other new issues are—*Peter Mackenzie, his Life and Labours*, by Rev. JOSEPH DAWSON. (Popular edition, 2s., C. H. Kelly);—*The Prodigal Son; or, the Way Home*; by the late BROWNLOW NORTH, B.A. (Second edition, 1s. 6d. net, Chas. J. Thynne);—*The Overcoming Life; or, Thoughts on the Life of Christ in the Soul of the Believer*, by Rev. E. W. MOORE, M.A. (New edition, 1s., Partridge and Co.)

Notes.

Personal Paragraphs.

We have indicated briefly, in the Preface, some of our hopes and aims for 1905. Our deep desire is to maintain a faithful witness for God and for His truth in these days of apostasy, and to provide for the Lord's people such wholesome and nutritious fare as will build them up. To the modern methods of "running" Magazines, we cannot resort. We have no baits to hold out, except the solid worth of our articles, and the spiritual interest of our news. We seek the Divine blessing on this effort to teach and to preach Jesus Christ, and the truth as it is in Him.

Now is the time when our friends can really help us by introducing our periodical to others, and endeavouring to secure them as subscribers. Good Reader, will *you* do us this kind service ere the New Year commences? Thank you! Thank you!

We trust that Tabernacle Institutions will be *remembered* with Christmas and New Year gifts. "Father Christmas" might have written for all our good work; but the dear old fellow is specially fond of the children, and we confess to sharing his weakness; but we have the care also of the College, and the Colportage, and a great host of the Lord's needy ones, so we are naturally anxious that these should not be forgotten. THE GENERAL PURPOSES FUND has scarcely

got under weigh yet, but we hope for some seasonable gifts on its behalf before the gate of January opens.

We are more than sorry to have to ask that requests to preach and lecture be kindly withheld. We are, unfortunately, none too able for the work that lies immediately to hand. To be out and about as well, is more than we can manage. How we wish it were otherwise, for it would be a real joy to help the Churches, and to make new friends. But we cannot do this and the home work, too.

We were more than glad to have our part in meetings called for "A United Witness to the Holiness and Righteousness and Love of God; the Deity of our Lord Jesus Christ; and the Vicarious Character of His Atoning Work; and to the Whole Bible as the Word of God; with special reference to recent declarations made by prominent preachers and teachers."

Afternoon and evening meetings were held, on November 15th, in the King's Hall, Holborn, under the presidency of R. C. Morgan, Esq. It was good to be there;—good to find that there are thousands who have not bowed the knee to the Baal of Modern Thought,—good to hear the plain declarations of old-time Gospel Truth,—and good to note the spirit of prayer and faith pervading all the utterances.

We could not refrain from remind-

ing the afternoon meeting of C. H. Spurgeon's prescient warning, and expressing our firm conviction that, had the Churches responded fully to his call, seventeen years ago, we might possibly have been spared the humiliation and agony of to-day.

We thank God for this beginning of a United Witness, and pray that it may multiply and still increase.

* * * *

Tabernacle Tidings.

The Motto-card for 1905 is very dainty, and up-to-date in more senses than one. Our good friend, Mr. Edward Johnson, again bears the cost, and superintends the production. Half the purchase price is devoted to the Colportage Association, and the remainder to some other good work at the Tabernacle. Copies can be procured at once at threepence each. The text is that inspiring verse, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."—Rev. ii. 10.

Communion cards for 1905 will be ready for distribution by the first week in December.

A Watch-night service will be held (D.V.) on Saturday, December 31st, commencing at eleven o'clock. This meeting is a grand opportunity to bring unconverted persons to hear the Gospel, as many can be induced to come then who will not attend a place of worship on the Sabbath.

Secretaries of Missions, Schools, and other Institutions connected with the Tabernacle will oblige by sending statistics for the current year by first week in January, at latest.

The Tabernacle Band of Hope occupied the platform upon the occasion of the monthly meeting of the "John Ploughman" Gospel Temperance Society, on November 2nd, and, under the direction of Mr. F. Fuller, produced an interesting programme, which was evidently appreciated. The young folk are to be commended for the talent displayed.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle, November 3rd, ten,—Jessie Lovell, James Mallett, Frank Ovens, Esther Ovens, Constance Johnston, Nellie Merryfield, Daisy Mephram, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lambert, and G. P.

