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Yours truly
H. P. Brown.

THE
BAPTIST REPORTER.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. I. 1864.

"ONE LORD, ONE FAITH, ONE BAPTISM."

LONDON:
J. HEATON & SON, 42, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

MDCCCLXIV.

PREFACE.

A PREFACE to a Book is always the last thing that is written: it is presumed, however, to be the first thing that is read. A Preface to a Periodical is not only the last thing written, but of necessity also the last read. In the latter case, therefore, it seems at least superfluous, for the reader knows all that the writer can tell him, and can generally anticipate all that he has to say. Still, it has this advantage, that it enables an Editor to place himself for a few moments in direct personal communication with his readers, and to speak for once in his own name, instead of under the cover of the everlasting "WE."

Anyhow, the Editor of THE BAPTIST REPORTER cannot allow his first volume to close without expressing his thankfulness to the many friends who have aided him in his new undertaking. He entered upon it a year since with "fear and trembling,"—fear, lest he should fail altogether to attain to his ideal of what such a periodical ought to be; trembling, lest in encountering this additional anxiety, he might be adding too heavily to the burden of an already sufficiently laborious life. In regard to the latter anxiety, he can only say, that his toil, if arduous, has been pleasant, and he has the satisfaction of believing that it has been also useful: in regard to the former, he is encouraged by the assurances of many readers, whose estimate of the success of his efforts has been most gratifying and most kind. To all who have aided in promoting the circulation of THE REPORTER,—to all who have spoken well of it to their friends,—especially to those who have contributed to its pages, and have so made it what it is, the Editor offers, thus publicly and formally, his sincerest thanks.

The only thing that the Editor has to ask, respectfully and earnestly, of those whom he hopes he may consider the friends of THE REPORTER, is, that they will do what may be in their power to increase its circulation—and so its usefulness—during the coming year.

42, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON,
December 1st, 1864.

* * The Editor has much pleasure in stating, that, in the twelve numbers for this year, will be found contributions from the Revs. C. BAILHACHE, of Islington; S. COX, of Nottingham; H. CRASSWELLER, B.A., of Derby; E. DENNETT, of Lewisham; J. DREW, of Halifax; B. EVANS, D.D., of Scarboro'; T. E. FULLER, of Luton; J. J. GOADBY, of Leicester; J. H. GORDON, of Astley Bridge; S. G. GREEN, B.A., of Rawdon College; A. MACLAREN, B.A., of Manchester; J. H. MILLARD, B.A., of Huntingdon; A. MURSELL, of Manchester; J. MURSELL, of Kettering; W. ROBINSON, of Cambridge; C. SHORT, M.A., of Swansea; J. STENT, of Notting Hill; T. R. STEVENSON, of Luton; C. STOVEL, of London; W. H. TETLEY, of Coleford; G. B. THOMAS, of St. Neot's; W. UNDERWOOD, of Chilwell College; W. WALTERS, of Newcastle-on-Tyne; C. WILLIAMS, of Southampton; and EDWARD MIALI, Esq., of London. The Secretaries of the Baptist Missionary Society, the General Baptist Missionary Society, the Baptist Irish Society, and the Baptist Building Fund, have also furnished intelligence about their respective Societies.

THE

BAPTIST REPORTER.

JANUARY, 1864.

THE POSITION AND CAPABILITIES OF THE BAPTIST DENOMINATION.

IN starting a New Series of *The Baptist Reporter*, the first number may be worthily occupied with a candid review of our position and capabilities as a denomination. We shall endeavour, on the one hand, to avoid falling into a strain of self-glorification; and on the other, to abstain from the snarling cynical spirit which sees nothing but faults and failures. This method may not be so interesting to strong partizans; it may fail to win the sympathy of grumblers. Our "position" may not be satisfactory; but we will not exaggerate nor hide its defects. Our "capabilities" ought to inspire hope and effort, and we will do our best to proclaim the *latent unused powers*, which, like veins of gold, enrich a denomination unconscious of its wealth.

Our distinctive attitude, in reference to other sections of the Christian church, is such as ought to inspire self-respect and a sense of responsibility. We solemnly assert, with all the emphasis of deep conviction, that there can be no profession of Christianity—no entrance into the kingdom of God—apart from intelligent and voluntary faith. That which lies at the bottom of our views as Baptists, is,—“That with the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation.” To hold and to preach this principle consistently is surely no trifling or contemptible position for a denomination to maintain. To shew its application to every ordinance, to baptism, to the Lord's Supper, to the fellowship of true believers, is the “burden” of our prophecy in an age when theories which *tend* to neutralize the principle are held by nearly every other section of the church. We say *tend* to neutralize it, because we wish to live in charity with Pædobaptists; but till they unanimously tell us what infant baptism *means*—what the rite signifies as an institution of the church—we cannot help feeling a logical inconsistency between their preaching of the Gospel and the practice of infant baptism. We have hitherto thought that the importance of this doctrine has entailed upon us the responsibility of maintaining as a body our separate existence, and till it can be shewn either that we have exaggerated the value of the principle, or that we can amalgamate with other bodies without sacrificing it, we see no other course open to us.

In estimating the recognition we have obtained as a body, we have not only to count the two hundred thousand members of our churches, but to reckon the large number of Baptists who belong to Pædobaptist churches, together with the numbers who are "Baptists in principle," but who are not in communion with any church. Since the registration of births has passed into law, a large number of Pædobaptists—and the number, we understand, is on the increase—neglect the baptism of their children, not because they are indifferent to the question, but out of silent homage to our principle. It must be evident to any one who thoughtfully scans these facts, that we have obtained a wider hold upon the convictions of Christian men than mere statistics would indicate. Our progress in leavening the church-mind of the country is such as ought to teach us our responsibility, and to inspire the conviction that we have been witnesses for an important truth when we have taught that "intelligent voluntary faith professed by Baptism" is the law of Christ's church.

We have reached this position by very simple means. Our power has not sprung from an elaborate organization, like Wesleyanism; we have not used our pulpits, to any large extent, to preach our principles; nor have we anything that can be called a Baptist literature. Till lately we have never had many popular preachers to win for us the public attention. We have had, indeed, men of rare ability and piety in our ranks—men who have left the mark of their genius upon religious literature and theological controversy and missionary institutions; but they have appealed to limited audiences, and have been heard within a limited circle. *The force of truth* is the chief element which accounts for our progress. Now, indeed, our ministry occupies a more commanding attitude than at any previous period in our history. In London, and in the large provincial towns, we are represented by men who combine a certain rugged strength of mind with a degree of popular power which gains the ear of the people.

In this general statement of our position we have indicated our *capabilities*. Our Scripture position is strong: we are strong in Christian character, and by the discipline of our churches; strong in intelligence, and in the material means of a large extension. And yet a candid Independent friend said to us the other day, "You Baptists are going nowhere. You talk a great deal, but you do little." Though it be against the grain to admit it, there is a spice of truth in what was said. We are not using our strength; our great opportunity is not seized and made the most of. We certainly are not a *pushing* body. We are not building too many chapels; we are far from being fanatics in the work of education. *We* did not make much capital out of the Bicentenary year.

We will say frankly that the two things we most need to develop our resources and apply our strength, are,—*Greater public spirit and greater union.*

There can be no doubt that a minister's own church has the first and highest claim upon his time and labour. It ought to engross his warmest and deepest sympathies. But there is a danger of his becoming exclusive and indifferent to the *common* objects aimed at by the body to which he belongs. He may try to persuade himself that if he superintends the

societies connected with his own church, and manifests a becoming zeal for the Mission, he has fulfilled his duty to the denomination. And yet, if that be all which is due from men who occupy the front rank amongst us, what is to become of the various *general* interests of the body? We have no men appointed to be bishops, in the modern sense of that term, but there are influential men in London and elsewhere who ought to feel within them the spirit of the bishop, and look further than their own church and their own day, and care for the welfare of such an increasing body of people as we are. Not to speak of the Independents, we have often been struck at the contrast in this respect between our ministers and the clergy of the Established Church. Men who occupy responsible positions in the church are as hard-worked as our most indefatigable ministers; and yet, to see men, many of whom have long passed the prime of life, working with all their might for the interests of the church at home and abroad, and providing for generations yet to come, is a sight to move our hearts with shame when we remember our own coldheartedness, narrowness, and selfishness. If an objector attribute the zeal of the clergy to the *esprit de corps* of a great ecclesiastical corporation lusting for supremacy, he ought at the same time to insist that we should be no less zealous under the inspiration of purer and grander motives. But it is a cause for pity and tears, that, in the absence of a large and generous tone in our public men, every onward movement should be dismissed with a disparaging sneer, or left to die of neglect.

And this want of public spirit is the main hindrance to effective organization and union amongst us. No doubt there are minor hindrances. Morbid men can see no good in union. Real co-operation presupposes a mutual good understanding,—large and healthy sympathies with great common objects. But some men glory in isolation and crotchets, and in their case, to use a familiar illustration, every dog hunts his own hare. Others, again, think our internal divisions as a body will prevent the possibility of united action. As long as there are General and Particular Baptists, open and strict communionists, and mixed churches of Independents and Baptists, it is argued there can be no coherence amongst us,—no *massive* action of the whole body. We are not going to discuss any of these differences, nor to prophesy the triumph of any one of these sections. We may lament such intestine controversies, and admit that they *tend* to distract rather than unite us; but if there is one fact more patent to an observer than another, it is this: that Christian men in this day shew a marked tendency to respect each other's peculiar convictions, and yet to co-operate on common grounds of action. A very grand sign of the times this is, and we Baptists are increasingly yielding to the feeling. We are beginning to find out that it is the merest drivelling to expect we can all agree to the minutest particulars in our intellectual conclusions; and we are happily discovering, though it be slowly, that love is of infinitely more value than our individual opinions. We will mention one more alleged hindrance to union. It has often been said, with more candour than truth, that we are a *poor* body, and that, therefore, we could achieve little. This self-depreciation is very gratuitous. We are

poor, at least we seem poor, if we look at the number of new chapels we build, and at the sums we contribute to the principal societies. But these are imperfect grounds of judgment. The real question is, What could we do,—what hidden, unexplored wealth should we discover,—if we employed better means for developing the resources of our people? Our own conviction is, that we could easily *double* what we are now doing. The half of our capability is lying fallow.

A very hopeful sign for us is that everywhere, especially among those who have not grown old and despairing, there is an unmistakable longing for union. Travel into the remotest parts of England, or talk to men in London, and the same word is upon the lips of all—union. We are now felt to be so many *disjecta membra*, and the cry is for a living, organized body. The question has lately been opened, and talked of in the columns of *The Freeman*; but the country is waiting with eager hope for the day when our natural leaders, fired with a holy emulation of other bodies, shall speak the talismanic word which shall draw ministers and churches together. We want the ablest, and the wisest, and the best, to meet in congress, and talk over our debts (the Baptist Missionary Society would not then be in difficulties), and hindrances, and opportunities; to look at the financial systems of the churches; to consider what our literature is; and to handle with vigour our home and foreign mission questions, and the question of church extension. The programme would widen every year, and we should then wonder that we could so long have set system and order at defiance, and left the interests of the denomination to take their chance. If we wanted a new illustration of the fact that Christ is ever with his church, even when man is most negligent, we should find it in the history and progress of our own denomination; for surely nothing less than supernatural care could have preserved us from the consequences of our neglect and want of order. "*Non nobis*," &c.

Our capabilities are great, but our achievements are small; and the reason is, that we are not a compact and welded mass of individual energies. Our opportunities are manifold and rich; the soil of public sentiment is ready to receive the seed of eternal life; and the Master of the Vineyard, looking at our supineness, says to us, "Why stand ye here all the day idle?" The times are full of hope, if we have the eyes to see what they promise, and hands to seize what they offer. No differences amongst us are of such magnitude as ought to keep us asunder. What we need is, not only to be one in spirit, but one in action. If any petty jealousies have kept any of us apart,—if we have allowed in any case the spirit of rivals to steal in where the genius of fellowship should have dwelt,—let us purify our hearts by prayer and penitence, and turn unto God for a new spirit. Better days are surely near at hand: a sense of brotherhood will supplant the feeling of isolation in which so many languish; the intercourse of ministers and churches will feed the fires of love, and piety, and zeal; the combination of a love of order with our ancient love of freedom will give stability and impulse to our progress; and we shall vindicate our claim to be in the front rank of those who carry the standard of God's truth.

"THE TASK OF THE LEAST."

Our greatest art-critic has told us that the great masters always make the least parts of their work tell upon their canvas. The little foreground groups—odd things apparently flung carelessly about—are not put there to fill up vacant places, but each one for a distinct clear purpose. The smallest and seemingly most useless things are laden with a beautiful task. Herein, he tells us, is the difference between true and poor work. The imperfect workman puts in so many objects with little or no relation to one another, but the true workman makes everything tell in producing one great effect from his picture. The waving fern gives help and grace to the stone bank out of which it springs—the rounded pebbles help the river in its flowing—the long undergrass weaves its green garland round the bare brown trunk, and leads, with its slender spires, to the group of pines that touch the sky.

The same writer takes to pieces a picture of Turner's, to show us how closely the law is followed by that most wonderful of all the painters.

The subject of the picture is a river of France. Let Mr. Ruskin describe it for us:—

"To get at it completely we must know something of the Loire. The district through which it here flows is, for the most part, a low place, yet not altogether at the level of the stream; but cut into deep banks of chalk or gravel, thirty or forty feet high, running for miles at about an equal height above the water. These banks are excavated by the peasantry, partly for houses, partly for cellars, so economising vineyard space above; and thus a kind of continuous village runs along the river side, composed half of caves, half of rude buildings, backed by the cliff, propped against it, therefore always leaning away from the river; mingled with overlappings of vineyard trellis from above, and little towers or summer-houses for outlook when the grapes are ripe, or for gossip over the garden wall.

"It is an autumnal evening, then, by this Loire side. The day has been hot, and the air is heavy and misty still; the sunlight warm, but dim; the brown vine-leaves motionless; all else quiet. Not a sail in sight on the river—its strong, noiseless current lengthening the stream of low sunlight.

"The motive of the picture, therefore, is the expression of rude but perfect peace, slightly mingled with an indolent languor and despondency; the peace between intervals of enforced labour; happy, but listless, and having little care or hope about the future; cutting its home out of this gravel bank, and letting the vine and the river twine and undermine as they will; careless to mend or build so long as the walls hold together, and the black fruit swells in the sunshine."

Now let us see how all the lines and touches bend to this one purpose. All the lines of the picture are vertical or horizontal, to express perfect rest. If curves are introduced, the thought of the beholder will flow with the lines either on land or water; but they are not to flow, but to be still. The upright wall on the left, at right angles with the road, reflecting the hot sun—the plain of water below, perfectly unruffled, even by a river wave driven up by a light summer breeze, are all full of rest and stillness.

But look again; on the right hand, between the road and the water, is a large flat stone, crowning the wall that overlooks the river. Now, put your hand on that large stone, and the adjacent wall and the river has gone! At least it is so utterly in the etching. The flat of the stone overhanging the water, has, by giving you the sharp ledge over which we are so accustomed to look at water, and by repeating its surface on the broad stone, actually made the river! On the top of this stone is fastened a large iron ring, meant to hold

a ship's cable, if any "galley with oars" ever comes down that peaceful river. Now put your finger on that ring, and the *river ceases to flow!* Its service there is to repeat the curve of the river, with its eddyings, so as to make us *feel*, without seeing, that it is sweeping round below.

Once again. All the lines of the picture—of the river bank and the roadside—meet in one point. At that point is an old church, so that back again from all these lines comes a Sabbath rest, diffusing itself over the whole picture.

Now, if such delicately balanced work and meaning as this be a characteristic of true art, it must belong still more to that which the artist seeks to copy—the greater work of God. So, indeed, it is; for to a yet more wonderful extent little things are laden with a task which each fulfils to the *utmost*. "Every atom is in energy, and all that energy is kind." Giving and taking is the law marked on everything that God has made. We sometimes speak of the strength of the old trunk bearing up the creeping parasite; but do you ever think what the creeper gives back to the old withered trunk of grace and beauty, now that its power is gone to give forth new shoots with its younger brethren of the forest? We have no intention now to follow out this law in nature—the little sketch of the picture may teach us that it is so, and how to look for it. Suffice it to say, that the *higher the form of life*, the more the service of little things is seen. Let us see where this sentence leads us.

We pass at once to another realm, to try and find the task which God has given to little actions, and, if the phrase offend no one, to little people. And by little people we mean those who think they are not able to take any task in this busy world, either from lack of strength, or means, or opportunity.

The task of little actions! But let us be sure we are right in thus naming them. We may say that the pebble is small, and the cliff that frowns over it is large; but can we thus talk of deeds? A short sentence, sharply uttered on the field of Waterloo, sent thousands of men to their last account; and Newton built his orrery from the falling of an apple! The mighty works of our Redeemer came from a word, a look, a touch. So we must be careful how we speak of little acts and things, and how we measure importance by bulk. It would be easy to show how, in all history and biography, little things have contained the elements of greater ones, and have been leading on to them. But we have now a plainer and simpler lesson to teach. This paper aims to show how, in our household and church life, we are too concerned to give meaning to our more set and formal actions, and be careless with all the rest. Our common words and actions in home and church life, are leading anywhere; while our prayers, exhortations, and speeches, are pointed for a solemn purpose! As to home life, listen to all the frettings, and murmurings, and complainings, that come out when no one but the children and servants are near! You all know the proverb—it is not worth while to print it here. What a change of tone if a stranger comes in! All the sweet and loving words are for the people outside, to keep up appearances. It is scarcely worth while, perhaps, to go into the kitchen, and see the servants worked out of life on the smallest possible pay, and to hear the quarrels over sixpences and old bones! Let us hope it would not come home to many. But oh, my brother and sister! all bland and courteous in the place of prayer, where do these little things lead? Let the children tell, as they grow up to carry to another generation your miserable parody on the name of mother or father. Where do they lead? Let the maid-of-all-work tell us, as she leaves her place declaring that if that's religion she won't have anything more to do with it.

But where might all these things lead,—these many simple words and actions? Why, where all life ought to lead—to God and heaven. If our lightest words all bore worthily their beautiful burden, they would be more

powerful than the most fervid appeals that ever startled an assembled multitude.

Our church life may not seem to offer such opportunity for putting to service little actions—but it does. Our communion can only be kept pure and loving, as it delights in the many nameless acts of service which we call Christian courtesy and kindness. A task is laid on each of us to serve our brethren. Our church communion must have a more natural and simple flow, instead of being a mass of isolated atoms. As matters stand, a church is scarcely the right name, for the four walls of the place of prayer only hold a company of seat-holders, bound by no mutual love, and no common service.

Did you ever hear the true interpretation of Mr. Spurgeon's *Save-all*? According to the prints, the popular preacher is in the act of stirring up the flickering remains of some poor lost creature, that nothing may escape destruction. But, according to Mr. Spurgeon, his *Save-all* is quite of another description. Addressing those who complained that they were too weak in mind and influence, he said, "Well, if you will come into our church, we will put you on a *Save-all*, and you shall give some light yet!" This is only a homely way of saying, that if a church is what it ought to be, weakness can be made into power, in its fellowship, and that the least may have a worthy task.

Let us take a case at the worst, and give you the full benefit of the admission that you are the "least in the church." You "have not power or influence to be anything, or to do anything." Oh, friend, depend upon it God has given you a burden to bear for your brother, if you will but find it. Here are the ants carrying sacks of corn before breakfast; and the little creatures of whose labours all the missionary deputations tell before a collection, still building their strongholds under the sea; and you cannot find anything to do! Tell us a little more of your case. You have not the gift of talking like some men! True, but can you be quiet? The church just now is much in need of earnest, quiet men, who will make no mischief, and will be content to work under ground, in silence, waiting for their true reward. If you cannot go into the battle-field, you may temper a sword in the armoury. You cannot go and see your distressed neighbour, because your words of comfort cannot flow apace! Now, please answer another question. Can you listen? If so, you are just the person to go and visit sick and troubled folk. They don't so much want to be talked to, as to tell their tale of woe to some one who can give them back a look of loving sympathy, or a few hearty words. Often, God knows, they want some one to sit by the bedside awhile, and to see that something is on the kitchen fire.

But your case is even worse than this. Your health is so feeble that you are physically unable to accomplish anything you desire. Oh, friend, what sad mistakes we make! If you can be patient in your sorrow and learn its true lessons, no member of Christ's church will be more useful. We never think we are doing anything unless we are working with our fingers or our tongues. You remember the three definitions in the old grammars—to be, to do, and to suffer. They describe the true mission of life. I remember an old invalid mourning that her days of usefulness in the church were ended, because she was bedridden. But many a one went into that sick room and came away from a glimpse of that patient face, having learned a lesson better than many sermons. Ah! when shall we understand how no life, faithfully lived, is ever spent in vain; and that the "great Head of the Church" has many ministries, where we see and honour but a few.

Your eye will fall upon these lines, dear reader, when the New Year is spreading out its possibilities to your hopes and fears. If you will but give up nursing your experiences and feelings, and take to blessing some one, and being something to your fellow travellers, in the name of Jesus of Nazareth, I cannot

indeed promise you freedom from those experiences on which we still mark the old, yet ever blessed symbol—but I *can* promise you a blessed New Year, and that is better than a happy one.

And now let us turn together as a New Year's lesson to that last scene in our Redeemer's life, which a wise man has called the "most holy place"—that solemn time before the "feast of the passover," "when Jesus knew that his hour was come that he should depart out of this world." "Supper being ended, Jesus knowing that the Father had given all things into his hand, and that he was come from God, and went to God; he riseth from supper and laid aside his garments, and took a towel and girded himself. After that he poureth water into a bason, and began to wash the disciples' feet, and to wipe them with the towel wherewith he was girded"! His divine entrance into the world is linked with the lowly act of service commonly performed by an eastern slave! But he came from heaven, and did not measure things by their outward importance, but by the love they bore! After that, can the greatest or the least say they cannot find a *task*? Carry with you into the New Year the remembrance of that "upper room," and many will bless you ere the bells of its December ring out its joys and sorrows.

A FEW FRIENDLY WORDS TO "RELIGIOUS DISSENTERS."

A "RELIGIOUS DISSENTER" means, in the language of modern ecclesiastical controversy, a dissenter who is not a member of the Liberation Society,—who never attacks "the church as by law established,"—nor takes part, either in public meeting, in the parish vestry, or at the hustings, in agitating for the separation of Church and State. A dissenter, *au contraire*, who is and does all these wicked things, is a "political dissenter." Of course we do not admit the justice of the distinction thus drawn, or the truth of the insinuation which that distinction clearly conveys. We use the phrase "religious dissenters" under protest, as a mere technicality, to avoid circumlocution. It is a plain, palpable fact, that the great body of Nonconformists is divided into the two sections which the names we have mentioned popularly, though unfairly, describe. There is one large class who, in the exercise of their political rights, endeavour to give practical effect to their ecclesiastical opinions; who habitually resist, in every lawful way, ecclesiastical impositions; who, at every fitting opportunity, expound the principles of Nonconformity by tongue and pen, and, by the same instrumentalities, assail the principle and expose the evils of the national Establishment; and who, by direct electoral and parliamentary action, seek to compass "the liberation of religion from State patronage and control." There is another large class who do none of these things. We believe that religious dissenters, in the true and proper sense of that term, are to be found in both classes; that the one class has no ground for impugning the piety of the other. But the phraseology of modern polemics, as we have said, dubs the former class "political" and the latter "religious;" and as our object is not now to quarrel about names, we consent, for the nonce, to employ the current nomenclature. Avowing ourselves "political dissenters" (though, we

trust, none the less religious for that), we wish to speak a few plain words of friendly remonstrance and reasoning to our brethren who disapprove of our modes of advocating our principles, and hold aloof from the plans of action by which we seek to carry those principles out to practical results. We only ask, at the outset, that as we give all credit to our friends for conscientious conviction and sincere motive, so they will accord the same credit to us; that they will believe us to be actuated by a solemn sense of religious duty in pursuing the course we adopt, as we believe them to be governed by the same in declining to pursue it with us.

We take for granted, then, that those whom we address agree with us in regarding the support and regulation of religious institutions by the civil power as contrary to the will of Christ, and obstructive to the interests of his kingdom in the earth. We have not now to do with those whose dissent from the Church of England is founded only on certain specific points of doctrine or ritual, but who have no objection to that church on the ground of its association with the State. With such persons we should have to adopt another course of argument; should have to point out how governmental interference with religion inevitably engenders corruptions in doctrine and discipline; how the endowment of a church by the State so stereotypes its creeds and its ceremonial as to make it well nigh impossible that a State church should teach the truth or maintain a pure worship; how it is the very fact that the Church of England is an established church which renders hopeless all attempts to reform it; and how the alterations which such a dissenter would desire can only be effected by political action, since only Parliament can change one article of the church's creed, or modify one prescription of her rubric.

But there are Nonconformists, not a few, who are thoroughly at one with us as to the unscripturalness and inexpediency of civil establishments of religion, who, nevertheless, for various reasons, decline to take part with us in our efforts to put an end to that Establishment as it exists in this country. We invite such seriously to examine with us some of the pleas by which the course they follow is usually defended, that we may ascertain how far those pleas can really be accounted valid; and then to ponder one or two reasons which, we think, should prevail with them to abandon their attitude of quiescence, and to cast in their lot with the "political dissenters."

It is difficult to persuade many of our friends that the question at issue between churchmen and dissenters is essentially and chiefly a religious, rather than a political question. Because the modes of action adopted are of necessity to a large extent political, they conclude that the whole controversy belongs to the domain of politics, not of religion. And yet surely it is not so. The question has its political aspects, certainly; but these, important as they are, dwindle into utter insignificance beside its religious aspects. This is no question of State expediency, but one which concerns the will of Christ and the spirituality of his church. Whatever it may be to some, Nonconformity to us is not a mere political theory, but part and parcel of the truth of the Gospel. It is our zeal for that truth, and our allegiance to the Lord of Truth, which makes us "political dissenters."

For, clearly, if this be a religious question at all, it is one of no slight or secondary importance. It affects the very constitution of Christ's kingdom upon earth; the means by which men are to be won to the Saviour and trained for heaven. And yet we sometimes hear dissenters speak as though, after all, a church establishment were no such mighty evil; as though the good wrought by means of it might be accepted as balancing the mischief. Alas! how little can we hope to agree with those who think and speak thus! We do all honour to the piety, activity, and usefulness, of not a few among the Anglican clergy. But even where a clergyman is godly and in earnest, the system he administers often proves too strong for him. And in how many parishes has the minister no more sympathy with, or fitness for, his work, than the least serious of his parishioners! And this is no accident of the system, but its legitimate result. The accident is when the pulpit of a State-endowed church is filled by a godly man. A slight evil! A system which stands directly opposed to the mind and law of the great Head of the Church; and which invests men with the solemn function of religious teaching,—nay, aims at securing for them a monopoly of that function, in total disregard of their possession of a single spiritual qualification for the work! And this is but a specimen of the spiritual mischiefs which the system breeds. For ourselves, we speak no words of haste or bigotry, but words of soberest and saddest conviction, when we affirm that the Gospel of Jesus Christ has no greater obstacle to its progress and power in this land of ours, than that furnished by the unholy and baneful alliance of the Church with the State. With such a conviction, how can we but be “political dissenters”?

It is urged by many excellent persons as a reason for their abstinence from this great struggle, that they find political agitation unfriendly to the maintenance of piety and spirituality of mind. We submit that the plea proceeds upon mistaken notions both of religion and politics. True piety does not consist in perpetual rapture, or perpetual contemplation, which resents the claims of common duty as an intrusion on its sacred privacy. The Gospel is meant, not to disqualify him who receives it for his duties as a man and a citizen, but to fit him to discharge those duties better than other men. The hot-house piety which dreads the open air of secular life, is a sickly and ineffective piety, and is in a fair way to become sicker and feebler still. And politics, why should they be regarded as the very antithesis of religion,—the most worldly of all worldly pursuits? The shop is at least as secular as the hustings; and yet we do not find men abjuring business that they may the better care for their souls. The truth is, that business or politics, followed, as each too often is, in the low spirit of selfishness and trickery, treated as a mere game, does hinder and stunt the spiritual life. But the Christian is called to find in these pursuits a sphere of service to God and man; an opportunity for discipline and self-denial; and, thus followed, business, and politics too, tend to develop the strength and stature of the soul, to exercise, and so to invigorate, the graces of Christian character.

A desire to manifest Christian charity, and to maintain Christian union, is pleaded in defence of the passive attitude assumed by the “religious

dissenters." Yet that is surely no true charity which, seeing a brother in error, refuses to warn, lest it should offend him. It is a somewhat extreme method for escaping the difficulty of speaking the truth in love, to resolve not to speak it at all. We know well enough how apt earnestness of feeling and of speech, especially in opposing evil, is to degenerate into bitterness of temper and of tone. But we hold it to be better for the world that truth should be spoken out, even in harsh accents, than that, for fear of giving some pain, it should be withheld altogether. And we believe the true Christian course to be, not to stand aside from controversy for fear lest we be betrayed into an unholy spirit in conducting it, but to enter upon it in the spirit of faithfulness to him whose cause we espouse, with hearts chastened by humility, and seeking from God the grace which shall enable us to emulate the faithfulness and tenderness of him who was too full of love to let error go without warning, or sin without rebuke.

And as to Christian union, it is enough to ask, What is the greatest hindrance to its attainment in this country? Is not Christian union, at least in outward expression, a hollow pretence or a Utopian dream, as long as a State Church exists? Can any thoughtful observer of the most familiar phenomena of religious life in England, fail to recognise the truth of the pungent words of Goldwin Smith—"State establishments, forbidding, as they do under pain of ejection, any departure from the established dogma, or approximation to the opinions of other churches, are standing organizations of hopeless schism"? To us it seems that he best serves the cause of Christian union, who labours most strenuously to remove this mighty hindrance to its progress. The ardour of our sympathy with the Redeemer's prayer for the oneness of his church, makes us "political dissenters."

But our tactics, we are told, tend to defeat their own object. Our action, as Mr. Baldwin Brown puts it, "has mostly an unhappy consequence; it parades the whole force of our antagonists to resist it, and rarely fails to throw back by many stages the substantial progress of the cause whose interests we have at heart." Even if all this were so, we know not how we could do other than we do. For with us this question of action or inaction in this great struggle is no mere choice of policies, it is a question of obedience or disobedience to what we believe to be the will of Christ,—of faithfulness or unfaithfulness to the truth he has committed to our trust. Fidelity is ours; results we leave with him. But such is our perversity, that the very facts which Mr. Brown regards as presages of defeat, we look upon as proofs of progress and pledges of victory. That our action has "paraded the whole force of our antagonists to resist it," we deem one of the most hopeful among the present aspects of this great controversy. A general, who is conscious of superior strength, usually accounts it a point gained to have provoked his enemy to battle. And such is our humble, yet lofty, consciousness, for "in the name of the Lord we set up our banners." When truth and error are once brought fairly front to front, the conflict is half won. We seek no stolen triumph, desire no conquest for our principles but such as may be won in fair and knightly combat with those who oppose them. Let the friends of the Establishment produce their cause, bring forward their strong arguments: this is what we wish; we, too, will do the like, and "God defend the right!"

Political dissenters are so, not from choice, but from necessity. They are dissenters from a political church, that is all. For the national Establishment, as an establishment, is a secular, not a spiritual, institution. The spiritual agency and power would remain in all its integrity, if all that dissenters desire were accomplished to-morrow. We have no quarrel, we harbour no hostility, against the episcopal church, as a church. As a church (our profession may be scouted as hypocritical, but, God being our witness, it is true), we would fain see it mightier than it is, and, that it may be mightier, would have it freer and purer. But against the maintenance of this or any other church by political patronage, and its subjection to political control, we must protest and strive to the uttermost. And as political evils can only be met by political remedies, why, we must perforce be political. But if we be political, it is for Christ's sake. Our piety makes us political. When the Saviour would drive the traders from the temple, he used a weapon not often pressed into the service of religion, and raised a commotion but little in accordance with the usages of the holy place. But he did so, not because he loved scourging and tumult, but because the zeal of God's house ate him up.

To the supineness of the "religious dissenters" is due the apparent weakness of Nonconformity in England, and the impunity with which it is insulted by those in high places. On the "religious dissenters" rests the grave responsibility of perpetuating, by refusing to oppose in the only practical way, the abuses and evils of the State-church system. We do not dwell upon the thought, but only recommend to the earnest and prayerful study of our friends, Mr. Nevile's noble letter to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. If his words do not rouse them to a truer sense of their obligations, ours, we fear, are little likely to do so. But of this we are sure, that if the dissenters of England were only united and resolute, in the calm but firm speaking out and acting out of their principles, no government and no parliament could afford to treat them and their claims with the insolent contempt with which they have been uniformly met during the past session. The day of freedom for religion would then not be far.

We have done. Our subject has proved too large for our limits, and we have been forced to content ourselves with hints, where we would fain have given extended argument and illustration. We are well aware, moreover, that the considerations we have urged are trite and commonplace enough. There is nothing new in them. But we are less concerned about the novelty than about the truth, of our words. And we do devoutly believe them to be true and seasonable. We believe that the times demand of all conscientious dissenters, that they seriously review the position they occupy in relation to this great question; that they ponder well their responsibilities in relation to the practical advocacy of the principles they profess. This controversy claims decision, and it must be taken up by us as part of our service and sacrifice for Christ and his cause, if it is to be settled aright. With this conviction, and in aid of this issue, we have written. We have wished also to indicate what, on this question, will be the position of *The Baptist Reporter*. "We speak as unto wise men, judge ye what we say."

MODERN MISSIONS.

ARCHDEACON HARE somewhere profoundly says, "A man's first word is *Yes*; his second *No*; his third *Yes* again. Many stop short with the first, few attain to the last." The remark was intended to apply to the progress of belief in the individual mind. Here the path of the most earnest thinkers, if they falter not midway, leads through the anxieties of doubt back to the simplicities of early faith; and the victim of haunting scepticism attains his spirit's true rest, when he becomes once more "a little child."

In the history of all Christian effort a similar progression may be observed. The young believer's "first word is *Yes*," when he goes forth to do battle with the crimes and sorrows of the world. A childlike faith in the Divine promises sustains him. The weapons he wields he knows to be of celestial temper. Will not victory then be swift and sure? How often, after such a commencement, has the well-known story of the Reformer to be told again:—"The old Adam is too hard for young Melancthon!" This cry of sadness and scepticism is the young Melancthon's *No*. It is the second stage of feeling, in which so many of the noblest energies are crushed, the fairest hopes destroyed, the most heroic spirits paralyzed. But for all who are steadfast to the highest truth, and willing resolutely to walk, although in darkness, along the path which Divine command has traced, there is yet a further goal. For a while, indeed, beneath the shadows of doubt, and amid the wrecks of hope, there may be nothing but the stern conviction of duty to uphold them on their way, but the light is not far off. Again do the assurances of heavenly strength, and the pledges of certain victory, cheer the young Melancthon's heart. Only now he better understands the conditions of the promise. The *Yes* of his early days of faith is uttered more wisely and thoughtfully. His trust is once again that of the child, but it is combined with the intelligence of the man. He has now a better estimate of the largeness of the work, of his own weakness, and of the infinitude of that scale upon which Omnipotence works; and this, while it no longer throws a shade of misgiving over his hopes, has made his resolution calmer, his reliance humbler, his expectation more patient.

The history of Modern Missions, and of our own in particular, illustrates the same law. When the churches in modern times first awoke to their duty, and set on foot the enterprise of the world's evangelization, how ardent was their resolution, how exulting their confidence! Great things were to be attempted for God, great things were to be expected from God; and the expectation went hand in hand with the attempt. The faith of those days was truly the little child's; to look back from this distance how beautiful is it to see! The first tidings of success that came from the missionary field, were welcomed as the prelude of the song of jubilee. How exultant were the missionary hymns of that day, as for instance those of the noble-hearted Ryland, beginning,—

"Now let the slumbering church awake,"

and,—

"Rejoice, the Saviour reigns."

The missionary prayer-meeting was a time of holy joy, as well as of deep devotion. When a new part of the *Periodical Accounts* had arrived, the tidings ran through the whole congregation, creating a greater excitement even than news from the seat of war. Not a few among us can remember even to this day the eager tremulous joy with which many an old minister, whose latter days these new hopes of the world's salvation had brightened, would read out, on the first Monday evening in the month, the tales of endurance and of success. Then those strange names of regions far away! With what unction

were they enunciated,—and yet how uncouth they seemed! Was it uncontrollable emotion, or was it perplexity respecting pronunciation, that made the good pastor so often wipe his spectacles? To this day we remember the controversy about *Dinagapore*. Was the *g* hard or soft? were the *e*'s to be pronounced or silent? Had the word three syllables, or four, or five? But these are small matters. Think of the thrill that pervaded the assembly, as the minister read out, "December 29th, 1800.—*The first Hindoo convert was this day baptized.* . . . The chain of the caste is broken, and who shall be able to mend it? . . . Ye gods of stone and clay, did ye not tremble, when in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, one of your votaries shook you as dust from his feet!" Or again, "Mr. Ward writes on the 7th of February of the present year (1801), 'This day we have finished composing the Bengalee New Testament.'" Or again, "March 6th, 1803.—The first native Hindoo preacher has to-day preached his first sermon." These were, indeed, days of glorious tidings. Hope could not but be buoyant and faith undoubting. Soon, too, the glad news of success gained in other missionary fields, by other societies as well as by our own, deepened the joy and trust which had been at first evoked by the enterprise of Carey and his colleagues. From all parts of the world at once, came glorious and scarcely distant promise of an approaching millennium.

The most superficial observer cannot but discern the symptoms of a change. Missionary meetings are in few parts of the country crowded as of old. The prayer-meeting on the first Monday in the month is regarded with no greater interest than other devotional services, if not with actually less. *The Missionary Herald* awakens no such emotions as the olden *Periodical Accounts* were wont to inspire. The Baptist Missionary Society, as we all know, is at this moment in the pangs of a monetary "crisis," though men are ready to go out into the field. Once our Mission had to say imploringly to the churches, "We have the means if you will but furnish the men." Its tone is now changed. "We can find the men without much difficulty," it says; "but where is the money?"

Now we know very well that these symptoms partly arise from other causes than a real decline of zeal. For instance, the novelty of platform meetings was once a reason, besides the interest of the subject itself, why missionary anniversaries should be well attended. A similar remark may be made respecting those thrilling tales which can be told but once. The emotions excited by Ward of Serampore, by John Williams, or by William Knibb, can never be rekindled in their old intensity. Nor is the greatness and efficiency of the work done to be altogether measured by outward signs of earnestness. An engine may be most actively and energetically employed, when no rush of steam is heard, and when the furnace consumes its own smoke. We must allow, too, for temporary circumstances, and the vicissitudes which attend every great enterprise.

In estimating the true missionary fervour of the churches, therefore, it will be necessary to look beyond mere superficial indications. But the view thus afforded is scarcely more encouraging. To recur to a figure just used, the system is regarded too much as a machine. It is a magnificent engine, with a life throbbing at the centre sufficient to turn all the wheels; but this is not what is wanted. The unity should rather be that of a living body, with vital energy in every fibre. As the matter stands, the Missionary Committee, who know so well what the work is, are alive and earnest; so in many quarters are the ministers and the *children*; a few of the very rich display a noble sympathy with the work, so do a few of the very poor; but to the greater part of our churches it is not a matter of *earnest personal* concern. There is neither that faith nor that hope in Missions which characterised a former day.

We are not forgetting the foes which at the outset the missionary cause found in such numbers within the churches themselves. It had then to contend with a religious sentimentalism, falsely calling itself doctrinal religion, which, if the church could but enjoy its "comforts," was quite willing to leave the world to perish. By the power of truth and the testimony of success, this spirit was at length vanquished, and even enlisted on the side of Missions. Here, however, it has grown restless, and for some time past has been striving to reconcile its convictions of duty with the repeated disappointments of the church and the prophetic destinies of the world, by the fascinating visions of premillenarianism.

On the whole, the missionary cause seems to have passed out of the first stage above described into the second. The simplicity of early faith has been lost, and is succeeded by misgiving, not to say scepticism. The harp that was being tuned to celebrate the song of Jubilee is on the willows; and, though we do not doubt that the day of Jubilee will come, many of the most thoughtful and devoted among us are maintaining, that it will be, not through the Word, the Spirit, and the Church, but by the sudden appearance of the Son of God upon the scene, to sever the knot of the world's great mystery, and to exterminate, by miracle, a race incurably corrupt. The exulting *Yes*, which was once so natural and so glad a response to the Divine summons to labour and to hope, has been succeeded by the anxious, questioning, unhappy *No*.

In all this there is a stern but most salutary discipline. If the Old Adam of the world proves "too hard" for the church, it is but to test her patience and devotedness, and, above all, to teach her the great lesson of reliance upon God. When the humiliation of disaster and of "hope deferred" shall have led to this result, it will have done its work. Not always, indeed, does it issue in this at first. Perhaps the first impulses of disappointment may lead in quite other directions. Young Melancthon, when he found his hearers cold, may have been sorely tempted to diverge from the path of patient labour and of simple faith, to try more worldly expedients. So our missionary societies, finding the heathen obdurate abroad, and the churches apathetic at home, have not unfrequently been urged to adopt novel methods and adventitious attractions. Hence the expedients which have been superadded to the direct work of "preaching and teaching Jesus Christ" abroad; hence, too, the exhibitions of Hottentots and the like at missionary meetings at home, not to speak of even more questionable means of raising money and making a sensation. But, happily, the day for all this is passing or past. If the latent scepticism with regard to the work is not yet removed,—if in some quarters there is doubt, in others indifference,—there is at least no disposition to secularize the work, nor to desecrate its advocacy. The conductors of our missionary institutions feel more than ever that, come what may, their work is that of the world's evangelists. If they fail,—they fail; but for a moment's success they may not stoop to anything unworthy of their sublime vocation. The task, with all its conditions, is again unreservedly accepted. This of itself is one step towards the highest faith and towards ultimate triumph. All that now remains needful, is to read the promises of God in that clearer light in which our own past experience and the history of the world enables us to interpret them. With him a thousand years are but as one day. Let us not be astonished that in seventy years so little has been done to remedy the neglect of the church for eighteen centuries. Nay, let us rather give thanks that so much has been accomplished. And with regard to present duty, let us remember the wise man's profound suggestion: "He that observeth the clouds shall not sow, and he that observeth the winds shall not reap." That is, if we look to transient appearances, instead of to eternal laws and steadfast promises, we shall spend the seed-time in inactivity, and shall never have a harvest.

In such thoughts, the faith of the child will return to us, but clearer, stronger, more intelligent. We shall see that we were *not* wrong after all in anticipating the largest success, and that when we expected it immediately we did but "view the future as the present, and count the certainties of God as superior to time." It was no wonder that the early church, after the triumphs of the day of Pentecost, augured a speedy millennium. But as years passed on, and reverses succeeded, and faith and hope grew dim, they began to ask, "Where is the promise of his coming?" Then the very apostle through whose preaching those early wonders had been wrought, recalled the minds of disheartened believers to the unchanging truth of God, in words which, for their depth of suggestiveness, and their weight of encouragement, might be our motto in this hour of trial, "THE LORD IS NOT SLACK CONCERNING HIS PROMISE, AS MEN COUNT SLACKNESS."

Poetry.

MY AIN COUNTREE.

I'm far frae my hame, an' I'm weary aftenwhiles
 For the langed-for hame-bringing, an' my Father's welcome smiles;
 I'll ne'er be fu' content until my een do see
 The gowden gates o' heaven, an' my ain countree.

The earth is flecked wi' flowers, mony-tinted, fresh and gay,
 The birdies warble blithely, for my Father made them sae;
 But these sights an' these soun's will as naething be to me
 When I hear the angels singing in my ain countree.

I've his gude word o' promise, that some gladsome day the King
 To his ain royal palace his banished hame will bring;
 Wi' een an' wi' hearts running owre we shall see
 The King in his beauty, an' our ain countree.

My sins hae been mony, an' my sorrows hae been sair,
 But there they'll never vex me nor be remembered mair;
 His bluid hath made me white, his hand shall dry mine ee,
 When he brings me hame at last to my ain countree.

Like a bairn to its mither, a wee birdie to its nest,
 I wad fain be ganging noo unto my Saviour's breast;
 For he gathers in his bosom witless, worthless lambs like me,
 An' carries them himsel' to his ain countree.

He's faithfu' that hath promised; he'll surely come again;
 He'll keep his tryst wi' me, at what hour I dinna ken;
 But he bids me still to watch, an' ready aye to be,
 To gang at any moment to my ain countree.

So I'm watching aye, an' singing o' my hame as I wait
 For the soun'ing o' his footfa' this side the gowden gate:
 God gie' his grace to ilk aye wha listens noo to me,
 That we a' may gang in gladness to our ain countree.

Reviews.

Conformity to the Church of England.
By EBENEZER BAILEY. London:
Hamilton, Adams, & Co.

THERE have been agitated in England certain questions which have called forth the zeal and bitterness of partizanship; for example, Catholic Emancipation, Corn Laws, Reform in Parliament. Will the reader suppose that a clergyman, holding a poor benefice and having little hope of a better, and who had been a vehement opponent of all those measures, had entirely changed his opinion respecting them all in one year? The case is a purely supposititious one; for political life presents no such instance of conversion. But suppose it to have occurred, and, further, that the clergyman made no secret of his hope of rising to a more dignified position as the result of his novel opinions. One thing would be clear. No premier could risk his own character by making that man a bishop. Public opinion might not denounce him as a hypocrite; but it would certainly decide that it was impossible for him to prove his integrity, and that he must be content to remain in the shade for life.

Mr. Ebenezer Bailey was a catechumen of Mr. Spurgeon. During his career as a preacher, we believe it was evident to discerning men that he was not likely to be much prized as a Dissenting minister. If we are rightly informed, he was accustomed to denounce Episcopacy; vehemently to assail the Church of England; and yet more vehemently to assail infant baptism,—being scarcely able to speak in terms of civility of those who could not see that baptism must be administered by immersion, and limited to believers. He himself informs us that he had “imbibed the strongest and most noxious prejudices against the Establishment,” and that these became year by year more deeply rooted till the year 1862. At that time, he became convinced that a national religious establishment is not wrong, but right,—that Episcopacy is Scriptural,—that a liturgy is lawful and desirable,—that infants ought to be baptized,—and that sprinkling is baptism.

Had it been allowed us to give advice to Mr. Bailey, when his opinions veered right round on all these points at once, the advice would have been as follows:—

“We have neither the right nor the wish to sit in judgment on you. To your own Master you stand or fall. Such is the human mind, such are its wonderful powers of self-deception, that it is impossible to say into what vagaries it may not sincerely sink. But remember that you are bound to provide ‘for honest things, not only in the sight of the Lord, but also in the sight of men.’ For that important purpose, withdraw yourself from public view. Not only accept, but seek, some occupation less honourable and less lucrative than that you abandon. Your sudden changes of opinion on many very important subjects on which you have been accustomed to declaim with unusual impetuosity and confidence, if they lead to an advancement in your social and monetary position, will assuredly awaken the most painful apprehension in many of your friends, to whom you should beware of becoming a stumbling-block; and will also irreparably damage your own reputation, and thereby your usefulness. In the very delicate circumstances in which you are most unfortunately placed, no care to vindicate your character from the reproaches of the friends you forsake, and the distrust of those you join, can be too great.”

Mr. Bailey has, we deeply regret to say, taken precisely the opposite course. He held *many* opinions which forbade him to become a clergyman. He changes them all suddenly, and proposes to become a clergyman; and, with the courage of infatuation, publishes these facts to the world. We grieve, certainly not for our own loss, but, first, for the dark errors into which, in this day of increasing light, he has fallen; and, chiefly, for his fatal act of self-disparagement. A human soul undergoing the process he has described, and voluntarily taking up the position he has assumed, is a very sad spectacle. Let our readers join with us in com-

inventing him to the pity of the humane, and the mercy of God. We hope he did not forget himself when writing, page 15—"We have need to watch our own deceitful hearts, that we may listen to the teachings of the Bible with singleness of motive."

Mr. Bailey's book is dreary reading. There is nothing novel in it, but only a reproduction of the stale sophistries of former writers, with a slight but unpleasant mixture of assumption and self-complacency. The very first argument is based on the fact that "the appetite for religious instruction is neither so strong nor so universal as to secure an effective demand for it." A sensible and disinterested man could draw but one inference, namely, that Christians who have received religious instruction, and know its worth, should communicate it to those who will not of their own accord seek it. But from the prevalent disinclination to religion, Mr. Bailey turns with hope to the Government, seeming to forget that the Government wants religious teaching quite as much as the people. The people are deplorably irreligious, says this writer; and, therefore, he sagely turns with an eye of pious hope to the House of Commons! To trace him through seventy-four pages of such fallacies, would be insufferably wearisome. Unfeignedly do we grieve over a mind, capable of rather better things, loving to be thus duped, and mistaking such arguments for reasoning.

Mr. Bailey's present creed is very curious. Having persuaded himself that Scripture allows of superior as well as inferior ministers in a church, he leaps to the conclusion that a Lord Bishop, who shall rule over a hundred churches, is lawful and right (p. 50); he approves of the burial service, because it is designed only for believers, and seeks a position in which he will be compelled to read it over unbelievers (p. 62); he can "honestly accept" the words, "I absolve thee from all thy sins" (p. 64); he is quite in love with the Athanasian creed (p. 66); he approves of the rite of confirmation (p. 43); and, to crown all, Mr. Bailey believes that when infants are rightly baptized, they repent of sin and believe the Gospel (pp. 57, &c.)!

It has given us pain to write thus. Gladly would we have left this pitiable

man to the degradation he has chosen; but the interests of truth, perhaps, required that his manifesto should not be wholly unnoticed.

Morning on the Mountains; or, Woman and her Saviour in Persia. By A RETURNED MISSIONARY. London: J. Nisbet & Co.

THE second title of this book, which we wish had been the only one, indicates its subject and purpose. The other is one of those sentimental, *ad captandum* titles, which we confess are always very distasteful to us. The story which the book tells is one of surpassing interest, but might have been, in some respects, better told. Not that we have any complaint to make of the author's style: that is clear, and often touching from its very simplicity. But the arrangement of the narrative might have been altered with much advantage both to its perspicuity and its interest. Thus, for example, the first chapter is occupied with details of the condition of the Nestorian women "without the Gospel;" the second recounts a visit paid by Miss Fiske to "Marbeeshoo;" and it is not till the third chapter that we are told who the Nestorians are, who Miss Fiske is, or where Marbeeshoo, Orooomiah, and the other long-named places which constitute the "scene of the narrative," are situated. Indeed, throughout, too much is taken for granted on the part of the reader in the way of preliminary knowledge of the Nestorian people, and the missionary work which is being carried on among them. This is, no doubt, partly owing to the fact that the book was originally written for American readers, who are well acquainted with the work of the Society to which the narrative refers. But the usefulness of the work for English Christians would have been increased by a little more care in adapting it to the taste and state of information on the subject of which it treats, which prevail in this country. The same American origin is betrayed by the peculiar, almost cant, religious phraseology with which the style abounds. To English ears "the monthly concert" is more suggestive of Mr. Sims Reeves and St. James's Hall, than of "the place where prayer is wont to be made."

But these are slight and superficial blemishes, and we have noticed them first, that our last words, and most likely to be remembered, may be our testimony to the deep and sacred interest with which we have read the book, and our earnest advice to our friends to read it too. It is, as its title indicates, a narrative of the great things God has wrought for women in Western Persia, by the agents of the American Board of Foreign Missions. It introduces us to a people whose history and character are full of interest; and relates a story of Christian labour and success out of the track of our ordinary English missionary records. It tells of triumphs of Divine grace which must make glad the heart of every servant of Christ; of self-sacrificing devotion and wise adaptation of means to ends, on the part of the missionaries, which have won our most respectful admiration; and of a warmth of zeal and constancy of endurance, on the part of the converts, which confirm our faith in the power of the Gospel, and brighten our hopes for the future of a land where such a band of witnesses for the truth has been raised up. We would fain furnish some extracts to warrant our commendation, but space forbids. We will only say once more that our heart has been deeply stirred, and our eye often moistened, as we have read the story; and we are sure none of our readers will repent who may follow our example and advice, and read it for themselves.

The Practical Works of the Rev. J. G. Pike, of Derby. With a Biographical Sketch. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

IN the list of modern Baptist worthies, few men have been more widely known, and none have been held in higher esteem by those who knew him best, than the author of the useful treatises which compose this goodly volume.

A body of above the average bulk, and a mind of more than ordinary strength, were among Mr. Pike's natural endowments. A moderate amount of classical learning, a cursory acquaintance with general literature, an extensive knowledge of English theology, and an unusual familiarity

with the Holy Scriptures, may be named as some of his personal acquirements. But these qualities were outshone by the lustre of his moral and spiritual excellence. All who knew "the man and his communication" were unanimous in their conviction that he was a Christian of the highest rank; and while "looking steadfastly on him," and listening to his impressive addresses, we have often been constrained to ask, "Can we find *such a one* as this *is*, a man in whom the Spirit of God is?"* The accordance between his doctrine and manner of life, his purpose and his faith, was so obvious, that the most suspicious never doubted his sincerity, nor could the most censorious convict him of inconsistency. The biographical sketch at the beginning of this volume presents many facts and details illustrative of his superior piety and zeal, and of the "much fruit" whereby he glorified his heavenly Father. Our space forbids any further reference to these, and permits of only a brief notice of those productions of his pen which are here collected under the name of his "Practical Works." These works were all published at separate intervals during his life; but they are not the whole of his publications. Some pamphlets of a controversial kind, vindications of his denominational tenets, a good catechism, contributions of many kinds to magazines, and sundry tracts written for the Religious Tract Society, are not included in this collection. Those which it contains are eminently practical; and as the best proof of the sterling worth of some of them, it may be stated that they have been circulated in years past by *thousands* and by *tens of thousands*. The mere mention of their titles and topics, without a single word of eulogy, may suffice to recommend them to those who never saw them,—more especially to the race of younger readers,—indeed to all who wish to spend their money and time in the purchase and perusal of what will do them good. The Divine Origin of Christianity; Persuasive to Early Piety; A Guide for Young Disciples on their Way to Heaven; Christian Liberality; The Duty of Christians to Marry only in the Lord; The Christian

* Genesis xli. 38.

Ministry Contemplated; Religion and Eternal Life, or Irreligion and Perpetual Ruin, the only Alternatives for Mankind; Immanuel, the Christian's Joy; Parental Care; Sixteen Sermons; and Three Association Letters on the Spread of the Gospel, on the Duties of Young Members of Churches, and on the Characteristics of an Earnest Ministry:—such are the themes on which this faithful servant of God expatiated with a seriousness and a simplicity rarely equalled, and with a pertinency and a pathos never surpassed. We hope that this republication will meet with the success it merits.

A Letter to the Plymouth Brethren on the Recognition of Pastors. By H. GRATTAN GUINNESS. London: J. Nisbet & Co.

MR. GUINNESS professes himself a warm admirer of the general character and worship of the Plymouth Brethren. He would have identified himself with that body, but for what he deems their unscriptural and mischievous views concerning the Christian ministry and pastorate. And he writes this letter to convince them of their error, and to "shew unto them a more excellent way." We cordially wish for his sound and Scriptural arguments greater success than we think they are likely to find among those to whom they are addressed. For, with some exceptions in matters of detail, the only point on which we should be disposed to differ with Mr. Guinness, is his high admiration for the body of Christians in question. That there are among the Plymouth Brethren many men of exalted and exemplary piety,—many who deserve all Mr. Guinness's praise,—we gladly admit and testify. But as a body, their sectarian exclusiveness, even while they profess to rebuke all sectarianism; their arrogant spiritual assumptions; their insistence upon every detail of their belief as though it were a cardinal doctrine of Christianity,—an insistence which bears its legitimate fruit in the number and bitterness of their internal divisions; these characteristics, we confess, compel us to regard them as about the least attractive of religious denominations. They are, we think, little likely to resign any part of their creed

or practice,—least of all this, which makes every man a teacher and ruler,—at the representation of an outsider. Perhaps of all outsiders Mr. Guinness is the most likely to prevail with them. We can only say again, we wish he may; though the utmost success we dare expect for him is, to become the founder and leader of one more among the many sects which make up the heterogeneous whole of Plymouth Brethrenism.

The Child's Book of Praise. Edited by the Rev. CHAS. VINCE. London: Virtue & Co.

The New Sunday School Hymn-Book. Edited by EDWIN HODDER. London: Jackson, Walford, & Hodder.

The Little Hymn-Book. London: Sunday School Union.

ALL these books indicate a decided advance in the matter of hymn-making for children. What is needed is a simple expression of praise, such as children can understand,—with simple paraphrases of such parts of Scripture as are likely to kindle devotional feeling. Mr. Vince tells us in his preface that he has put hymns in his collection which some may think too old, but which experience teaches him children can well understand. We think him right, and that he might have added, that a great many hymns are spoiled by telling us in every other verse that they are *meant for children*. Why should a child begin his song with, "We are but young;" or, "Lord, I am young"? or address his companions as if he were a teacher: "Come, little children, come;" "Pray, little children, pray," &c., &c.? Better far, that the hymn should be the simple utterance of praise, and that the way it catches the child's ear and fills his heart by its truth and music, should tell him it was intended for him.

Many hymns sung at Sunday school anniversaries are composed for the praise of "Sunday schools" and "Kind teachers," &c., rather than that of the most high God and our Saviour Jesus Christ.

Some of the new hymns in Mr. Hodder's collection are very good; but we miss some few favourites, which we do not think are compensated for by the *majority* of the new ones. The smaller

books do not profess to supply many new hymns, but they are on the whole well chosen—little picture hymns, happily interspersed with songs of praise.

Missionary Scenes—Baptist Missionary Society. London: Elliot Stock.

THE Baptist Missionary Society has recently published a series of cards under this title. There are ten cards, and

they are sold for a shilling. Each card contains a brief account of a Missionary field occupied by the Society, and gives beautifully coloured views intended to illustrate the account. Of course the cards are meant chiefly for young people and for Sunday schools. We very heartily recommend them. For gifts in families, and rewards in Sunday schools, nothing could be more suitable.

Christian Cabinet.

THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM.

EVERY man feels, and not strangely, that there never were such experiences of life as his own. No joy was ever like our joy, no sorrow ever like our sorrow. Indeed, there is a kind of indignation excited in us when one likens our grief to his own. The soul is jealous of its experiences, and does not like pride to be humbled by the thought that they are *common*. For, though we know that the world groans and travails in pain, and has done so for ages, yet a groan heard by our ear is a very different thing from a groan uttered by our mouth. The sorrows of other men seem to us like clouds of rain that empty themselves in the distance, and whose long-travelling thunder comes to us mellowed and subdued; but our own troubles are like a storm bursting right overhead, and sending down its bolts upon us with direct plunge.

But there have been human hearts, constituted just like ours, for six thousand years. The same stars rise and set upon this globe that rose upon the plains of Shinar or along the Egyptian Nile; and the same sorrows rise and set in every age. All that sickness can do, all that disappointment can effect, all that blighted love, disappointed ambition, thwarted hope, ever did, they do still. Not a tear is wrung from the eyes now, that, for the same reason, has not been wept over and over again in long succession since the hour that the fated pair stepped from paradise, and gave their posterity to a world of sorrow and suffering. The head learns new things, but the heart for evermore

practises old experiences. Therefore our life is but a new form of the way men have lived from the beginning.

When the landsman first goes down upon the deep, to see what storm-ploughing means, what furrows the wind draws, seedless and unplanted, he feels in every shivering nerve that never was such storm known before. Now, he bethinks himself with horror, there has come upon the deep a fury never till then let loose. But the clouds laugh, and the winds know that ten thousand times before they have terrified just such inexperienced wretches. Yea, long ere a ship dared the central ocean, storms had navigated it, nor failed to pursue their dreadful sport ever since a keel crossed the perilous deep.

Not only are such experiences the hereditary legacy of men, rolled over and over, and sent down in succession upon every generation, but the methods by which men have met and conquered trouble, or been slain by it, are the same in every age. Some have floated on the sea, and trouble carried them on its surface as the sea carries cork. Some have sunk at once to the bottom as foundering ships sink. Some have run away from their own thoughts. Some have coiled themselves up into a stoical indifference. Some have braved the trouble and defied it. Some have carried it as a tree does a wound, until by new wood it can overgrow and cover the old gash. A few in every age have known the divine art of carrying sorrow and trouble as wonderful food; as an invisible garment that clothed them with strength; as a mysterious joy, so

that they suffered gladly, rejoicing in infirmity, and, holding up their heads with sacred presages whenever times were dark and troublous, let the light depart from their eyes, that they might by faith see nobler things than sight could reach.

The most affecting records of literature are those which repeat to us the sacred joy of souls in trial—their victory, and the causes of it. Job says, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." Moses "endured as seeing him who is invisible." Isaiah had sounded forth, "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose. It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing; the glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it, the excellency of Carmel and Sharon; they shall see the glory of the Lord, and the excellency of our God. . . . And the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

David has left no sweeter psalm than the short twenty-third. It is but a moment's opening of his soul; but—as when one, walking the winter street, sees the door opened for some one to enter, and the red light streams a moment forth, and the forms of gay children are running to greet the comer, and genial music sounds, though the door shuts and leaves the night black, yet it cannot shut back again all that the eye, the ear, the heart, and the imagination have seen—so in this psalm, though it is but a moment's opening of the soul, are emitted truths of peace and consolation that will never be absent from the world.

The twenty-third psalm is the nightingale of the psalms. It is small, of a homely feather, singing shyly out of obscurity; but oh, it has filled the air of the whole world with melodious joy, greater than the heart can conceive! Blessed be the day on which that psalm was born!

What would you say of a pilgrim commissioned of God to travel up and down the earth singing a strange melody, which, when one heard, caused him to forget whatever sorrow he had? And so the singing angel goes on his way through all lands, singing in the lan-

guage of every nation, driving away trouble by the pulses of the air which his tongue moves with divine power. Behold just such a one! This pilgrim God has sent to speak in every language on the globe. It has charmed more griefs to rest than all the philosophy of the world. It has remanded to their dungeon more felon thoughts, more black doubts, more thieving sorrows, than there are sands on the sea shore. It has comforted the noble host of the poor. It has sung courage to the army of the disappointed. It has poured balm and consolation into the heart of the sick, of captives in dungeons, of widows in their pinching griefs, of orphans in their loneliness. Dying soldiers have died easier as it was read to them; ghastly hospitals have been illumined; it has visited the prisoner and broken his chains, and, like Peter's angel, led him forth in imagination, and sung him back to his home again. It has made the dying Christian slave freer than his master, and consoled those whom, dying, he left behind mourning, not so much that he was gone, as because they were left behind, and could not go too. Nor is its work done. It will go singing to your children and my children, and to their children, through all the generations of time; nor will it fold its wings till the last pilgrim is safe, and time ended; and then it shall fly back to the bosom of God, whence it issued, and sound on, mingled with all those sounds of celestial joy which make heaven musical for ever.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

LITTLE SORROWFUL.

"AND Jabez was more honourable than his brethren; and his mother called his name Jabez, saying, Because I bore him with sorrow." Through this little passage, as through a lens, we look back and see a sorrow-stricken Hebrew mother, yet pale and weak from child-bearing, with a new-come infant in her arms. She puts the mark of her grief on the brow of her boy in the name she gave him. She calls him Jabez, which signifies "sorrowful." Why, we know not. Whether it was that she brought him into the world with no common anguish, and at the peril of her own life—or whether the time of his birth was the time of her

own widowhood, so that he had no father living to welcome him—or whatever the disaster that darkened her lot, so it was that she put the gloom of her own heart on the name of her darling. She called him Sorrowful, and he kept the name to his dying hour.

Short-sighted mother! While she thought of her child as born in sorrow to bring her new anxieties and cares, while she baptized him with tears, lo! this very object of her grief and solicitude becomes the ornament of her house! He lives to outstrip all his brethren. The prayer recorded of him in the fourth chapter of the Chronicles is one of the most beautiful in the whole Bible. God answered it all. His after career was so lofty and so beneficent that people must have wondered how he came to bear so doleful a name. None so happy—none so prosperous—none so honoured—as poor Little Sorrowful! His history is like the April shower, that begins in clouds and tears, but ends in brilliant sun-bursts, and in rainbows painted on the sky.

Now, we are all of us just as short-sighted as this Hebrew mother, who named her boy from her fears and not from her faith, and at last found God better to her than she expected. We persist in naming things sorrows which prove to be blessings in disguise. We often congratulate people on receiving what turns out to be their ruin. We quite as often condole with them over a lot which is fraught to them with blessings above all price. Let us be careful how we condole with those who are under the merciful discipline of a loving God. We may make worse mistakes than was made by the mother of Jabez. Be careful how you condole with a man who has lost his fortune, or has been disappointed in his ambitious schemes. While his purse is becoming empty, his soul may be filling full with God's grace; while he is walking through the vale of humiliation, he may be getting more of the "herb called heart's-ease" into his bosom than he ever knew while on the giddy heights of prosperity. Many a man has been bankrupted into heavenly riches. Be careful how you tell a sick friend that his sickness is an affliction—when it may be sent him to melt his

heart, to alarm him into reflection, and to bring him to repentance. Many a man's sickness has given him an eternal health; and his room of suffering has been the vestibule to Christ's favour, and to the inheritance of the saints.

Let us be careful, too, in what terms we condole with the weeping mother whose darling child has just found its angel-wings, and flown away to paradise. If we wish to sorrow for any parent, let it be for her whose living child is debased into an idol, or a frivolous overdressed toy, or a hard, cunning, self-seeker, or a self-indulgent tyrant, who shall yet break the heart of her who bore him. A thousand times over have I pitied more the mother of a living sorrow, than I have pitied the mother of a departed joy. Parents! spare your tears for those whom you have laid down to sleep in their narrow earth-beds, with the now withered rose-bud on their breasts. They are safe; Christ has them in his sinless school, where lessons of celestial wisdom are learned by eyes that never weep. Save your tears for your living children, if they are yet living in their sins, untouched by repentance, unfeeling, and unconverted. Those of your family whom God considers dead are those who are yet dead in trespasses and guilt—alive to the world and the devil, but dead to the voice of Christ.

How often do we cover our best blessings with a pall, while we decorate with garlands our temptations, or the sources of our saddest sorrows or our spiritual shame! Any one who had looked in upon the old patriarch Jacob on that gloomy evening while he was bewailing the absence of his sons in Egypt, would have heard the querulous complaint, "All these things are against me." He is rather a Jabez than a Jacob, then. Joseph is not; Simeon is not; and they have carried away Benjamin, too, who bore in his boyish face the photograph of Rachel, whom he had laid to her sleep by the wayside of Bethlehem. He calls his lot a sad one. But just at the door are the returning caravan, who are bringing to him the sacks from Egypt's granaries, and the joyful invitation to go up and see his long-lost Joseph in Egypt's imperial palace. His dark hour is just before the day. His trial proves his deliverance. God is better to him

than his fears. What he baptized a "sorrow" has grown into a mercy too big for words.

There are a hundred lessons to be learned from this brief passage about Jabez and his short-sighted mother; it is a bough that if well shaken will rain down golden fruit. We learn from it not to be frightened by present fears, or cast down by present troubles. We learn from it that many of life's best things—yea, the life of heaven-seeking piety itself—begin in tears and griefs for sin, in oppositions and sharp conflicts of the soul. We learn not to lose heart in labours of love for Christ and humanity, because the infant enterprise had to be "brought forth in sorrow," like the Hebrew mother's son.

The very labours that cost us the most anxiety and self-denial and toil, often, like Jabez, "enlarge their borders" and grow into the most honourable and useful of all our undertakings. Never despair of a good work. Never despair of the cause of Right. Baptized with tears in its infancy, it has the life of God in its young veins. Never despair of a child. The one you weep the most for at the mercy-seat may fill your heart with the sweetest joys. Never despair of a soul. And never baptize either your children or your good enterprises "sorrowful," until you know how they probably will turn out, and what an All-wise and All-merciful God means to do with them.
—*T. L. Cuyler.*

Christian Activity.

THE BAPTISTS IN SWEDEN.

IN the summer of 1835, a Swedish sailor might have been seen on the wharves of the city of New York, passing from group to group of recently arrived travellers, whose peculiar dress and language marked them as emigrants from the forest-depths or smiling river banks of old Germany. The sailor would approach one and another with kind aspect and cordial pressure of the hand, thus showing that he sought their welfare. And then he would place in their hands a German tract, which might convey to them the solemn thoughts which he longed to expound, but was, through ignorance of the language, unable himself to utter.

Thus laboured, day after day, as Tract Missionary among the German emigrants, Frederic Olaus Nilsson. He had, during the preceding year, been led to the Saviour, and it was now his earnest desire to promote in some way the cause of his divine Master. Very few Swedes or Norwegians came at that time to the shores of the New World, and Nilsson felt a longing desire to speak to his own countrymen, and to his kindred, of the unsearchable riches of Christ.

His desires and his convictions of duty grew so strong, that in the autumn of 1839 he left New York, and went

over to his native country in a Swedish vessel. He was strengthened in his conviction that he was in the path of duty, when he found that the blessing of God accompanied his efforts among the crew of the vessel. Several of them during the voyage sought and found the Saviour.

Once more at home in his native parish, in the district of Halland, he commenced preaching Christ from house to house among his relatives and friends. Soon the neighbours, and then those from a considerable distance, came to hear the words of eternal life. The work grew on Nilsson's hands, and in a short time the Christian sailor was engaged day and night in preaching Jesus and him crucified, to eager, anxious listeners. He went from village to village, from parish to parish, and, by the blessing of God on his labours, very many souls during the winter of 1839-40, were awakened, and many found peace in believing.

In the spring of 1842, Nilsson was appointed as colporteur among the seamen at Gothenburg, under the direction of the American Seaman's Friend Society. His summers were spent in Gothenburg, but in the winter he made missionary excursions into the neighbouring districts of Bohus, Elfsburg, Skaraburg, and Halland.

While thus labouring for the good of others, his own mind was not entirely at peace. Perplexing questions had arisen. The diligent study of the Scriptures had caused him to doubt the propriety of some things which he had hitherto received unhesitatingly.

Was it right to admit unconverted persons to the Lord's Supper? Was it right for a believer to hold communion and church fellowship with an unbeliever? Was it right for the Church of God to be under the rule of the State? And, lastly, was it right to make the sprinkling of unconscious infants take the place of the baptism of believers?

It was in the year 1845 that Nilsson was first led to search the Scriptures on the subject of baptism. A young Swedish sailor came to Gothenburg. He, like Nilsson, had, while sojourning in America, been baptized in New York, by the Rev. Ira R. Steward, pastor of the Mariners' Church. With this Christian brother Nilsson held many interesting conversations on religious subjects. From Hamburg, whither Capt. Shröder went to join his ship, he wrote to Nilsson, and in his letter he for the first time alluded to the subject of baptism, saying:—"You ought to search the New Testament on the subject of baptism, because it is a subject of greater importance than you have hitherto thought."

These words made a deep impression on Nilsson. He read with much interest the tracts on Baptism which accompanied the letter. Above all, he took heed to the brotherly admonition to "Search the Scriptures."

He went through the New Testament, carefully noting all the passages that speak of baptism, and to his astonishment, he found nowhere that support for infant sprinkling which he had been accustomed to suppose was to be found there. This discovery startled him, and filled him with anxiety. He turned to the writings of Luther, in whom he had ever placed great confidence. But he found that, on this subject, the great Reformer built his arguments on a sandy foundation. They rested not on the sure Word of God. Other Pædobaptist authors he consulted with a similar result.

From books he turned to friends. He sought the counsel of a learned and

pious Lutheran minister, whom he highly respected, and they held frequent and long conversations on the subject.

The result of all this study, research, mental conflict and earnest prayer, was such as, with God's blessing on sincere efforts to know his will, might justly have been expected. Nilsson found that infant sprinkling was nowhere enjoined of God, and the path of duty was plain before him. He must arise and be baptized. In Sweden there was no one to be found to administer the ordinance. He therefore went to Hamburg in July, 1847.

After some weeks spent in studying the doctrines, articles of faith, and constitution of the Baptist church in that city, he offered himself as a candidate for baptism. On the 1st of August in that year, he was baptized by the Rev. J. G. Oncken, in the river Elbe.

The question now arose, Should he and his wife (who had shared in his conflicts and had arrived at the same conviction as he had) seek in America a home where, unmolested, they might worship God according to the dictates of their conscience,—or should they remain in Sweden, and among their countrymen and former friends bear witness to the truth? They sought guidance from God in earnest prayer, and finally determined to remain in Sweden and confess the truth, whatever might be the consequences to themselves.

Nilsson was fully aware how Baptist, or *Anabaptist*, views (as they termed them) would be regarded by his countrymen, and even by his former Christian friends; but, trusting in God, he went onward. He met, as he had expected, with much opposition. His views of the truth as regarded baptism were met by some with horror, and many whom he regarded as his spiritual children withdrew from him entirely. This was a sore trial. Some, however, were convinced, as he had been, of the necessity of believers' baptism, and were desirous to receive the ordinance.

The church at Hamburg sent the Rev. A. P. Förster, who, on September 21st, 1848, baptized the wife of Nilsson, two of his brothers and two other believers, in the Cattegat, near Gothenburg. That same night the first Baptist church in Sweden, consisting of six members, was organized in the house

of B. N. Nilsson, in the parish of Landa, district of Halland.

Scarcely more than fourteen years have passed away since that little company of baptized believers banded themselves together in the name of the Lord; and now, in the statistics of the Baptist churches of Sweden for the year 1863, we find that they number 161 churches, and that the sum total of their membership is 5,515. Well may we exclaim, What hath God wrought! Though persecution hath raged, and the rulers have taken counsel together, yet the Word of the Lord has grown mightily and prevailed.

In the spring of 1849, Nilsson went to Hamburg to be ordained. He was ordained by prayer and the laying on of hands, by the Revs. J. G. Oncken, J. Köbner, and Schaufler, May 6th, 1849, in the meeting-house of the Baptist church in Hamburg. He returned to Sweden, and continued his labours in the Redeemer's cause, sustained by the Baptist Mariners' church, New York.

But he was not long permitted to proceed unmolested. Several of the members of the church had been brought up before the parish priests and their vestries, and severely threatened, and now Nilsson himself was summoned to appear, July 4th, 1849, before the Consistory of Gothenburg.

After a trial which lasted about two hours, Nilsson was found guilty of having left the true church, and of having maliciously enticed others into heresy. After being admonished to return to the State Church, and warned that in case he continued in heresy the laws would be put in force against him, Nilsson was suffered to depart. The remainder of the year he was unmolested by the civil power, and continued unceasingly engaged in his Master's work.

The priests, however, in many places, commenced preaching against the Baptists, and inflaming the minds of the people. Mobs would often collect around the house in which Nilsson and his little flock were assembled for worship, smashing the windows, breaking in the doors, and assailing the worshippers with stones and other missiles. Besides these personal outrages, persecutions in other forms came thick and fast upon these poor, despised followers of Jesus. Friends and neighbours, and, in some instances, near relatives disowned them,

and refused to hold any further intercourse with them. Employers withheld their patronage; and in very many instances the day-labourer, or the weaver, who dared to join himself to the despised Baptists, found himself suddenly turned out of employment, and cut off from the means of earning his daily bread. Much suffering ensued, yet these persecuted ones continued steadfast; and wherever Nilsson went preaching the Word, eager listeners assembled to hear him.

On January 1st, 1850, Nilsson was at the house of one of the members of the church, in the District of Elfsburg. A little band were assembled together for prayer and conference. During the day-time they had stationed sentinels to give warning of approaching danger. Having been unmolested during the day, they felt secure when evening drew on, and the sentinels left their posts and joined the little company inside the house. Nilsson was engaged in preaching, when suddenly a loud knocking was heard at the door. On opening it, they found that the house was surrounded by a number of men armed with clubs, pistols, old rusty swords, sticks, and muskets. They were led on by a deputy-sheriff, who, after requiring Nilsson to give his name, caused him to be seized and dragged out of the house. The tears and entreaties of his friends were responded to by blows and curses. Nilsson was thrown into a sleigh, and hurried off to the village tavern. At the door of this tavern he was left for a considerable time, exposed to the insults and outrages of the infuriated mob, while his keepers sat within the house, drinking brandy. At last he was taken before the sheriff, who, after threatening and cursing him, committed him to the county gaol. The dreary sleigh-ride was resumed, and soon after midnight Nilsson was lodged in a miserable cell. A heap of filthy straw thrown on the stone floor was his only bed. In this wretched abode he was kept in close confinement for six days. No one, not even his wife, was allowed to visit him, nor was he permitted to write to any one.

During the night of January 7th, Nilsson was transferred to Gothenburg, about forty miles distant. Here he was lodged in the district prison, and locked

up in a room with eight criminals. Before entering the prison, Nilsson had been permitted, through the humanity of his keeper, to see his wife, and hold converse with her for a few moments. She accompanied him to the threshold; she saw the opening and closing again of the heavy prison gates; she heard the grating of the ponderous bars and bolts that severed her from her husband; and, overwhelmed with grief, she rushed out into the street, weeping and wringing her hands. A friend who recognized her accosted her with words of kindness and sympathy. She confided to him her sad tale, and he advised her to go direct to the Governor, and relate the facts to him. The Governor granted to Mrs. Nilsson a written order for her husband's release from his unjust and harsh imprisonment. She hastened with it to the gaol, and soon his prison doors were opened, and to his surprise and joy he found that he was free.

The respite from persecution was, however, very brief. About a month later (Feb. 11th) Nilsson received a written summons to appear before the Gotha High Court of Justice, held at Jonköping, to answer to the charges of having adopted and disseminated erroneous sentiments and practices. In a few days he obeyed the summons, making, on his way thither, a wide missionary excursion for the purpose of visiting and strengthening his brethren. Nilsson remained ten days at Jonköping, and appeared twice before the High Court, on the 8th and again on the 11th March. On both occasions the great hall of justice was crowded, and many of the spectators shed tears, so great was the interest excited by this cruel and unrighteous persecution.

Many also manifested a desire to hear more of this way, everywhere spoken against. Nilsson repeatedly addressed large assemblies in his Master's name. On the last Lord's day of his stay at Jonköping, the numbers that came to hear him were so great that many remained outside in the street, all listening with earnest attention.

A few days after he had left Jonköping, the minutes of his trial were printed in pamphlet form, and scattered through the land. They appeared also, with various comments, in most of the leading journals of Sweden. The means

used to suppress the preaching of the Word tended rather to its furtherance. In the words of Nilsson:—

"From this day the Baptists and their doctrines were no longer confined to an obscure corner of the land, and to a few poor despised labourers. The truth was with trumpet voices proclaimed on the house tops, and the sound thereof re-echoed from cottage to palace, throughout the length and breadth of the land. Thus my appearance before the High Court at Jonköping was the public introduction of Baptist principles into Sweden. Let now the poor sailor be banished from the realm! What matters that? The truths that by his trial have been disseminated in Sweden can never be banished. *Soli Deo gloria!*"

The sentence of banishment pronounced against Nilsson by the High Court of Justice, was read to him April 29th. Permission being granted to appeal to the king, Nilsson went to Stockholm in the latter part of May. He lodged an appeal in the proper office, and had also a personal interview with King Oscar.

During his stay in Stockholm, Nilsson became acquainted with several pious and evangelical Christians, who had become dissatisfied with the State Church, and were considering the subject of baptism. From them he experienced much Christian sympathy.