Daniels; at Haddon Hall, October 30th, two,—Joseph Eado, and Henry Shields.

No less than eight members of the Church have passed away since our last issue; viz., Samuel Dale, Sarah Jane Challis, Elizabeth Limbert, John Hy. Taylor, Robert Tidswell, William Thomas, Alice Eva Scott, and John Thomas Lizar. Their deaths were mentioned at the communion service on Lord's-day evening, November 6th, and the Pastor expressed the sympathy of the Church with the sorrowing relatives.

At the same service, eighteen friends were welcomed to the fellowship of the Church.

Mr. Frank Cockrem, the Secretary of the Open Air Mission, had a wonderful story to tell, when, on Monday, November 7th, at the Church prayer-meeting, he gave an account of the services held upon race-courses, and at fairs, wakes, etc. A single incident may be related. One of the preachers was taken ill during a race-meeting, and, to his great disappointment, was sent back to London. During his hasty removal, he lost his Marked Testament; but it was picked up by an ice-cream vendor, who read it, was converted, carried the good tidings home to his family; and, when visited later, was found to have recently joined a Christian Church, together with his wife and daughters.

The Men's Bible-class had a successful annual meeting on Tuesday evening, November 8th, Pastor Thos. Spurgeon presiding. Mr. R. H. Thorn, the indefatigable Secretary, read an encouraging Report, and the Treasurer handed to the Pastor the sum of £15 as a contribution from the Class to the Pastors' College, and £10 for the Pastors' College Missionary Association. In addition to this, the Class had subscribed £5 to Dr. Huntley's Medical Mission in China, to provide a bed in memory of their late President, Mr. J. T. Dunn.

The Chairman's address was in the form of an acrostic upon the Bible as—

The **BEST** Book.
The **INSPIRED** Book.
The **BINDING** Book.
The **LASTING** Book.
The **ENLIGHTENING** Book.

Pastor W. Fuller Gooch emphasized the necessity for uncompromising and inflexible fidelity to the Word of God; and Pastor A. G. Brown was most helpful on "It is good for us to be here." Miss Beaumont touched our hearts with her spiritual songs, notably, "The Comforter is come."

As this was the first public meeting held since the election of the new President, Elder Russell, the opportunity was embraced to give him a hearty welcome.

The claims of our Colonies across the seas, and the great opportunities they offer for missionary effort, were brought prominently before the congregation at the Tabernacle on Thursday evening, November 10th, when Rev. A. J. Vining, of Canada, at the invitation of the Pastor, gave an address on "Our Work amongst the Foreigners in the Canadian North-West." The speaker referred to the great commercial progress and the continuous increase of population in Canada, and pointed out that this advancement opened up a wide field for spiritual work and evangelistic enterprise. Emigrants were constantly arriving from all parts of Europe, many of them driven out from their own lands by tyranny and persecution; the Roman Catholic Church was using every effort to increase the power of the priest; and the true security of the Empire, and the only hope of the salvation of the people, were to be found in an open Bible and the simple story of the Cross.

The work amongst the foreign element started in 1873; and, from a small beginning at Winnipeg, where, in 1875, there was but one Church, with only seven members, the Mission had increased, till there were now 116 organized Churches and numerous mission-stations scattered throughout a vast range of territory, and disseminating the truth amongst Scandinavians, Swedes, Finns, Germans, Russians, Hungarians, and other nationalities. Mr. Vining bore a strong testimony to the power of the Christian sisterhood of Canada, and gave instances of woman's influence in the cause of Christ. Lack of means was hindering the onward progress of the work; and his purpose, while in this country; was to arouse the interest of Christians in the welfare of the Dominion, to impress upon them their

responsibility, and to appeal for sympathy and aid in bearing aloft the banner of the Cross in that part of Greater Britain. In response to his appeal, the Pastor invited contributions, and a collection was made at the close of the meeting.