Nilsson availed himself of every delay which the law afforded him, in the form of appeals and petitions, not from any hope that his sentence would be reversed, but in order to lengthen out the period of his stay in his native country. He sought to improve this interval by encouraging and exhorting his little flock, who looked forward with sadness and anxiety to the approaching separation.

The period, however, at length arrived when the last petition was rejected, the last warning to leave the country was sounded in his ears. On July 4th, 1851, Nilsson and his wife took leave of their weeping friends, and departed for Copenhagen. They left behind them in Sweden fifty-six baptized believers scattered in different districts. The oversight of this scattered flock was entrusted to Bernhard N. Nilsson (brother of Frederic), who is now pastor of the church in Torpa.

Nilsson continued nearly two years with the church in Copenhagen, filling the office of pastor during the last year of his stay. In the spring of 1853, he was urgently solicited by some of the members of the Baptist church in Sweden to accompany them to the United States. The storm of persecution continued to rage, and a little band of from twenty to thirty believers

determined to seek in the New World the privilege denied them in their own land, "freedom to worship God." Nilsson consented to accompany them, and in June, 1853, he and his little flock landed in New York.

Here must end the first chapter in the deeply interesting history of the Baptists in Sweden. In another number we hope to continue the story.

Words of Wisdom for Christian People.

CHOOSING A MINISTER.

A LEGEND OF OLDEN TIME.

IN one of the cities of Asia during the first century, a number of disciples had met together to choose a minister.

"We need," said A, "located as our church is, in the very heart of a city given to idolatry, a man not only distinguished for talents and attainments, but also for eloquence; I would therefore nominate Apollos, who is 'an eloquent man, and mighty in the Scriptures.'"

"Apollos is undoubtedly eloquent," said B, "and a good biblical scholar; but we want a bold, energetic man, who will grapple with the giant evils of our day, and fearlessly 'fight the good fight of faith.' Such a one is Cephas, whose very name suggests firmness and strength. He is also ardent and zealous, and will 'stir up our pure minds by way of remembrance.'"

"We live among men of great learning and classical attainments," said D, "and I would ask whether Cephas is sufficiently scholarly to meet the arguments and sophistries of men distinguished as philosophers and critics?"

"If you want a highly-educated man," said E, "select Paul. His scholarship is undoubted, and his learning and attainments will secure a prominent position among our distinguished men. Besides, he has a wonderful power of attraction. Why, the Galatians loved him with such intense devotion, that, if it had been possible, they would have plucked out their own eyes and given them unto him."

"If Paul is such a great man," said F, "it is a pity he has not a juster

appreciation of his abilities. He said himself, when at Corinth, that he came among them 'in weakness and in fear, and in much trembling.'"

"Paul's peculiar talent," said G, "seems to consist in writing well. His letters are weighty and powerful, but"—here the speaker's manner was sarcastic—"his bodily presence is weak, and his speech contemptible."

This attack upon Paul irritated his friends, and angry words might have followed, had not H, a pale, sad-looking man, commenced speaking.

"Brethren," said he, "if our Master had seen fit to afflict you with the terrible evils that have befallen me, you would see the need of a minister who can 'bind up the broken-hearted.' Such a one is Barnabas, who is eminently a 'son of consolation.' Let him be our minister."

"Barnabas," said K, "is a lovely Christian, and well qualified to comfort the afflicted, but I doubt whether, in other respects, he is equal to any of the candidates already named."

"I came here as a listener," said L, "but you will allow me to make one remark. It seems to me that you expect every possible perfection to cluster around your chosen candidate. Can such a man be found?"

"I think I have such a one in view," said M. "It is not necessary for me to name him; enough for me to say he is the 'brother whose praise is in the Gospel throughout all the churches.'"

As they were about to discuss the merits of the nameless candidate, a gentle knock was heard, and, to the surprise of all, Paul himself entered.

"My brethren," said Paul, "you

know that for a time I have had 'the care of all the churches,' and I find that our Master has not given to any one minister every diversity of spiritual gift, but has distributed his gifts as He saw necessary for 'the edifying of the body of Christ.'

"You will not, therefore, find perfection; but, having chosen a minister, receive him as from the Lord, and 'esteem him very highly in love for his works' sake.' Like Epaphras, 'labour fervently for him in your prayers, that he may stand perfect and complete in all the will of God.' Pursue this course,

and you will no longer say, 'I am of Paul, and I of Apollos, and I of Cephas,' but, We are all of Christ."

The name of the successful candidate is not recorded; but the legend states that Paul's advice was followed, and that the church became eminently prosperous.

"And they continued steadfastly in the apostles' doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in prayers." "And the Lord added to the church daily such as should be saved."

Narratives, Anecdotes, &c.

WINNING A SOUL.

THE following anecdote is related of the late Mr. George Hitchcock, the eminent merchant in St. Paul's Churchyard. Mr. Hitchcock was, as is well known, engaged in an extensive and profitable business in London, in which he employed many young men at liberal salaries. Having thus a good deal of patronage to bestow, and being otherwise a person of much influence, he was often interrupted by applications for favours, which sometimes tried his patience, although naturally of a kind and obliging disposition. A zealous missionary who laboured amongst the poor in the district in which Mr. Hitchcock carried on his business, often heard his wealth and influence spoken of; but always with a sad feeling in his own breast as to what would become of the rich man's soul. At last it seemed to him one night as if he heard a voice saying to him, "Go and read the Bible to Mr. Hitchcock." Sensible, however, of the difficulties which would stand in the way of obtaining access for such a purpose, he tried to banish the thought. Again he seemed to hear a similar voice speaking to him, and conscience told him that he was neglecting to attend to it, for fear of the cross he might have to bear; so, after much prayer, but with trembling faith, he one day entered Mr. Hitchcock's office, and requested to see him. He had to wait several hours and then retire unsuccessful, on account of Mr. Hitchcock's being much engaged;

but next day he returned, when one of the clerks asked what was the nature of his business. He replied unhesitatingly that he wished to read the Bible to Mr. Hitchcock. The clerk fancied he must be out of his mind to come there on such an errand, and laughingly told the other clerks of the foolish object the man had come about. All that day and the next did the anxious missionary wait, expecting the way to be made plain whereby he might attain his object. On the morning of the fourth day, a young clerk felt pity for him, and, having occasion to carry some papers into Mr. Hitchcock's room, he mentioned that a man had been waiting four days to see him. Mr. Hitchcock at that moment was sorely tried by something that had gone wrong, but bid the clerk send the man in. "Well, what do you want of me?" he asked in rather an impatient tone. "I wish to read the Bible to you, that your soul may be saved." "Go away—you must be mad to think of such a thing at a time like this," was the reply. Still the missionary stood still, and did not seem inclined to move, upon which Mr. Hitchcock indignantly rose up, and pushed him out of the door. There was a slight declivity, which the poor man did not observe, and he missed his footing and fell into the outer office. Mr. Hitchcock immediately shut his door; whilst the missionary, sadly cast down with the reception, departed amidst the smiles of the young men, who had witnessed

what had passed. But now it was the Lord's time to take the part of his servant, and cause his heart to rejoice at the very moment that all his hopes seemed to be laid prostrate. Conscience began to work very powerfully with the merchant, and the following thought pressed itself upon him:—"Here am I continually beset with people asking me for favours, and trying to get all they can from me, and I treat them civilly; whilst towards this poor missionary, who came to bestow on me what he considers the greatest treasure on earth, I have acted with rude and uncalled-for violence." Quickly he opened the door of his room, and called out, "Bring that man back." One of the clerks ran after the missionary into the street, and bade him return. On again entering the office, Mr. Hitchcock said to him that he was sorry he had so treated him, and asked him what it was he wanted of him. "I wish you to let me read the Bible to you, that your soul may be saved." "And how much time will satisfy you;—will an hour every morning do?" "Oh, yes," exclaimed the delighted servant of God. And an hour he did appropriate for this purpose, until at length the Holy Spirit applied the blessed Word to the merchant's heart, and led him to find Salvation through faith in the blood of Jesus. Here was the light shining as that of a candle, forcing itself on one unwilling to receive it, but blessed to the saving of an immortal soul.—Mr. Hitchcock died last year, honoured and beloved for his devotedness and usefulness in God's cause.

"GENTLE JESUS."

It is not generally known that this beautifully simple hymn, which has been uttered by so many thousands of infant lips, is from the pen of the Rev. Charles Wesley. It was originally published as the first of six "Hymns for Children" in "Hymns and Sacred Poems," by John and Charles Wesley, in 1742. It was afterwards published in a small tract of "Hymns and Prayers for Children," containing nine hymns, five prayers, and two graces; and again in Charles Wesley's "Hymns for Children," 1763, the last edition of which was published in 1772, and is

still in print. The following is a copy of the hymn in full:—

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity;
Suffer me to come to Thee.

"Fain I would to Thee be brought,—
Dearest God, forbid it not;
Give me, dearest God, a place
In the kingdom of Thy grace.

"Put Thy hands upon my head;
Let me in Thy arms be stayed;
Let me lean upon Thy breast;
Lull me, lull me, Lord, to rest.

"Hold me fast in Thy embrace;
Let me see Thy smiling face;
Give me, Lord, Thy blessing give;
Pray for me and I shall live.

"I shall live the simple life,
Free from sin's uneasy strife;
Sweetly ignorant of ill;
Innocent and happy still.

"O that I may never know
What the wicked people do;
Sin is contrary to Thee;
Sin is the forbidden tree.

"Keep me from the great offence,
Guard my helpless innocence;
Hide me from all evil, hide,
Self, and stubbornness, and pride.

"Lamb of God, I look to Thee;
Thou shalt my example be;
Thou art gentle, meek, and mild;
Thou art like a little child.

"Fain I would be as Thou art;
Give me Thy obedient heart;
Thou art pitiful and kind;
Let me have Thy loving mind.

"Meek and lowly may I be;
Thou art all humility;
Let me to my betters bow,
Subject to Thy parents Thou.

"Let me above all fulfil
God my Heavenly Father's will;
Never His good Spirit grieve;
Only to His glory live.

"Thou didst live to God alone;
Thou didst never seek Thine own;
Thou Thyself didst never please;
God was all Thy happiness.

"Loving Jesus, Gentle Lamb,
In Thy gracious hands I am;
Make me, Saviour, what Thou art;
Live Thyself within my heart.

"I shall then show forth Thy praise,
Serve Thee all my happy days;
Then the world shall always see
Christ the Holy Child in me."

"CONTINUING INSTANT IN PRAYER."

IN one of the rough parts of Oxford county, thirty years ago, lived five or six members of a Baptist church, whose place of worship was five miles away. Those few were widely scattered, and often found it difficult to sustain regular prayer-meetings. When the traveling was good in winter or summer, they could all attend; but when the snow melted in spring, or the frosts in autumn made the roads rough and difficult, the meetings were discontinued. In the year 1836, two male members were conversing upon the state of affairs, and proposed to meet each other for prayer every Sabbath evening. They lived nearly two miles apart, with no brethren intervening; but they clasped hands over the agreement, and determined to abide by it. They were faithful to their promise, and severe indeed was the storm that hindered them from coming together at the appointed time. Sometimes they met in private houses, sometimes in a small school-house. A few sisters usually attended, and neighbours occasionally dropped in; but they were often nearly alone. *The prospect* was discouraging; but see *the results*. These two brethren are yet living, and now meet for public worship in a pleasant chapel erected near the site of the old school-house. They have seen many revivals of God's work, and many friends and neighbours added to the little praying band. One of them has, at different times, seen eight sons and daughters make a public profession of their faith. Many have been converted and gone to help in other places, and some have died in faith and entered into rest. A church of nearly fifty members, united and prosperous, is now labouring zealously for the building up of Zion. Should these two brethren be questioned, they would say they had seen many gloomy discouraging days; many seasons when faith had almost failed; many times when it seemed as though God had almost forgotten his promises to his people. They would tell of spiritual trials and declensions, and of straits, poverty, and persecutions; but they would end by saying, "Out of them all the Lord delivered us."—*Zion's Advocate (U.S.A.)*.

"NONE OTHER NAME."

A FEW persons were collected round a blind man who had taken his station on a bridge over a London canal, and was reading from an embossed Bible. Receiving from the passers-by of their carnal things, he was ministering to them spiritual things. A gentleman on his way home from the city was led, from curiosity, to the outskirts of the crowd. Just then the poor man, who was reading in the fourth chapter of the Acts, lost his place, and, while trying to find it with his fingers, kept repeating the last clause he had read—"None other name—none other name—none other name." Some of the people smiled at the blind man's embarrassment, but the gentleman went away deeply musing. He had lately become convinced that he was a sinner, and had been trying in many ways to obtain peace of mind. But religious exercises, good resolutions, altered habits, all were ineffectual to relieve his conscience of its load, and enable him to rejoice in God. The words he had heard from the blind man, however, rang their solemn music in his soul, "None other name." When he reached his home and retired to rest, the words, like evening chimes from village towers nestling among the trees, were still heard—"None other name—none other name—none other name." And when he awoke, in more joyful measure, like matin bells saluting the morn, the strain continued—"None other name—none other name." The music entered his soul, and he awoke to a new life. "I see it all! I see it all! I have been trying to be saved by my own works, my repentance, my prayers, my reformation. I see my mistake. It is Jesus who alone can save me. To him I will look. 'Neither is there salvation in any other. For there is none other name—none other name—none other name given among men whereby we must be saved.'"

THE MISSIONARY HYMN.

THE late Rev. Dr. Raffles gives the following account of the origin of the Missionary Hymn ("From Greenland's Icy Mountains"), which is now sung the world over. Heber, then rector of Hodnet, married the daughter of Dean Shipley, rector or vicar of Wrexham, in

North Wales. On a certain Saturday he came to the house of his father-in-law, who resided at the rectory or vicarage, to remain over Sunday, and preach in the morning the first sermon ever preached in that church for the Church Missionary Society. As they sat conversing after dinner in the evening, the Dean said to Heber, "Now, as you are a poet, suppose you write a hymn for the service to-morrow morning." Immediately Heber took pen, ink, and paper, and wrote that hymn which, had

he written nothing else, would have immortalized him. He read it to the Dean, and said, "Will that do?" "Aye," he replied, "and we will have it printed and distributed in the pews, that the people may sing it after the sermon." "But," said Heber, "to what tune will it go?" "Oh!" he added, "it will go to 'Twas when the seas were roaring.'" And so he wrote in the corner, at the top of the page, "'Twas when the seas were roaring.'" The hymn was printed accordingly.

A Page for the Young.

THE NEW YEAR'S PRAYER.

A HINT FOR THE FIRST OF JANUARY.

It was yet early, on a bright first of January, when Mr. Sanderson drew aside the curtain of his children's bedroom window, and awoke two of the rosiest sleepers in the world by a series of gentle shakes and droll reproaches.

"Come, boys, boys!—all the early worms have been up for the last half-hour, and are caught by this time! Wake up, will you?"

"Oh, father," said Bob, awaking, "is that you?"

Mr. Sanderson laughed. "Don't you know me?" he asked, as the boy stared, almost vacantly.

"Yes; but I am so—so sleepy!"

"You are always that in the morning," said Mr. Sanderson. "I wish I could say the same of you *at night*. But get up, now, will you? It's your mother's birthday—New Year's morning."

As these words met his ear, Robert Sanderson gave a great start, put his feet out of bed, and began to pull on his boots. It was evident that "mother's birthday" was a great event; and well it might be, for "mother" was a woman of ten thousand. Kindly, earnest-hearted, truly religious, heartily devoted to her husband and her children, Mrs. Sanderson deserved and obtained the respect of all who knew her. Her birthday, coming on the first day of January, was always a time of rejoicing for the boys, who were accustomed to save up their pocket-money in order to make her a little present on the occasion; and to-day Robert was to offer a

little book which she had once admired as it lay in a shop-window at the entrance to the nearest market-town; a book containing a choice selection of hymns, and, as the bookseller's apprentice said, "handsomely bound in morocco, gilt!"

Morocco, gilt! How those words had been ringing in Bob's poor little head ever since he first heard them. At last, then, he was to give a really handsome present to his mother. Morocco, gilt!

"Eh?" said his father, as the boy muttered the magic words; "did you speak to me?"

"No, father."

"Oh, I thought you did. Do you mean to give up wearing stockings?"

Robert looked down at his feet, and smiled. He had put on his boots without anything under them, and now, of course, they must come off again.

"That is what I call wasting time," said Mr. Sanderson; but *he* smiled, too.

Meanwhile another pair of rosy cheeks was raised from the pillow, and another pair of feet touched the floor. It was an unusual thing for Mr. Sanderson's boys to rise early, even on the morning of a new year, and they both yawned pretty much while they were dressing; but by the time they were seated at the breakfast-table, they were as wide awake as possible. By this time Mrs. Sanderson had received the presents, and was able to praise the little hymn-book,—"*morocco, gilt*," as Robert took care to remind her.

"It is very beautiful," she had said to him, more than once; "and I value it all the more because you rose so early to present it." And then followed a conversation about early rising.

"If it could only be a birthday every morning, mother," said little Richard, "we should always get up, then."

"It is always a birthday every morning," said Mrs. Sanderson; "that is, *somebody's* birthday."

"Oh, yes, but that can't be the same," interrupted Robert, who was, if anything, the lazier of the two. "It must be *something that interests us* to make us get up."

Mrs. Sanderson looked at him gravely. "Has your *duty* no interest, my dear boy?" she asked, almost sadly, for this sluggard's habit was the bane of her son's existence. "Have your father's commands, and my entreaties, *no interest?*"

Robert made no reply, but, after worship, and as soon as his father and Richard left the room, he threw both his arms around his mother's neck, and said: "I will try to do better."

"But you have promised that so often," replied his mother, "that I cannot expect any lasting good to come of

it. But if, on this New Year's morning, you would pray for strength to conquer this, and every other bad habit, I could hope."

At these words, a great struggle took place in the mind of Robert Sanderson. He had *said prayers* before, but now he was asked to pray. Could he promise to do so? He hesitated, until his mother offered to begin with him at once. Then he knelt down beside her, and asked, first of all, for the pardon of his sins through Christ; next, for the aid of the Holy Ghost in fighting with his temptations.

"I am very idle," he added within himself, as his mother ceased, "and I shall never be a useful man if I give way to it. Lord help me, for Jesus' sake. I am only ten years old: Lord do help me;" and again he added softly, "for Jesus' sake!"

It was heard,—that soft-whispered prayer,—and, in the year so well begun, Robert Sanderson grew in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man.

My dear readers, if you desire to correct your faults in this New Year, let me entreat you to begin it like Robert Sanderson, with humility and prayer.

Our Sunday Schools.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS AS THEY ARE, AND AS THEY OUGHT TO BE.

THE present working of the Sunday school system,—what it has accomplished and what it is now doing, is a subject of very great importance. It is scarcely possible to estimate the amount of real spiritual good effected by the quiet but earnest labours of the great host of self-denying men and women who, on each returning day of rest, devote a large portion of their time to the work of teaching the young the things pertaining to the "Gospel of the grace of God." It is not too much to say, that the great majority of converted persons in our congregations received their first impressions of religion in the Sunday school. Many successful ministers and missionaries of the Gospel can trace back the streams of their own religious life to

the Sunday school as their spring; and it would be utterly in vain to attempt to determine the extent to which the morality and religion that may be found in the middle and lower classes of society owe their existence to the same benevolent and self-sacrificing agency. It is quite to be expected that those who have been thus far successful in doing great good, should desire a much larger sphere for their labours, and should regret that so large a portion of the young is not included in the ranks of Sunday school children.

This fact was made the subject of a special resolution at the last annual meeting of the Sunday School Union. In the report it was stated that "two-thirds of the youthful population of London are destitute of the advantages which Sunday school instruction has been found to yield," and the attention

of Christian churches was earnestly called to the subject, that something effectual might be done to remedy the evil. Now this statement may be quite accurate *statistically*; but the supposition that a large proportion of this number may be under other modes of religious instruction on the Lord's day, does not seem to have been taken into the account, though even if their number be great, there will still remain thousands quite destitute of any means of religious instruction.

•This amount of spiritual destitution suggests the inquiry, "*Is the Sunday school system, as at present conducted, doing all that it can do and ought to do, in accordance with its avowed object?*"

That object is thus stated under the authority of the Sunday School Union. "The object of a Sunday school is not to teach the children to read—not to implant good habits—not to instruct them in the truths of Christianity, in hopes that they may be converted in after life. The Sunday school does effect all these, and much more; but useful as is the art of reading, valuable the formation of right habits, all-important the boon of a Christian education, *neither* is the object we would aim to attain. They are necessary adjuncts, the means to the end, and not the end itself, which is only arrived at by the conversion of the children's precious and immortal souls;" and again: "The design of Sunday schools is the conversion of the children."—*The Sunday School*. Prize Essay, by MRS. DAVIDS, 1845.

It necessarily follows from this, that the agency by which this object is to be attained should be of a kind likely to succeed; in other words, every Sunday school teacher should possess true piety of heart. If the main object of Sunday school teaching be—to show the children their sinfulness before God—to explain the nature of that moral disease from which they all suffer—to direct them to the only remedy which God has provided for that disease—who so fit for this work as those who have felt the plague of their own hearts—who have obtained healing for their own souls—and who, through faith in Christ, have personal peace with God, and personal friendship with Him? The dignity and sacredness of the work make this essential.

When we look at the working of the Sunday school system from this point of view, one or two things in that working strike us as being anomalous, if not serious defects. One is the presence of a great many children in the Sunday schools of the present day who ought not to be there. We mean by these, *the children of parents who are Christian men and women*. It frequently happens that the nucleus of a Sunday school is formed—and *intentionally* so—of the children of parents who are members of the church, and therefore, in the judgment of charity, Christians. Many of the middle class especially, who have families, send their children to the school, and at once and without much trouble a large number of children are collected, superintendent and teachers are appointed, and by the aid of *Notes on Scripture Lessons*, *Bible Class Magazines*, &c., the work of teaching proceeds, apparently in a right way, but frequently not with much success so far as the ultimate object of Sunday school teaching is concerned. Many of the children thus brought together are receiving instruction in the Sunday school which they ought to be receiving *at home* from their own parents.

It is a serious question and one that deserves serious consideration, whether one effect of the Sunday school system as at present managed, has not been the weakening of the sense of Christian parental responsibility. The children of Christian parents ought not to be dependent upon the labours of Sunday school teachers for that direct religious teaching which they should receive at home. It is much to be feared that too many parents overlook their own solemn responsibility, and delegate to others duties arising out of the fact of their being parents and Christians. Of how many or of how few can it be said, as it was said of Abraham, "I know him, that he will command his children and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord?"

The features of the following supposititious picture are drawn from life. M. and his wife are members of a Christian church—the parents of several children. He is engaged in trade, in which he has the occasional help of his wife and elder children. The duties of

each day do not leave much time for close family intercourse, especially of a religious or devotional character—all have to work hard. Sunday comes—breakfast is rather later than usual—the elder branches of the family take up some magazine or “Sunday book,” all the more welcome if it contains some tales with a professed religious bias, but spiced pretty strongly with a novelistic flavour; the younger ones after a hasty meal hurry off to the Sunday school. In the afternoon and evening the father of the family is visiting the sick, or distributing tracts, or making laborious efforts at preaching at some village station. The evening comes—the younger children are soon off to bed, and the rest speedily follow. Surely this is not as it should be. No Christian parents are justified in leaving the religious training of their children to others; no employment can be more fitting for them on the Lord’s day than to devote as much time as possible to the religious culture of their family. Such a course would endear to memory even the humble home of poverty; would cement more firmly the family compact, especially among those whose hard daily toil has a tendency to loosen it; and many a future struggle would be more bravely sustained by the remembrance of a father’s and mother’s simple teaching and earnest prayers.

If it be said that many Christian parents are unfitted by their own want of education to take this responsibility upon themselves, the reply is, that a Sunday school is not a college for imparting general knowledge—principally biblical, no doubt,—but a place where pious loving teachers seek prayerfully to win souls for Christ, and *that* all Christian parents should seek to do with regard to their own children.

The conclusion at which we arrive is this—that there is an uncalled for, and what ought to be an unnecessary expenditure of labour and energy in one direction, that would be more profitably employed in another. The children who need our help are those *whose parents are ungodly*. Let our pious and energetic teachers be freed from labour as regards all other children, that they may seek after *these*. Such children are the most promising objects for earnest careful attention on the part of Christian teachers. They are

ground in fallow that has never been broken up—we have everything to do to it—we may select our own plans and mode of proceeding, assured that no one has been there before us except “the enemy who has sowed tares,” and we are “not ignorant of his devices.”

If conversion be the main object of Sunday school teaching, it follows of necessity that the children who should form the classes in our schools, ought to be children who are totally destitute of religious knowledge, and have no special opportunities for receiving religious instruction; the children of the drunkard and the profane—of the godless and the unconcerned—the Arabs of the city—the waifs of town life—the merely animal youth of our rural populations. In such classes there is a stratum of sentient and intelligent life that has not yet been thoroughly worked, but that if worked will yield a rich return. To do that should be the main object—as it would be if well done the glory—of the Sunday school system.

Such children must be *sought after*. They will not come with clean faces and neat clothing, accompanied by their mothers or elder brothers or sisters to ask that they may be received into the school. No! They will be found in the gutter, or lying about in the neighbourhood of some miserable hovel, or out bird’s-nesting or orchard-robbing—unkempt, uncared for; they must be looked after, and gently led and persuaded by kind words and friendly looks and sympathizing actions. A strange soil to work upon, it may be said! Yes; but presenting just the features upon which *HE* would have looked with yearning compassion who said, “I came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance.”

We have written with a just appreciation of the large amount of good which Sunday schools have effected, but we wish them to be more successful still. We wish the energies of those who labour in this work to be put forth in the most likely direction—to be economised and more judiciously employed; for we believe that there is an expenditure of labour now put forth in one direction that *ought* to be unnecessary, to the neglect of other quarters which imperatively require more attention than has yet been given them.

The best Sunday school is not that which has an imposing number of children—that has a large number of *respectable* children, or of “good” children—but that which contains the largest number of spiritual outcasts, the sweepings of society, the hard working men and women of the future—and those from whose ranks our gaols are filled, and against whom the law ever turns with an ominous frown. Let the energies of our godly teachers be economised for and put forth to this work. Let Christian parents take care of their own children, that those who

can give their time to the Sunday school may be free to enter into Satan's special territories, and battle with him for his prey. It may and will demand an increase of self-denial, a heart warm with Christ-like compassion; but though the work will be hard and often disappointing, it will not be in vain; and the crown given at last to those who are “faithful” will not be shorn of any of its splendour, because it was the reward for loving service done to “*the least*” of the Saviour's brethren.

Our Societies.

THE BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

It is already known to the readers of this periodical that the BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY is in the crisis of a great and serious difficulty. Having being without debt for several years, it found itself at the end of last March with a debt of nearly *Twelve Hundred Pounds*; and at the end of last October the solemn announcement was made, that, so far as it was then possible to judge, the debt, at the end of next March, would be *Eight Thousand Pounds*. This announcement must have come, to many of the friends of the Society, as a surprise; but the causes of the prospective deficiency are not difficult to ascertain. First and foremost,—during the past year the churches have had to contend with the Lancashire Distress. This not only caused a number of congregations to be unable to contribute as formerly, but it drew away contributions some of which would doubtless have gone into the missionary treasury. During the last year or two, likewise, the legacies and special donations—which in some years have formed a considerable proportion of the income—have fallen far below the usual amount. In recent years these sources of income had been considerably larger even than in previous years, and, in the hope that they would be continued, the committee had ventured upon a larger expenditure, in response to the loud calls which were

made upon them. Instead of £6,000, however, as in the year ending March, 1862, the income from these extra sources was less than £2,000, in the year ending March, 1863; and, in the months which have elapsed since the last annual meeting, the falling off has been quite as great. These circumstances are amply sufficient to account for the deficiency which has been announced. The only question is, how it is to be *met*. That it *must* be met, every friend of the Society will be resolved. No one would wish that missionaries should be recalled, or that the efficiency of the Mission should be impaired. Special efforts must be made. Churches that now do nothing must be induced to join in the great work. Those who do something, but far less than they ought to do, must be roused to the responsibility that rests upon them. Even those who have hitherto done well, must ask themselves whether the emergency does not call them to do more. The Mission which was originated by Carey and Fuller, and which has been so long sustained by the prayers and efforts of the brethren, must not now, after more than seventy years, be abandoned, or become less successful.

The solemn fact, however, needs to be stated,—that, unless the income of the Society can be increased, missionaries must be withdrawn. India, China, Africa, are calling for men:—men are ready and willing to go:—if the de-

fiency be not speedily met, and the permanent income of the Society increased, not only must the call be refused, but some now labouring in the field must be withdrawn. Are we prepared for this? Is this the course that the churches will force on the committee? The question is one for the churches alone,—with them must rest the decision, and upon them the responsibility.

We are glad to state that many brethren are doing what they can in this emergency. The churches in Yorkshire are doing nobly. In the west of England, and in other parts of the country, meetings for the consideration of the subject have been held. London seems likely to do its part. Already, we believe, the deficiency, which was estimated a few weeks since at *eight thousand pounds*, is hopefully estimated at little more than *six thousand*. Let but the churches do their duty, and, with the Divine blessing, this great trial of our faith will lead only to greater efforts, and greater success than ever.

It is stated above that special efforts are being made in various parts of the country to meet the present necessities of the Mission. The following information has reached us at the time we go to press. The Yorkshire churches, as is already known, took the lead in the work of helping the Mission. They held a meeting at Huddersfield, and appointed the Rev. T. Pottenger, as their secretary, to make a special canvass of the churches. In his last letter, dated December 10th, Mr. Pottenger says:—"Our committee met in Leeds yesterday. Answers have been received from most of the churches, and there is a general disposition to help the Mission. Contributions have been sent from several of the small and poor churches." After stating what arrangements were made for Horsforth, Lockwood, Bradford, Hebden Bridge, Halifax, Leeds, Farsley, Sheffield, and Huddersfield, Mr. Pottenger observes,—*"The churches are very deficient in systematic efforts to collect small sums, and I am sure we have here a real mine unexplored."* We are confident that this last remark applies very widely; and we hope Mr. Pottenger will endeavour to remedy this defect in the north, and that the hint he throws out will be taken by brethren

elsewhere. But it is not in Yorkshire alone that the brethren are bestirring themselves. Mr. Wilshire writes from Penzance, that at the half-yearly meeting of the Cornish Association, the position of the Mission was considered, and resolutions passed to take measures to secure enlarged subscriptions. The executive of the Devon Association have issued a circular recommending a collection to be made in all the chapels on the second Lord's day in January, to aid in the liquidation of the debt, and that an attempt be made to raise the annual income. At a meeting of the Herts and Beds Fraternal Association, held at Leighton, December 1st, the Rev. T. Hands, of Luton, was cordially commended to the churches in the canvass he is prepared to make, in the hope that they will further his object to the full extent of their ability. Mr. Mursell, writing under date of December 1st, informs us that he will take an early opportunity of inviting the pastors and deacons of the Leicester churches to confer together on the best means of aiding the Mission in its present necessities. Mr. Newman, on December 3rd, expresses his intention to ask the brethren in the neighbourhood of Shortwood to meet for deliberation on the question of the Mission funds. Mr. Millard has desired the secretaries to forward to friends in Huntingdonshire, holding office in connexion with the Mission Union there, circulars containing the needed information, and soliciting their kind co-operation in the good work. Nottingham has followed the example of Yorkshire, and has engaged Mr. Pottenger to visit that neighbourhood, Mr. Edwards and Mr. Martin promising their most cordial support in his canvass. Mr. Phillips has been busily occupied in London, where several meetings have been held. Mr. Brock and his friends have taken the matter up with their usual heartiness; while the pastor and deacons of Camberwell have issued a circular appealing to their fellow-members on the subject. Bayswater and Regent's Park have already sent in handsome contributions.

THE prosperous Burmese mission, sustained by our American brethren, is threatened, we are sorry to say, with serious evils. Dissensions have arisen

through the doctrinal innovations of Mrs. Mason, who with her husband has hitherto been a chief instrument in the remarkable work carried on amongst the Karens. These novelties are of a kind likely to endanger or obscure the truth; and as it is now stated that Dr. Mason has given them his sanction, and that they find supporters amongst the friends of Missions in America, the gravest results may follow. As regards the views of Mrs. Mason, a missionary writes:—"Within my old field of labour, and within my personal knowledge, she has propagated, with an unconquerable zeal, the following tenets, viz.:—That she has been favoured with direct and special revelation from Heaven; that by the aid of the Holy Spirit she has found among the heathen a part of the Bible which had been lost since the flood; that by God's special favour she has discovered our own sacred Scriptures among the Burmans, Karens, and Shans, in their dresses, boxes, pagodas, architecture, and language; that Guadama never taught idolatry any more than Moses did; that the Phonghee kyoungs are streams of the Word; that the Burmese image of a bird is Noah's Ark, and contains the ten commandments; that the Burmese kaghee is the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, with the Word; that names have a sacred meaning, and carry with them divine power; that the world is the true Bible, and every rock, leaf, or flower, is a chapter; verse, or word; that God took upon himself the form of a world; that the world is to be purified by fire, *i.e.*, the sword, after which the God language will be sounded out over the world; that first of all and above all, God has given to her the key to these mysteries, but that soon the other missionaries will get the light, and it will be preached and believed all over the world, and become the universal and only religion; and much more than I have space or disposition to mention." It is also asserted that "preacher after preacher among the Karens is set aside because of their opposition to Mrs. Mason, and others are told that all who oppose the Mamma will be removed." By the last accounts, a council of missionaries was about to assemble at Toungoo. How far the native churches are infected with the heresy does not yet appear.

THE BAPTIST IRISH SOCIETY.

A VERY interesting meeting, in connection with the jubilee of the formation of the Baptist Irish Society, was held in Kingsgate Chapel, London, on Monday evening, December 7th. A considerable number of persons sat down to tea in the school-room. After tea, the Rev. J. Hoby, D.D., took the chair; and, after prayer by the Rev. R. Bayne, addresses were delivered by the chairman, the Revs. S. Green, F. Tres-trail, W. Miall, C. Room, C. J. Middle-ditch, J. S. Stanion, and by Thomas Pewtress and William Heaton, Esqrs. The Rev. F. Willis read an interesting paper, from which we take the following extracts:—

"In examining the historical records of Eagle Street church, which, by this new erection, is now called Kingsgate, we found the minutes of the formation of the Baptist Irish Society, under date of December 6, 1813.

"The church, having had its attention drawn to this fact by the pastor, resolved to celebrate the jubilee of this event, and at the same time to do honour to the memory of its former esteemed and devoted pastor, the Rev. Joseph Ivimey, through whose instrumentality, partly, the Society was originated, and who continued to fill the office of secretary from its formation until nearly the close of his life, in 1834.

"In the year 1813, the Revs. J. Saffery, of Salisbury, and G. Barclay, of Kilwinning, visited Ireland, and spent some six weeks there, in collecting for the Baptist Missionary Society. The impression they received from beholding the religious and moral condition of the people, led them to doubt the propriety of bringing away money for propagating the Gospel in India from a country which was itself in circumstances but little superior, and in some parts not at all. Communications were made to the committee of the Baptist Missionary Society, also to the meeting of Baptist ministers in London and its vicinity who assembled weekly for conference at the Jamaica Coffee-house, Cornhill, as to the propriety of forming a separate society for propagating the Gospel in Ireland. A correspondence was opened between several ministerial brethren and the Rev. Joseph Ivimey, including the Revs. John Saffery, Andrew Fuller, John Sutcliffe, and Dr. Ryland; and, at the suggestion of the Rev. Andrew Fuller, the committee of the Baptist Missionary Society agreed to vote twenty guineas towards the commencement of the new Society.

"Encouraged by the forementioned facts, the Rev. Joseph Ivimey prepared a circular, which was addressed to all the Baptist ministers in London and its vicinity, requesting them to attend, and bring their friends with them to Eagle Street meeting-

house, at six o'clock in the evening of the 6th December, 1813.

"A public meeting was held at the New London Tavern, on Tuesday, the 19th of April, 1814. Joseph Butterworth, Esq., M.P., occupied the chair. At that meeting the sum of £120 was contributed to the funds of the Society, including twenty guineas voted by the committee of the Baptist Missionary Society, and five guineas from the Rev. Andrew Fuller,—a sum far beyond the £13 2s. 6d. with which the Baptist Missionary Society commenced its Indian missionary enterprise."

In the report presented at the late annual meeting of the Society, it was stated that "the year 1864 will be the jubilee of the Baptist Irish Society. The memory of devoted and distinguished men, who were zealously devoted to the work in its earliest days, may well rekindle the ardour of those on whom the responsibility of continuing that work now devolves. The names of Fuller, Saffery, Christopher Anderson, Ivimey, and many others, may well stimulate the efforts of British Christians to give far greater power to efforts long made in behalf of Ireland, still wrapped in spiritual darkness and Popish superstition. The committee would respectfully but most earnestly entreat the generous aid of Christian friends to augment the income of the Society at least £500 per annum. This would enable them greatly to increase the number of agents employed, since the whole amount could be devoted to that purpose, without any additional charge for the management of the Society's affairs. This proposal is, therefore, submitted to the Christian public with the earnest hope that it will be accomplished."

We trust that this proposal of the committee will meet with a hearty response. The history of the fifty years now nearly gone, is such as to encourage the Christian public of Great Britain to put forth far greater efforts in behalf of Ireland. The difficulties attending an evangelical Mission in a country so intensely Popish, are such that it was not to be expected success would be continuous and uniform. But when we consider the social, moral, and religious results which have been secured, we feel that the Mission has been so blessed of God that it may well be sustained with enlarged benevolence and zeal. The plans of the committee, at the present time, are carefully

and wisely laid, and vigorously carried out. The *auxiliary* nature of the missionary enterprise is rightly kept before them. Hence their efforts to establish churches in places where the population warrants the expectation that they will ultimately be able to support themselves, and become the means of still wider evangelical effort. We rejoice to learn that the Society has stations in Dublin, Belfast, Coleraine, Ballymena, Banbridge, Portadown, Athlone, and Waterford, while many smaller towns, and nearly one hundred subordinate stations, are also occupied by its agents. Several thousands of the Irish people regularly listen to the Gospel as proclaimed by these brethren. In the years 1860-2, no less than 363 members were gathered together in church-fellowship, and that does not include the year of the Revival. In the years 1861-2, 94 members were added to ten of the churches belonging to the Society, besides upwards of 50 persons gathered together at a station very recently adopted. Four additional stations have been entered on within the last four months, and three additional agents, natives of Ireland, have been appointed within the same time. Two missionary brethren, occupying stations in Ceylon and China, were first united in Christian fellowship with a church not long since originated by the Society. Several young men, well fitted for usefulness, would gladly devote themselves to evangelical labour amongst their countrymen, and the committee would gladly aid them in preparation for such a work. We trust that the consideration of these facts will secure for the Society a very enlarged amount of pecuniary support, and of earnest, believing prayer; that it may be able, during its jubilee year, very greatly to increase its operations in the arduous but important and interesting field of missionary labour that Ireland supplies.

THE BAPTIST BUILDING FUND.

AMONGST the various societies connected with the Baptist denomination, there is perhaps none which has been pursuing its way more quietly, but with increasing strength from year to year, than the Baptist Building Fund,—it has been doing good by stealth, almost. Originating in 1824,—to prevent, as the

founders say, "the inconvenience and many serious evils, both to applicants and contributors," of collecting money for chapel cases by the personal application of ministers to those who were supposed to be able and willing to give, the early subscribers gave liberal contributions to this fund, which was voted away by the committee to the several cases seeking aid; thus saving the churches the loss of their pastor for a time, while the pastor himself was saved much toil and disappointment, and the funds subscribed were not wasted on travelling expenses.

For twenty-one years this course was pursued: upwards of three hundred grants were made, amounting to nearly £20,000. Then came an important change. A legacy of £1,000 from the late Dr. Newman fell to the Society, and therewith was established a loan fund; and, soon after, instead of the committee making grants of £30 or £50 to chapel cases, they made loans of £100 or £200, repayable by instalments in ten years, without interest. These loans have been of incalculable advantage to the churches. The repayments have been found to be easy, and not one failure has occurred. The £1,000 has grown to more than £8,000; and with this sum, and the ever-returning repayments, the committee have been enabled to lend more than £20,000, and still the capital is not diminished. The value of this principle of loans is now felt to be so important, that the committee are endeavouring to extend their aid to churches in London and the larger towns, and ask for £10,000 in contributions from the denomination, that they may be enabled to make larger loans. To some extent this appeal has been responded to, and one loan of £500, and another of £400, have already been made.

With a view still further to enlarge its operations, Sir S. Morton Peto,

Bart., M.P., has made a right noble proposal to the denomination. He has offered to build four chapels in the Metropolis,—defraying one half the entire cost himself,—provided the denomination will, through the Baptist Building Fund, contribute the other half. And while Sir Morton generously *gives* his half, the denomination is asked only to *lend* their half on the usual terms of the Fund, which will, therefore, be returning from year to year to assist in the erection of other chapels.

Who that has had to do with the erection of a chapel, does not feel of what value a loan of £500 or £1,000 would be, on which no interest was to be paid, and the principal to be paid only by instalments to be gathered from a new and enlarged congregation? We sincerely trust the Fund will realize all it asks for.

One or two other points in this practical Society are worthy of notice. It does not *originate* any new undertaking, but is ready to assist all so far as its funds are available. It does great service in reference to the trust deeds of our chapels,—supplying information so as to secure the property to the denomination, and as to the appointment of new trustees when necessary; and not unfrequently, through its solicitor, making good legal points that may have been neglected through other solicitors not being acquainted with the law relating to chapel trusts. Lastly, the Fund is open to all the churches to take their share in its management; for, by the constitution it is provided that every church contributing £10 per annum may appoint one representative on the committee. This we look upon as most important, and invite the attention of pastors and deacons to the propriety of contributing to the Fund, and taking their share in its management.

Intelligence.

FOREIGN.

SUCCESSFUL INTERPOSITION IN BEHALF OF THE PERSECUTED BAPTISTS IN RUSSIA.—Our readers have not been uninterested witnesses of the fiery baptism through which the Baptist brethren in Courland

and Poland have passed during the short period that they have professed and rejoiced in the faith of the Gospel. As in Germany, so also across the Russian borders, Baptists are misunderstood and mistrusted, not least by zealous but unenlightened.

clergymen of the Lutheran church; and these prejudiced men have done their best to bring down a hot persecution upon their simple-minded, but earnest, Protestant brethren. It was in consequence of the representations of a Lutheran clergyman that Brandtman, the Baptist cooper of Grobin, was arrested in September, 1860, on the charge of disseminating Baptist sentiments, imprisoned for five months at Windau, and afterwards banished the country. It is but natural, therefore, that there should be a large measure of ignorance and misconception on the part of the Russian authorities,—and we can hardly affect to be surprised that the police have had orders to exercise a strict *surveillance* over the new and suspicious-looking sect. But the result has been distressingly painful to our dear brethren, who are all very poor, and incapable of bearing the sufferings they are subjected to through their frequent imprisonments, as their families are in all cases dependent upon their labour for the means of subsistence. Their personal sufferings have often been very severe, for they have been laden with chains, driven like cattle before the police for many miles, and immured in dungeons for weeks and months together. The places where these persecutions have taken place are chiefly on the shores of the Baltic, and it is often pious sailors who become the propagators of the faith. Thus the ship carpenter, Juraschka, of Libau, was apprehended in December 1860, for being present at a religious assembly at Hasau; and the ship's mate, Jacobsen, also of Libau, was in like manner seized at Windau, and thrown into prison. About a dozen such cases, in which women as well as men were the victims, have been selected and laid before the Russian government, and, as will be seen, not without happy effects. The chief interest of our readers will probably concentrate itself on the two brethren, Gärtner and Alf, who have been conspicuous for the zeal and persistency with which they have preached the Gospel and endured suffering for the truth. Gärtner is by trade a tailor, belonging to Labracken, but he has been also a very successful preacher in many places. In the autumn of 1861, he was apprehended on that charge at Hasenpott, and imprisoned for a whole year. No sooner was he at liberty than he began again to preach, and last July he was arrested on the same charge at Grobin, and sentenced to imprisonment for six months. Our brother Alf is a missionary in Poland, where his labours have been signally blessed by God; and he has suffered im-

prisonment with aggravated inflictions, such as binding him with chains so tight that the blood burst from his veins; but he has endured all with the constancy of a true martyr. His last imprisonment has but just terminated in the prison of Pultusck. Steps have been taken by the Baptist Union and the Evangelical Alliance to bring these cases of persecution for conscience' sake before the attention of his Majesty the Emperor of Russia; but the astute ministers of that monarch have already anticipated such interference, and, it may be hoped, rendered it unnecessary for the future, by the publication of a ukase decreeing that Gärtner should be set at liberty on the payment of one rouble as a penalty, not for preaching the Gospel, or disseminating Baptist sentiments, but for crossing the frontier without a passport. Whether this ukase will secure all the liberty which our brethren require, yet remains to be seen; but it is a hopeful sign that the Baptist doctrines are therein spoken of as "doctrines not yet prohibited," and "doctrines which might subsequently be permitted." Let our readers watch very carefully the proceedings of the Russian government in this matter, and give their hearty sympathy in all ways to our suffering but faithful brethren.

IMPRISONMENT OF A MISSIONARY IN POLAND.—Mr. Alf, pastor of the Baptist church at Adamow, in Poland, has, as stated above, recently been imprisoned for three months on the coarsest prison diet and wearing the dress of a common criminal. The following letter gives an account of his arrest. It is addressed to Mr. Braun, Secretary of the Mission at Hamburg:—

"You will wonder that no news has reached you lately from Brother Alf. I will tell you the reason, but I must preface it with Jeremiah's lamentation, 'Mine eye trickleth down and ceaseth not!' On the 1st of September he went to Kiczin, and just after he left home, a summons came for him to appear before the civil authorities. I therefore followed him to Kiczin, accompanied by my wife. There we found a crowded meeting, so many people had come together that the room could not hold them. At sunrise on Sunday morning twenty-five persons were buried with Christ in baptism, and on Tuesday we drove from Kiczin to Karlinoff, and held a large meeting there. Thence we proceeded to Pultusck, where Brother Alf immediately went up to the Court of Justice. I went on with my wife into the town, and as I came back we were told that he was sentenced to three months' imprisonment, and already incarcerated. I directly ran to the prison and found that it was true, but I was refused permission to see him. Oh, how distressed we were! The

next week I went again to Pultusk and begged to be admitted; the director, a kind-hearted man, then sent for Brother Alf, and when he came we kissed one another and wept, for he wore the grey frock and cap, and his trousers and *shirt* were of the coarsest sackcloth! His food, too, was daily a pound and a half of black bread, and boiled water without salt or meal. Alas! dear brother, pray for Poland, and for our imprisoned brother."

Mr. Alf was about to remove to Russia, for his life was in jeopardy at Adamow, both from the persecutors and from the insurgents; but as his imprisonment would not end till December 9, it would then be impossible on account of the frost, and he will probably be obliged to remain at all risks, till the spring. Intelligence of his release has not yet been received, but we hope he is by this time again free. We can scarcely hope that his health is uninjured by so severe a test.

BERLIN.—The 17th anniversary of the Young Men's Christian Association in connexion with the Baptist church at Berlin, has recently been celebrated. Fifty members and friends took tea together in a room adjoining the chapel; it was beautifully decorated with evergreens and transparencies, with the inscriptions:—"Rejoice, that your names are written in heaven!" "Peace be with you!" and "Welcome!" An address was given by Rev. Joseph Lehmann, from 2 Peter i. 3-11, and other speeches followed. A deputation from a similar society in connexion with the Hamburg church was present.

DOMESTIC.

NORTHERN BAPTIST ASSOCIATION.—A conference of the ministers in this Association was held on Tuesday, Nov. 24th, in the lecture-room of Bewick Street chapel, Newcastle-on-Tyne. The Rev. W. Leng, as the senior minister in the Association, was elected chairman. Mr. M'Phail read a portion of Scripture; and Mr. Pattison engaged in prayer. At the request of the chairman, Mr. Walters introduced the business of the meeting. Mr. Bontems then read an excellent paper on "Chapel Building." A long and interesting discussion followed; after which it was unanimously resolved, "That an iron chapel be purchased by the Northern Baptist Association, to be erected in the town of Middlesbrough; to remain there as long as necessary; then to be removed to another locality. The cost of the chapel to be £500." Among the other resolutions adopted by the meeting were the following:—"That this meeting deems it desirable that the churches of the Northern Baptist Association be represented on the

committee of the Baptist Foreign Missionary Society." "That the Association be recommended to hold, in addition to its annual meeting, an autumnal meeting for conference and business." "That there be in future a meeting of the ministers in the Association, in the months of February and September." "That in future the annual collections for the Home Mission be made by all the churches in the Association on the Sunday after Whit-Sunday, being the Sunday following the annual meetings of the Association; and that on that day there be a general exchange of pulpits." Several other matters were discussed during the day, and resolutions adopted with reference to them. A general desire was expressed for closer union and greater co-operation. The meeting, which lasted, with intervals for refreshment, from eleven o'clock in the morning till eight at night, was one of continued interest and the greatest harmony.

COLLEGE STREET, NORTHAMPTON.—The ancient church and congregation here, presided over by the Rev. J. T. Brown, and of which Dr. Ryland was once the pastor, having for a long time required a new place of worship, at length set about its erection, and on Thursday, November 26th, the place was opened with the customary religious services. The morning service was commenced by the pastor, who offered a most appropriate prayer. The lessons were read by the Rev. E. T. Prust, who afterwards offered prayer. The sermon in the morning was preached by the Rev. W. Landels, of London, who took for his text Gal. vi. 6. It was a powerful and beautiful discourse. In the evening, an able and impressive sermon was preached by the Rev. J. H. Hinton, M.A., of London, from Col. i. 12; and a large number not being able to obtain admittance, a second sermon was preached in the large room over the school-room, by the Rev. J. Mursell, of Kettering. Between the services dinner was provided at the Swan Inn, Derngate, and the company, which numbered about 120 persons, consisted chiefly of visitors from the neighbourhood. The chair was occupied by Mr. J. Perry, and speeches were made by Mr. Brown, Mr. Landels, Mr. Mursell, of Kettering, and others. On the following Sunday, the Rev. J. P. Mursell, of Leicester, preached both morning and evening; and on the Monday evening a public meeting was held, the Rev. J. T. Brown in the chair, when addresses were delivered by the Revs. J. Brown, G. Nicholson, T. Arnold, T. T. Gough, J. P. Mursell, J. P. Haddy, and others. In the course of the evening it was stated that the cost of the building was about £7,000, and that the

receipts, including collections at the opening services, amounted to £5,355. The new chapel, which is erected on the same site as the former one, will seat upwards of eleven hundred persons. It is altogether a noble structure.

MELBOURNE, CAMBRIDGESHIRE.—The oversight of the Baptist church in this place has been accepted by the Rev. H. T. Wardley, until the last few weeks a minister of the Countess of Huntingdon's Connexion in Worcester, where for twelve years he has laboured with much wisdom, patience, and success. On Sunday, December 6th, Mr. Wardley preached his farewell sermons at Worcester, and on the Monday evening following the handsome sum of 100 guineas was presented to him from his friends in the city generally, as well as those of his own congregation, as a substantial testimony of the respect which he has won to himself from all as a minister of the Gospel, and of the affection which he has inspired in many who have been more intimately acquainted with him. At the same time an elegant service, work-table, &c., were presented to Mrs. Wardley from the ladies of the congregation. Having embraced the doctrine of believers' baptism, Mr. Wardley is, of course, considerably influenced by conscientious reasons in leaving Worcester to take the charge of the Baptist church in this place, where he has every prospect of a happy and honourable career amongst an earnest and warm-hearted people. Mr. Wardley carries with him the sympathies and good wishes of a sorrowing flock, and we can but wish that he may meet with all the success and happiness his friends anticipate. It is rather singular that the pulpit so lately vacated by Mr. Bailey, in favour of infant christening, liturgy, surplice, &c., should be about to be occupied by a gentleman who has just renounced all these for Mr. Bailey's former convictions. Mr. Wardley commences his labours at Melbourne on the first Sunday of the new year.

UPTON CHAPEL (LATE CHURCH STREET, BLACKFRIARS ROAD), LONDON.—The Rev. G. D. Evans, of Mr. Spurgeon's College, having accepted an invitation to the pastorate of this church, a special tea and public meeting to welcome Mr. Evans was held in the school-rooms and lecture-hall of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, on Tuesday, December 1st. The Rev. R. Robinson, of York Road, Lambeth, presided. Mr. William Pardon, one of the deacons, stated the circumstances which led to the union, and expressed the warm feeling of the church towards its new pastor. The Rev. G. Rogers (Mr. Evans's tutor) bore a

most honourable testimony to the Christian character, standing, and ability of Mr. Evans. The Revs. T. White, of Chelsea; S. Cowdy, of Arthur Street, Walworth; P. J. Turquand, of York Street, Walworth; C. G. Gange, of Portsmouth; and J. Burton, of Park Street, delivered suitable congratulatory addresses to the same effect; after which the chairman, in the name of himself and the ministers south of London, gave Mr. Evans a cordial welcome to their midst, by giving him the right hand of Christian fellowship. Mr. Evans then, amidst the congratulations of the audience, addressed the large assembly—spoke of his own experience and prospects, urged the members of his church to manifest a deep-toned piety and uphold his hands by earnest prayer and co-operation, and not to fail in their attendance at the week-evening services. At the close of this address the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, who had arrived at the meeting (from another engagement) while Mr. Evans was speaking, addressed the church most admirably and encouragingly. Singing, and the usual benediction, concluded the meeting.

UPTON-ON-SEVERN.—A social tea-meeting was held on Wednesday evening, November 25th, at the Town Hall, Upton-on-Severn, to give a cordial welcome to the Rev. J. R. Parker, as pastor of the church and congregation assembling in the Baptist chapel. More than 500 friends assembled at five o'clock for tea. The meeting which followed was of an interesting character; the large hall being crowded to excess. After a suitable piece had been sung, prayer was offered by the Rev. M. Philpin, of Alcester; after which, the Rev. W. Symonds, of Pershore, chairman, delivered some wise and judicious counsels to his young friend, giving him on behalf of all the ministers present the right hand of fellowship. Then followed Mr. Thomas Taylor, senior deacon, who warmly responded to the welcome given, and spoke in the highest terms of his pastor's zeal and devotedness to his work. Addresses of hearty welcome were delivered by the Revs. T. Wilkinson, of Tewkesbury; T. Rose, of Pershore; S. Dunn, of Atch Lench; M. Philpin, of Alcester; and by the pastor. Since Mr. Parker's settlement, a new chapel has been erected about two miles from the town, and is nearly paid for. Thirty-one believers have been added to the church, and a large number of candidates are waiting. The congregation has so much increased, that the chapel at Upton is being enlarged considerably, and also the school-room adjoining.

LINCOLN.—On Sunday and Monday, Dec. 13th and 14th, the opening of the new General Baptist chapel, which has just been completed in St. Benedict's Square, was celebrated. The present building is worthy both of the church and the denomination. The interior of the chapel is especially neat and commodious. It will comfortably seat about 350 persons; but on an emergency could accommodate 500 persons. The public services were commenced on Sunday, Dec. 13th, by the Rev. Charles Clark, of Halifax, who preached in the morning and the evening; in the afternoon, the Rev. T. H. Wood, of Smarden, preached. In the morning and afternoon the congregations were good, but in the evening the chapel was crowded to excess. The gates were obliged to be locked, and hundreds went away unable to obtain admittance. On Monday, above 600 persons assembled for tea in the Corn Exchange. The chair was taken by John Ward, Esq., of Boston, who attended as a deputation from the trustees. The speakers were, the Rev. J. Cookson, M.A., pastor of the church; the Revs. J. H. Wood (Smarden), James Lewitt (Nottingham), T. W. Mathews (Boston), and W. Sharman (Coningsby). The meeting was opened with prayer by the Rev. J. Lewitt, and closed with prayer by Mr. John Craps. The whole of the services were of a most interesting character, and from first to last have been productive of both pleasure and profit. The total receipts amounted to £44 15s. 3d.

CLARENDON CHAPEL, LEAMINGTON.—The congregation meeting in this new chapel having raised all that had been spent in purchasing the freehold, erecting and fitting up the chapel, and preparing deeds, &c., celebrated their freedom from debt on Thursday, November 5th. At six p.m. the school-rooms were filled by about 200 persons, who took tea together. A larger congregation afterwards assembled in the chapel, where addresses were delivered by Dr. Slack, who presided, the Rev. C. Vince, and other gentlemen. In the course of the evening, the Rev. W. A. Salter, the pastor, gave an account of the progress of the work. Within just twelve months the building had been begun, opened, and paid for. The chapel is in an increasing neighbourhood, and is well attended. It is 80 feet long by 40 wide, within the walls, seats comfortably 400 persons on the ground floor, and contains a gallery for singers and organ, with vestries beneath which can easily be thrown into the chapel. It is vested in trust for the use of a congregation of Evangelical Christians, with the stipulation that it shall never become connected

with any other denomination exclusively. A baptistery is provided for those who desire baptism by immersion, and has already been used more than once. Rooms have, also, now been built behind the chapel, and are occupied by flourishing Sunday schools, and by a day school for girls.

STRATFORD GROVE, LONDON.—On November 26th, a meeting of the members of the church and congregation of Stratford Grove chapel, Stratford, was held for the purpose of presenting to the pastor, the Rev. G. W. Fishbourne, a testimonial of esteem and regard. Tea being over, and the doors thrown open to the public, Joseph Freeman, Esq., the senior deacon, rose, and stated the object of the meeting. He also presented a testimonial, which consisted of a handsome silver inkstand and appurtenances, on which was the following inscription:—"Presented to the Rev. G. W. Fishbourne by the church and congregation of Stratford Grove chapel, as a mark of their sincere esteem and regard. 1863." Mr. Fishbourne eloquently expressed his deep sense of the moral value of the testimonial, and the gratification afforded him by such a mark of esteem and regard. Captain Moody, and Messrs. Caleb, Stanger, Scott, Brett, Rookwood, and Beasley, some of the members of the testimonial committee, and Messrs. Ladd, Clodd, and Brooks, expressed their pleasure at the carrying out of an object so honourable to pastor and people, and their best wishes for the welfare of the former and success of his ministerial labours.

HACKLETON, NEAR NORTHAMPTON.—An interesting meeting was held at the Baptist chapel, Hackleton, on Thursday, November 19th, in celebration of the jubilee of the Rev. William Knowles, who has presided over that church for fifty years. In the afternoon, at half-past four, more than two hundred sat down to tea. At six in the evening a public meeting was held, when prayer was offered by Mr. John Nichols, one of the deacons. The Rev. T. Marriott, of Milton, presided, and, after a few remarks, presented a purse of money to Mr. Knowles, as an expression of kindness and esteem from the church and congregation, which he received with deep emotions of gratitude and pleasure; after which he gave a brief history of the church and of his ministry. The meeting was subsequently addressed by Messrs. Clark, Nichols, John Knightley, William Hands: Revs. J. Nicholls, A. Smith, and S. Williams. The meeting will be long remembered by many. Mr. Knowles resigned the pastorate about two years ago,

but still preaches once every Sabbath with Mr. Williams, the present pastor of the church.

NORLAND CHAPEL, NOTTING HILL.—The fourth anniversary of the opening of this chapel was celebrated on November 22nd and 24th. Sermons were preached on the Lord's day by the Revs. William Roberts, B.A., and F. Tucker, B.A., and on the following Tuesday, by the Revs. H. Allon, of Islington, and J. Stent, the pastor of the church. There was a public meeting in the afternoon, at which Henry Wright, Esq., presided, and addresses were delivered by some of the neighbouring ministers. Dinner and tea were provided gratuitously by the congregation, as on four previous occasions; and though the day was very wet, the attendance at all the meetings was large. In the short report presented at the afternoon meeting, it was stated that the church, and all its varied institutions, were healthy and vigorous; that during the past year £200 had been paid off the debt; and that the difficulties incident to an undertaking such as this new chapel had been, were well overcome, so that the prospect of enlarged usefulness in the future was most fair and promising.

CANNON STREET, BIRMINGHAM.—On Monday evening, November 23rd, special services were held in Cannon Street chapel, Birmingham, for the recognition of the new pastor, the Rev. W. L. Giles, late of Abbey Street chapel, Dublin. The services were simply in recognition of Mr. Giles's pastorate by his brother Non-conformist ministers of Birmingham. For the accommodation of the speakers a temporary platform was erected, and this, like the chapel, was crowded. Among the ministers present were the Revs. J. E. Giles, of London (the father of the new pastor), C. Vince, J. J. Brown, R. W. Wilson, S. Chapman, W. L. Giles, &c. The services were commenced with singing and prayer, after which resolutions of welcome were adopted, and addresses were delivered by the several ministers, including Mr. Giles himself, appropriate to the proceedings of the evening. The meeting was brought to a close with singing and the benediction.

BRIDPORT, DORSET.—The Baptist church in this town has been for the last three years reduced to a very low condition, but under the auspices of the Western Association has been reorganised, and the settlement of the Rev. Richard Stevens took place on Wednesday, December 2nd. The Rev. J. Birt, B.A., of Weymouth, delivered the introductory discourse; the Rev. J. Price, of Montacute, asked the

questions, and offered the ordination prayer; the Rev. R. James, of Yeovil, gave the charge to the minister. A tea-meeting was afterwards held in the spacious school-rooms of the Independent chapel, which was numerously attended by friends of other denominations in the town. Addresses were delivered in the evening by the Rev. S. Pearce, of Crewkerne, and the Rev. E. Edwards, of Chard. The Rev. E. Merriman, of Dorchester, and the Independent and Wesleyan ministers in the town, also took part in the services.

CIRENCESTER.—The recognition of the Rev. J. J. Brown as pastor of the ancient church meeting in Coxwell Street, Cirencester, took place on Wednesday, December 9th, under circumstances which encourage the hope of revival and progress. The Rev. J. Frize, of Fairford, asked the usual questions and offered prayer; and the Rev. R. P. Macmaster, of Bristol, preached a beautiful and powerful sermon from 1 Tim. iv. 6. A tea-meeting was afterwards held in the Temperance Hall, which was followed by a public meeting in the chapel. The pastor occupied the chair, and speeches were delivered by Mr. Wearing, of Swindon; the Revs. J. Davis, of Arlington, R. P. Macmaster, and the Dissenting ministers of the town:—Revs. J. Stratford (Independent), J. Dredge (Wesleyan), and S. Turner (Primitive Methodist). The attendance was very good, and a feeling of holy joy appeared to characterise all the proceedings.

WELLINGTON, SHROPSHIRE.—The Baptist chapel in the above town having been closed for several weeks for additions and improvements, was re-opened for Divine service on Sunday, November 22nd. Sermons were preached in the morning and evening by the Rev. S. G. Green, B.A., president of Rawdon College, and in the afternoon by the Rev. H. Bake, Independent, of Wellington. The additions consist of the erection of excellent school rooms, and a minister's vestry; while very extensive improvements have been made both in the exterior and interior of the chapel, which now presents a modern and tasteful appearance. The sum expended is between £400 and £500, which, with the exception of a present deficiency of about £100, has already been raised by the congregation. The collections on the occasion of the re-opening services were £28.

WINTON, WESTMORELAND.—A very neat and commodious chapel having been raised in Winton, near Kirkby-Stephen, by the exertions of the Rev. William

Fawcett, of Crosby-Garrett, and friends, it was opened on Lord's day, November 29th. Sermons were preached, in the morning by the Rev. W. Fawcett, and in the afternoon and evening by the Rev. Josiah Green, of Hebden Bridge. On Monday afternoon a tea-meeting was held, and after tea a public meeting. Addresses were delivered by the chairman (the Rev. W. Fawcett), the Rev. J. Barnfather, of Ravenstonedale (Independent), and the Rev. J. Green. The attendance at all these services was exceedingly good, and the contributions liberal. The chapel at Winton is in connection with one at Asby, which was opened in August last.

DAMERHAM, WILTS.—The new Baptist chapel in this village was opened for the worship of God and the preaching of the Gospel, on Wednesday, the 4th of November. Two sermons were preached by the Rev. C. Stanford, of Camberwell. The chapel was crowded, and the services were deeply interesting. The new building is substantial and pleasing in appearance, the work having been carried out neatly and in good taste, but at the same time with a careful regard to economy. It will cost about £250, towards which it was announced at the opening that £100 had already been raised: more than half this sum having been collected by the kind interest and exertions of Mr. Stanford. The friends at Damerham will be very thankful for further assistance, of which they are much in need.

MALTON.—The Baptist chapel, Malton, was re-opened for divine service on Tuesday, December 8th, after having been closed for some time for alterations. The occasion was also the ordination of the Rev. J. Clough, as pastor, the services being undertaken by the Rev. J. Acworth, L.L.D., and the Rev. S. G. Green, B.A., president of Rawdon College. In the evening a *soirée* was held in the Assembly Rooms, when the Revs. Dr. Acworth, S. G. Green, B.A., Dr. Evans, C. W. Upton (Beverley), and A. Bowden (Driffild), gave addresses. The room throughout was densely crowded; many could not gain admission.

KING STREET, OLDHAM.—On the 3rd, 4th, and 5th of December, a bazaar was held in the extensive school-rooms belonging to the King Street Church, Oldham, for the purpose of reducing the debt on the new chapel. The bazaar was opened by John Riley, Esq., mayor of Oldham; and the proceeds amounted to upwards of £220; making, with the previous bazaar, more than £700 towards the liquidation of the debt on the new chapel.

CHILWELL COLLEGE.—At a meeting of the committee of this college, just held in Derby, nine promising young men were reported as applicants for admission into this rising Institution. It is expected that there will be several vacancies at the close of the present session; but without an increase of income, the committee will not be able to make much addition to the present number of students.

MINISTERIAL CHANGES.—The Rev. Dr. Leechman, on account of enfeebled health, has resigned the pastorate of the church at Hammersmith, and has gone to reside at Bath.—The Rev. G. D. Evans, of Mr. Spurgeon's College, has accepted a cordial invitation to become the pastor of Upton Chapel, now in course of erection at Barkham-terrace, Lambeth-road, London. The church and congregation meet until its completion at Taylor's Repository, Elephant and Castle.—The Rev. S. Hodges, Charlbury, Oxon, has accepted the unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the Baptist church at Stow-on-the-Wold, Gloucestershire.—The Rev. S. Allsop, of Whittlesea, has accepted the earnest call of the first Baptist church at Longford, Warwickshire, and commences his labours there early in the year.—Mr. William Williams, student of Haverfordwest College, has accepted a cordial and unanimous invitation to become the pastor of Abernant Baptist church, Aberdare, and purposes to commence his labours on the first Sunday in February.—Mr. Wm. Jones, student of Haverfordwest College, has received a unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the Baptist church, Hebron, Dowlais, and commenced his ministry at the above place on Sunday, December 13th.—The Rev. James T. Baily has resigned the pastorate of the church, Branch Road, Blackburn, and is open to invitation to supply vacant churches. His address is, Witton, Blackburn.—The Rev. J. B. Lockwood has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church at Nantwich, Cheshire.—The Rev. E. Jones, formerly of Broseley, Salop, has, after a twelve months' ministry, accepted the cordial invitation to the pastorate of the church meeting in Bethesda chapel, Trowbridge, Wilts.

GENERAL.

JOHN BUNYAN'S BONES.—A public meeting of some hundreds of working men was held at the beginning of last month, in the Lambeth Baths, Westminster-road, London, on the rumoured attempt of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners to appropriate Bunhill-fields burial ground to building purposes. G. Hill, Esq., of the Lambeth vestry, presided,

and introduced the business of the meeting by calling upon Mr. G. M. Murphy to deliver a lecture upon the subject. The lecturer traced the history of Bunhill-fields, from the time it became a "bone-hill" by the burial there of many who died of the plague in 1665. Soon after that date it became a Nonconformist burial ground; and among the buried there lie John Owen, George Fox, John Bunyan, Daniel De Foe, Isaac Watts, John Wesley's mother, Dr. Lardner, and many martyrs of political and ecclesiastical tyranny. Mr. Murphy then traced the proceedings of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, into whose hands this property has fallen, detailing the character of their dealings in the matters with which they have been entrusted, concluding with proposing the following resolution, which was seconded from among the audience, and unanimously carried:—"That this meeting, having learned with surprise that it is in contemplation by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners to remove the remains of the honoured dead from Bunhill-fields, and to let the land for building purposes, cannot but express its utmost indignation at such a sacrilegious project, especially as in that renowned place are the mortal remains of the immortal author of the 'Pilgrim's Progress.'" [Surely this proposition of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners cannot

be entertained seriously. If it be, we can but hope it will cause an amount of popular indignation before which even Ecclesiastical Commissioners must bow. —Ed.]

COMMEMORATION OF CALVIN. — The committee of the Evangelical Alliance at Geneva have announced their intention of offering a prize for the best work, specially adapted for the young, on the life and labours of John Calvin. It is to form a small volume, consisting of from eight to twelve sheets. While narrating the Reformer's entire career, it is intended that particular prominence should be given to the work which that great and devoted servant of Christ accomplished in Geneva, and to the blessings which, under God, he was instrumental in conferring upon that city. The amount of the prize is 500 francs. The immediate publication of the work to which the prize is awarded, if such publication should be deemed necessary by the committee, will be matter of arrangement with the author. Manuscripts are to be sent in, not later than February 15th, to Professor Tissot, secretary of the committee of the Evangelical Alliance, Geneva. We observe that the National Church of Geneva have announced special services for the day on which the tercentenary of the Reformer's death occurs.

Editorial Notes for the Month.

THE BAPTIST REPORTER is happy to present itself, on this First of January, 1864, in its new form and dress. It respectfully, yet affectionately, makes its bow, and wishes its readers, one and all, a **HAPPY NEW YEAR.**

And now it is the evening of the First of January; the lamps are lighted, the curtains drawn, and the BAPTIST REPORTER—a welcome visitor—occupies the arm-chair in the corner. [This same arm-chair, friend—it is a very nice one—the Editor means to occupy every "first day" in this new year.] But now, what shall we talk about? First and foremost, we will thank God for his great goodness to us during the year that is gone. It *is* gone. We can scarcely believe it gone. How short a time it seems since it came! But its three hundred and sixty-five days have rolled away, and each one has brought the usual mercies, the usual supplies, the usual providential protection and guidance,—all those *usual* things which we think so little of because they *are* usual, but which are all gifts from the hand of the all-loving Father, whose mercies, if we attempted to "count them" for one year only, would be "more in number than the sand." True, the year has brought its trials too. To some of

us those trials have been very heavy. But they are gone. We were supported under them. If we have learnt to know them behind their dark veil, we have found that they were blessings in disguise. So let us sing the old song again, and utter the old words of praise and thanksgiving again, and erect another Ebenezer on this New Year's Day; for "Hitherto the Lord *hath* helped us," and blessed for ever be his holy name.

But now, shall we try to look into the future? Nay, for that were wrong, and useless too. We cannot tell—and it is well that we cannot—what lies before us in this new year. To some will come smiles, to some tears: some will obtain new treasures, some will lose what is most dear to them. We cannot tell—thank God we cannot—what is before us in this new year. But at least we may speak of things as they are now, and learn, if we can, what is the duty that lies nearest to us. The year begins, as men say, darkly enough. There is, alas! distress at home; there is agitation and political uncertainty abroad; and none of us can tell how soon war may break out on the continent of Europe, to keep company with the war that has so long desolated America. Yes, the year begins darkly enough! But it begins *not more* darkly than many years have begun before. There is nothing in the year's beginning to make those despond who believe in the government of the all-wise One. Rather, may we not believe that the "Wonderful in counsel and the Excellent in working" is using what seems darkest to us in working out his own grand and gracious purposes?

There is *one* duty that lies next to all of us this new year. Those poor Lancashire folk are suffering sadly again this winter. Last winter, the Baptists of England did nobly, as indeed all Englishmen did. But the work needs to be done, to some extent, again. The distress, if not so severe as last year, is still grievous in many homes once happy and peaceful. Friends, are there no old clothes, put away in drawers or chests somewhere, that would help to keep Lancashire warm these cold nights? Are there no spare sixpences or sovereigns, that *you* would never miss, and that would go to feed those poor "clemmed" ones? You remember the old words, "Inasmuch as ye did it,"—and so on? You will need no *other* argument, if you love HIM whose words they are.

There is another duty that lies very near to all of us. As Lancashire must not starve, so neither must our Missionary Society suffer. The REPORTER will tell you, if you have not heard it, how anxious the friends of the Society are now. Surely this new year will relieve them from their anxiety! Surely the two thousand Baptist churches of England will not let the Society suffer, nor let missionaries be withdrawn, for the sake of a few thousand pounds!

And so let us begin the year thankfully and hopefully. "Our God, our help in ages past," is still our friend and our helper. His promises will never fail. His lovingkindness and tender mercies will never be exhausted. Let us all resolve, in his strength, to serve him more faithfully, and love him more entirely, and do his work with more consecration and devotedness than ever before; and HE will give us, if not a happy, a BLESSED NEW YEAR!

THE

BAPTIST REPORTER.

FEBRUARY, 1864.

AMERICAN BAPTISTS.

As a rule, figures have very little interest for any but professed statisticians. On this class of persons the world looks with a strange mixture of dislike and awe; in much the same way as it might on beings who, rejecting the food proper to man, should live without water and banquet upon chips. No ordinary mind can perceive the attraction there is in a study, which seems to be as bare as nakedness, and as dry as dust. The prevalent revolt from what, after all, is a necessary pursuit, shews itself in very many ways. Not only are the actuary and algebraist passed by with quiet scorn, but a Magazine article which hints at tables, or bristles with numerals, is skipped by most persons as a matter of course. We are sadly conscious that we run not a little risk of labouring in vain as we honestly confess that statistics have a good deal to do with this paper; unless, indeed—happy thought!—a promise to put them as much as possible into the background, should secure us the indulgence of our readers. After all, however, we are only imitating an inspired example. The sacred historian did not deem it beneath him to mention the names of those who went into the upper room, or the number of the disciples in whose midst Peter stood up; or to tell us how many were in one day added to the church. Need we do more than ask to have such a precedent remembered?

The national interest in America has naturally always been great; but that of English Christians has been peculiar and intense. She is related to us by spiritual affinities as well as by blood; and these have wrought out a brotherhood which is of eternal duration, and is indestructible by distance and diversity of thought. Though the broad Atlantic, and the still wider separation of nationalities, are between us, we are joint members not only of the family of man, but also of the immortal family of grace. We feel, therefore, as our fathers did before us, a quick, instinctive sympathy as often as we think of her. But there is another reason for this which connects itself with no other land on the face of the whole earth. There, and only there, have the great problems of Christianity found a fair field for their solution. It has no other than its natural foes—the world, the flesh, and the devil—to contend with. The great revolution which gave independence to the colonies severed the connection

between Church and State. There is no Dissent in America, for the simple reason that there is no Establishment; and the consequence is that, for once in the history of man, Truth is allowed to win its way unaided by force, and to depend for its reception on the free suffrages of a free people. This spectacle challenges the attention of men of all shades of thought here: of Episcopalians and Nonconformists, of the infidel and unreligious alike. The great question of religious politics, which in this country is fast dividing the whole population into two parties, who even now are bracing themselves for sharp and decisive conflict, has there found a practical reply. The voluntary principle reigns in the States, and triumph waits upon its sway. It complains of no want of revenue. It has provided churches and preachers in unexampled proportion to the people; and whilst it rides on the foremost waves of the restless tide of migration which rolls along the illimitable West, it also sends forth missionaries into every quarter of the globe. Such exploits fix the eye which is drawn to them, and unanswerably rebuke the timidity of those who imagine that, deprived of State aid, the power of religion must dwindle and decay.

It is natural to ask what, under these circumstances, our own denomination has done, and to what extent it retains an ecclesiastical likeness to ourselves. Before we attempt a reply, we direct special attention to one very note-worthy fact. Nowhere, except in America, have Baptists ever been the supreme power in a State; and there, unlike every other section of the church, they signalled their ascendancy by giving equal liberties to all. Prior to the Revolution they were sorely persecuted by the Puritans. Rhode Island, and Providence Plantations, were the only spots where they could worship without molestation; but in these places—led on by Roger Williams—they proclaimed universal liberty of conscience; they established a Government consistent with the proclamation; and, finally, founded an University, in whose charter they inserted a provision that its control should be equally vested in all religious parties. We point to this with deep thankfulness. Immersion is only one item of our faith. From the very first we have been the unflinching advocates of the right of private judgment, and it is cause for great gratitude to know that in the only opportunity which has been given it, the denomination has magnificently vindicated the purity and unselfishness of its principles.

Although there are nearly a hundred denominations in America, the Baptists have increased to an almost startling extent. They formed but three Associations within the recollection of persons who have but recently died. Though younger than either, they have rapidly outgrown the Congregational and Episcopal bodies, and are only exceeded by the Methodists. The speed with which they have increased may be indicated by a very few words. In 1792 there were but 1,000 Baptist churches; in 1802 there were 2,433; twenty years later there were 5,822; and at the close of the next equal interval 9,584; whilst last year there were (so far as could be ascertained) no fewer than 13,468. And this, be it observed, as against about 2,000 in England! The contrast is astonishing; and none the less so when we discover how these churches are supplied.

There are upwards of nine thousand ministers who have received ordination, and above a thousand more who are "licensed" to preach; whilst in England and Wales the number is only just over two thousand, of whom not a few are without charges, or have withdrawn from the ministry. It should be remembered that in America nearly every church belongs to an Association; whilst on this side the ocean such connection is far from universal. Here, then, the power of comparison fails us. The returns, however, from abroad, yield a very striking result. In 1852 the enrolled members of churches numbered 776,000. Last year there were 1,130,000; whilst during the twelve months about 70,000 were added by baptism. Nor is this all; for besides the one to which the designation of Baptist distinctly belongs, there are seven other denominations which practise immersion. These are distinguished by very quaint names—of which Winebrewnarians and Tunkers are the most singular,—and, as they comprise upwards of half a million more, the aggregate of adults in America who have been baptized is over a million and a half. Now, multiply these figures by the average ratio which the congregation bears to the church, and the total extent of the denomination will be seen to be something immense. Finally, impregnate this total with the leaven of progress whose existence is testified to by the past, and the prospect is truly magnificent. There flashes out on the future a prophecy akin to the vision of the Seer of old, when he beheld the rising of the glory of the Lord.

When we have mentioned a few additional facts, we shall be able to withdraw the tax that has been levied on the taste and patience of our readers. A word or two remains to be said on our sectional literature. At home we have some half dozen serials, and one weekly paper, devoted to denominational interests. In America 16 weekly publications are issued; ten every month; and three, of high literary character, every quarter. These only supplement, however, the enormous issues of a Publication Society, which sent last year a total of more than 21,000,000 of pages from its press, and which, besides, maintains a staff of 35 missionary colporteurs. Our space does not permit us to enter into details. If it did, it could easily be shown that this very valuable agency is gradually flooding the whole Republic with truth. Nor is the work of education forgotten. All accounts agree that the average culture of the ministry is below par; but against this a reaction, which runs, perhaps, a little towards the other extreme, and tends to exalt education above piety, has steadily set in. There is a marked tendency in the Western World to make the pulpit as much of a profession as is medicine, or the bar; but, although our denomination has, to some extent, shared it, it is yet said to be fast recovering from so deadly an error. The *American Baptist Almanac*—a work which answers, but is *very* inferior, to our *Hand-Book*—contains a list of no fewer than 49 colleges and theological institutions. Twenty-one of these, however, are said to be "suspended,"—a term which seems to imply that they are not broken up, but are at present at a standstill. It is a very curious fact, however, that a large proportion of the young men who enter these academies with a view to the ministry, ultimately abandon their design; and that, on the other hand, a considerable number who do enter

the ministry, receive their education in other than Baptist institutions. We have no means of determining the cause of this twofold anomaly; but it certainly requires explanation. There is loud complaint that the staff of preachers has not increased with the wants of the body. In 1792 there were 264 more ministers than churches; whilst the existing excess of churches over ministers is nearly 4,000. All the institutions put together do not furnish more than one hundred men to meet the annual demand for six times their number. This is a deplorable deficiency; and if in England we have the advantage, it is one we devoutly hope will soon disappear.