At the Church prayer-meeting, on Monday, November 14th, Mr. H. W. Harvey, the Secretary of the Sunday-school, gave an interesting account of the mission recently held by Messrs. Sayer and Reed. He described the meetings as having been successful in every way. The leaders were men of spiritual power, and with a method of conducting the services which never failed to interest the children. Mr. Sayer had a fund of illustrations that was most helpful, and Mr. Reed taught the children some pretty Gospel choruses, which they never tired of singing. Ninety-two young friends filled up the forms which were circulated, all of them asserting that they had given their hearts and their lives to the Saviour. After an interval of a week, an invitation was issued to them to attend a "Converts' meeting", and no less than seventy-five responded. One touching incident must be recorded. A lad, about nine years of age, yielded to the charms of "Israel's gentle Shepherd"; and, with his heart full of the new joy, ran home to tell his mother. She met him with the injunction, "Hush! be quiet, and go to bed quickly, like a good boy. Your father is not sober; and if you wake him, he will be off on the drink again." The child responded, "But, mother, I must tell you something first; I have given myself to the Saviour." The mother, when relating this to our lady-missionary, added that she had gone through a similar experience in her early days, but that home troubles had damped down the fire of devotion. She had now, however, returned to her loving Saviour, and was "believing and rejoicing."

The Sunday-school teachers held a special meeting, on Tuesday, November 15th, in order to present their late Secretary, Mr. C. H. Dunn, with a testimonial. The remainder of the evening was spent in a social manner, and the engagements included two short addresses upon Sunday-school topics.

Concerning the College.

Mr. W. Kirk Bryce, of Nottingham Tabernacle, has accepted the pastorate of the Fourth Baptist Church, Chicago, U.S.A.

Mr. G. Menzies, late of Arbroath, has sailed for Western Australia, to take charge of the Baptist Church at Fremantle; and Mr. C. S. Rose, of Sydney, New South Wales, has accepted the pastorate at Garland Street, Bury St. Edmund's.

Despite the far from encouraging influence of the fog,—a real London particular,—the Pastors' College annual meeting, on November 17th, proved a conspicuous success. Our numbers were affected, but not our enthusiasm. The ladies again gave the tea;—heartiest thanks to them! Mr. Leonard Smith, who has just settled at Kettering, delivered a remarkably telling address, and Rev. Dinsdale T. Young charmed us with his able and appreciative lecture on C. H. Spurgeon, *as a preacher*. Principal McCaig had us all with him when he thanked Mr. Young in well-chosen terms. The College quartette, consisting of four Welsh brethren, delighted us with their harmonious voices, and clearly-enunciated words; and we all joined in the last verse of "All hail the power," to the tune "Diadem." Oh! it was glorious. We thank God for another year of much mercy with regard to this part of our work. Now for another!

IN MEMORIAM.—Just as these "Notes" are being written, we hear of the "home-going" of one of our younger brethren,—PASTOR R. L. CRAIG, of Addison, New York, U.S.A.,—who only left the College in 1899.

Mr. Craig's father has written to Dr. McCaig, concerning his son, as follows:—"About two years ago, he was seized with influenza, from which he had scarcely recovered when a series of special meetings was held by the different Churches of the town. In these, he was fully engaged; but, at the close, he had a severe attack of pneumonia, which brought on his end. He died at Waverly, New York, on the 21st of October. I thought it proper to let you know, as my son so often spoke of your kindness to him, and as he was so interested in all the work of the College."

A local paper says of our brother:—"He was loyal to his God, to his

Church, to his friends; forbearing to his enemies (if he had any); earnest and faithful in his life work; living, indeed, a strenuous life while he had strength to work. While highly cultured, he was modest and unassuming, only showing to those about him his mental ability where occasion required him to do so."

We sincerely sympathize with our brother's widow, father, and all other sorrowing relatives.

THE PIONEER MISSION.—Pastor F. J. Flatt has been appointed Secretary, and he will be glad to visit any present or probable subscribers by appointment, or to give details of the work at drawing-room meetings, or week-night services, or to conduct Sunday services, and to reply to all enquiries addressed to the office of the Mission, 3, Eagle Street, Southampton Row, London, W.C. We heartily commend this Mission and its new Secretary.