We shall close this statistical review with a brief notice of the American Baptist Missionary Union. In May last it held its 49th annual meeting in Ohio; and is, therefore, at least twenty years younger than our own Society. Its operations extend to Assam, Burmah, China, Germany, Greece, France, and also to some few of the Indian tribes. It has 19 missions. It supports 84 missionaries, of whom rather more than a half are women, together with 525 native preachers and assistants. It presides over 378 churches, which embrace 31,000 members, and about 1,400 stations and out-stations. There has been some slight decline in its funds, though the year closed with a balance in its favour; but, in spite of the dislocated state of the times, its income amounted to 103,956 dollars.

We come now to make a very few remarks on the spiritual and ecclesiastical condition of the churches. Their designation differs from ours, for they are described as Regular, instead of Particular, Baptists. The terms, however, are pretty well equivalent: the former being used in the West to distinguish the churches from others with which they have little in common, save the mode of administering a particular ordinance. During the last half century a great doctrinal change—resembling that which in the same period has taken place here—has occurred in their views. Except in the Southern and Western States, the high-Calvinism of Owen and Gill has gradually given way, and a broader interpretation has been put on the extent of the Atonement. This important alteration is ascribed to the writings of Fuller; and in the north and east almost universally obtains.

In a few important respects our brethren have departed from our Church polity, and this has led them into somewhat serious results. In all the New England, and in a few other States, they have divided their religious assemblies into two bodies: the Church and the Society. The former consists of the members proper, and the latter of the congregation; and these have co-ordinate authority in almost every matter which affects the interests of the whole. For example:—the invitation to a vacant pulpit is given by the church; but the society, which manages the secular affairs, pronounces its opinion too, and has practically the power of giving an absolute veto if it should not happen to concur; and to such a length is this system carried, that, in one instance upon record, the latter, stepping beyond its legitimate province, itself elected the minister, and then quietly informed the church of the fact! Such an inversion of the order of things cannot be too strongly censured, and if it be permitted to run its course will inevitably work incalculable harm. We note, too, another circumstance. No one is permitted to preach until he has obtained a

certificate—to be renewed every year—from the church he belongs to. This makes him a licentiate. Should he be thought eligible for the pastoral office, he has next to be ordained. Ordination has a permanent design, for it is understood that, come what may, he who receives it is to be a preacher for life. No church is competent to ordain: it convenes a council of neighbouring ministers and others, before whom the candidate appears, and by these, if their approval is gained, the ceremony is performed. When it is known in addition, that a church is virtually excommunicated which does not join an Association, and that all the Associations combine with a view to ecclesiastical unity, it is not surprising that one of their ablest writers should say: “In many cases it must, I think, be observed that we have fallen into practices by no means in harmony with the principles we hold.”

We had hoped at least to have glanced at the relation of the Baptist churches in America to the great question of Slavery. On the whole, it had long been one of complicity in the North, and of avowed friendliness in the South. In the latter the negroes who are free to pursue their inclinations, attend either our own or Methodist churches. In Richmond there is an African Baptist church which contains 600 *more* members than meet in the Surrey Tabernacle. It cannot be too strongly affirmed that in America no evil can long stand before the mighty influence of the pulpit; and that for generations it should have been either silent, or auxiliary, in the midst of a sin so awful as slavery, is a sad and insoluble problem. We rejoice to say—what could not have been spoken before—that the Northern churches are with one consent awakening from their long and criminal stupor. Albert Barnes, Henry Ward Beecher, and Dr. Cheever stand no longer alone. Roused at last to a sense of righteousness by the judgment, which with blood-stained feet is striding through the land, and which everywhere evokes the exceeding bitter cry of those whose sons it has laid low and lifeless in the grave,—on every hand the ministers of Him who has proclaimed the brotherhood of man go before the people to repentance, and though their voices falter from their sobs, they sternly proclaim that, since it is abhorred by Christ, Slavery must die!

THE ROYAL STRANGER.

NONCONFORMISTS are very much misunderstood in many quarters in the matter of loyalty. There are those amongst the adherents of Episcopacy, who are either so ignorant or so wilful, as to persist in representing Dissent as promotive of disaffection towards the Crown; and who regard the allegiance of dissenters as, for the most part, sullen, grudging, and constrained. This unfounded misconception is one of the most irksome crosses which our principles impose upon us: and there is nothing which an English Nonconformist would so emphatically resent as any imputation upon the enlightened loyalty he feels towards his sovereign. It does not follow that because we demur to the bucolic bray of the rural hustings—of “Church and Queen”—our hearts are colder in their attachment to the royal lady on the throne, than those which beat under the worsted comforters of the agrarian constituents of my Lord Tom Noddy, or the portly burgesses of Squire Hardcash’s rotten borough, who dine and vote at the

good Squire's expense. It does not follow that because we revere our church the more, we love our Queen the less. It is a libel upon us to infer that, because we have no liturgical formula of supplication for the Royal Family, no stereotyped iteration of their names in our services, we, therefore, have no devout desires for the gift of Heaven's best blessings to those who fill the lofty stations of the land. We are surely not traitors because we venture to keep consciences, and desire to preserve our sacred vessels from contact with the unwashed hands of human states. It should be no disparagement to us, as good subjects of the Crown, that we claim for the temple an immunity from the incursions of the council chamber; nor should we be denounced as levellers because we reserve just one common platform where the sovereign and the subject must kneel in a like abasement. Who has a right to insinuate that we are not true men, because we strive to be true Christians? or to cast upon us the stigma of disloyalty, because we stagger at the old barbarism of the divine right of kings? The authority of rule is as high to us as to our neighbour: and the majesty of law is as respected by us as by others. And it is injustice, deepened into absolute malignity, to fasten the odium of a sort of treason upon our principles, because they lay a conscientious embargo upon our fealty to a human sceptre when it is stretched across a divine altar.

Although we have no reason to plead guilty to doing anything which may bring these misrepresentations upon ourselves, there are occasions when, through our public organs, we might make some graceful effort to remove them. Obtrusive protestations of respect, pressed at untimely seasons, and with exaggerated parade, are simply offensive and sycophantish. But there are times when the too-rigidly drawn line which includes the usual range of the themes of our literature, might be so far widened or relaxed as to admit an honest tribute to royalty and rule.

Such an occasion has certainly arisen through the interesting event which during the last month startled and gratified the nation,—an event which we hail with joy, not so much for the political importance with which it is fraught, as for the gentler and holier associations it suggests. The stiffest Baptist will find nothing in the "five points" to hold him back from uttering a cordial congratulation to the Royal Parents of the young Prince; and, in the name of a loyal denomination, we would offer that congratulation through our *February Reporter*.

We do this as much, we were about to say, as an act of love as of loyalty. But affection and loyalty are much more synonymous now than they were of yore. The basis of the attachment of the subject to the throne is wondrously broadened during the last quarter of a century. It has acquired a much more personal and cordial character. The principles which prompt it are less weird and mysterious. Time was when "a divinity did hedge a king." And there are countries still—Russia, to wit—where the monarch is supposed to sustain the threefold relation of potentate, and priest, and parent to his people. The duty of loyalty under such a nation would thus become a theory of political economy; and an abstract principle, combining the three corresponding attributes in the subject, would be the ground upon which the loyalty was sustained. But this is impracticable. Law and government may retain their majesty under such a system, and hold a firm ascendancy. But it is a vague and a vain thing thus to hope to systematize a sentiment, and to engraft a healthy tree on such a sapless stock. In England loyalty is spontaneous, and Victoria's subjects love her, as truly as they recognize her sway. This broad national affection has been wrested from the Imperial heart by the personal graces of the Queen; and she is loved in England not more because she wears the crown than because of the womanly and sterling virtues she displays. There are

many circumstances which have tended to promote this loyalty. Some of us were but little children when the glad bells crashed forth from all the "reeling spires" of the land in welcome of a tender girl, who came blushing to the throne of England, and trembling at the awful destiny which called her to assume the crown of the mightiest nation on the earth. Yet never did the diadem sit so well, or span a nobler brow than that of the princess we then hailed amongst us. Full fervidly the prayers went forth from Britain's heart that Heaven would smile upon our Queen. And the prayer was answered. The course of her life seemed like a sunny romance. For a little more than a year the young princess reigned, with sage advisers near her throne and courtiers round her royal person. There was that in the charm of her diffidence and youth which touched the chivalry and the manhood of the people, and put their loyalty on a different from the common base. In a short time the fair ruler stands at the altar—the bride, not of a stranger whom diplomacy has introduced, but of the man of her choice and of her heart. The illustrious Consort of our Queen never seemed like a foreigner amongst us. We all know with what devotion he served his sovereign—with what affection he cherished his wife. We all know the admirable skill with which he sustained his delicate part before the nation: bearing State burdens, yet steering clear of all interference which could excite distrust: quietly smoothing the difficulties from the pathway of the lady he was called on to protect, and casting the light of his rare sagacity upon problems in the solution of which he laid grave statesmen under obligation to his wisdom. We all know how he made himself an Englishman by the intellectual culture of all English tastes; how art and agriculture flourished under his fostering care, and every useful science and every healthy sport found in him a student and a patron. We know, too, how the romance of the royal history became tinged with the stronger incidents of fact and life; how there speedily sprung up in the domestic palace a fair line of sons and daughters—rich in the graces of their parents, and heritors of a better dower than coronets or principedom can confer. The children of a while ago are the mothers and fathers of to-day. And, alas! the stern reality of bitter fact has pointed the romance into a history; and the Queen—the bride—the mother—has become the widow; and the weed supplants the crown.

We all wept with our Sovereign while she wept; and as the loving, wifely tear yet refuses to be dried, we weep with her still. But we would gently join with those who would seek to draw up the veil of mourning from the face where we would fain see the softened smile of resignation. Twice has the orange flower been intertwined amongst the cypress leaves since the Good Prince "fell on sleep." And fain would we place some of these bridal blossoms in the bosom of the Royal Mother—that her sorrow may find assuagement in the gladness of her children. It is scarcely a healthy piety to the dead to honour their memory with a monotonous and unbroken libation of tears. And we do trust that the deep tide of mourning which the alliance of the gentle Alice with a princely lord could not check, and the sumptuous espousals of the Heir of England's throne and Denmark's fairest daughter could not allay, may find some wholesome soothing, some tender mitigation, from the auspicious gleam which must fall upon the widowed heart in the baby smile of Alexandra's child.

It seems but yesterday since the entire realm was astir to give a nation's greeting to the maiden who is now a mother. The shout of the million voices which rent the very skies, from the tossing mast, the tangled rigging,—from fort and frontier, headland, peak, and pier,—from country road and city street,—from roof, and scaffolding, and window;—the boom of gun and bray of trumpet,—the whiz of rocket and the burst of shell;—these blended sounds

have scarcely died out of our ears as they hailed the "Star of Denmark" when she landed on our shores, ere we are called on to hang out afresh the banner of rejoicing, and to pick up the scarce faded flowers we strewed upon the pathway of the bride, to twine about the unconscious brow of the princely pledge of the love which was plighted on the 10th of March, and to "make merry and be glad" that "a man is born into the world."

There is a higher than a simple political importance attaching to this birth. Dynastic contingencies, humanly speaking, were provided for, at present, by the majority of the Prince of Wales,—though we challenge him to join us in the prayer his filial heart will readily endorse, that he may long remain the Prince of Wales, and that for years to come Britain may flourish under Victoria's rule. The chief immediate importance of the event we celebrate springs out of the fact that it perfects life's mystic circle in the experience of our Prince and Princess, and it gives hope and expectation to the desire that it may form another and a closer bond of endearment between the young hearts of whose love it is the pledge.

But a political moment also attaches to this happy arrival. And each fresh bulletin which confirms the likelihood of continued life in the royal infant, adds a distincter mark to the horoscope of its history. If we pray that it may be very long ere the Prince of Wales shall wear the crown which still shines upon his mother's widowed brow, we must surely pray with double fervour that it may indeed be very long before that crown is handed to the young candidate for its honours whose cry, has so unexpectedly disturbed the serenity of the halls of Frogmore. Yet still, in Nature's inexorable routine, that "baby brow" is destined in all human likelihood one day to wear "the round and top of sovereignty." He is an heir to England's honours, and has already a vested interest in the nation.

How signally favoured is this land of ours, just now, among the peoples of the earth! The horizon seems everywhere flushed and disturbed. Look almost where we will, we tremble at the portent of foul weather, "for the sky is red." And, alas! in more than one quarter it is not merely portent, but actual storm. Not only is the sky red, but the earth is red also. The warning of the hoisted signal on the headland has proved but too true,—and the tornado of war has swept over an entire continent. The restless nationalities nearer home are growing desperate under the chain which tyranny has tightened round them, and begin to fret against the yoke. Great potentates grow puzzled to employ the fevered minds of discontented subjects, and seem tempted to distract them from the thought of revolution by feeding them with the poisoned pabulum of the sword. The murmur of mustering armies, and the incipient clash of steel, grow audible from more quarters than one. And many a tender wife grows sad, and many a gentle maid turns pale, as the clamour of conscription brawls nearer to the home of husband and of lover, and every index on the prospect points to the battlefield of blood. Amidst all this grim and cloudy anger of the elements, there is yet one spot where the bow of promise shines,—one sun-tinged Goshen, where the homes are happy and the firesides undisturbed. Here in our little England, at present we are at peace. The gates of Janus are still closed amongst us. May the Royal Infant, who has thus found his birth-place in the most richly blessed of all lands, find those gates ever closed; and may he live to seek and to promote the glory of his country through those gentler arts which his illustrious grandsire loved in life, and through the diffusion of that true religion which made him great and strong in the article of death!

Most heartily do we say "Amen" to Cardinal Wiseman's prayer, that the Saviour, "who would receive his birthday offerings, however regal, only at

the hands of the wise, will infuse into the heart of the Royal Infant that truest wisdom which Solomon preferred before kingdoms and thrones, together with which 'all good things,' as well as 'innumerable riches,' came into his possession." And with even a yet more cordial compliance do we respond to the invitation of the Cardinal, as we "turn our thoughts and sympathies towards one still more august" even than the young mother, over whose gracious restoration we so devoutly rejoice—and "who, after her, has a larger claim than any one else to maternal joys;" trusting that "after her long period of faithful mourning, she may be able to exclaim, as did Lamech on the birth of Noe—"This child shall comfort me!"

INDIVIDUAL INFLUENCE.

EVERYTHING around us is made up of units. The clouds which float above our heads, the air we breathe, the deep and wide sea, and the earth itself, are composed of single particles. This is the universal law of the world of matter; for no part of the vast universe, so far as we know, is or can be exempt from its operation. It is the same with society. Society is composed of a multitude, each one marked by some peculiarity. There you see every variety of mental endowment, of moral power and culture, of passions and aims. Every circle into which we enter unfolds these varieties. We see them in the family, as well as in a nation. Their spirit, their action, their influence, constitute the character of that family or that nation. But though, for certain purposes, we may speak thus, yet we must never forget the fact, that upon the widest scale influence is the result of individual action. With influence man is everywhere and at all times invested. This at times silent, and, frequently, imperceptible power, he is ever putting forth. As the sun is constantly giving forth light and heat, so men are constantly diffusing influence of some kind or other over the circle in which they move. It is a necessary consequence of their moral consciousness, a result of their intelligent and responsible nature. This influence meets us everywhere. Our thoughts, our looks, our words, and our actions, may produce impressions which can never be effaced. They may penetrate some mind, and linking themselves with the secret sources of his power, stir up the depths of his moral nature, and bring out, for good or evil, the might of its hidden energy. The father exerts an influence upon the child, the infant throws it back upon the mother. The minister puts it forth upon his people, the people exert it reflexly upon the minister. Philosophers tell us that the smallest pebble, flung by an infant's hand into the ocean, will agitate every drop of that vast mass; that every movement which disturbs the atmosphere will extend its influence to the whole circumambient fluid. So, doubtless, in the moral world, the laws of which are as perfect and well known to their great Author as those which govern the material universe, everything we do leaves its own impression, and stamps its real character as permanently as though it were engraven in the rock for ever.

Nor let it be forgotten that the extent and potency of this influence is not entirely, if at all, dependent upon the mere accidents of life. Learning,

wealth, power, kingdoms, do not necessarily invest the possessor with an influence superior to that of the man who has them not. It is not kings and monarchs whose power has most shaped the world, but men of another class. Aristotle will live, and his authority be felt, when his royal patron, the great Alexander, is forgotten: Newton, Shakspeare, and Milton will reign in the high places of men's affections, moulding character, and calling forth into loftiest operation the powers of man's inner nature, when the men known as kings in their time have ceased to be regarded with reverence and love. Poverty has generally supplied more to the ranks of the world's benefactors than any other class. Men who have upheaved the superincumbent mass of prejudices and indignity which has oppressed them, and stood out before the world: men who have felt the power of mind or of moral truth, and have wielded it: these have given us the proofs of the potency of man's influence, when linked with the useful, the true, and the holy. These, in spite of monarchs, prejudice, oppression, sorrow, and suffering, have conferred benefits upon society of the highest kind.

More than three centuries ago, the son of a poor miner, by what some men call accident, laid his hand upon a Bible. Though he had attained the age of manhood, it was the first he had seen. He read it with new and thrilling interest. It first perplexed him, then filled him with alarm, but finally inspired him with new feelings. Again and again he drank at the newly-discovered fountain. Light, life, and peace took possession of his mind. The influence of these was not of earth. They impelled him to action. To utter his now deep and absorbing conviction was imperative. Yet to do so was dangerous. It would isolate him from society. Against him the whole civilized world would rise. The prevalent religion, hoary from its antiquity, supported by the pomp and power of monarchs and the great, and nourished by the sottish ignorance of the multitude, would persecute him with the fiercest hatred—even unto death. All agencies but one were united with it, and it might laugh to scorn the *influence of one man*. But Luther spoke. Alone he stood against these fearful odds. From the pulpit and in the class-room, in the square and from the press, he uttered the simple truth of Jesus. Rome shook beneath the thunder of his voice. The light of his teaching flashed from valley to mountain. Individuals, then communities, then cities, and, finally, states, rose into all the dignity of freedom and of new life. The Reformation, with all its faults, is one of the noblest proofs of the power of **INDIVIDUAL INFLUENCE** in modern times.

In 1764, the river Ouse, near to Bedford, was spanned by an old bridge. In the centre of it, according to the fashion of those times, was the city gaol. Within the cold walls of this gaol many a victim to tyranny had been incarcerated. Their number, in 1661, was increased by the incarceration of a tinker. Malignity had triumphed over him. Episcopal hate, under the mask of love to Christ, had robbed him of his freedom, and separated him from his family. He had committed no crime against Heaven. His only sin in the sight of these men was his burning love to the Saviour, and his anxiety to make men holier and happier.

The pride of the Church was humbled. Her sloth was rebuked by his zeal. Nothing but the silence of the humble Evangelist would satisfy her wrath. To lighten his care in his dreary solitude, Bunyan penned his immortal dream. It was published. Men felt its power at once. Into palaces and cottages it carried his influence. The names of his persecutors are now unknown. Their pomp and power, the only things they could wield then, are fled, and perhaps few, if any, of our readers, even know their names. But the mind of Bunyan, his influence, is kindling with new energy every day. It is mightier now for good than ever. Every year augments it. Every new accession which is won from barbarism will supply him with fresh triumphs. And as light is diffused, as truth spreads, will the already vast circle which he fills continue to enlarge, till ultimately every mind will be touched by it, and every tongue proclaim the power of **INDIVIDUAL INFLUENCE** when consecrated to the service of Christ.

But individual influence may operate in other ways, and develop itself in a thousand forms. Amidst the deep sleep into which the church had fallen, a thought flashed upon the mind of Carey. It was heaven-inspired,—one of those which proclaim at once the greatness and glory of their paternity. It was at first only feeble, but it grew and expanded till it filled his whole heart. It became a part of his nature, and changed his whole character. When he mentioned it, men of piety were startled, and grave divines shook their heads and their equally imposing wigs, and said, "Young man, when the age of miracles returns, then we may talk about the conversion of the heathen." But truth is immortal. Nothing can annihilate her. You may weaken her influence and hide her for a season. Like her great type you may eclipse her for a moment, but like him she will emerge from the cloud with fresh power and beauty. Carey thought, prayed, talked, preached about it. It influenced others. They thought, prayed, and talked about it. The circle widened, and now in the magnificent field of the missionary enterprise throughout the world, we see the strength of **INDIVIDUAL INFLUENCE** when it has to struggle with the opposition of even the wise and the good.

We have adverted to these instances that our readers may not only see the immense power which, as individuals, we exert, but the importance of bringing it to bear especially upon the highest interests of Christ's church. With whatever responsibility it may invest us as men, this is augmented by the fact that we are Christians. Upon us, under God, in a great measure, depends the strength or feebleness of the church. The influence of our holy and consistent example, or of our failing to realize this, will promote the one or secure the other. No man, we repeat, is without this influence. Poverty, illiteracy, feebleness, does not exempt from it. Every member of Christ's church is clothed with it, and can produce results, according to the direction in which that influence is used, beyond our power to conceive. It was only a little worm which laid prostrate the gourd under the shadow of which the Prophet sat. Every man makes a part of the great community. He may be a father, a master, a servant, a child. As such he has to do with others. In trade, in the social relation-

ships of life, he has to mingle. There he is known, it may be, to be a Christian, a professed member of the family of Christ. Few are now so ignorant as not to know what is involved in this, and the obligations it imposes. He stands before them then as a model man, a type and a sample of what the religion of Christ can do for humanity; and men, discarding abstract principles, form their estimate of the nature and influences of true piety from what they see. We grant that this is wrong; but what then? We have to do with facts as they are patent before us. Let it be said that the conduct of the professed Christian is irregular. That there is a wide discrepancy between the high standard of his professions and the visible realities of his life: that in business he is hard, oppressive, and unjust; that in his personal enjoyments he is as worldly and as eager for pleasure as others; that he is often in the social circle full of glee and seducing amusement, but seldom with his brethren, mingling in their holy festivities; that for anything but Christ he is the man of energy and enterprise. Now can such a course produce an impression favourable to the advancement of piety? Will the influence he is wielding fill these circles with power of the holiest kind? Will the men who feel it and live under its power ever be brought to think highly of the truth of God? We trow not. If they are converted, it will be in spite of this, and not through it. Contrast with this such a life as that of Harlan Page, or Sarah Martin, or Elizabeth Fry,—Christians who lived to create opportunities to benefit men, and advance Christ's glory. The church, under such an influence as theirs, would constrain men to glorify our Father in Heaven.

The evils resulting to the church of Christ from the abuse of this power have been incalculable. Who has not heard of and deplored them? Into what community of Christians can you enter and not hear of them? With what Christian minister can you converse who does not complain of them? In many cases the feebleness of the church may be traced to this. Those that should be for us are against us. From the world, from the wicked one, we expect hostility, but not treachery from within. We are prepared for the one, we expect it, we are suspicious if it does not come, but we are not prepared for the other. How often has inconsistency closed the ministry which has been promising and successful, disturbed the peace of the church and filled it with discord, thinned the prayer meeting which had been the resort of the awakened and the inquiring, scattered the school which had supplied the church with converts, and been the training-place for many useful ministers. Men have put forth their moral power, they have exerted their personal influence, to retard the prosperity of the church. We need not indicate how. Most of our readers will have no difficulty in deciding this point. Alas! it is too obvious to be veiled in obscurity. Happy will it be for the ministry, greatly will it contribute to the prosperity of the church of Christ, when all his disciples, feeling the untransferable obligation of his claims, shall consecrate their sanctified INDIVIDUAL INFLUENCE to the enlargement of his empire in the world!

"BE PRESENT AT OUR TABLE, LORD."

THESE words suggest scenes with which most of our readers are quite familiar. They bring before the mind's eye tea-meetings, with their customary attendants and accessories. Long tables are covered with white calico, and rows of forms are placed on either side. The said tables are, here and there, dotted with business-like looking companies of cups, and regiments of saucers. Plates loaded with bread and butter and cake exert a magnetic and mesmeric influence on various juvenile eyes which seem riveted upon them. The school-room is completely transformed. One hardly knows it again. The regular rank-and-file of scholars' benches, with a stool for the teacher at the end, have disappeared. A class-card, which has been overlooked by those who formed the tea-meeting committee, on which are inscribed sundry strokes, marks, crosses, and other cabalistic characters, remains to remind those present of the customary use to which the place is applied. Festoons, wreaths, and arches abound. Holly, artificial flowers, miniature banners, and other festive insignia display their glories. Mottoes, more heterogeneous than appropriate, meet the gaze. A somewhat curious mixing up of what is scriptural and what is decidedly not scriptural (in point of good taste, more especially), is to be seen on the aforementioned little flags, or read in letters made of laurel leaves pasted on the wall. Thus, having found the words, "A Merry Christmas," you are rather taken aback with the contrast afforded by the very next, "Jesus wept;" and, having learned the novel fact that "Union is Strength," you are immediately exhorted to "Search the Scriptures." Well, let that pass. It is not right to be cynical. None of us are perfect. Granted that the inscriptions in question are what Mr. Tennyson called one of his poems, namely, "a medley," they contain sound sense and holy writ, and if we only digest them, like certain physical conglomerations swallowed at dinner or supper, will afford nourishment and do us good. To return to our description. Deacons move to and fro, brisk in step and smiling in visage, welcoming various new comers as they enter. The minister moves about, wishing to overlook no one, but let all see that he remembers them, asking after health and domestic matters; giving Brother Brown a gentle tap on his shoulder, and telling him that he must be prepared to "say a few words after tea,—just a few, you know;" and hinting to friend Smith that he should advise him in his speech to make some remarks about the chapel debt: it is time some vigorous effort was made to move it off. Middle-aged ladies, "mothers in Israel," decidedly comfortable, good-natured, responsible-looking as a class, ensconce themselves as behind a metallic bulwark at the back of urns, various in date and fashion. "Waiters" with red cheeks, hurried and short step, partly a walk and partly a run, make their way up and down to do the bidding of the "tea makers." Add to all this, a miscellaneous company of lads and lasses, young men and maidens, middle-aged persons and advanced persons, all in their "Sunday best." Last, but not least, must be mentioned one great essential constituent of every genuine tea-meeting—babies, who never fail to remind the public of their presence by frequent voluntaries of various notes, tones, and metres. At length the wide-spread hum of manifold voices engaged in talk is suddenly silenced. Advancing to one of the tables, the minister knocks it vigorously with his hand, attention is gained, and all glance towards him. Then come the words, "Be present at our table, Lord," &c.

Touching the subject of tea-meetings, opinions widely differ. Some like, others dislike them. We may add that there is a third class. These both like and dislike them. We candidly acknowledge ourselves to be of their number. On certain grounds we heartily hate tea-meetings. As far as our own personal,

taste goes, we would rather any time have a quiet tea in our own parlour, with no other company than that of Mrs. Nameless and our little Nameless, perched, with golden hair, ruddy cheeks, and blue eyes, in her high chair. Moreover, there is a percentage of questionable gossip and indifferent small talk carried on at tea-meetings, which might be as well let alone. Albeit, we are not at one with such as would effect a total and immediate revolution in this matter. Tea-meetings do good in their way. They have been far more beneficial than mischievous. Many a generous effort of a pecuniary character, of a moral character, and of a religious character, has dated its birth from the festival of calico-covered tables and decorated school-rooms. Furthermore, these meetings tend to bring people together who ought to be brought together and want bringing together. They promote what may be called a spirit of religious sociality. So, if you please, Mr. Iconoclast, don't be too rough and ready in your movements relative to this ancient dissenting custom. You are a capital theological pugilist, we know. Do not for a moment imagine that we underestimate your power to carry on considerable ecclesiastical destruction. We are fully aware of the fact that your disposition and ability to undertake divers smashings and varied upsettings, wholesale and retail, are large. At the same time, we must declare our conviction that you have not yet provided an efficient substitute for tea-meetings, which, by its palpable superiority, would warrant their abandonment. It may be all very well to knock a house down, demolish its furniture, dig away its foundations, and finish it up once and for ever, but always take care that you have a *better* house ready to receive you and yours. Pitiable, rather, to spend one's strength in pulling to pieces one's abode and then have nowhere to lay one's head!

"Be present at our table, Lord." Singing that, is "asking a blessing." It is one of the forms employed for "grace before meat." How about that custom? Is it well, wise, and right to carry on, not only at tea-meetings, public dinners, &c., but at home and in private, this time-worn custom? What is to be said of it as it now exists? *It is a good thing abused.* Is it not? Does not the reader agree with us? We feel confident that his experience must constrain him to acquiesce in our assertion.

In truth, there are few things more painful to a really devout person than to see and to hear the fashion in which "grace before meat" is carried on. It has become a form. Degraded, in too many instances, to a mere habit, robbed of its meaning, it is worse than useless. God forbid that we should write harshly, or that we should malign our brethren, but we are compelled to fear that "asking a blessing" is, not seldom, nothing but a custom. The host at the head of the table looks round, sees that all is ready. Every dish is on the table. The maid waits obsequiously to carry round each plate as it is filled. He obtains attention. In the midst of a conversation down go all heads, and the words composing "grace before meat" are uttered. Of course we would not dogmatically affirm that the whole thing is a sham. Not at all. But are not the said words frequently uttered and heard when the *heart* never rises in true thankfulness to God? On one or two occasions lately we have been present when the *paterfamilias* has been on the verge of asking a *second* blessing, having, in an interval of a few minutes, entirely forgotten that he had already asked one. What does this show?

The very style in which this domestic prayer is often presented, almost precludes the possibility of it awakening on the one hand, or expressing on the other hand, devout feeling. To wit. When Alpha asks a blessing, he closes his eyes in the most unexpected manner, hurries through a short exclamation so rapidly made that one can hardly tell what he says, and almost before you are fully conscious that he has been engaged in the solemn work of prayer, he

ejaculates an "amen," and looking briskly up, asks you what he may have the pleasure of helping you to. This is no imaginary case; we have before us now the recollection of persons who do this. Again: Beta is long, technical, and what may be called universal, in his "grace before meat," for he prays for a blessing upon manifold other things besides the food to be eaten. Not long since we heard a good brother, who attended as a deputation from a certain society, keep the family, at whose house he was staying, waiting at tea while he prayed for the meeting about to be held, the society whose claims were about to be pleaded, and some other things. A third brother we were acquainted with, who, not content with mere utterance, used to give out a verse, and with his wife, children, and the young men out of the shop standing around the table, *sing* a blessing.

While the custom is maintained thus defectively, there is room, and large room, for complaint. God is a great and awful Being; prayer is a momentous, though a blessed engagement; therefore, in the name of all that is holy, true, and right, let us try to reform the evil in question. Better that there is no "grace before meat," than that it should be asked thoughtlessly and irreverently. A certain living author, whose insight into human nature is far from shallow, remarks: "As far as my own experience goes, such utterances are seldom prayers, seldom can be prayers. And if not prayers, what then? To me it is unintelligible that the full tide of glibbest chatter can be stopped in a moment in the midst of profuse good living, and the Giver thanked becomingly in words of heart-felt praise. Clergymen there are, one meets with them now and then, who endeavour to give to the dinner-table grace some of the solemnity of a church ritual; and what is the effect? Much the same as though one were to be interrupted for a minute in the midst of one of our church liturgies to hear a drinking song." Reader, if we see this abuse, let us try to remove it. Be it ours to do what we can to restore to this simple and appropriate custom its proper spirit. It were blasphemy to doubt the excellence and the beauty of what He did, who, ere he performed the miracle of the loaves and fishes, "gave thanks," and at the last sad, solemn supper with his disciples did the same. Let us do likewise; likewise in thought and feeling, as well as likewise in mere form.

"Be present at our table, Lord." This is a prayer, and a prayer which in sentiment, whether in word or not, we should ever use. And yet, thank God, it is one of those supplications which is already answered. He *is* "present at our table," beyond all controversy. Why was he once at the table of Levi? Why was he present at Zaccheus's festive board? Why was he the guest of Simon the Pharisee? Surely it was, partly, to teach us that he is our guest and invisibly dwelling in our habitations. He is no far-off Saviour. He is an everywhere-present Christ. Whither shall we flee from his presence? This great fact we too often ignore. We allow ourselves to be led captive by the delusion that Jesus was nearer to men eighteen hundred years ago than he is now. We do not fully realize the thought that he is as truly with us "at meat," with us when we weep in sorrow, with us when we stroll out in the gentle, sweet summer eventide, as he was with Matthew, or the Bethany family, or those who, on a memorable evening, walked with a stranger towards Emmaus. But let us rebuke our unbelief, and take the Master at his word when he declares he is "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

"O say not thou art left of God,
Because his tokens in the sky
Thou canst not read; this earth he trod
To teach thee he was ever nigh."

This let us lay well to heart, and our religion will be larger, more catholic, more consistent with itself. Knowing the presence of the Divine Being in

secular as well as in ecclesiastical buildings, remembering his nearness to us not more in the place of worship than in the place of work, we shall be more likely to consecrate our conversation as well as our prayers, our labours as well as our worship, to HIM.

Poetry.

THE LOVED AND LOST.

"The loved and lost!" why do we call them lost?

Because we miss them from our onward road?

God's unseen angel o'er our pathway crost,
Looked on us all, and loving them the most,

Straightway relieved them from life's weary load.

They are not lost; they are within the door

That shuts out loss, and every hurtful thing—

With angels bright, and loved ones gone before,
In their Redeemer's presence evermore,

And God himself their Lord, and Judge, and King.

Aye, look upon this dreary desert path,

The thorns and thistles wheresoe'er we turn;

What trials and what tears, what wrongs and wrath,

What struggles and what strife the journey hath!

They have escaped from these; and lo! we mourn.

Ask the poor sailor, when the wreck is done,

Who with his treasures strove the shore to reach,

While with the raging waves he battled on,

Was it not joy, where every joy seemed gone,

To see his loved ones landed on the beach?

A poor wayfarer, leading by the hand

A little child, had halted by the well

To wash from off her feet the clinging sand,

And tell the tired boy of that bright land

Where, this long journey past, they longed to dwell;

When lo! the Lord, who many mansions had,

Drew near and looked upon the suffering twain,

Then pitying spake: "Give me the little lad;

In strength renewed, and glorious beauty clad,

I'll bring him with me when I come again."

Did she make answer selfishly and wrong—

"Nay, but the woes I feel he too must share!"

Oh, rather, bursting into grateful song,

She went her way rejoicing, and made strong

To struggle on, since he was freed from care.

We will do likewise. Death hath made no breach

In love and sympathy, in hope and trust;

No outward sign or sound our ears can reach,

But there's an inward, spiritual speech,

That greets us still, though mortal tongues be dust:

It bids us do the work that they laid down—

Take up the song where they broke off the strain;

So journeying till we reach the heavenly town,

Where are laid up our treasures and our crown,

And our lost loved ones will be found again.

Reviews.

Sermons Preached in Manchester. By ALEXANDER MACLAREN. London and Cambridge: Macmillan and Co.

It is really refreshing to have to head a review with a title so short, simple, and straightforward as this. It is a pleasant novelty to meet with a volume of sermons which plainly and honestly avows itself to be a volume of sermons, instead of seeking to conceal its real character under the thin disguise of some vague, sentimental, indiscriminating, general title. If sermons will not bear publishing as sermons, they had better not be published at all. And there can be no mistake on this point with regard to the sermons before us. They abundantly justify the quiet self-assertion of their title. In the first place, they are sermons. They are not essays on different texts, interesting when read in the closet, but which one can scarcely imagine ever to have been addressed to a congregation. The ring of a living voice is in every sentence; the sympathy and earnestness of a man speaking to men glows in every line. You feel that, powerful as the discourses are when read, they need, for full impressiveness, the fervent tone, the flashing eye, the interpreting gesture, of the preacher. This is as it should be. It is a defect in a sermon, as a sermon, when it loses little or nothing by being read instead of heard.

But these are not only sermons in the true and proper sense of that word; they are sermons of no commonplace kind. Reflective, yet homely and racy; original, yet clear and practical; rich in imagination, yet solid in thought; textual, but not slavishly literal; earnest, without rant; and thoroughly evangelical, while free from all excess of theological technicality—they seem to us to be specimens of a very high order indeed of pulpit address. If all sermons were like them, there would be a full end to the talk, of which we hear so much now-a-days, about the declining power of the pulpit.

This praise will not appear excessive to those who know Mr. Maclaren, and,

knowing, have long assigned him a foremost place among the preachers of the day. They will rejoice at the appearance of this volume, because it will help to make better known a preacher who is not as popular as he deserves to be, mainly because of his resolute and disdainful abstinence from those tricks of clap-trap by which popularity is too frequently attained. Most of the sermons in this book have been printed before for circulation among the author's own hearers. In that form it was our privilege to read many of them. A few have been published at intervals in the pages of *The Church*. Readers who have met with these will turn, with appetite quickened by that slight foretaste, to the ampler feast here spread out before them.

If we were asked to specify the more prominent excellences of these sermons, we should be disposed to mention first, the insight they display and give into the meaning and connection of the Word of God. Every sermon is true to its text, and treats that text so as to set the truth it utters in the clearest light, and impress the lesson it teaches with the utmost force. The preacher does not walk round and round his text, but goes at once to its heart, and from that central standing-point takes in the compass of its meaning. He looks at a passage, if we may so speak, not from the outside, but from the inside. Every sermon in the book more or less fully illustrates this statement. The discourses thus have much of the value, without the too frequent dryness, of exposition. Mr. Maclaren has, besides, the rare faculty of dragging a truth out from the dust and darkness into which theological theories and controversies have plunged it, and setting it before us in the clear daylight of manly, practical thought and sense. The sermons on "Faith in Christ," and "Working out your own Salvation," are notable examples of this. Then, he often utters a truth in a brief, pregnant sentence, which serves almost the purpose of demonstration, and sticks to the memory like a proverb.

"Every sin buys pleasure at the price of peace." "Foresight and foreboding are two very different things. It is not that the one is the exaggeration of the other, but the one is opposed to the other." "He only is faithful that is full of faith." Illustrations, sometimes beautiful, sometimes homely, always apt, never coarse, abound on almost every page. The preacher's imagination fetches them from every region of nature and of life. And they are generally as easy as they are apt; seldom elaborately introduced or fondly dwelt upon; most frequently flashing out in one or two brief sentences and then disappearing. "Take care of the small! A little faithfulness gives the habit of faithfulness, and fits for large duties. Small infidelities are infidelities, and will produce the greater. *The little thief goes in at the narrow window and lets in all the big ones.*" "Sin is like a great forest tree that we sometimes see standing up green in its leafy beauty, and spreading a broad shadow over half a field; but when we get round on the other side, there is a great dark hollow in the very heart of it, and corruption is at work there." "O brother, brother! you cannot forget your sins; but it lies within your own decision whether the remembrance shall be thankfulness and blessedness, or whether it shall be pain and loss for ever. Like some black rock that heaves itself above the surface of a sunlit sea, and the wave runs dashing over it; and the spray, as it falls down its sides, is all rainbowed and lightened; and there comes beauty into the mighty grimness of the black thing; so a man's transgressions rear themselves up, and God's great love, coming sweeping itself against them and over them, makes out of the sin an occasion for the flashing more brightly of the beauty of his mercy, and turns the life of the pardoned penitent into a life of which even the sin is not pain to remember." We would fain have spoken of the eloquence into which the preacher's style often rises: not the eloquence of elaborately finished periods, and balanced sentences, but the nobler, though more rugged, eloquence of forceful thought and fervid feeling. Let any one who wishes to understand what we mean read the grand sermon entitled "The Living Dead;" especially the passage

from page 107 to page 113. We would gladly quote, but dare not.