PASTORS' COLLEGE MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.—Dr. Churcher writes from Sousse, Tunisia:—"We received a warm welcome, and the news is spreading that we are really back, so that thirty sick folk were here on Thursday, and twenty-six to-day, and the 'Baraka' has quite a goodly company already. One poor woman has been waiting here for a month. I asked what she had been eating, and the reply I received was, 'Her bracelets.' Certainly, her whole wardrobe would have been dear at a shilling. We have been interviewed in a small way. One question was, 'They say that England is as big as three of our towns put together: is that so?' Another question was, 'When you go to England, do the King and Queen ask you to take tea with them?' The listening to the Gospel message is good, and the gratitude unmistakable. I have been to Kairouan this week, and hear that many are waiting for me at Djemal. After planting and watering, we may safely look up for the increase."

* * * *

Our Fatherless Family.

The death in hospital, on October 30th, from inflammation of the kidneys and heart disease, of George Dutton, one of the boys of the Stockwell Orphanage, led Mr. Spurgeon, at the close of his sermon at the Tabernacle,

on the following Lord's-day morning, to give a short but very impressive address to the children of the Institution, who were, as usual, present at the service. In the course of his remarks, he told the boys and girls how, when a little fellow himself, he was taught by his mother to love and trust the children's Saviour.

A memorial service was held at the Orphanage, prior to the funeral.

The Christmas number of the Orphanage Quarterly will contain a special appeal, from which we extract the following paragraphs:—

"May we suggest the importance of including a collection at the dinner table as one of the most interesting items in the programme to be arranged for the celebration of Christmas Day? It is only natural that we should desire a portion of such benevolence for the orphan children under our care; and we earnestly commend this appeal to our readers.

"Many of those we have helped in former years are now heads of families; and they will be happy, on Christmas Day, in the grateful memory of the kindness and help they received. To think of them, now numbering some hundreds, is to experience the thrill of a very sacred joy, and to feel constrained to offer a psalm of thanksgiving. As those who are in the Orphanage, to-day, cannot plead for themselves, our friends must not be offended with our importunity when we are called to be their advocate. To every reader we would say,—Please send to the Secretary, early, for a supply of special envelopes, and get your friends to promise a CHRISTMAS DAY DINNER-TABLE COLLECTION FOR THE FATHERLESS LITTLE ONES AT STOCKWELL."

* * * *

Colportage Chronicles.

During the past month, a new District has been opened under the auspices of the Free Church Council at Frome, Somersetshire, and a colporteur has entered upon the work, who, there is reason to believe, will prove specially suitable for carrying out the local aims of the Churches in the town and its surroundings.

Colportage meetings have been held, and the Secretary has taken part, or conducted Sunday services, at Brent-

ford, Middlesex; Willington and Tickenhall, near Derby; Swaffham Prior and Milton, in Cambridgeshire; and other places.

Trade has remained very dull for the time of year, and much poverty is reported in most of the Districts.



A COLPORTEUR'S MISSION HALL.

A colporteur recently received a letter from a person in his District, in which the following extract occurs:—
"I desire to testify to the good which myself and the young people have received through your visits. We have benefited by your words of sympathy and counsel, as well as by the spiritual teachings you have given us; and I have felt sure that it would encourage you to know that, in God's hands, you have been the means of leading several of our circle to Jesus, as well as having built up some of us in Scripture knowledge."

Another colporteur's report says:—
"I am sharing in a special mission opened in a very low part of the town, and we have been much encouraged. We recently had a meeting, when about a hundred were present, the bulk of whom never go to a place of worship. Impressive Gospel addresses were given, and an interest was manifested which gives us much hope."

The General Fund of the Association is a good deal behind, and both the Secretary and the colporteurs are working hard to secure assistance from Christian friends as the close of the year is so near. An earnest appeal is made to "Sword and Trowel" readers to help. Donations or subscriptions will be welcomed, and gratefully acknowledged, by Mr. Stephen Wigney, Pastors' College, Temple Street, London, S.E.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from October 15th to November 7th, 1904.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Mr. W. H. Critchett	1 0 0	Mr. J. Billing	0 10 0
Part offering at Harvest Thanksgiv- ing services, per Pastor G. P. Edwards:—		Pastor R. Turner Sole	1 0 0
Gladestry	0 9 0	Sir Frederick Howard	2 2 0
Evenjobb	0 6 0	Collection at Salters' Hall Baptist Chapel, per Pastor James Smith	2 2 0
		Weekly Offerings at Metropolitan Tabernacle	1 9 4
.. Erin "	0 15 0	Collection at Providence Chapel, Hounslow, per Pastor R. H. Miller	4 4 0
Mr. R. Brazil	1 0 0		
Contribution from Baptist Church, Cudham, Kent	2 0 0		
Mr. Geo. Ranson	2 0 0		
			<u>£20 2 4</u>

Pastors' College Missionary Association.