We close by earnestly commending to all our readers this book of noble thoughts and precious teachings; thanking our brother for his gift to the church of Christ; and fervently desiring for him continued life and strength and grace, to expound to his favoured people the truth of God, and to enrich our Nonconformist theology by many more contributions of equal value with this.

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Counsel and Comfort Spoken from a City Pulpit. By the Author of "The Recreations of a Country Parson." Ninth thousand. London: Strahan and Co.

THE "Country Parson" (for that name will stick to him still, though he now speaks "from a city pulpit") is one of those happy men who can defy or do without the reviewer. In relation to him, it may be almost said that the critic's occupation's gone. We should find it hard to assign any reason, beyond the customs of literary life, for reviewing his new volume now. We have certainly no notion that any recommendation of ours will promote its sale;—the book has been advertised, and that is enough. It has reached its ninth thousand already, and is sure to find as many readers as might satisfy the greediest or most ambitious author. Nor need we set ourselves to describe the manner of the book; for every one is as familiar with the style of "A. K. H. B.," as with the features of his nearest friend. And it would be sheer impertinence to furnish extracts from a volume which many of our readers will have read before they read these lines; and which those who have not are sure to read in a very few days. And yet we must speak, if it be only to add our voice to the hearty welcome with which these words of "counsel and comfort" will be received by all who have learned to love the author and his writings; by all who can appreciate spiritual truth spoken in tones of simple thoughtfulness, genial sympathy, and manly earnestness.

This is, as its title implies, a volume of sermons; to which the preacher has prefixed a brief essay in lieu of preface. The essay treats mainly of pul-

pits and preaching: subjects on which the writer shows himself to be a decided conservative, and about which he says many true and good things, with a few, in our judgment, rather questionable. But the sermons form the chief part of the book; and these we have no heart to criticise, the faults we could find are so few and small, while the excellences are so high and so varied. They well bear out the promise of their title; they are words of wise practical and spiritual "counsel" and of strong yet tender "comfort." He who can read them without being the better, must have something strangely wrong about his soul. While, of course, similar in style and tendency to the "Graver Thoughts," these sermons seem to us to be an advance upon those, in point of unction and spirituality. Not that these qualities were lacking in the former volume, but they are, we think, even more prominent in this.

While we have been reading the book we have asked and tried to answer to ourselves the question, Where lies the secret of this preacher's peculiar power? and perhaps we may not unfitly present the result of our meditations to our readers. We think, then, first of all, that very much is due to the fact that his style is a distinctive and characteristic one. It is thoroughly natural; his own and no one's else. Where this is the case, what a man writes or speaks is well nigh sure to tell. For preaching has become to so large an extent the monotonous repetition of conventional commonplaces, that when one comes to us speaking like a man, rather than a preacher, our attention and interest are awakened at once. We soon tire of echoes, and long for a cheery human voice, fresh from a pair of living lungs. The cuckoo's note is pleasant enough; but if we had heard nothing but cuckoos for a month, we should welcome the caw of the rook as a relief, and our hearts would leap up to hear the carol of the lark. And then Mr. Boyd deals mainly with facts and truths not far beyond the range of ordinary thought and experience. He is no discoverer of new truths; we do not cry, as we read his sentences, "That is something I never heard or dreamed of before;" but rather, "That is just what I have thought and felt a

thousand times, but never knew how to say it before." He is an interpreter, not a revealer. This may not be the highest order of power, but it is the most popular, and for common purposes the most useful. You feel, too, in reading these sermons, that you are not being preached at by a stern and censorious dogmatist, but talked with by a wise and genial friend. This directness and familiarity of manner, along with that quick and open sympathy which enables him to enter into the feelings, put himself in the position, of each one whom he addresses, is one main element of the preacher's power. And so is what we may venture to call the refined homeliness of his style. These are not orations, in the technical sense of that word: and all the better for Mr. Boyd's hearers and readers that they are not. We commend these sermons to the study (not the imitation) of every preacher who would attain to what appears to us the very perfection of the preacher's art,—the art of being homely and familiar, without becoming coarse or trivial.

But we must have done. We don't say to our readers, "Read this book," for they will do that without our bidding. But we congratulate those who have read it on the "betterment" we are sure they have received, and could find in our hearts to envy those who have not, the enjoyment and edification they have yet in store.

A History of Baptism from the Inspired and Uninspired Writings. By the Rev. ISAAC TAYLOR HINTON. Edited by the Rev. J. H. HINTON, M.A., with a Preface and an Appendix by the Rev. F. W. GOTCH, LL.D. London: J. Heaton and Son.

THIS, as many of our readers are aware, is a reprint, for the "Bunyan Library," of an excellent and valuable work by the Rev. Isaac Taylor Hinton. The value of this edition is greatly increased by the preface and appendix of Dr. Gotch. Something over twenty years ago the controversy was raging between the Bible Society and the Baptists, because our missionaries in India would *translate* in their versions of the Scriptures the words relating to baptism, and would *not* transfer them;

and those who are old enough to remember that period will remember amid what a storm the Bible Translation Society came into the world, affording us the only ground on which we could stand for the prosecution of our work in the East. Dr. Gotch's pamphlet, here printed in the appendix to this book, may be said to have been one of the fruits of that controversy; and embodies the results of so much careful and scholarly research, as to entitle it to be rescued from the grave of nearly all pamphlets, and to take some permanent place in the Baptist Literature of this country. We can here give only the title of it, remarking that in temper and candour it is a model of gentlemanly controversy:—"A Critical Examination of the rendering of the word *Baptizo* in the Ancient and many of the Modern Versions of the New Testament; with especial reference to Dr. Henderson's animadversions upon Mr. Greenfield's statements on the subject."

Mr. Isaac Taylor Hinton's book was originally written for the American public, but has long been known and appreciated in this country as one of the ablest popular works on the vexed question of baptism. If our readers want a book exhaustive, but not tedious, with as much learning as could be made intelligible to general readers, dealing largely with the authorities on the other side and with the intrinsic question itself, fair, yet firm and decisive—such a book as they would like to put into the hands of a paedobaptist friend,—we think this is the best book they could find for such a purpose. Dr. Carson's book has, perhaps, more original investigation, and certainly a more trenchant style of treating those who differ from him; but this is the book for circulation among general readers. There are few topics connected with baptism which are not discussed either formally or incidentally, either in the text or in the copious notes of this volume. Amongst other topics it discusses the baptism of Jewish proselytes,—John's baptism in its relation to Christian baptism,—Christian baptism as it appears in the Gospels, in the Acts of the Apostles, and in the Epistles. It produces evidence to show the time at which infant baptism made its appearance in the primi-

tive church, and traces both the practice of the church and the history of opinion concerning baptism up to a recent period.

It will increase the confidence with which this book will be welcomed by English readers, that it is introduced to us under the efficient editorship of the Rev. John Howard Hinton,—the brother of the author. Long may the pen he holds be held with the same steadfast hand and intelligent purpose which have guided it for so many useful years. We beg once more to call attention to the excellent series of the "Bunyan Library," and trust it will have the wide circulation it deserves.

Funeral Services on the Occasion of the Decease of the Rev. John Statham, of Chenies, Bucks. London: Chancery.

WE are glad at the appearance of this small memorial of a worthy man, although it is far below his worth. Many a man, whose merits were no greater than those of our deceased friend, has been honoured with a biography. The Rev. John Statham was well known as having occupied some important posts of Christian labour; first at Reading, then as a missionary in the East Indies, then, on his return, at Amersham and at Tring. The last three or four years of his ministry were spent in the retirement of the beautiful village of Chenies, in Buckinghamshire. His natural endowments were by no means small, and these, added to his constant zeal and conscientiousness in his ministerial labours, made him both attractive and successful. We learn that, not long before his death, he told his wife that he had baptized between eleven and twelve hundred persons during his entire ministry. A goodly company, this, to greet him at the last! He pursued his ministry without interruption to the close of his life, and he only ceased working that he might die. On his last Sunday, although in much pain, he preached three times; on the Monday it was evident he was very ill; and on the Tuesday he died. And so closed the life of a brave old Christian, as we thankfully recognize him to have been. The publication before us contains an address at Mr. Statham's grave, by the Rev. W. Payne, of Ches-

ham; a sermon at Chenies, by the Rev. John Price, of Amersham; and a sermon at Trevor chapel, Brompton, by the Rev. W. M. Statham, son of the deceased. We have great pleasure in

noticing that a funeral sermon was also preached at the parish church, Chenies, by the Hon. and Rev. Lord W. Russell, between whom and our departed friend there existed a cordial intimacy.

Christian Cabinet.

THE ENGLISH BIBLE.

To the general aspects of the subject, may be added one peculiar to the English-speaking nations. That version of the Scriptures, which has become the common heirloom of all English-speaking Protestants, is, by common consent, the noblest monument of our mother tongue. The English Bible is the accepted standard of the English language. It has done, and it is doing, more to keep the language to its moorings, than all other causes combined. If, in the startling rush and progression of new ideas, the language do not drift entirely from its moorings, so that Bacon, and Milton, and Shakspeare will have to be read by our descendants with the help of a Lexicon and a Commentary, as native Greeks have now to read Plato and Demosthenes, it will be because, through all coming generations, every English-speaking lip shall be trained from infancy to the golden accents of the English Bible. Of the more than seventy millions who now speak this wonderful tongue, there is not one whose dearest household words are not drawn from that price-less depository. The writer or the speaker among us, who wishes to utter his thoughts in words which shall have power to stir the public heart to its lowest depths and its widest circumference, should give his days and nights to the study of the English Bible. He who wishes merely to enrich his own mind, should allow it to be steeped, as it were, in the very words of that marvellous book.

If any one would appreciate fairly the influence of the English Bible, in keeping the language from drifting away from its standards, let him reflect that in this respect, now, at the end of two centuries and a half, we are not farther from Shakspeare, whose writings were contemporaneous with King

James's version, than Shakspeare was from Spenser, who was only some twenty years his predecessor. The change in two hundred and fifty years since the publication of the English Bible, has not been as great as it was before in less than a single generation. Had it not been for the influence of this marvellous book, Shakspeare might even now be to us the almost sealed book that Chaucer is; and Dryden's translation of Chaucer would itself need to be again translated into more modern English. In fact, down to the time of James I., the language was in a constant state of flux. The authors of one generation became obsolescent to the next generation, and obsolete to the third. But, all at once, this onward and downward tendency was arrested. This wandering island became fixed, a solid and enduring continent in mid ocean, receiving from all quarters increments and additions, enriched and enlarged by contributions from every clime, but retaining in its centre and heart, all its primeval elements, towards which every wandering bark might safely direct its course, as to a haven of rest.

To this benign result there can be no doubt that our English Bible has contributed more than all other causes combined. It has done for the English what no societies of the learned, no autocracy of letters or of science, have been able to do for any other tongue. It has given to our language a fixed point, immovable as the everlasting hills, a solid, granitic formation of rude, homely, elemental Saxon. No floods of change can ever disintegrate or wear away this enduring mass. There it stands, like the upheaved form of the Alleghanies, with no more depression of its height, no more deflection of its line, than when the rude savage still hunted at its base. Whether our race shall

survive for two centuries or for twenty centuries, the great backbone of the language, the central stock of its elements, its household words, all the grand old terms by which the heart still continues to tell its joys and sorrows, will still be the same that you and I now use, and that our forefathers and foremothers have used for more than ten generations. No legislation, civil or ecclesiastical, can ever weed out from the heart, or banish from the tongue, of the English-speaking race, the words of its English Bible. While infancy still continues to learn at its mother's knee, in its first lisping accents, to say, "Our Father, who art in heaven," or old age with its last expiring breath shall say, with Simeon, "Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, . . . for mine eyes have seen thy salvation;" while the lyric pathos of David, the lamenting wail of Jeremiah, the trumpet notes of Paul, or the subdued majesty of John the Divine, shall find an echo in the devout believer's heart, the words to which these glorious thoughts have been wedded shall live, and shall be a common medium of thought, to all the unborn millions who shall speak this dear English tongue of ours to the end of time.—*Dr. Hart.*

WHAT THE FLOWER-POT COVERED.

"WHAT a beautiful place!" said I to myself, as I walked out into the grounds of my friend. It was early in the morning, when the dews were on the flowers, and the rays of the new sun were just glinting through the trees, and the birds were fluttering and singing in their gladness. The walks were smooth and perfect, and if there were fairies in these days, I felt sure they would love to dwell here. In the laying out of the grounds and in the choice and cultivation of the flowers, nothing was to be desired more perfect. In one of the walks among the flowers I noticed a large flower-pot, turned bottom upward. It seemed in the way, and out of place, and I wondered at the carelessness of the gardener who had left it there. But perhaps there was a reason for it. So I stooped down and carefully lifted it up, and there, in the soil, plain to be seen, was *the footprint of a little child*. Then I under-

stood it all! The little one, more precious than all these flowers and grounds, the only child, had lately been carried away by unseen hands. It was among the dead; and the mother in her walks, had found the print of its little foot, and had carefully (oh, how carefully!) covered it with this flower-pot. How often she had lifted it up with tears can never be known. But I felt that I had almost done a wrong to lift it up. It was not for my eye.

Oh, mother, who but he who created the heart can know anything of the agony which thou has felt! They call thee childless, but it is not so. When in thy dreams thou stretchest out thy arms for the little one, the heart feels it. When thou sittest down, its beautiful face smiles in thy memory; and when thou walkest forth, its little footsteps patter by thy side. It lives fresh and green in thy memory, and will never cease to live there. Other mothers will have all their children grow up and pass out of childhood, but thou wilt never be without a little child! Thou mayest live and grow old, it may be, but the child will live a child still, just as it drooped and withered in thine arms—a child still till thou meetest it in heaven! These bright and early dead, how we love them! The golden tresses of childhood seem to wave before our eyes, and the tunes and echoes of their voices seem to ring in our ears, as long as we live! Why are they taken away so early?

Perhaps to show us that men are not created for this world, and that for the great end of their creation it is of no consequence whether they stay here a few days or seventy years.

Perhaps God sees that if they lived here they have bodies so delicately formed that they would only pass life in pain and anguish, and they are taken away from the evils to come.

Perhaps he sees that the parents have not strength or principle enough to restrain them; and they would grow up—like the sons of Eli and Samuel—to be a curse to their generation.

Perhaps he sees that the child will never be able to resist the temptations of life, but will yield, and become a sorrow to that mother heavier far than the sorrow over the dead.

Perhaps he sees that he would not only become wicked himself, but would

tempt the innocent and ruin many for ever.

And perhaps the blessed Redeemer says: "Now I will do a kinder thing for that beautiful child than to leave it in that sinful, sorrowful world. I will take it at once to my own bosom, and place it where it shall be educated by angels, and led by saints in glory. It

shall share in my redemption without the struggles of earth, and shall never have a thing to remember and regret!" And so his own fingers lift the latch as death enters the chamber, and his own arms receive it. The little footprints are left on earth for a few days, but the little feet are walking the golden streets of the new Jerusalem.—*Rev. J. Todd, D.D.*

Christian Activity.

THE BAPTISTS IN SWEDEN.

THE account of the Swedish Baptists, in our last number, ended with a notice of the departure of F. O. Nilsson with a number of his brethren to America, in June, 1853.

We have now to show how God fitted and sent into the field another labourer, who has been for several years one of the most devoted and honoured in Sweden.

Andreas Wiberg was born in 1816, near Hudiksvall, a small town in the north-east of Sweden. His parents were peasants. When he was fourteen years of age, he was in imminent danger of drowning; and was saved in a way that seemed almost miraculous. The peril to which he had been exposed, associated with the view it presented of eternity, awakened his deepest concern; while his deliverance excited his gratitude to his Divine Preserver. He began to read the Bible, and religious books; and, among the latter, was specially interested in Bunyan's "Holy War." Serious thoughts about his own salvation were followed by a desire to seek the salvation of others. He resolved to study for the Christian ministry; and went to reside with a pious clergyman. Here his religious impressions were strengthened. After the lapse of a year he placed himself under the tuition of another instructor, more learned than the first, but wholly destitute of piety; and under his evil influence, although he progressed in learning, he soon lost all his seriousness.

In 1835 he entered the University of Upsala, and studied there four years; supporting himself, while pursuing his studies, by teaching in several families

in the town. Though he studied with diligence, the motive which had first influenced him was gone; and he had even become an unbeliever. He was not, however, allowed to remain in this state. A pious friend one day entered his room, and remonstrating with him on his infidel sentiments, quoted the words of the apostle, "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God." The truth, like an arrow, pierced his heart. He determined to forsake his infidelity; and falling on his knees, he sought "the living God" with tears.

For three long years he continued under the bondage of the law, striving in vain to work out a righteousness of his own. He read much in the Germans of the mystic school; but his perplexities and distress only increased, till he was near despair. At length, through the writings of John Arndt, he was led to understand the way of salvation, and to the enjoyment of the peace which springs from faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

In 1843 he became a priest in the State Church of Sweden; and preached with much earnestness and success. But soon he began to have doubts respecting the propriety of admitting unconverted persons to the Lord's Supper. These scruples greatly perplexed him; and, as his health had been much impaired by over-exertion in preaching, he determined to ask permission of the Consistory of Upsala to rest for a season. This was granted; and for two years he was engaged in translating and publishing some of Luther's works, and in editing a religious paper.

At this period a few pious persons

in Stockholm began to be interested in the subject of baptism, through the conversations of a Swedish gentleman, resident in England, who was a Baptist, and was now, in 1849, on a visit to his native country. The year following, Nilsson's sentence of banishment was pronounced; and this circumstance also drew the attention of Christians to the subject. Mr. Wiberg, during all the inquiry and discussion which arose, strongly opposed all Baptist opinions; but a great change awaited him.

In the spring of 1851, he visited Hamburg, and, during his stay in that city, associated with the Revs. J. G. Oncken and J. Köbner, and the Baptist church under their care. With the constitution and discipline, the spirituality and earnest piety of this church, he was delighted; but he could not yet assent to their views on baptism. On his departure from Hamburg, Mr. Köbner gave him several tracts on the subject, among which was a copy of the German translation of Pengilly's "Scripture Guide to Baptism." This he read on his return to Sweden, and when he saw the author's exposition of 1 Cor. vii. 14, his former confidence in infant baptism began to be shaken. He continued his study of the subject with increasing interest, reading Hinton's "History of Baptism," Dr. Carson's "Baptism in its Mode and Subjects," and especially the New Testament.

While pursuing this investigation, Mr. Wiberg was attacked by a severe illness, which continued for three months. He gradually recovered, and his physician advised a sea voyage as the best means of restoring his strength. An opportunity presented itself of obtaining a free passage to America, of which he gladly availed himself, resolved, as his conversion to Baptist sentiments was now complete, to be baptized there. The vessel, however, was detained for two days at Copenhagen, waiting for a favourable wind. He sought out Mr. Nilsson, the pastor of the Baptist church, whom he knew by correspondence, though they had never met; applied for baptism; and that evening, July 23rd, 1852, was baptized, in the presence of a little band of believers, in the waters of the Baltic.

Mr. Wiberg's arrival in America inaugurated a new era in the history of

the Baptist cause in Sweden. He was at once brought into connection with the Baptists there, and his intercourse with them drew their attention to the opening for Christian effort which Sweden presented. He laboured at first as a colporteur of the American Baptist Publication Society, among the seamen in New York; and subsequently visited Philadelphia, where he was engaged for a time in preparing books and tracts in the Swedish language, under the direction of the same Society.

Prior to his departure from Sweden, Mr. Wiberg had prepared a treatise on Baptism, and left it for publication. As soon as it appeared, it was circulated in various parts of the country, and aroused a spirit of earnest inquiry. The work of God continued to progress; not, however, without opposition. The pulpits resounded with denunciations of the Baptists; and during the years 1854-55, no less than fourteen different treatises against their views were published and widely circulated. Though the press was entirely free, preaching the Gospel was forbidden. Reproach, fines, imprisonment, banishment, awaited our brethren.

A copy of Mr. Wiberg's book was taken to the Province of Dalarna. It was first read by Nas Per Person, who is now one of the most diligent colporteurs in Sweden. It led him to search the Scriptures; and he was convinced that it was his duty to be baptized. He lent the book to others. A powerful religious movement commenced about this time in the province. The little volume was passed from one to another until it was worn out. Many were anxious to know the Lord's will; and they learnt it, and were baptized into the name of the Triune Jehovah. Among the number, was P. F. Hedjdenberg, who was baptized and ordained at Hamburg; and who in a few months after was imprisoned for the *crime* of preaching the Gospel, and baptizing those who had believed. In a letter dated "January 20th, 1855, from the Cell-prison of the District of Stockholm," he says: "One must rise from bed, leave wife and children, and immediately follow to prison, for no other reason than, as you know, that I have denied 'the true evangelical doctrine' by preaching Jesus Christ and him crucified, that he alone is the way

to heaven and salvation, and the only foundation,—because I teach ‘he that believes and is baptized shall be saved,’—and because I have received the Lord’s Supper together with believers only, and *not with the world*, which is the synagogue of Satan and the enemy of God. This is my crime.”

The letter from which the above extract is taken was read at the meeting of the American Baptist Publication Society, in May, 1855; when the committee on Foreign Colportage and Publication, recommended the Board to consider the propriety of at once establishing a system of colportage in Sweden. This recommendation was carried out by the appointment of Mr. Wiberg to the post of missionary colporteur in his native land. After his appointment, he spent a few weeks in visiting the American churches in behalf of his mission. On the 8th of September, he sailed from America, and arrived in Stockholm on the 7th of November; having spent a few days at Hamburg.

Mr. Wiberg’s return was hailed with joy by the church in Stockholm, and by the churches in the provinces. The organization of the Stockholm church was immediately completed by the election of officers. The joint pastors, Messrs. Wiberg and Möllersvärd, held frequent services, preaching several times during the week in a hall, which, although large, was too small for the accommodation of the hearers.

On the 1st of January, 1856, Mr. Wiberg issued the first number of a paper called “The Evangelist,” to appear fortnightly. Its circulation has largely increased; and it has proved a powerful auxiliary to the preached Word. During the summer of this year he also baptized, for the first time, in his own country. The hope that liberty of conscience was about to be granted, excited at this period deep and prayerful emotions in the hearts of Baptists in Sweden. King Oscar had declared to the Diet his intention to bring before them a law to this effect. And even Bishop Thomander had expressed himself in favour of granting to Baptists “a patent right to exist, but not to increase.” Thank God! though religious liberty is not yet fully enjoyed in that land, our brethren not only exist, they have also multiplied, so that

the little one has become a thousand, the small one a strong nation.

In 1857 the Rev. G. Palmquist returned from America, after an absence of six years; and Mr. Wiberg the next week set out on a missionary tour, leaving the church in Stockholm under his care. During this summer about forty persons were added to it by baptism. Among these were Mr. Schyberg, a gentleman who has built a large hall for worship in connection with his residence, in the south part of Stockholm. In the following winter a Dorcas Society was formed. A Sunday school had been in existence some time. The following passage from a letter of Mr. Wiberg’s, written during this winter, gives a pleasing picture of a working church:—“The brethren of our church go out two and two every Sunday, sometimes several miles beyond Stockholm, and read and expound the Word of God; while the sisters go from house to house distributing tracts and conversing with the impenitent.” The church in Stockholm has, under the blessing of God, continued to prosper till the present day. The place in which the brethren meet for worship is too small to contain those who come to hear the truth. There are nearly three hundred members in fellowship. A Young Men’s Christian Association, and a Female Christian Association, have been formed; also a Maternal Society: the objects of which are to promote the growth of personal piety among the members. A site has also been secured, in a good situation, for a chapel, expected to hold about fifteen hundred persons. The present number of churches in the Stockholm Association is thirty, with eight hundred and seventy-six members.

We must occupy the remaining part of this sketch with a few brief notices of the growth of Baptist principles in the provinces.

Dalecarlia, or Dalarna, possesses a peculiar charm for the patriot, because in its mines Gustavus Wasa laboured for his daily bread, awaiting the time when he might rise and rescue his country from the yoke of the oppressor. It is invested with a stronger interest in our eyes on account of the sufferings endured there for Christ. Here is a specimen of those sufferings:—“Fifteen of our brethren and sisters in Dalarna,”

writes Mr. D. Forssell, a Christian merchant in Stockholm, in 1855, "have lately been imprisoned for a certain time on bread and water, as a punishment for taking the Lord's Supper out of the State church. I have just heard that they were very happy in prison." During the summer of 1857, many in this region were brought to believe in Christ, and were baptized in his name. Trials of various kinds followed those who had dared to obey God rather than man. They were summoned before tribunals, civil and ecclesiastical, fined, and imprisoned; often the rites of marriage were denied to them, and those who dared to unite themselves in the presence of the church, as some did, were fined and separated by the authorities. Of late years, the cause in Dalarna has suffered considerably from erroneous doctrine. But the work seems again reviving. In his report last year, Mr. Wiberg says:—"In Dalarna, the doctrine of sinless perfection has received a decided check, and the Lord seems to bless the labours of brethren Nas Per Person and Dahlgren to saints and sinners. No Association has been organised here. The seven churches number a hundred and seventy-five members. Only sixteen have been baptized; but we have better prospects for the coming year. A hundred children attend the Sunday schools."

Skania is a large and flourishing province in the southern extremity of Sweden. It comprises the two modern divisions of Christianstad and Malmö. Believers' baptism was first discussed in Skania in 1856. The colporteurs of the Missionary Union of Stockholm were preaching the Word with faithfulness, and men were reading the Bible as they had never read it before, and they found this truth there. One of the preachers, Sven Svenson, was the first to be baptized. He visited Stockholm for that purpose; and after remaining there for about six months, to receive further training for his work, returned to Skania. His labours were abundantly blessed; but he was most sorely persecuted by his adversaries. He had to endure blows, imprisonment, and ill-treatment of the worst kind. In every village, watch was set for him to arrest him in case he should cross the boundaries of the parish in which

he lived. God, however, supported him; able men were raised up to unite with him in the arduous work; and they continue until now. In the meeting room opened in Gothenburg, in 1862, through the liberality of Captain G. W. Schröder, the Gospel has been preached to the blessing of many souls. The number of churches in Skania last year was twenty-nine, with one thousand and nineteen members.

The most extensive progress of the Lord's work in Sweden during the past year has been in the Nerike Association, where two hundred and thirty-three were added by baptism. There are twenty-seven churches, with eleven hundred and eighty-three members, connected with this Association. The largest and most prosperous church is the one in Great Mellösa. Scarcely a Sabbath is said to pass away without some one being brought to faith in Christ. There has been a great awakening, too, in the town of Askersund, and in two or three of the surrounding parishes. The instrument in the hands of God for the accomplishment of this work has been a plain, uneducated brother, of the name of Malm.

The Province of Helsingland has been a nursery of experimental religion for more than a hundred years. A great work has been carried on here during the last year. The same may be said of the parishes of Hudiksvall and Hassela, and others adjoining. There are in the Norland Association, which includes these districts, fifty-two churches, with sixteen hundred and seventy-four members.

In the Smoland Association there are two hundred and twenty-four members, gathered into seven churches.

The devoted colporteurs, in pursuing their unwearied labours, have reached the most northern parts of Sweden, and preached the life-giving Word in the barren regions of Swedish Lapland. In 1859, the Rev. Nas Per Person spent the months of October and November in a region within one degree of the Arctic Circle. He was received with joy. In every place large and interested audiences gathered around him, and the blessing of God accompanied his labours. Many were baptized; churches were formed; and Sunday schools organised. In several cases the pastors of the State Church, unlike

their brethren in other parts of Sweden, welcomed the preacher and aided him in his work.

Norway also has been visited, and three or four churches organised there; and the most earnest entreaties have been sent to Stockholm for more labourers in that field.

The spread of Baptist principles has not been confined to the main land of Sweden. In the Baltic Sea, about seventy miles from the main land, is the island of Gottland. It is about eighty miles long, and thirty-three broad at the widest part. In the month of August, 1857, Mr. Wiberg visited this island. He found the minds of the people awakened on the subject of religion; but there was not a Baptist to be seen. A Mr. Rechnitzer, a converted Jew, residing at Wisby, the chief town, allowed Mr. Wiberg to preach in his house on the day of his arrival. The next morning Mr. W. returned to Stockholm. The following spring Mr. Rechnitzer came to Stockholm to apply for baptism; and the ordinance was administered to him by Mr. Wiberg a few days after his arrival. Mr. R. returned to Gottland, and with earnestness and zeal proclaimed the newly-discovered truth. Before the close of 1859 six Baptist churches were formed. Since then the brethren have had many difficulties to contend with from the bigoted Lutherans, from Mormonites, and others. Still God has blessed their labours in a remarkable manner. Much has been done to improve the condition of the rising generation in the establishment of week-day and Sunday schools. Even some who are not Baptists in sentiment approve of the good order of the week-day schools, and willingly send their children. In the Gottland Association there are nine churches, with three hundred and sixty-four members.

In the island of Aland, situated in the Baltic, and belonging to Russia, there has been formed a small church. In the autumn of 1854 the Rev. C. Möllersvärd and another Baptist were sent to this island by Mr. Forssell, of Stockholm, on business. When the business was finished, Mr. Möllersvärd remained to preach the Gospel. Hundreds attended the meetings which he held, and great interest was manifested.

In the spring of 1856 an Alander came to Stockholm for the purpose of receiving baptism. Soon after his return he was summoned to appear before the priests. He underwent an examination of four hours before the Arch-deacon. The District Sergeant searched his house for books, but found none. He was threatened with banishment, but no farther proceedings were instituted. Others followed him; and before the close of the year a church of eight members was organised.

So God has carried on his work in Sweden. The opposition has been great, but greater is he who is with his people than all they who are against them. During the last ten years many important changes have taken place in the ecclesiastical condition of the country. The old conventicle law which forbade prayer meetings to be held when the clergyman was absent, has been abolished. People are not tied down to the ministry and ordinances of their own parish. The sacrament law, which condemned to fine and imprisonment any one, other than a clergyman, who should administer the Lord's Supper, and all who should receive it at his hands, has been swept away. The still more objectionable law, which imposed on every Swedish citizen the obligation of receiving the communion at least once a year, has also been abolished. Assemblies of pious persons for reading, exhortation, and prayer, are allowed, all over the land. Still the Baptists have to suffer persecution. Instances constantly occur of their children being taken from them by force to be sprinkled by the clergyman; while the parents are fined or charged to pay godfathers and policemen who assist at the ceremony. For the *crime* of assembling for worship, on the Lord's day forenoon (the time of service in the State Church), the brethren in Sigtuna have recently had to pay fifty rix-dollars; and the brethren in Gothenburg have been condemned in a fine of one hundred rix-dollars.

The sufferings, however, which now attend the Baptists are nothing in comparison with those through which they have passed. In a great fight of afflictions they have remained unshaken, and have steadily gained ground. Their faith and patience may be tried for years to come; but their God will still

uphold them. There are abundant signs of promise. The vision may tarry; still we confidently hope that for the Baptists of Sweden there is a future—a future fraught with peace and prosperity to themselves, and with blessings, through their instrumentality, to all the Scandinavian races.

There is the deepest need in Sweden for the pure doctrines, the holy lives, the earnest labours, and the fervent prayers of our brethren. In spite of the great revival of religion in that land during the last few years, formalism, scepticism, and ungodliness abound. Renan's "Life of Christ" has been

published in two separate translations, and has been hailed with shouts of joy by almost the entire press, and a large portion of the educated classes. "There is more swearing in one day in Sweden, than you hear in any other country in a month;" such was the testimony of a Swedish gentleman to the writer the other day. Over fifty per cent. of the children born in Stockholm are illegitimate. Drunkenness prevails to a fearful extent, and, in many cases, the clergymen of the State Church are distillers. Truly much land remains to be possessed. May it soon be subdued by the truth; and filled with the Redeemer's glory!

Words of Wisdom for Christian People.

"LITTLE FRUIT."

THE pastor sat alone in his study: before him lay an open Bible, but he heeded it not; pressing both hands to his broad forehead, he thought, and thought painfully. There was a sadness in his whole bearing, which even a stranger would have marked; there was an expression in the tight-pressed lips and bowing head, which must have awakened sympathy. At last the pastor's grief found vent in words.

"Little fruit! little fruit!" he murmured. This was his sorrow. "Twenty years of labour;—twenty years of prayer;—twenty years of seed-sowing;—and yet so little fruit! Twenty years of faithful preaching of Christ crucified,—has it been faithful, oh, my God?"—and the pale face looked upward;—"I thank thee that I *can* say, that by thy grace thou hast enabled me to preach 'not myself, but Christ Jesus my Lord':—twenty years, and all so barren still! Oh, Father, why, oh why, is it *thus* with me?" The forehead again rested in the outspread palm. It was a time of temptation. Oh, for some gentle woman's hand to rest upon that fevered brow!—oh, for some holy voice of sympathy,—God-sent,—to lead that sufferer to the Book and to the throne!

"And why a *woman's* hand?" asks one;—"and why a *woman's* voice?" For this,—that Edward Deans needed just such to cheer,—to aid,—to sympa-

thize: for this,—that in years long, long buried, he had loved, and had called his bride, a flower which the angel-reaper had marked for his own bright spoil. And, oh, if *any* need the holy influence which Christian woman sheds,—it is the weary, trembling, doubting man who sows God's seed, and looks in vain for fruit!

Not that he *should* be weary, trembling, doubting! No,—for has he not the promise?—and is it not his mission to work on; and, praying for a blessing, feel that the results are God's? But he is human;—and he faints, and questions his vocation; yet pens his sorrow from all mortal eyes,—as, too, he pens his joy, when at the last he hears the voice from heaven which bids him work and wait. Then, oh for wifely touch, and voice, and sympathy!—then, oh for social hearth, and woman's loving care!

But the pastor thinks not of all this; he repines not that no Mary dwells in house as well as heart; his love for her lives still,—will ever live; and they shall meet in heaven. Yet, all unconsciously he yearns for the gentle touch, and for one cheering glance of those bright eyes! It comes not yet, but He who bade the reaper take the flower, has not forgotten him from whose grasp it was torn; and, speaking as he would have prompted those loved lips to speak, the Master bids the tried one rise and pray!

It is not prayer at first; there are words and thoughts, but there is feeling, aspiration, nowhere; *that* is not prayer. But what is *this*?—succeeding as calm death succeeds life's tumult,—deep, incomprehensible, sublime; the head upraised, the lips just parted; no sigh, no word, no sound; *only that look*; angels regarding it; God delighting in it!

Long time spent thus leads the pastor to his seat again,—again to the open Bible;—not now a disregarded page, but a loved counsellor, a heaven-sent guide. Far on towards the summer midnight sat he thus, examining himself as to the performance of his holy work,—as to his faithfulness in his great calling. And the result was a deep humility, but a holy confidence; a sense of frailty as concerned himself, of strength as concerned his Master; a sadness as regarded the appearance of fruit of his labours, a calm joy as regarded the “Well done!” which he might hope to hear.

And at last he could look up, and with his finger on the page, exclaim, “Oh, Father, I am happy! happy in thee!” These words had met his sight, and had been graven in his heart,—

“For we are *unto God a sweet savour of Christ*, in them that are saved, and in them that perish;—to the one we are a savour of death unto death, and to the other a savour of life unto life. And who is sufficient for these things?”

“Then, oh, my Father, although in sadness I labour, and have been, and am, alas, alas! to many ‘a savour of death unto death,’ still am I unto thee as ‘a sweet savour!’” There was peace in those dear words.

The pastor at M— had, indeed, seen little fruit of his twenty years of toil. Youths had grown to men of middle age; strong frames had bowed to age and feebleness; children had sprung to manhood; and hoary hairs had been covered with the valley clod: yet few had heard his message; few had given themselves to God. Sabbath after Sabbath he held up the Cross; they listened, but they did, as far as he could see, no more. It was a Pharisaic district: religion was *respectable*;—fathers went to sing, and pray, and listen, because it was well to set a decent example to their families;—youths, because they had been taught

to think it a good stepping-stone to honour;—children, because led by those above them;—nearly all with some idea that they were nearer heaven for it. And yet, let me not speak too harshly,—let me not include *all* the hearers of Mr. Deans in this description,—oh, never!—for there *were* a few who, though amongst earth's poorest, were heaven's richest ones. Oh, blessed to the pastor's heart is the fixed gaze of one such loved disciple!—dear indeed the pressure of the hand, and the low murmur of gratitude for the “word spoken in season.”

And had Mr. Deans forgotten these? Oh, no! but he wanted more, *more yet*: yes, and God *gave* him more; but he saw not fit to let him *know* and feel it. At least *not yet*; heaven should reveal it all.

In a far recess of that quiet chapel sat, week by week, a tall lad of sixteen: a lad of slumbering intellect, of noble heart. Mr. Deans had marked him often tremblingly; for a brow so high and broad, an eye so flashing, a lip so curled at times with high disdain, a bearing so erect, spoke to him,—of what? Of a fearful future; for the boy's father was an infidel. But the lad left the neighbourhood, bearing with him a Bible, the gift of Mr. Deans; and after years found him,—what? *An ambassador for Christ*, an instrument of good to thousands of undying souls!

There was a secret disciple in that congregation,—a frail woman, whom consumption warned that death was coming. Constitutionally melancholy, she was a trembling babe in Christ; yet still,—oh, blessed words!—*she was* in Him. Burdened, weak, and fainting, she came forth for the last time to the loved sanctuary. “Am I his, or am I not?” she asked continually. The preacher rose: he dwelt upon these very doubts and fears; he strove to clear the path, and he succeeded. Up leaped the trembling soul; the Spirit, through the word, brought sweetest peace; and, all triumphant now, the timid, trusting one turned homeward; and, ere Mr. Deans could visit her, she was dead!

He knew not this till heaven had opened her gates; till Jesus, with those wide-spread arms of love, had smiled the “Well done, good and faithful!”

Then, all this, and a thousand things like these, burst on his gladdened sight, and he felt that God had given him, all unworthy, a rich harvest of immortal souls.

And wilt not *thou*,—oh, fainting labourer,—oh, tried and tempted servant,—wilt not thou look to that “Bravely done!”—those open arms? Oh, pause not thou to doubt,—but work,—work on! till heaven shall,—all rejoicing,—show what thou, weak in thyself, but strong in God, hast done!

And ye, who listen week by week, and, listening, are fed;—ye, over whom the pastor joys or sorrows,—and for whom he ever prays,—oh, have not *ye* your work? Where are your wrestlings at the throne of grace,—your thoughtful listenings,—your constant aids? Oh, if your pastor sees but “little fruit,” stay not to dwell upon his lack of faith,—his human weaknesses,—his feeble working;—but, hastening to the closet, ask, in all sincerity, if there be fault with *you*?

Narratives, Anecdotes, &c.

SUDDEN DEATH, SUDDEN GLORY.

THE Rev. Mr. Hall, of Arnsby, (father of the celebrated Robert Hall), Mr. Evans, of Foxton, and Mr. Christian, of Sheepshead, three eminently pious ministers of the Gospel, attended a ministers’ meeting at Mr. Woodman’s, Sutton-in-the-Elms, Leicestershire. The day was solemn, and the discourses delivered were very interesting and appropriate. In the evening these ministers spent their time together in the most agreeable conversation.