Statement of Receipts from October 15th to November 7th, 1904.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Dr. T. G. Churcher	1 8 2	Mr. J. Billing	0 10 0
H. McS.	1 1 0		
.. Erin "	0 10 0		
Mr. R. Brazil	2 0 0		
			<u>£25 9 2</u>

The Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from October 15th to November 7th, 1904.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Mrs. E. Parsons	0 2 6	Harvest thanksgiving, Union Church, Stanwick, per Mr. S. Pettit	0 5 0
Mr. S. H. Dauncey	10 10 0	Miss Gazeley	0 5 0
Mr. Jas. Frame	1 0 0	Mr. D. E. Osborn, a thankoffering...	1 0 0
Mr. R. G. Westlake	0 10 0	Mr. J. Lamont	5 0 0
Cash, Postmark, Duckfastleigh	0 10 0	Proceeds of harvest festival services, Lister Hill Mission Hall, Hors- forth, per Mr. C. E. Bilbrough ...	4 0 0
Mr. C. Trelease	0 5 0	Miss E. Hendrie	0 10 0
Mr. Robinson Souttar	2 2 0	Mr. C. W. Bull	0 10 0
Woolaston Baptist Chapel, per Mr. W. Watts	1 10 0	Miss E. S. White	0 5 0
Mr. S. Laurie	2 0 0	Widow Adlem, produce of pear tree	0 4 0
Mr. O. Barfoot	0 2 0	A friend	0 6 0
Mr. J. Wates	1 1 0	Rev. P. H. Good	0 2 6
Bank of England note, S. S.	5 0 0	Mr. H. S. Jones	0 2 0
Mrs. Brazil	2 3 0	Mrs. Price	0 2 6
Tomning Street Baptist Chapel, Lowestoft, per Mr. A. H. Large...	1 1 0	Mr. E. Avery	1 0 0
Miss Hasler	0 10 0	Miss E. J. Glover	1 0 0
Mrs. F. E. Larkins	0 10 0	Mr. R. Dawson	0 2 0
Mr. G. Sargent	0 2 0	Mrs. Anderson	0 5 0
Miss M. H. Donaldson	0 5 0	Mrs. S. Squirrel	0 4 0
Collected by Mrs. S. E. Dale	0 16 2		
F. and A. B.	0 2 0	Per Mrs. Charlesworth:—	
Mr. D. Burroughs	5 0 0	Mr. J. L. Aukland	1 1 0
Mr. W. S. Cowell	3 0 0	Mr. C. Deayton	1 1 0
Miss S. Carveley, from the orphans' pear tree	0 10 0		
Anonymous, Hampstead Heath	0 5 0		
Miss M. Livingstone	0 2 6	Mrs. Pool	2 2 0
Mr. W. B. Wearing	0 10 6	Mr. T. Penny	2 2 0
Mrs. Ratcliff	1 0 0	Collected by Miss Broughton	1 14 0
Mr. W. Rogers	1 0 0	Two friends, per V. J. C.	0 1 0
Mr. J. B. Nuon	0 5 0	The Trustees of Thomas Porter Equipment Fund	160 0 0
E. W. D.	0 2 6	Mr. J. Cutler	1 1 0
East Hill Baptist Sunday-school, Wandsworth, per Mr. S. Saunders	1 0 0	Miss Priestley	0 5 0
A friend, Donegal	2 0 0	Miss Gregg	0 1 6
Harvest thanksgiving, Corton Bap- tist Chapel, per Mr. C. H. Few ...	1 0 0	Mr. W. J. Hieron	0 2 0
Mrs. H. Olney	0 5 0	Stamps, Camberwell	0 1 0
Miss F. Dummer	0 5 0	Mr. W. Callaghan	1 0 0
Mr. E. Delabertanche	1 1 0	Part collection at prayer-meeting, Mansion House Mission, Camber- well, per Pastor G. W. Linnecar...	0 12 6
Mr. J. W. Beonett	0 5 0		