Among other subjects one of them proposed for discussion that passage in Job ix. 23: “If the scourge slay suddenly, he will laugh at the trial of the innocent.” Deep seriousness pervaded the conversation, while each minister gave his thoughts on the text. When it came to Mr. Christian’s turn to speak he dwelt on the subject with an unusual degree of feeling. He considered it as referring to the sudden death of the righteous, and was expatiating very largely on the desirableness of such an event, and the happy surprise with which it would be attended, when, amid a flood of rapturous tears, he took his flight from the world while the words were yet faltering on his tongue.

Edmeston, the poet, wrote the following beautiful lines on this solemn event:

Which is the happiest death to die?

“Oh,” said one, “if I might choose,
Long at the gates of bliss would I lie,
And feast my spirit, ere it fly,

With bright celestial views.

Mine were a lingering death without pain,
A death which all might love to see;

And mark how bright and sweet would be
The victory I should gain!

“Fain would I catch a hymn of love
From the angel harps that ring above,
And sing it, as my parting breath
Quiver’d and expired in death:
So that those on earth might hear
The harp-notes of another sphere,
And mark, when nature faints and dies,
What springs of heavenly life arise;
And gather, from the death they view,
A ray of hope to light them through,
When they shall be departing too.”

“No,” said another, “so not I;
Sudden as thought is the death *I* would die;
I would suddenly lay my shackles by;
Nor bear a single glance at parting,
Nor see the tear of sorrow starting,
Nor hear the quivering lips that bless me,
Nor feel the hands of love that press me,
Nor the frame with mortal terrors shaking,
Nor the heart where love’s soft bands are breaking.

“So would *I* die!
All bliss, without a pang to cloud it;
All joy, without a pain to shroud it;
Not slain, but caught up as it were,
To meet my Saviour in the air:

So would *I* die!
Oh, how bright were the realms of light
Bursting at once upon my sight!
Even so I long to go:
These parting hours, how sad and slow!”

His voice grew faint, and fixed was his eye,
As if gazing on visions of ecstasy;
The hue of his cheeks and lips decayed,
Around his mouth a sweet smile played.
They look’d—he was dead!

His spirit had fled,
Painless and swift as his own desire;

His soul undress'd
 From her mortal vest,
 Had stepp'd into her car of heavenly fire,
 And prov'd how bright
 Were the realms of light,
 Bursting at once upon the sight.

THE HIGHLANDER'S PRAYER.

A SCOTCH Highlander, who served in the first disastrous war with the American colonies, was brought one evening before his commanding officer, charged with the capital offence of being in communication with the enemy. The charge could not well be preferred at a more dangerous time. Only a few weeks had elapsed since the execution of Major Andre, and the indignation of the British, exasperated almost to madness by the event, had not yet cooled down. There was, however, no direct proof against the Highlander. He had been seen in the gray of the twilight stealing out from a clump of underwood that bordered on one of the huge forests which, at that period, covered by much the greater part of the United Provinces, and which, in the immediate neighbourhood of the British, swarmed with the troops of Washington. All the rest was mere inference and conjecture. The poor man's defence was summed up in a few words. He had stolen away from his fellows, he said, to spend an hour in private prayer.

"Have you been in the *habit* of spending hours in private prayer?" sternly asked the officer, himself a Scotchman and a Presbyterian.

The Highlander replied in the affirmative.

"Then," said the other, drawing out his watch, "never in all your life had you more need of prayer than now; kneel down, sir, and pray aloud, that we may all hear you."

The Highlander, in the expectation of instant death, knelt down. His prayer was that of one long acquainted with the appropriate language in which the Christian addresses his God. It breathed of imminent peril, and earnestly implored the Divine interposition in the threatened danger,—the help of him who, in times of extremity, is strong to deliver. It exhibited, in short, a man who, thoroughly conversant with the scheme of redemption,

and fully impressed with the necessity of a personal interest in the advantages which it secures, had made the business of salvation the work of many a solitary hour, and had, in consequence, acquired much fluency in expressing all his various wants as they occurred, and his thoughts and wishes as they arose.

"You may go, sir," said the officer, as he concluded; "you have, I dare say, not been in correspondence with the enemy to-night."

"His statement," he continued, addressing himself to the other officers, "is, I doubt not, perfectly correct. No one could have prayed so without a long apprenticeship; fellows who have never attended drill always get on ill at review."—*Hugh Miller.*

THE DYING SOLDIER.

It was just after the battle of Williamsburg, where hundreds of our brave fellows had fallen, never to bear arms again in their country's cause, and where hundreds more were wounded, that a soldier came to the tent of a delegate of the Christian Commission, and said, "Chaplain, one of our boys is badly wounded, and wants to see you right away." Hurriedly following the soldier, says the delegate, I was taken to the hospital, and led to a bed, upon which lay a noble young soldier. He was pale and blood-stained from a terrible wound above the temple. I saw at a glance that he had but a few hours to live upon earth. Taking his hand, I said to him, "Well, my brother, what can I do for you?" The poor dying soldier looked up in my face, and placing his finger where his hair was stained with his blood, he said, "Chaplain, cut a *big lock from here for mother—for mother, mind, chaplain!*" I hesitated to do it. He said, "Don't be afraid, chaplain, to disfigure my hair. It's for mother, and nobody will come to see me in the dead-house to-morrow." I did as he requested me. "Now, chaplain," said the dying man, "I want you to kneel down by me and *return thanks to God.*" "For what?" I asked. "For giving me such a mother. Oh, chaplain, she is a good mother; her teachings comfort and console me now. And, chaplain, thank God that by his grace I am a Christian. Oh, what would I

do now if I wasn't a Christian? I know that my Redeemer liveth. I feel that his finished work has saved me. And, chaplain, thank God for giving me dying grace. He has made my dying bed 'feel soft as downy pillows are.' Thank him for the promised home in glory. I'll soon be there—there where there is no war, nor sorrow, nor desolation, nor death—where I'll

see Jesus, and be for ever with the Lord." I knelt by the dying man, and thanked God for the blessings he had bestowed upon him—the blessings of a good mother, a Christian hope, and dying grace, to bear testimony to God's faithfulness. Shortly after the prayer, he said, "Good bye, chaplain: if you ever see mother, tell her *it was all well!*"—*American Magazine.*

A Page for the Young.

MY GRANDFATHER'S PICTURES.

A STORY ABOUT THAT OLD SUBJECT—
THE WEATHER.

THE sky was cloudy, and the wheels of the carts and carriages which passed by our door, on their way to the busy little market town of Chamberborough, wore a coating of mud which by no means improved their appearance, as my grandfather, wrapped in his long black cloak and old-fashioned gaiters, came up the steps and saluted me with, "Eh, Willie, lad, what's to do?"

"Oh, nothing much, grandfather," I replied, in my blunt, boyish way; "I am bothered about this horrid thaw: that's all."

"About the thaw, eh?" said my grandfather, inquiringly.

"Yes. I just wanted the frost to last one week—only one, and this morning all the snow is turned to slush, and the ice to water!"

As I finished this energetic speech, I kicked aside a row of skates which had been placed in the lobby overnight, in the hope that my cousins and I might require them as usual after breakfast, and "banged" the door with a violence that brought Lizzie, my little sister, from the parlour.

"Oh, Willie, Willie!" said my grandfather, "thou art altogether wrong."

He laid his hand upon my shoulder as he spoke. I wished to shake it off, but dared not; so good, so firm, so wise and kind, was my grandfather.

"A selfish lad! to think always of his own pleasure, and never once of the shivering poor," said he; "God help him!"

"God help *them*, you mean, don't you, grandpapa?" said my little sister,

putting all the skates in order as she spoke.

"No, darling; I was thinking of the help that must come to Willie, if he is ever to be a happy, contented, generous lad; and so I say again, God help him!"

I was offended, but I controlled myself so far as to allow that large, thin, dark-veined hand to rest upon my arm another minute. Then, leaving my grandfather at the door of the little breakfast-room, in which my mother sat mending and making for her large family, I went back, and deliberately kicked all the skates from the top of the kitchen stairs to the bottom. I was in what my sister Lizzie called my "tantrums," and it was not until they were over that she ventured to touch my cheek with her lips, and say, in a tone that seemed an echo of my grandfather's, "Willie, Willie!"

"It is all very fine for you," I replied, as I endured, without encouraging her caresses; "you are a girl, and you don't skate, or slide, or throw snowballs, or anything of the sort, and you want your snowdrops to be coming on, and your crocus bed to be in full bloom on St. Valentine's day, as it was last year; so *you need not talk!*"

Lizzie waited a while before she answered me, and then it was only to say, "I dare say I *am* selfish, but,"—there she waited again.

"But," I repeated, lounging moodily against the wall—"but what?"

"*I do not feel angry with God,*" said Lizzie, in her grave yet perfectly child-like way; "that is all."

That was all; but the "all" was everything. Angry with God! how

the words seemed to cover my face with shame! I did not speak, but I went up to the staircase window and stood there with my hands in my pockets and my head upon my breast, thinking as I had never thought before.

After a time came a sound from the lobby, "Willie, I want you to go with me and see some pictures." In a moment more I had shaken myself out of my reverie and was bounding over two stairs at a time.

"What pictures, grandfather? I did not know that there were any in the town."

A smile was the answer, and *such* a smile! Ah, I wish you had known him, my dear, kind, wise-hearted grandfather!

"Can Lizzie go, and the cousins?"

"Not to-day, Willie; another time, perhaps."

We went off together, and my spirits rose higher and higher as my grandfather conducted me to the principal street in Chamborough, stopping to buy a bag of oranges at one place, half a pint of jelly at another, and so on. "Depend upon it," thought I, "we shall have a spread!"

At last, turning into a narrow lane that opened on a court in which three small, half-naked children were quarrelling over a crust, we drew up at the door of a house with dirty windows, and prepared to mount a staircase of which every step was three-cornered and half decayed. But before we went up, my dear grandfather looked round suddenly, and, pointing to the miserable court and its starving occupants, said, "Look there, Willie! that's the first of my pictures. Number one."

I obeyed him with a flushed cheek and swelling heart, for I saw now what he meant by "pictures."

"Do you think," said my kind guide, as, for the second time that morning, he laid one of his large hands on my shoulder,—“do you think those poor children would call this a ‘horrid’ thaw?”

I did not speak; and we went up the crumbling stair to a room in which a poor girl, whom I guessed to be sixteen or seventeen years old, lay on a low bed, under a thin blue coverlet. By her side was a stool on which stood a large mug half full of water. By the dull window was another stool, and a

flower-pot full of dusty mould. Other furniture I saw none.

"I have brought you some jelly, Mary," said my grandfather presently. I had given him the spare stool that he might rest, for he was feeble, even then, and breathed hard after mounting those high stairs. "Where is your mother?"

"She is gone out to get the coals with the ticket that you gave her this morning, sir," replied poor Mary.

"That's right. Can my grandson find a spoon for this jelly anywhere?"

There *was* one in the cupboard—scarcely worth a halfpenny, but still a spoon. I administered some of the jelly, awkwardly enough, but with a pleasure which I had never known before.

"God is so good to me," said poor Mary, with a sigh of relief, as the bag of oranges was laid beside the remaining portion of the jelly. "First of all came this blessed thaw, and the coals, and now—oh, sir, how *can* I thank you?"

"Don't even try," said my grandfather, with his kind smile: "let us all thank God." We did so, and my heart melted.

"Good bye, poor Mary," said I, as we rose from our knees. A shilling found its way into her thin white hand at that moment. It was all I had to give. "Good bye, poor Mary!" I repeated at the door, for I found it hard to tear myself away.

"Come, my lad," said my grandfather, "there are other pictures to be seen; so come away."

This time we walked briskly towards the parish workhouse.

"I am going to the hospital now," said my grandfather; "you shall hear what sick paupers think about 'this horrid thaw.'"

I looked up with a glance that seemed to say, "Have mercy!" He saw it, and smiled. After that he looked brighter, I thought, than in the earlier part of our walk. We were soon at the workhouse, and its door was opened by a man of seventy-five, or thereabout, who seemed to be well acquainted with my guide.

"Ah, Woolcot, not so cold to-day, eh?" said the kindly voice, as we went on.

"No, thank God, master!" said the pauper, reverently.

We turned back when he had closed the heavy door, and saw him bending over a grate half full of bricks. "Number three," said my grandfather. "If he is cold now, what would he have been if the frost had continued, Willie?"

I was silent. Our path lay across two courts, and through a passage that was colder than any place I had ever known. At the end of this passage was the door of a ward set apart for infirm and aged women. To one of these, as I afterwards discovered, my grandfather had once been indebted for some trifling service, in return for which he carried her a weekly present of tea and sugar, that spoke volumes to her grateful heart.

"You are looking quite cheerful to-day," said the kind voice, after reading and prayer.

"Yes, sir, we *are*," said Old Susan; "it's the change in the weather."

"What, you don't like the frost?" said my grandfather, with a side glance at me.

"Not so well as the thaw, sir," replied Susan: "though, to be sure," she added solemnly, "*the good Lord above knows best.*"

We came away. At the gate we stopped again. "How old are you, Jacob?" said my grandfather.

"Seventy-six, an' please you, master, come next month—that's March, if I live to see it."

"And the cold cuts you up, does it, Jacob?"

"Ah, yes, master, for you see I've got nothing to keep me warm;"—he held out his withered arm as he spoke,—"I'm nothing but bones," he said, "and skin, and the frost was terrible. But, thank God, it's gone now."

Thank God! I could say that too, as we walked homewards. Grandpapa's pictures had done their work. Since that time I have never once been angry about the weather, for I have learned to feel, with poor old Susan, that "*the good Lord above knows best.*"

Our Sunday Schools.

A STORY OF A RAGGED SCHOOL.*

IN one part of London there existed, in the midst of some seemingly decent streets, a court, two or three alleys, and two or three streets of six-roomed houses. In this court, these streets and alleys, there lived a population of above 3,000 people. Few of the families squatting there possessed more than one room, and any one wanting to learn the art of vegetating in the smallest possible space of ground, would only have to spend a few days there to have got his lesson to perfection. None of the houses contained more than eight, and the great mass had only six rooms, and many of the worst principles of intercommunism prevailed there to a terrible extent. The clergyman of the parish, at the time of which I am writing, was a man of wonderful energy and enterprise. He saw a necessity, made up his mind to an effort, started a new work, and then, with "constitutional obstinacy," as he was wont to say, "stuck to it." He could not but see

the evils that existed in this part of his over-large parish. He felt it a scandal that streets should exist down which no respectable person could pass with safety; that hordes of immortal souls should be left uncared for; and so he tried method after method to reach them. All efforts, however, were but of little avail while the streets swarmed with half-naked children, who went to no school, and submitted to no discipline. It is true that there were schools nigh at hand, but they were all too respectable; and if, perhaps, some of the parents ought to have sent their children to these schools, they certainly would not do so. What, then, could be done, but start a Ragged school? An old carpenter's shop existed between two houses in the court; it was unoccupied; it was seized upon; and the school was opened. But the children would not be caught! "Billy, Billy, Billy, come and be taught!" was echoed and re-echoed, but all in vain for a while; and it was only after desperate efforts that a few children were coaxed in. When once, however, the

* "Parson and People." Seeley and Co.

ice was broken, scholars began to flow in apace, and before many weeks the little shop was overcrowded. The new scholars were scholars indeed; they had everything to learn, and, above all else, they had to learn obedience. To sit still was to many of them a moral impossibility; to fight or fidget was, as it were, their normal occupation. Kindness and firmness were brought to bear upon this excitable horde, and their effects soon began to tell. Many of the pupils were professional thieves, and all of them had a power of abstracting which would have charmed a Highland freebooter.

"Where's Billy to-day, boys?"

"Oh, sir, he's in for a copper-scuttle."

"Where's Tommy?"

"He's in for some lead guttering."

"In," of course, meant in gaol—a place with which many of them were very familiar. I remember giving one day a lesson on the Cities of Refuge; and, in questioning the boys, asked, "If the fugitive reached the city, in what state would he be?"

"All right, sir."

"But if he went out again?"

"He'd be nabbed."

The police at that time were wonderfully plagued by a little old woman, who committed innumerable petty depredations in our neighbourhood, and who, when chased, outran them all, and more than once popped over a succession of garden-walls, without paying any attention to female grace or delicacy. All efforts to catch this little woman, or to find out where she lived, were for a long time unsuccessful; but, at last, one day she appeared at an evening lecture at the night school, and took her seat amongst the grown-up people. She had not long been seated, however, before low murmurs began to spread amongst the boys in the back seats; and some of them, pointing to the old woman, whispered, "It's Jack Long! It's Jack Long!"

"It aint!"

"It is!"

The controversy waxed strong, and at last the master was forced to interfere, and to ask the cause of the disturbance. He was told their suspicions; and, walking up to the little old woman, he gazed steadily at her. It was Jack Long, who, emboldened by the way in which he had outwitted the

police, was determined to try whether his old comrades would detect him or not; but, alas for him! their eyes were too sharp to be so easily imposed upon, and the story getting buzzed about, the police knew exactly where to wait when their old plague recommenced depredations.

The curious feature about many parents is this: they will chastise, often most intemperately, their own children, but they will not permit any one else to chastise them; and this peculiarity often evinced itself in the visits of what the head of one of our great public schools called "the schoolmaster's greatest scourge—viz., anxious and irritated mammas." These "anxious and irritated mammas" were, however, not at all accustomed to conceal their feelings, or even to keep them under decent control, and their wrath was often violent. I remember, on one occasion, the master had corrected a little boy for gross misconduct. The little boy had threatened "to tell mother." The threat was carried out; and when the school opened after dinner, a huge virago entered. Walking up to the master, she said—

"So you've whopped our Billy."

"Yes," replied the master; "he behaved very badly."

"Well," screamed the virago, "no one shall whop him but I; and I'll learn you how to do it!"

In an instant she attacked him, struck him violently in the chest—a serious matter to a very delicate man—and it was with difficulty that he escaped her. Of course it was necessary to interfere in such a case, and a summons soon brought her to her senses. She came and humbly asked pardon, and promised—a great condescension on her part—that "he might whop Billy to his heart's content, if only he wouldn't have her up before the beak;" and some kindness shown her shortly afterwards in her confinement, by the master, entirely broke her proud spirit, and made her a steady friend.

Talking of punishment, I must needs here intrude a story of a scene which occurred in quite another spot.

A dear and valued friend of my own, a dignitary of the Church, and a most accomplished and elegant scholar, thought it his duty to preach a sermon

on the correction of children, and took as his text Prov. xiii. 24. He dwelt ably and eloquently on the necessity of chastisement for the young, and carefully pointed out on what occasions and under what limitations it ought to be administered. His congregation was attentive, and he thought to himself that he laid down every condition necessary to insure that chastisement, if needful, should be wisely and judiciously administered. Poor man! Two mornings afterwards, as he was walking in his garden, he spied a neighbour—a great, coarse, and most vulgar woman, one whom he always shrank from—looking over the hedge. He drew back, and quietly turned into a side path; but escape was impossible. In a voice which could not but be heard, his neighbour screamed out, “Mr. Archdeacon! Mr. Archdeacon! I want to speak to you.” The Archdeacon turned back, and drawing nigh to her, politely asked what she wished to say. “A lovely sermon that of yours on Sunday—a lovely sermon, sir. I hope we shall all profit by it. I’ve acted on it at once. Our Bill, sir, was a bad boy yesterday, so I took a stick and larruped him till I couldn’t stand over him any longer.” Need I say the poor sensitive preacher slunk away, overpowered by such *delicate flattery*?

To return to our Ragged school. If the day school was difficult to manage, the night school was doubly so. Great rough lads and young men swarmed to it, because it was warm and well lighted; but in reality they came for a spree, and not to work. To teach in such scenes is a complete gift. Some of those most successful with orderly children could never do it; while, on the other hand, I have seen a mere lad sway at will a large class of men and lads double and treble his age. Firm kindness, a good temper, and a loving heart, are all essential for this task; and, for my own part, I always prefer, for a thoroughly rough school, women teachers. The pupils are used to blows and rough usage—it is the atmosphere they have always lived in, the dialect they best understand—but gentle firmness is a weapon they have never met with, and against which they have no guard. In one of my Sunday schools I was obliged to keep a class of incorrigibles in a separate room by themselves.

Man after man took this class and failed; I dared not give it up, and dared scarcely keep it on. At last a lady took it; chaos was reduced, and after a short time her complaint was that the boys were being all restored to the regular school, and promoted there.

If our Ragged school abounded in difficulties, it abounded also in encouragements; its fruits were manifest. In the course of about seven years nearly 1,500 children passed through it; and on one occasion no fewer than 112 boys and girls were found to have been rescued from the streets, fitted to gain an honest livelihood, and provided with good situations. I was preaching there one Sunday evening, when I saw amongst my hearers a sergeant of artillery, in full uniform, decorated with several medals, and with a good conduct badge. After the service I went up to him, and asked him what had brought him there.

“I came, sir, to see the old place.”

“What, do you know this school?”

“Yes, sir; I got all my learning here. It took me out of the street; and as I sail for China on Tuesday, I thought I must come back and have one more look at the old place and the old folk before I sailed.” The superintendent told me that he had attended both morning and afternoon schools and the young men’s Bible-class, and seemed altogether delighted with his visit.

We have spoken before of the rebellious ones; there was one lad whom we lost sight of for some years, not knowing in the least what had become of him. The excellent superintendent had given up the Ragged school, and was gone elsewhere. One day, however, he called on me, and in the course of conversation said—

“I have taken part in a night school in my new neighbourhood, sir, and had a curious surprise a few weeks ago. Just after I had opened school, a young man entered. He was dressed in a respectable black coat and waistcoat, and had on a silver watch-chain and watch; in fact, his appearance was thoroughly respectable. Walking up to me, he said—

“Do you want any teachers, sir?”

“I turned towards him. The moment he saw my full face, he exclaimed—

“Why, Mr. Sindon, is it you, sir?”

"'Yes,' I said, 'my name is Sinden; but do you know me?'"

"'Yes, sir—yes, full well; and you ought to know me, for I once plagued you rarely. Do you remember H—E——?'"

"'Oh, yes,' I said, 'and often wanted to know what had become of him.'"

"'I'm him, sir.'"

"'You?—impossible!'"

"'Yes, sir, I am. You wonder at my looks, sir, but I've changed masters; I served Satan hard, and he brought me down lower and lower; but, thank God, I now serve the Lord, and he is bringing me up; but I owe it to what I learnt at your school, sir.'"

The seed sown was found here after many days, and he became as great a comfort to his old master as an assistant as he had formerly been a plague as a scholar.

Two or three moral tales, the truth of which we may vouch for, may be pardoned here.

Some of our pupils required a marvellous deal of breaking in, but well repaid the trouble. To give an instance. On one occasion one of the teachers told a boy to sit down in his place.

"'I shan't!'" was the surly reply.

"'You must.'"

"'I shan't!'"

"'Then I must stand by you till you do.'" He stood for some little time, but seeing no symptoms of the lad yielding, called the superintendent, who said to the boy—

"'Now, you must sit down in your place, or you cannot leave the school, if you stay here all night.'"

The lad continued obstinate, the master firm. At nine o'clock the school was dismissed, but the lad was not allowed to leave. Ten struck, eleven struck—the superintendent and the lad were still in their respective situations. At a quarter-past eleven the fatigue on young muscles overcame the obstinacy of a young will, and the lad dropped into his seat. No sooner was he down, than with a face of becoming impudence, he said—

"'You'll take me home now, sir, won't you, for my father and mother will be anxious about me?'"

The operation once performed was thoroughly successful; he never gave the superintendent any more trouble.

Another tale about unexpected fruit may, perhaps, be given here. A poor lad, who was not very refractory, but uncommonly idle, was in the habit of coming to school. His very idleness made him a great trouble to his master and to his parents, and at last, more in the hope of doing the son good than from other objects, his father determined to accept an offer of work, and to remove to Tewkesbury. They had been gone from our neighbourhood a year and a half, when one day the superintendent was told that a lad was at the door, desirous of speaking with him. He went down stairs, and there saw a tall, ungainly, and most ragged boy awaiting him.

"'You don't know me, sir?'"

"'What, George! is it you?'"

"'Yes, sir.'"

"'Come in, lad,'" said his kind friend, who took him down stairs, made him take a wash at the sink, and then gave him some tea, which was eagerly devoured by the famished lad. After tea, the following facts came out. The boy had gone to Tewkesbury with his father, but had there been treated with great sternness; had run away from home, after having broken open a cupboard and taken a sovereign which had been put aside for rent; had made his way to Bristol, hoping to get a berth on board ship, but, having no character, could not get employment; his money had soon been spent, and he had then started to walk to London, in the hope that his old teacher would be able to reconcile him to his father. The teacher took him next morning to his dear old clergyman, who ordered him to provide for the lad for some days, and to write at once to the parents, who gladly consented to receive back their truant, and sent the money to pay the expenses of his journey home. Some time elapsed, and one day a most grateful letter arrived from the boy, stating that the kindnesses shown to him had opened his heart to feel the yet greater love of his Redeemer, and that he who had been once rescued from the pit was now endeavouring, as a Sunday school teacher, to aid others also.

Such stories might be multiplied, but we forbear.

Who will not say, GOD BLESS THE RAGGED SCHOOL?

Our Societies.

THE BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

WE are thankful to say that the efforts which are being made to meet the present financial difficulties of the Baptist Missionary Society are being attended with the most encouraging success. We mentioned in our last that the prospective deficiency, which had been originally fixed at *eight thousand pounds*, had been already hopefully estimated at a much smaller sum: we are now able to mention that at a meeting of the committee, on January 13th, the Treasurer announced that the deficiency might now be estimated at £5,700. This, of course, is a large sum,—far too large for a deficit; but the reduction effected in so short a time shows how much may be done by prompt and united effort, and how easy it would be, by vigorous exertion, to remove the anticipated difficulty altogether.

Our space prevents us, of course, from mentioning *all* the various efforts, information of which has reached us. In Yorkshire, Mr. Pottenger continues his exertions, and is everywhere received with kindness, and always everywhere his appeal meets with a gratifying response. At Northampton, a meeting of ministers and deacons has been held, representing the entire county, and there a movement has been begun which promises the most satisfactory results. At a similar meeting in Southampton, the churches of the Southern Association were largely represented, and resolutions to co-operate in the work were cordially and unanimously agreed to. In addition to the places mentioned above, Devonshire, Huntingdonshire, Somersetshire, Nottinghamshire, and Lancashire, are moving. Our brother, Mr. Evans, of Delhi, is labouring with much success in Wales. It is pleasing to add, that at all the places where meetings have been held, the desire was expressed, not only to meet the present emergency, but considerably to increase the permanent income of the Society.

No communication has reached the committee which has afforded sincerer gratification than one from the Rev. F.

S. Williams, Secretary of the Congregational Institute for Theological and Missionary Training, Nottingham. Mr. Williams says: "The hint has been thrown out that our Independent churches might gracefully and Christianly help our Baptist friends in diminishing their Missionary Society debt. Will you kindly inform me, very briefly, what are the facts in regard to that debt?" This truly "graceful" epistle, to borrow Mr. Williams's word, was read at the quarterly meeting of the committee, and it has been responded to in a spirit like that which prompted it. It will be, not perhaps a new thing, but it will be a delightful thing, if Mr. Williams's suggestion should be carried out; and that, not so much for the pecuniary assistance that may be rendered, as for the illustration it will afford of the true oneness of spirit and feeling which exists among all those who are intimately connected with missionary work.

We only add, that the results already attained are not such as to justify the slightest *diminution* of effort; but they are such as to encourage and sustain effort. If the churches go on as they have begun, this hour of trial will be the harbinger of richer blessing, and the promise of greater success than ever.

A GREAT trial has occurred to our brethren in Cameroons, Western Africa, in which, however, they have been mercifully preserved. The Rev. J. Fuller writes:—

"It is with feelings of deep gratitude to our good and gracious God, that I have to record another manifestation of divine interposition, by saving us all from being burnt to death. We have truly to acknowledge the merciful providence by which we were saved.

"On the morning of the 18th of October, somewhere about two o'clock, a fire was discovered in the house, and just at a place where, but for this merciful interposition, five minutes would have set the whole premises on fire. It was discovered thus:—Mr. Smith being ill all day with fever, felt both restless and thirsty. Asking Mrs. Smith to give him something to allay his thirst, she rose and tried to get a light, but not a match would strike. Moving from that part of the room (as our wise and heavenly Father would have

it) to get a fresh box, she saw a light just over the shop gate, or the place where all the roofs of the buildings meet. Five yards from the spot is the roof of our old chapel; in the same range is that of my little cottage; and it was placed so that it would reach the big house in less than two minutes. At first she thought it was a light, but looking closely she found it was something more. Fearing to frighten Mr. Smith, she gathered courage to ask him to look. The flame was just making its way upwards, and in five minutes would have enveloped all the children in the flame, who were sleeping just a few yards off. My dear wife heard the noise, and awoke me, which was soon followed by the bell, and in a few minutes we got the fire out. Our brother Smith for the moment seemed so strong, that when I got to the spot, I found him tearing the mats and beating down the flame; but, mercifully for us, there was no wind, or no one can imagine what would have been the result. It could not have been set on fire more than three minutes when it was discovered.

"The next day we found on our beach the torch with which the malicious deed was done, fastened to a pole, so as to reach the roof. The person must either have been on the beach, or mixed up in the crowd while the fire was being put out; for we can think of nothing else but that it was done in order to plunder the premises, as we learn that some one tried at the door whilst we were busy with the fire, but the doors were all fastened.

"On Saturday, the 20th, we had a meeting of all the missionaries and traders in the river, the two kings, and a few of the chiefs, to inquire into it. As we could put it on no particular person, after hearing and examining the place, a large reward was voted to any one who could give, at any time, positive evidence of the party or parties that did the wicked deed.

"Truly we can say, 'The Lord encampeth round about them that fear him;' and although we do not feel that we are out of danger, yet, being assured that 'not a hair of your head falleth to the ground without his notice,' we rejoice in the assurance of the Psalmist, that, 'as the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about them that fear him.' After the fire was out, we were so struck with the wonderful way in which we were delivered, that in tears we all knelt and rendered our humble thanks, and I believe we prayed.

"Mrs. Smith has been very ill since, and so bad that we had to call for the aid of the doctor on board of a vessel here, but we are happy to say she is getting round again. We do pray that she may be spared to her dear husband.

"We are still happy in our work, and although so much darkness has gathered round us, yet our good God has not left us without tokens of his continued favour. At the new station we are encouraged to hope good things, and the people seem interested in what is being done. They seem to love the

young man I have got; he works now as a carpenter, at 2s. 6d. per day; but I am pleased to see him take such interest in the children; and he has a regular service on the Sabbath for the adults. I cross the water every day, and am using all my efforts to get the place done so as to open the school before the end of the year, or just at the commencement of the next."

WE are happy to announce the arrival of our honoured brother, the Rev. James Smith, at his old field of labour in Delhi. It will be remembered that he has been for some time in Australia, where he went for the recovery of his health; but his health and strength having been mercifully restored, he has returned to the field where God had so eminently blessed him, and where he hopes now to live and die. In his last letter, Mr. Smith says:—

"I am getting fairly settled down to work again, and begin to feel some hope that the Lord will smile on the scattered churches at Delhi.

"I have commenced my daily service in the Chandni Chouk as before, and find great advantages connected with a daily stated service in the same place. The congregations are not what they once were, but they are improving, and will gradually, I hope, gather up again.

"On Monday morning I went to Delhi Durwaza, where I have replaced Collins, the preacher I left there when I went to Australia. About 30 gathered in the straw verandah of one of our Christians' houses, and it was a time of refreshing to me. We sang the old songs of Zion, in which we had so often joined in times past, and then united in thanksgiving to him who had protected us since we had last met in Delhi. The place appears very hopeful, and I trust soon to see most of our old people restored to the church and its privileges. Two men came to my house who were inquirers before I left, and declared their intention of giving themselves to the Lord and his people.

"I have been this morning to Teluja Wara and Sudder Bazar, where I have engaged a large room for another native reader and his son (Mansukh Ray), and in two or three days I hope to see them fairly at work among the scattered people here, who were (many of them) long hopeful inquirers, and among whom I spent a great deal of labour. I visited many of them, and spoke to little bands of from 6 to 12, in different places. They said they were glad to see me back, and would send their children to learn to read, as well as make an effort to do the same themselves. In these places it is the agent's duty to go among them, and spend half an hour each with families who will receive him, talking with them, reading the Scriptures or tracts, and, where there is a desire, giving lessons in reading. I hope soon to have Delhi studded over with little

stations, which I shall try to make stars, giving light (if it be but a glimmering) to the surrounding people who dwell in darkness: for I am of opinion that a star (be it ever so small) is better than no light.

"Our chapel is getting fast on, and will, I hope, be ready to open in January. It is a very nice building, and will, I suppose, hold 500 natives. The situation is excellent: very central and very public. Our friend, Mr. Parry, has laboured hard at it, and he tells me he will be about £200 short. I should be sorry for us to be burdened with a debt. The soldiers in good numbers attend our evening services, and when we get into the new building, they are likely to increase. I shall have hard struggling for funds for native preachers for a little time, until my communications with friends are recommended. Can you not stir up our young friends a little to help us?"

THE GENERAL BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

At the request of the Secretary of the General Baptist Missionary Society, we have much pleasure in publishing the following letter from Mr. Miller, of Piplee. It contains a narrative, which every one of our readers ought carefully to study, of the abominable and vexatious treatment to which Dál Sing, a recent convert, has been subjected by the Indian authorities. Mr. Pike says:—"I think it ought to be known far and wide, how serious are the *legal* difficulties thrown—even in the present day—in the way of a convert from heathenism. I had thought of sending a copy to every member of Parliament, or of requesting Sir Morton Peto to bring the case before the House of Commons. Anyhow, I think you will be doing good service to publish the particulars. I may say the whole of the letter referring to this case was written by the Rev. W. Miller, of Piplee." The following is a copy of the letter:—

"We had a baptism at Piplee on the last Sabbath of July. The candidate's name was Dál, or rather, Dowlet Sing—a Rajpoot, and one of the principal men of the place. He is the person referred to in the last report from Piplee, at whose shop door I stood and preached, and who, when conversed with privately, said all his hope of salvation was laid on the Lord Jesus Christ, and he had determined shortly to publicly confess it.

"I had, after this, frequent interviews with him, and learnt how closely he was watched by his wife and friends, and how determined was their opposition to his professing Christianity. He commenced attending the chapel twice each Lord's day, and often expressed his desire to take the final

step which would for ever sever his connection with Hindooism. I was, however, afraid he was not quite prepared to encounter the obloquy and persecution which it would involve, and, therefore, was not very sanguine of his coming out at present. You may consequently judge of my pleasure and surprise when he entered my study with the two preachers, and expressed his willingness to be baptized and take up his cross and follow the Saviour in all his commands. Having every reason to believe that he was a fit subject for baptism, it was decided to have the rite administered on the next Sabbath morning, July 26th. Consequently, after the service, the congregation proceeded to the bank of a spacious tank nearly opposite the candidate's residence. Having sung a hymn and listened to a very appropriate address by Sebo Patra, Dunal offered a fervent prayer, at the close of which I went down into the water and baptized the candidate, in the presence of a large number of heathen and Christian spectators. I returned home rejoicing over the conversion of another precious soul, and feeling thankful that the service had been got through so well, without any disturbance or outburst of grief and violence on the part of Dál Sing's family, as I had expected. I little knew, however, what was at that moment being endured by our new brother, and what severe and protracted trials awaited him.

"On getting near his house Dál Sing found a large crowd assembled in front to oppose his entrance, and his wife and mother standing at the door with large sticks determined to keep him out. Being a tall powerful man, he soon made his way through the crowd, and entered the house, though not without receiving a severe blow from the wife, and several from the mother, whose stick was a thick one, and had iron rings at the end; and soon the scene gave place to one sufficient to make the stoutest heart quail. The mother fastened a rope round her neck, and declared she would hang herself; the wife beat her head on the ground in the most violent manner; the children shrank from the father's presence, and wept as if the angel of death had smitten him; and they united with mother and grandmother in invoking the most terrific calamities upon the author of their disgrace and ruin (as they imagined) both in this life and that which is to come. Notwithstanding all this, Dál Sing came to the chapel in the afternoon, and spent the evening with myself and the preachers. On returning to his house he decided to sleep in the shop, and thus avoid giving occasion for another outburst of grief and passion by going near his family, intending to speak to them in the morning, when they would be composed and open to conviction. In the morning, on attempting to open the door leading from the shop to the other parts of the house, he was surprised to find that it would not open. Going into the house by another door, he found that his wife and five children, and a large quantity of property in the shape of silver ornaments, brass vessels, rupees, cloths,

rice, &c., were missing. The neighbours, of course, professed to be ignorant of what had occurred, as did the police when the matter was made known to the Darogah; though it subsequently came out that both knew where the wife and children were, and that the Zemindar had induced them thus to leave home, and place themselves under his protection. The Darogah was very reluctant to do anything in the case, and quoted the Shasters on the rights of a wife when the husband became an outcast. Some days passed without any tidings being obtained of the missing ones, though the Christians searched in all directions. Poor Dál Sing was almost beside himself, fearing that the mother, in a fit of desperation, had sacrificed her own life and those of the children. On the fifth day the Darogah very coolly informed us that he knew where the wife and children were, but was not at liberty to name the place. Shortly after this an order was said to have been received from the Pooree Collector to liberate the wife and children, and allow them to go where they liked, and the property to remain where it was, until an order was passed for its disposal. This order, with the subsequent action of the Collector, strange to say, entirely ignores the Christian convert's right to his children and property. Had it been the case of a wicked idolator, his claim would, doubtless, at once have been admitted.

"Dál Sing having gone to Cuttack to present a petition to the magistrate (who had removed there from Pooree for the wet season), accidentally heard that his wife and children would, on the following day, be brought to the Piplee Thannah, and thence allowed to go where they chose. He at once set off, and travelling most of the night, reached here just in time. Several of the native Christians went with him, in the hope of persuading the wife to return home, or at least to get the children from her; but, alas, we were disappointed—all our efforts were fruitless. We found her in the most excited and infuriated state, with the children clinging to her and crying bitterly. She declared she would not go home, and would not give up her children unless compelled by the magistrate. Till then she would rather die than part with them. Not wishing to resort to violent measures, especially as it was the Lord's day, we acceded to her proposition that she should remain with the children in the house of a neighbour until the magistrate's decision was known. The husband at once returned to Cuttack, and learnt, to his surprise, that his petition was rejected on the ground that the name of the party who had possession of his wife did not appear. This was hardly likely, as he did not know where she was when the petition was presented. After a good deal of trouble and expense, another petition, containing the needed information, was presented, but with no result save the announcement from the magisterial chair that its occupant had no authority in the case, and

the petitioner must apply to the judge. Thus a month of precious time was sacrificed for nothing.

"It is now (September 28th) a month since the judge was appealed to, and yet no answer has been given. Day after day has the poor man wended his way to the Court, and stood before the judge, without, hitherto, eliciting one word of explanation or encouragement. The fact that this official, only a few months ago, had a similar case of appeal from a Cuttack convert, and, after two months' delay, ordered the wife, children, &c., to be made over to the man, makes his conduct in this case appear the more strange. The feelings of Dál Sing, under the crushing weight of all these trials, to which his profession of Christianity has subjected him, can only be fully understood by himself. To be deprived of his wife, children, and property—insulted and persecuted in every possible way by his neighbours and the Zemindar—to have the youth who helped in his shop, the man who looked after his land, and the boy who attended to his cattle, driven from his service, and unable to engage others in their place by reason of the Zemindar's influence—and to have to be absent from his shop and farm for months, at great inconvenience and loss, are certainly sufficient to test his sincerity, if not to crush his spirit. What, however, he feels most keenly, is his disappointment in not obtaining redress from the source whence he hoped it would at once be realized—that Christian magistrates and judges are either unwilling or unable to help him—that, apparently, by becoming a Christian, he has forfeited his rights as a citizen, a husband, and a father. He has often asked the question, 'How is it that my case is not attended to?' 'How can you expect people to embrace Christianity if they cannot obtain their rights without all this annoyance, expense, and delay?' These are questions of the highest importance, and demand the serious consideration of all interested in the spread of the Gospel in this country. Is there, or is there not, a law to protect converts from being deprived of their children, property, and social rights? If there is, how is it that magistrates, at least in Orissa, entirely ignore it, and judges allow converts to wait months before they enforce it? If there is no such law, the strange conduct of the local authorities is explained, and it is high time to direct the attention of the Legislature to this serious and culpable omission on its part; also to petition that justice may no longer be withheld from those who form the most loyal, devoted, and intelligent class of her Majesty's Indian subjects."