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Miss A. M. Ingall	0	2	6	Orphan girls' cards:—			
Mrs. E. Redgwell	0	2	6	F. Butler	0	3	10
Mr. J. Billing	5	0	0	M. Lauder	0	3	1
Mr. T. Coles	0	2	6	M. Wagg	0	5	0
Mr. G. Wellstood	0	2	6	K. Gelger	0	10	0
Mr. J. Wait	0	2	0	F. Ewer	0	6	0
Anon.	50	0	0	L. Whalley	0	10	0
Postmark, Cannes (" For the fatherless children ")	5	19	1	Executors of the late Mr. S. Cornborough	1	18	9
Half-year's interest on £300 Redeemable 1st Mortgage Debenture Stock, Anchor Line, Henderson Brothers (Mr. R. Cory's gift)	6	8	3	From the estate of the late Miss J. Munro	699	16	8
Sandwich, per Bankers	2	2	0	Executor of the late Mrs. Sarah Walter	62	18	10
Postal order, Plymouth	1	0	0	MEETINGS BY MR. CHARLESWORTH AND THE ORPHANAGE CHOIR:—	100	0	0
Miss M. J. Infield	0	2	6	Northcote Road Baptist Chapel, Wandsworth	7	3	0
Mr. W. Woolidge	0	5	0	Magdalen Road Baptist Chapel, Earlsfield	3	18	0
Mr. Jas. Wilson	0	15	0	Marlowes Baptist Chapel, Hemel Hempstead	3	10	1
Thaukful	0	10	0	ELECTRIC LIGHTING FOND:—			
Mr. J. Burt	0	1	6	Mr. T. Bowler	0	6	1
Mr. A. Bentall	1	0	0	Mr. A. Tulloch	0	5	0
Peckham Park Mission, per Mr. L. Wood	0	12	6	Miss S. Watts	0	10	0
Miss E. Hall	0	10	6	Miss M. Fraser	0	2	6
Mr. G. Cousens	0	5	0	Mr. R. Dawson	0	1	0
Readers of "The Christian," per Messrs. Morgan and Scott	12	11	6	A thankoffering from Stowmarket Congregational Church, Women's Class, per Miss E. Carter	0	10	0
Mr. J. Burnham Pegg	2	2	0	SEASIDE HOME, MARGATE:—			
Mr. D. Poord	5	0	0	Mrs. Rugg, sen	0	5	0
Mr. J. Aubrey	0	2	6	Mr. R. Dawson	0	2	0
Mr. W. H. Critchett	1	0	0	Mrs. C. Thomas	0	1	0
Erin	0	10	0	Mrs. A. Pottinger	0	2	0
Mr. R. Brazil	2	0	0				
Mr. Geo. Fisher	5	0	0				
Orphan boys' cards:—							
P. Plummer	1	1	0				
F. Carter	0	1	9				
A. Wyatt	0	1	9				
	1	4	6		£1,223	3	2

LIST OF PRESENTS FROM OCTOBER 15TH TO NOVEMBER 7TH, 1904.

PROVISIONS:—2 hampers Fruit (No. 4 House), Mr. Dafforne; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Sir A. Seale Haslam; quantity of Fruit, Iden Green Congregational Church, Benenden, per Mr. W. Russell; 10 cwt. assorted Jams, Mr. G. H. Deaa; sack of Potatoes, Mr. W. Cutter; box of Apples, Mrs. Higgins.

GIRLS' CLOTHING:—51 articles (girls' and boys'), Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 24 articles (girls' and boys'), Beulah Baptist Working Meeting, Bexhill, per Mrs. Greenhill; 9 articles, Mrs. Hewlett; 18 articles, Mrs. T. Evans; 146 articles (girls' and boys'), Reading Ladies' Working Meeting, per Mrs. J. Withers; 24 articles (girls' and boys'), Tonbridge Working Meeting, per Mrs. Stockbridge.

BOYS' CLOTHING:—7 articles, Anon.; 24 Collars, a friend; quantity of Caps, Anon.; quantity of worn Clothing, Mrs. Proud; 6 Day-shirts, Anon.

GENERAL:—Large box of Toy Bricks (for Infirmary), Mrs. W. Carnelley; a quantity of Christmas Cards, Mrs. Proud; box of Flowers, Iden Green Congregational Church (Flower Mission), Benenden, per Mr. W. Russell.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from October 15th to November 7th, 1904.

DISTRICT SUBSCRIPTIONS:—	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Brentford, per Messrs. Greenwood Bros.	10	0	0	Earl's Colne, per Mr. J. A. Tawell	10	0	0
Leytonstone, per Rev. J. Bradford	20	0	0	Fritbam, per Mr. R. W. Griffiths	11	5	0
Home Counties Baptist Association, per Mr. W. Hart	20	0	0	Puckeridge, per Mr. R. P. Rhodes	11	5	0
Stratford-on-Avon, per Mr. J. Smallwood	10	0	0	Southern Baptist Association, per Mr. W. Haydon	60	0	0
Bishop's Stortford, per Mr. W. Holland	11	5	0	Ilmthster, per Mr. F. Harcombe	11	5	0
Feathwell, per Mr. R. Cory, J.P.	11	5	0	Horsforth, per Miss C. E. Bilbrough	11	5	0
Chard, per Mr. T. S. Penny	11	5	0	Bow, per Pastor E. H. Ellis	17	10	0
				Melton Mowbray, per Mr. J. T. Crosher	11	5	0
				Milton, per Rev. R. Smith	45	0	0

£ s. d. -		£ s. d.	
Great Totnam, per Rev. H. J. Harvey	5 0 0	Mr. S. P. Catterson	0 10 0
Southwark:—		Mr. J. Chessins	1 0 0
Mr. Arthur Smith	0 5 0	Mrs. Fitch	0 5 0
Miss M. M. Smith	0 10 0	Mr. W. Oldershaw	0 2 6
	0 15 0	Mr. A. G. Smith (Collecting-card) ..	0 1 6
Axbridge:—		Collection at Brentford, per Mr. Henry Mears	2 14 6
Mr. W. Durnsford	0 10 6	Collections at Willington and Tickenhall, per Mr. C. Payne ..	2 12 1
Mr. S. B. Pumphrey	0 5 0	Collections at Cholsey and Benson, per Mr. W. Bird	1 5 6
	0 15 6	Collection at North Cheam, per Mr. E. Piercey	0 6 4
	£289 0 6	Collections at Swaffham Prior, per Mr. F. Collier	1 16 0
AGED COLPORTEURS' FUND:—		Collection at Milton, Cambus.	6 4 0
Mr. William Higgs	10 0 0	Mr. James Morey	0 5 0
		Miss M. M. Smith	1 0 0
GENERAL FUND:—		Mr. R. Brazil	4 0 0
Mr. T. Fearnley	1 1 0	Mr. J. Billing	1 0 0
Mrs. Richard Rodgett	2 10 0	Mr. W. Edwards	1 1 0
Mrs. John Walker	0 8 0		
Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Ackland	5 0 0		
Mr. W. H. Critchett	1 0 0		
			£34 2 5

Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon's Book Fund.

Statement of Receipts from October 15th to November 7th, 1904.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
"Eriu"	0 10 0	Mr. and Mrs. T. G. A., Muswell Hill	5 0 0
Mrs. B., Rustington	5 0 0		
Mrs. L., Kennington	1 1 0		
Mr. G. R., Kansas	0 10 0		
Mrs. G. H., Streatham Hill	1 1 0		
			£13 2 0

Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon's Pastors' Aid Fund.

Statement of Receipts from October 15th to November 7th, 1904.

£ s. d.	
"Interest on Legacy," S.S.	22 1 10
Mrs. E. A. S., Bournemouth	0 5 0
	£22 6 10

Gifts of Clothing:—Mrs. H., Blackheath; Mrs. J., Beckenham; Miss W., Bristol; Miss C. H., Hampton Hill; Miss C. C., Harlesden; Mrs. W., Edinburgh; Mrs. T., Plumstead; Miss F. D., Highbury.

Contributions in aid of "Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon's Book and Pastors' Aid Funds" should be sent to Miss E. H. Thorne, addressed (for the present), "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood, London, S.E.

Donations for the Pastors' College, the Pastors' College Missionary Association, the Metropolitan Tabernacle Colportage Association, and the General Purposes Fund, 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.