We hope that Mr. Pike will act upon his own suggestion, and see that this shameful case is brought before the House of Commons early in the ensuing session. We have no doubt that Sir Morton Peto would willingly render every assistance in his power.

Intelligence.

FOREIGN.

PRUSSIAN POLAND.—A church in connection with the German Baptist Mission has recently been formed at Gross-Ksionsken, and a chapel built. One of the members gave a little hill, on which his windmill had formerly stood, as a site, and the others, with help from the preaching stations round, gave 700 dollars for the building. A kind neighbour, not connected with the church, gave stones for the foundation; and all last summer the members spent their leisure time in gratuitously carting wood and tiles, and working, till at length the foundation-stone was laid and the building went forward. It is 44 feet long by 34 wide, and 19 high, and will seat 300 persons. There is also a lower room seating the same number, and adjoining it is a dwelling-house, 25 feet long by 29 broad. This was necessary, as the village is isolated and straggling, every man living on his own little plot of ground, and no houses to be hired. The whole cost of the building was 1800 dollars, about £270, and a considerable debt still remains, which they hope to pay off by degrees. The opening services were deeply interesting. The chapel was adorned with garlands of evergreens and inscriptions in moss and winter flowers. Every available spot was filled, both in the chapel and lower room, before the morning service (at half-past nine) began. Anthems were sung by a choir of the church members, and the opening prayer was offered by Mr. Lange, the owner of the site on which the chapel stood. Mr. Stangnowski, pastor of the church at Goyden, gave a powerful address from John i. 11-13. Singing and prayer followed, and then an address by Mr. Hinrichs, pastor of the church at Stettin, from Zephaniah iii. 9-12, after which the service was concluded with singing and prayer. In the afternoon the crowd was still greater, and nearly 100 persons stood outside, and the service was conducted in the same way as the morning,—the first address being by Mr. Weist, of Stolzenberg, from 1 Peter ii. 1-10, and the second by Mr. Freitag, of Königsberg, from Isaiah xxvi. 1-4. After this service, 17 converts were baptized, who were received into the church at the communion service in the evening. Many tears of joy were shed, and the Spirit of the Lord was made manifest, not only to the joy of his servants, but amongst the hitherto careless worldlings, some of whom were pricked to the heart, and are now

seeking earnestly the way of life. On the following evening, Monday, a social tea-meeting was held, at which much Christian intercourse was enjoyed. Prayer, singing, and addresses, occupied the time alternately, and many were found to be asking the all-important question, "What must I do to be saved?" At one time, almost all present were in tears, and before the meeting broke up twelve persons had been brought to the feet of Jesus confessing their sins, and had found peace in him. Mr. Penski, the missionary, in concluding the account, says, "This was a true dedication of our new chapel; we felt, when we saw these twelve finding joy and peace in believing, that we had already received more in spiritual blessing than would repay a thousand times the labour and expense we had incurred. Oh, how great is the goodness of God! how incomprehensible his love! Thank him, dear fellow labourers, who have helped us in our work; serve him with gladness; for the reward is great and glorious!"

POSEN AND WEST PRUSSIA.—A considerable awakening has lately taken place in the Grand Duchy of Posen, and many converts have been baptized. In a recent letter, Mr. Zeschke, pastor of the church at Frankfort-on-the-Oder, says: "I, last week, baptized 14 persons in the Zaskersee. Many spectators were present. At first, they were very riotous; but soon became quiet, and watched the service with much interest, listening very attentively to my address. On the following Sunday all our services were well attended, and the presence of the Lord was with us; many were weeping over their sins and seeking the mercy of the Lord. The next day I baptized a shepherd, with his wife and daughter, at Ahrendsfelde; they were so happy that they could find no words to express their feelings. I have also recently baptized, in Samocryn, two daughters of one of our members. We then celebrated the Lord's Supper together, and, on the following evening, had a lovefeast, at which stirring addresses were given and earnest prayer offered. On a visit to Exin, I held several services, with crowded audiences; and much kindness was shewn to me by the people, who insisted on paying my travelling expenses, and promised to do so whenever I could come to them. They also offered to work for the benefit of our mission fund. May the Lord soon number them amongst his professing people."

DOMESTIC.

WOLVERHAMPTON.—The new and spacious Baptist chapel at Wolverhampton, the foundation-stone of which was laid in March last, by Mr. H. H. Fowler, the then mayor, was opened on Thursday, Dec. 10th, for public worship. The new chapel is erected for the accommodation of 550 adults, and is internally sixty-seven feet by forty-five feet; while in addition there is a large lecture-room in the basement, and vestries and a smaller lecture-room at the rear of the chapel, the accommodation of which may be increased to seat about 800 persons by the erection of side galleries. The cost of the chapel, including the site, is £3,625; and previous to the opening services the unpaid balance was £1,833. The opening services on Dec. 10th commenced at eleven o'clock, when a dedicatory prayer was offered by the Rev. G. B. Macdonald, Wesleyan minister, and an able sermon was preached by the Rev. W. Landels, of Regent's Park Chapel. In the afternoon a public meeting was held, which was presided over by Mr. H. Marten. Mr. Edmonds, the treasurer, read the financial report. The Rev. W. Landels; the Rev. W. J. Bain, of Bilston; the Rev. B. C. Young, of Coseley; the Rev. C. Vince, of Birmingham; and the Rev. J. P. Carey, delivered addresses. In the evening a sermon was preached by the Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown. On the following Sunday the Rev. S. A. Tipple, of London, delivered two discourses in connection with the opening of the chapel. On Thursday, Dec. 17th, the Rev. A. Mursell, of Manchester, preached; and on Sunday, Dec. 20th, the Rev. Watson Smith, of Manchester. The collections at the close of the services amounted to £145.

LITTLE WILD STREET, LONDON.—On January 1st, a valedictory service was held in the above place, on the retirement of the Rev. Christopher Woollacott, who has held the pastoral office during the long period of fifty years. E. J. Oliver, Esq., an old friend of the pastor's, prayed. The chairman, Robert Lush, Esq., Q.C., in appropriate terms, introduced the business of the meeting, when the senior deacon (Mr. Balchin) addressed the pastor, and presented him, in the name of the church, with a handsome purse, containing nearly £100. The pastor had some difficulty in acknowledging the gift. He assured the meeting that his retirement from office was not occasioned by disaffection to his person or his ministry; that he intended to continue his membership there; and hoped to be able to preach occasionally in Wild Street and elsewhere.

Addresses, marked alike by their eloquence and kindness, were then delivered by the Revs. W. Landels, P. Dickerson, P. W. Williamson, F. Wills, G. Wyard, and W. Brock. They all said that they had long known and highly esteemed their aged brother and friend; and they congratulated him that he had been, by the grace of God, sustained so many years as a man of God, and a Christian pastor; and that he was now retiring from the responsibilities of office, surrounded by a large and affectionate family, enjoying the love of all the members of the church, and the sympathy and regard of a numerous circle of friends. Other ministers, and a numerous assembly, testified their respect for the aged pastor by their presence, and by the deep interest which they evinced in the proceedings of the meeting.

UPPER MEETING, SAFFRON WALDEN.—On Friday, Jan. 1st, a social tea meeting of the members of the church and congregation assembling in this place, was held, for the purpose of inaugurating the new year, and also of expressing their esteem and regard for their respected pastor, the Rev. William A. Gillson, who on that day entered on his fiftieth year. The meeting was confined to the members of the church and congregation; and, though many were unavoidably absent on account of the season of the year, upwards of 400 sat down to tea. At half-past seven, a public meeting was held in the chapel, when, prayer having been offered, an appropriate and interesting address was delivered by the pastor, who presided; after which, Mr. P. Smith, one of the deacons, rose and stated the object of the meeting, and presented Mr. Gillson with a testimonial, consisting of an elaborately-worked cake basket and a purse of gold, as an expression of the sincere regard and esteem of those who felt it a privilege to sit under his ministry, and expressing their best wishes for the continued success of his ministerial labours amongst them. Mr. Gillson having expressed the deep gratification afforded him by such a mark of their kindness and esteem, addresses were delivered by the Rev. B. Beddow and other friends; and the meeting, which will long be remembered by all present, and which had been rendered additionally pleasing and interesting by the introduction of several anthems, sung by the excellent choir belonging to the chapel, accompanied by their sweetly-toned organ, presided at by Miss Gillson, separated after singing.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—The annual social meeting of the Baptist church and congregation worshipping in Bewick

Street Chapel, Newcastle, was held on Monday evening, Dec. 28th, 1863, in the lecture-room beneath the chapel, at which there was a large attendance. The Rev. W. Walters, pastor of the church, presided. In the course of his opening address the chairman adverted, in terms expressive of thankfulness to God, to the continued prosperity of the church under his care. The chapel was full every Sabbath, and the week-night services were well attended. The enlargement of the chapel was imperatively required. They had 414 members in church-fellowship, 139 of whom had been received during the present pastorate. They had two Sunday schools, with 41 teachers and 420 scholars. Their tract society was in vigorous operation, and upwards of 1,200 tracts were circulated every week by about 60 distributors. During the year a preaching station had been established at Blaydon, and was supplied by brethren connected with the church. In addition to aid rendered to our Home and Foreign Missions, the church sustained a missionary in East Prussia, in connection with the German Baptist Union. They had abundant cause for gratitude and hope. After Mr. Walters's address, excellent speeches were delivered by the Revs. R. Brown, G. Stewart, and R. Thompson.

PROVIDENCE CHAPEL, CANTON, CARDIFF.—This beautiful Gothic edifice, which has been built for the church over which the Rev. Josephus Bailey presides, was opened for Divine service on Lord's-day, December 20th; when sermons were preached by the pastor; the Rev. J. Waite, B.A.; the Rev. T. Barlow; and the Rev. John Emlyn Jones, LL.D. On Tuesday, December 22nd, a tea and public meeting was held, when about 400 friends sat down. The chair was occupied by R. Cory, sen., Esq., and able addresses were delivered by the Rev. John Williams, of Newport; the Rev. E. Jones, of Penttyrch; the Rev. T. Barlow, the Rev. P. Maddocks, the Rev. J. Bailey, and William Ward, Esq., editor of the *Cardiff Times*. The meeting, which was of a most pleasing character, was closed by a collection towards the building fund. On Lord's day, December 27th, the services were continued, when sermons were preached by the Revs. J. Williams, of Newport; E. Jones, of Penttyrch; and J. Bailey. Collections were made after each service, and the amounts received were very encouraging to the friends of this new cause, which has every prospect of success.

SOUTHAMPTON.—A very interesting meeting was held December 31st, 1863,

at the Baptist chapel, East Street, arranged by the female Bible class of the above Sunday school, to present a testimonial to their teacher, Miss Ellen Lankester. The officers of the school and of the church were invited, and the pastor, the Rev. R. Caven, B.A., presided. After tea, the meeting was commenced with prayer. Miss Lankester then gave a short history of the class since she became their teacher in January, 1856. The members now number thirty in attendance: many have joined the church, and others are inquiring. After this statement, Mr. Caven, in the name of the class, presented their teacher with a handsome rosewood work-box, as a token of their affection and appreciation of her self-denying efforts among them. It was received with sincere expressions of gratitude, and assurances of her continued anxiety for their welfare. Addresses were then given by the pastor and friends present; also an interesting lecture on the microscope by Mr. D'Elboux, one of the deacons. A hymn, especially arranged, was then sung to the National Anthem, and the proceedings were terminated by prayer.

HEPHZIBAH CHAPEL, DARLING PLACE, MILE END.—A devotional service was held here on Tuesday, January 5th, in connection with the formation of a new Baptist interest in this place, and the settlement of Mr. C. Gordelier as the pastor. The Rev. J. H. Blake, of Bow, presided; the Revs. W. A. Blake, Robert R. Finch, T. J. R. Temple, and others, took part. After the service the formation of the church was proceeded with; a resolution, stating the names of twelve persons, the basis of fellowship, and a brief summary of doctrinal belief, was then agreed to, the brethren recognising each other by the right hand of fellowship; a second resolution, inviting Mr. Gordelier to the pastorate, was unanimously adopted. On the following Lord's day evening, the 10th, the Lord's Supper was administered, when twelve visitors, representing eight other churches in the neighbourhood, including two from the Church of England, united with the newly-formed church in the sacred and solemn remembrance of the Saviour's sufferings and death.

WEST HARTLEPOOL.—The Rev. John Charter, formerly a member of Bewick Street Chapel, Newcastle-on-Tyne, was ordained on Wednesday, Dec. 16th, pastor of the Baptist church meeting in this important and rapidly-increasing town. The Rev. W. Bontems, the founder of the church, commenced the services by giving out a hymn and offering prayer. The Rev. P. W. Grant, of Darlington, de-

livered a discourse on the principles and polity of the Baptists. The usual questions were asked by the Rev. W. M'Phail, of Hartlepool, and answered by Mr. Charter in the most satisfactory manner. The Rev. W. Leng, the senior minister in the Association, offered up the ordination prayer. The Rev. W. Walters, of Newcastle, Mr. Charter's late pastor, gave the charge to the minister, and the Rev. W. Bontems, of Middlesbro', addressed the church. The service was well attended, and excited much interest. Mr. Charter's prospects are highly encouraging.

TRINITY ROAD, HALIFAX.—On Christmas-day the teachers and senior scholars of the Baptist Sabbath school, Halifax, held their annual tea-party, after which a meeting of a very interesting character took place, the large school-room being nearly full. During the evening Mr. Lockhead made a presentation to the superintendent of the school, Mr. W. T. Posgate. The testimonial consisted of a very handsome silver inkstand, along with Macaulay's "History of England," complete in eight volumes, bound in calf; and the inscription in the books stated that they were presented "by the officers, teachers, and senior scholars of the schools, as a token of their high appreciation of his efficient and valuable services as superintendent during the past eight years." Mr. Posgate acknowledged the gift in kind and appropriate terms. Many interesting speeches were made during the evening, all bearing on the interests of the Sabbath school.

BRAINTREE.—The annual public meeting of the Baptist church and congregation, Braintree, took place on New Year's day, when the spacious new school-room was well filled at the tea and the public meeting in the evening. The meeting was presided over by the pastor, the Rev. J. Mostyn, who, at the commencement, read a very interesting paper, connecting the history of this church with quotations found in Dr. Evans's "Early English Baptists," referring to the reign of Edward VI., 1547-1553. From the statements then made, the Baptist interest in Braintree has evidently had a history of upwards of three hundred years, and, in all probability, it is the oldest Nonconformist cause in existence. Interesting addresses were also delivered by Messrs. Adkins, Pluck, Benson, Tunbridge, Hunnabell, and Collins.

BEAUMARIS.—On January 1st, Mr. Isaac James, of Pontypool College, was ordained pastor of the Baptist churches at Beaumaris and Llandoed, Anglesea. Sermons were preached by the Revs. W. Morgan,

D.D., of Holyhead; J. D. Williams, of Bangor; J. Thomas, of Amlwch; and W. Thomas, of Liverpool. Dr. Morgan proposed the usual questions, which were satisfactorily answered by Mr. James. Dr. Morgan then offered the dedicatory prayer, with the laying on of hands; after which Mr. Williams preached to the newly-ordained minister, and the Rev. W. Thomas to the church. The services were well attended, and excited much interest in the town. Mr. James commences his labours with encouraging prospects.

EDINBURGH.—The church and congregation meeting in North Richmond Street Chapel, Edinburgh, held their annual *soirée* on Monday evening, the 4th of January. The Rev. F. Johnstone, pastor, occupied the chair. Very interesting addresses were delivered by the Rev. Messrs. Dovey, Tulloch, and Vaughan. The ladies of the congregation contemplate holding a bazaar in March for the liquidation of the chapel debt, and the obtaining of a new chapel in a more central part of the town.

MINISTERIAL CHANGES.—The Rev. John Howard Hinton, M.A., having resigned the pastorate of the church meeting in Devonshire Square Chapel, commenced his stated labours at Barnsbury Hall, Upper Street, Islington, in connection with the proposed new chapel at Highbury Hill, on Sunday, January 3rd.—The Rev. D. Jones, B.A., of Folkestone, has accepted the cordial and unanimous invitation of the church and congregation assembling in the Baptist chapel, Brixton Hill, and commenced his ministry there on the first Sunday in January.—The Rev. C. F. Vernon has resigned the pastorate of the church at Coleham, Shrewsbury, and does not intend to become the pastor of another.—The Rev. John K. Grant has resigned the pastorate of Eyemouth Baptist church, previous to entering upon a permanent connection with the *Elgin Courier* newspaper.—The Rev. A. C. Thomas has been compelled, by reason of ill health, to resign the pastorate of the church at Cross Street, Islington.—The Rev. J. Hiron, late of Brixton Hill, has accepted the unanimous invitation of the church in George Street, Hull, and entered on his pastoral office at the commencement of the new year.—After supplying the pulpit for some months, Mr. D. Russell, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, has accepted the earnest invitation of the church at Lower Edmonton to become its pastor.—Mr. George Reaney, late of Regent's Park College, has received a unanimous invitation to the pastorate from the church at Falmouth, and entered on his ministry the

second Sabbath in January.—Under the auspices of the Baptist Irish Society, and in consequence of the unanimous invitation of the infant church in Portadown, the Rev. John Douglas, late of the Independent College, Manchester, and not long since baptized by Mr. Carson, of Tubbermore, has undertaken the duties of the pastorate.—Mr. C. B. Sawday, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, has accepted the pastorate of the church meeting in Vernon chapel, Pentonville, London.—Mr. J. H. Gordon, formerly lecturer for the Leeds Secularist Society, has, after a course of study in Cavendish College, Manchester, received and accepted a unanimous call to the pastorate of the Baptist church at Astley Bridge, near Bolton, Lancashire.—Mr. J. W. Nickolas, from Pontypool College, has received and accepted a unanimous invitation from the Baptist church at Newbridge, and intends commencing his ministry there in the course of this month.—The Rev. W. S. Barringer, formerly of Blandford Street, London, having recently returned from America, is now desirous of a pastorate. His address is Cranby, near Guildford.—The Rev. Robert Thomson, for seventeen years pastor of the Baptist church, Dunfermline, closed his labours there at the end of January.—Mr. T. G. Atkinson, late of Little Ilford, Essex, has accepted a unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the church at Harlington, Middlesex.—The Rev. James Stuart, late of Rawdon College, and now at the Glasgow University, having accepted the cordial and unanimous invitation of the Baptist church, Anstruther, to become their pastor, will enter on his labours early in May next.—The Rev. J. Edelsten Taylor, of the Baptist College, Bristol, has accepted the cordial invitation of the Baptist church meeting in High Street, Ilfracombe, to become their pastor, and commenced his duties on the 17th of January.

GENERAL.

THE PERSECUTED SPANISH PROTESTANTS.—*El Comercio*, a Cadiz journal, publishes a letter from Martin Escalante, one of the Spaniards whose sufferings in behalf of Protestantism elicited so much sympathy in this country. He says:—

“Sir,—I supplicate you affectionately to give publication in your esteemed journal to the fact that having opened my eyes to the light of Catholic truth, after eleven years of darkness and of death, I am now engaged in spiritual exercises in the House of Congregation of St. Philip Neri, in this city, preparing myself to make a public and solemn retraction of all my Protestant errors in the face of the Holy Catholic Apostolic Church, the

only one which I acknowledge as true and divine.

“I believe what she believes and commands me to believe, I hope what she hopes for, I love what she loves, I condemn whatever she condemns; consequently I condemn all the errors and heresies into which I have fallen by my offences and for my misfortunes.

“For all this I ask pardon of a most merciful God, for whose goodness to me I have been ungrateful; of the most holy and immaculate Virgin Mary, whom I have so horribly offended; of the Holy Catholic Church, which in my blindness I so hotly persecuted; of generous and Catholic Spain, the theatre of my heretical scandals; of all the Catholics of Gibraltar, my beloved country; of my good wife and beloved children, to whom I have given such bad examples; of all the faithful: in fine, of all the world, supplicating them all to pray to God for this unfortunate man, that, happy and prosperous, from this day he may devote his whole life to the service of God and his holy church, disposed by the Divine grace to live, and die if it should be necessary, as a Catholic Apostolic Roman.

“Let it, then, be publicly known to all, my repentance and my most cordial retraction, even before I make it in the holy temple, where the Lord will deign to admit me to a participation in the sacred mysteries at the same time with my five most beloved children, who will enter with me into the bosom of the most Catholic Church.

“I cannot conclude without paying the homage of my profound gratitude to the ecclesiastical governor, to the venerable community of St. Philip Neri, from whom, and especially from its most worthy father superior, I have received the most evangelic kindness and the utmost tenderness and love from the fraternity.

“I offer you a thousand thanks, sir, for the goodness with which I hope you will receive the expression of my soul, and I request it of you, remaining your attentive and humble servant,

“Who kisses your hands,

“MARTIN ESCALANTE.”

The *Epoca* has the following paragraph: “Don Nicolas Alonso Marselau, one of the Protestants of Granada, has returned to the bosom of the Catholic church, after some months’ residence in England, abjuring his errors at the hands of the Archbishop of Granada.”—We need not say how much these cases of apostasy are to be deplored. But we would not “persecute” if we could!

A SIGN OF THE TIMES.—The Rev. D. Jones, B.A., Nonconformist minister, of Folkestone, being about to leave that town, after a pastorate of fifteen years, during which time he has won the respect and esteem of his fellow-townsmen generally, the mayor of that borough (O. Doridant, Esq.), glad of an opportunity of promoting the increase and spread of

kindly feeling, invited the corporation and several other gentlemen to a dinner at the Pavilion Hotel, to meet Mr. Jones prior to his departure. The members of the corporation, several of the magistrates, the rector of Lyminge, the Presbyterian chaplain of Shorncliffe Camp, and Non-conformist ministers of various denominations, responded to the invitation, and on Friday evening sat down to an elegant dinner, when the worthy mayor had the gratification of witnessing an exhibition, happily elicited by himself, of genuine and hearty catholicity, which perhaps few towns in the kingdom could equal. Without any compromise on the part of any, while various conscientious convictions and preferences were frankly avowed, all the gentlemen present entered most cordially into the spirit of the worthy host who had convened them, and gladly acknowledged, what was manifestly and deeply felt by all, that, notwithstanding honest differences of opinion on political, theological, or ecclesiastical matters, there yet remains for all who love truth and charity a broad ground on which as Englishmen and Christians and Protestants they can meet, with intense satisfaction and comfort to themselves, and to the happy increase of their mutual esteem.—*South Eastern Gazette*.

THE CARDROSS CASE AND THE FREE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.—It is now some years since the Rev. Mr. M'Millan, minister of the Free Church of Cardross, summoned the General Assembly of that church before the civil tribunal of Scotland, for having removed him from his charge on some accusation of immorality which he denied, and claiming to be replaced in his incumbency. The case excited great interest in Scotland, and also in England, as it involved the question whether a church could be made to answer before a civil tribunal for what it had done in its ecclesiastical capacity—a view that has always been vehemently resisted by the more strict Presbyterians

in Scotland. The question has had various fortunes in the law courts. The last decision of the Court of Session was that the Free Church General Assembly was not a corporate body to be sued, and that Mr. M'Millan must summon all the offending members of the offending Assembly by name. This was actually done, and the case again came on for hearing last month, when the counsel for Mr. M'Millan intimated that the Rev. gentleman felt that he had arrived at an advanced age, was infirm and poor, and he wished to live in peace with all men, and, therefore, he abandoned the action. The point of principle involved in the case remains, therefore, unsettled.

POINDING A BED, WITH A CORPSE, FOR THE EDINBURGH CLERGY.—It seems that the messengers of the clerico-police collector are again abroad, and with fresh insults to morality and religion. The goods of a respected citizen in Nelson Street were poinded yesterday under circumstances absolutely horrifying. There was lying confined in one of the rooms the body of an aged gentleman, a lodger, and in attendance were his wife and a number of bereaved friends. The minions of the law were informed of the fact, and urged to pay their visit at another time; they peremptorily refused, however, to defer their sacrilegious work; and, not satisfied with poinding in one room to the amount of £20 for £6 12s., they actually proceeded into the chamber of death and poinded "the bed, &c.," upon which the confined body was lying. It is said that the subordinates were appalled at their inhuman work, and would have refused to perform it had not their superior officer insisted upon it. Such is Edinburgh at Christmas, 1863! A respectable broker in Howe Street was also poinded yesterday. In his case, however, the public will have due notice of the time of rousing, the amount claimed, with expenses, in the name of the city and the clergy, being above £20.—*Caledonian Mercury*.

Editorial Notes for the Month.

THE great question, which, at the time we write, is being asked all Europe over, is whether there will be war between Denmark and Germany. That miserable Schleswig-Holstein question as it is called, which has perplexed and baffled statesmen and politicians for years and years, seems at present as if it must be solved at last by war: and, what is worse, on a matter which very few Englishmen understand, and which even fewer care for, England itself, under the guidance of Lords Russell and Pal-

merston, is making preparation to fight. We sincerely trust that, before this page appears, the danger will be over; if not, we entreat our readers, by all the interests that are involved in the preservation of peace, to use all their powers of protest against the dangerous course to which our Government seems to be committing us. Truly the Government which would not raise a finger for Poland, and which has stood studiously aside, in the noble struggles of Italy and of Hungary, can have far less to say, that Englishmen would listen to, in favour of Denmark.

One source of relief, under the circumstances, is, that Parliament is to meet on the fourth of February. Then, at least, the voice of the nation will make itself heard. A Government which should involve us in a war with Germany—for no other purpose than to preserve to King Christian the government of a population not larger than that of Manchester—ought not to be in power a week.

There are other considerations. We, in company with Denmark, go to war with the German Confederation. That Confederation represents forty millions of people, and includes the two great military powers of Prussia and Austria. What assurances have we of success? A Baltic fleet will do little for us in a conflict with a people who have no coasts. France, if it honours us with another "alliance," will have other objects than ours in view. And, if the torch of war be once raised, who can tell how far the conflagration will extend? What would Italy do—and Garibaldi? Where would Hungary be—and Kossuth? Russia has not ceased to "wait for opportunities;" and Turkey, according to the best authorities, is scarcely yet in a state of convalescence. For England to rush into war under such circumstances as the present, would be not only a crime, but a mistake.

One auspicious event has inaugurated the year. The Princess of Wales has given a son to the nation; and both mother and child are doing well. On Sunday, the 10th ult., thanks were given to Almighty God in every Nonconformist place of worship in the country. *On the following Sunday*, the Church according to Act of Parliament was permitted and "commanded" to follow the Nonconformist example.

We are thankful to say that the position of the Baptist Missionary Society has materially improved during the past month. The prospective deficiency, which a while ago was reckoned at *eight thousand pounds*, is now hopefully estimated at considerably less than *six thousand*; and in every part of the country efforts are being made, not only to meet the present difficulty, but to raise the permanent income of the Society to an amount more commensurate with our duties and our means. With reference to our duties, little need be said. As to our means, we are told that there are in Great Britain and Ireland 2,373 Baptist churches, and that the persons actually in church membership are nearly 250,000 in number. With *such* a constituency, ought we to be satisfied without giving to the Mission an income of FIFTY THOUSAND a year?

THE

BAPTIST REPORTER.

MARCH, 1864.

RESPONSIBILITIES PECULIAR TO THE BAPTIST DENOMINATION.

"THE Baptist Denomination," in all its parts, is responsible to conscience and to God for its accurate interpretation of divine truth, and for punctuality in obeying it. But this so-called "denomination" has no supreme tribunal from which its judgment can be enunciated with authority; and, therefore, every attempt to dogmatise on its character or to assume its support is perfectly fallacious, if it be not fraudulent. "The Denomination," being composed of brethren, may be spoken *to* with freedom, but its "judgment" should be spoken *of* only with the utmost modesty and care.

The word Christian formerly described persons who were known by their reverence for Christ; and the word Baptist now describes persons who are known by their reverence for one particular ordinance of Christ, and the principle which leads to its observance. Whether the word Christian or the word Baptist be of divine authority, is not a question to be discussed now. It is a fact that they are both in use: and it is also a fact that the use of the former is more extensive than that of the latter. For supposing that all Baptists are Christians, it is confessed that there *are* Christians who are *not* Baptists. It is out of that which constitutes their peculiarity, therefore, that the peculiar responsibility of Baptists and the Baptist Denomination must spring.

With an ordinary map of England, Scotland, and Ireland, before him, a reader might easily suppose a coloured mark placed on every spot occupied by a church of believers baptized into Christ. The map would then appear with something like 2,370 centres of this denominational peculiarity. These, for good or harm, cannot be unimportant; for grouped together in 37 Associations they are ready for united as for individual action. The case is even more important. For these 37 Associations and 2,370 churches contain not less than 251,500 members, who, in households and in civil stations, are ready to penetrate all social relations with their distinguishing views and purposes. If that which distinguishes a Baptist be only *unsubstantial*, it is worthless; and, rising by assumption into the place of truth, it invites and challenges all other professing Christians to confront the

imposture and to put it down. But if there be in that denominational peculiarity an element of principle and truth, then the question arises,—What are the actual surroundings of these 2,370 assemblies and their constituents, and what is their peculiar duty in the positions which they hold for Christ?

As to the surroundings of these churches,—the difficulty of describing them is equalled by nothing, except by the difficulty with which they are encountered and endured. Thanks be to God, we have passed the condition which produced many of our persecuting statutes, and the age which would tolerate any Government that might dare to carry them into execution; but the principles which those statutes were designed to protect, and which lighted the fires of martyrdom by their authority, still exist, working with scarcely less variation of form, or intensity of purpose, than they exhibited in former years. The word Christian has been lowered in its import, from that of love for Christ which endured, and even invited, martyrdom for His sake, to that classification of creatures by which a man is merely distinguished from the brutes: while between that lower sense, and that which conforms to a Scriptural hope of salvation in Him from whom the word is derived, are variations which confound all thought of precision in its use. The word Christian has been applied to so many things, that it has come to mean *nothing* truly; it is, therefore, used to cover all deformities, and to lacquer every counterfeit. Within the sphere in which these churches serve and testify, there are Papal Christians, High-Church Christians, Low-Church Christians, Unitarian Christians, Mormonite Christians, Christians obeying Johanna Southcote, Catholic Christians,—and multitudes whom no construction of human speech could even make intelligible to those who have not seen them. The Bible is abroad, and each party lives by some portion of its truth: but the compromise of other portions, and the admission of other authorities where the word from God should absolutely and exclusively command, has vitiated the very truth of God itself, and made a professed adhesion to the faith of Christ not unfrequently delusive and an incentive to suspicion. These 2,370 lamp-stands have been placed where even the light itself which comes from Heaven has been turned into darkness. Many of them dwell where Satan's seat is, and all surrounding social elements have been pressed, as the taste of our age permits, into moral conflict, mutual repudiation, and darkness overlapping the everlasting woe.

While multitudes are pleading the reverse, until the authority of Scripture has been forced under dispute, a Baptist reaches his position by the fact that God means *what* he says, *all* he says, always, and, as far as men are concerned, means *only* what he says. Intelligent obedience to His word, therefore, is the action of faith in its Author; a ground of all justification in His kingdom; the beginning and process of life eternal; and the one thing needful, without which it is impossible to please God. Faith in God combined with human fabrications, or seeking good from him otherwise than through the Christ of God, is simply and irrecoverably absurd. Reaching this truth, therefore, the Baptist reaches not that rite alone which men have laboured hard and long to compromise, but a vital prin-

ciple, which, gaining its expression in that rite, stands out before the ruinous confusion of a world in darkness with bold yet modest proclamation of a remedy for all its woe. The censers of these churches give forth their incense, like that of Aaron, on the very line which separates the living from the dead, and in the front of many plagues more terrible in their advance and action on the soul than that which ravaged Israel's guilty tribes.

Much of the trial to which the Baptist churches are subjected may, with ease, be traced to a fault which elucidates their peculiar obligations. Holding, in the Book of God, a mass of instructions which admit of no improvement in their purity and perfection, they are bound to seek, and indeed to secure, the embodiment of these instructions in real life. Matters for correction and amendment will easily be found in mortals newly rescued from depravity and guilt; but this should never hide, it should rather intensify, the sense of our obligation to be ever advancing towards the likeness of our Lord. With this hope defined, and the Spirit to lead and energize, nothing can excuse the frequent and almost total neglect of educational and developing discipline which should train the body of Christ for service, for fellowship, and for suffering. Men of close and acute observation hold in their hands the Word to which Baptists appeal for their authority, and they see in the living Baptists no such conformity to the mind of God as they feel justified in expecting. Individual and eminent examples appear, as if to show the practicability of better things; but the general standard of personal religion is far lower than the Word requires; the order of churches is still more defective; the combination of their total resources bears no comparison with the Word which requires them to be *one*; while those external organizations, which live upon the churches, but make their own laws, and ignore, where they do not insult, the discipline and laws of Christ in his own body the Church, are rapidly advancing to a condition which ever has demanded, and ever must demand, a deep and general demoralization to make their existence bearable.

Imperfections which must adhere to human activities are foreseen and provided for by the Lord; but the more they are realized, the more strongly do they bind men to use the provision which their Lord has made. That longing after union, which is, at the same time, the indication of spiritual life and the proof of its defect, urges every believer baptized into Christ to reverence and use his own peculiar mercy. God did not regard it as a vain thing, that his ancient tribes had been baptized into Moses: he held them to their compact of obedience upon pain of death. He brought out of the relationship so formed all the wonders of their national institutions; conducted them thereby, correction notwithstanding, to Canaan, and to all that yet must come in filling up the import of His covenants with that people. If these things be given to us for ensamples, why, in this age of so-called common sense, should the baptism of accredited believers *into the name* of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, be emptied of its solemnity and made to be a thing of non-effect? With just indignation at the violence so done to sacred truth, Tractmen have

started to the front, and covered all the land with pleadings for the value of a phantom, which bears a Scriptural name indeed, but is itself not authorised or named in Sacred Scripture. In their hands, truth is made to foster vast delusion, because those who obey the truth fail to exhibit its importance. To magnify by over-statement the just application of their principles and its practical effects, and then to croak and mourn as if defeated by their open zeal, is only adding childishness and guilt to our calamity. All hope in such a contest combines with confiding, joyous, but uncompromising faithfulness. If believers baptized into the name of the Lord Jesus would study and observe the authorised application of that name, they would realize the *nature* and the *fact* of their union, secure its practical effect, and free from all rebuke the affirmation,—“Ye are the light of the world. A city set upon an hill cannot be hid.”

What fact in nature can be found more simple than the law of gravitation? And yet, what law is more magnificent in its working? Attractions of affinity do not oppose, they rather reveal its power, drawing round its own great central throne whatever has a physical existence. Such is the moral fact, that now, in the work of mercy, with all its hope, the sinners who are justified in cherishing that hope must be in confessed and willing obedience to the Christ on whom their hope depends. Like may love like here, as in all creation; but no number of similarities, combined or uncombined, can ever bring to sinners a redemption which does not come through the Christ whom God has appointed, accredited, and endowed for this great office. This supremacy of the Christ, confessed by many and exploded by none, is yet infringed when a Pope, a human ceremony, a confession, a popular custom, or a national law, is made to take his place or supersede his gracious and supreme commands. Against the confusion thus created, in which Scripture is opposed to Scripture, and tradition to tradition, as if to emulate in speculation the speech of ancient Babel, it is the duty and the privilege of baptized believers to show, in the freedom of their learning at the feet of Jesus, that, under his guidance, they are prepared for united as for individual action; that they require no addition to the instructions of their Lord; that they can gain no advantage by infringing the glory of his prerogative as the Christ of God; and that, from their experience now, as from the experience of their fathers, it is manifest, that the support of their Lord can never fail in that which he has ordained.

ANDREW FULLER;

A STORY OF RELIGIOUS LIFE SIXTY YEARS SINCE.

It was in the autumn of the year 1792 that modern Missions commenced in England. In the autumn of this year, a few ministers met at a house still standing in the quiet town of Kettering, and formed the grand, but then ridiculed, design of preaching the Gospel to *the whole world*.

At the singular meeting just now referred to, among those present were the well-known names of Fuller, Sutcliffe, Ryland, and Pearce. In addition to these

was one William Carey, then elevated to the oversight of a Baptist church in Leicester, but formerly a poor, and, as report says, a very indifferent cobbler. Before this meeting closed, the sum of £13 2s. 6d. was subscribed towards the new society. There lies before me on the table while I write the first minute-book of the Baptist Missionary Society, written by Andrew Fuller. It commences with an account of the meeting before mentioned, and extends its minutes to the year 1799. It records on the first page a resolution "that the Rev. Andrew Fuller be appointed secretary, and the Rev. Reynold Hogg treasurer," &c. Every subsequent step in the toiling march is recorded with careful exactness. What could be done for the conversion of the world with *thirteen pounds two-and-sixpence*? Every one of this small band would have fallen before the vastness of the work and the laughter of the incredulous, if it had not been for the bright remembrance of a *three years'* life of almost solitary work, which, after nearly eighteen centuries of toil and sorrows, yet filled their own souls with its healing life!

Opening the minute-book at page 19, I find the following addenda to the minutes of the committee:—

"N.B.—The treasurer put into Mr. Squire's bank, on					
November 1, 1792	£37 17 0
January 7, 1793	27 3 6
					£115 0 6"

So the funds of the Society are getting on, and the hopes of the projectors grow apace. A vigorous effort is now made through the country to procure funds and form district societies, to aid what the minute-book calls the "primary society." I can assure the reader that these journeys in no way resembled the trips of a modern missionary deputation, whom Squire Johnson, with the pretty house and park, is so glad to see; and who find their names placarded at every town, in expectation of their visit; and, when they get there, never call on individuals, but take the cash in a lump from the district treasurer; and finally, who go home, not foot-worn and weary, and loaded with abuse, but crowned with all kinds of itinerant honours, and much the better for the change! These early chronicles record that a Mr. Thomas, afterwards one of the first missionaries to India, got into Bath on the errand of collecting for the missions, wet through, late on Saturday evening. He preached the following morning; but so unmoved were the people, that, says he, "I thought I should get nothing here; but some woman, after hearing the case, sent in one penny; I thanked them, and set down 'Bath, one penny!'" This appeal seems to have moved the ecclesiastical pride of Bath, and our collector ultimately went away with some £20. To this incident may be added another, occurring in one of Andrew Fuller's journeys. He called one day on a celebrated clergyman of the Church of England, bearing, perhaps, the most popular name at that time among the Recordite party. He asked, without telling his name, for a subscription for the mission. The clergyman refused, and spoke in slighting terms both of the movement and of the body from whom it emanated. He added, however, "There is one great man among you, and his treatise entitled the 'Gospel Worthy of all Acceptation' is one of the most masterly productions I know." The following colloquy ensued.—*A. F.* "For all the faults in that work, Sir, I am responsible."—*C.* jumps from his chair, with eager apologies, and ultimately presses a subscription.—*A. F.* (in his own deep bass) "No, Sir, not a farthing!"

The next move recorded in the minute-book is that of finding men willing and suitable to go abroad as missionaries. The before-mentioned Mr. Thomas had already been preaching in India, and was most anxious to return. At the same time William Carey volunteered his services. This wonderful man, while yet a village cobbler and schoolmaster, had learned several modern languages.

Just before he set out as a missionary, he presented to Dr. Ryland an elegant translation of a volume of Dutch sermons and dissertations, which a worthy brother in Holland had sent over, under the delusion that our English divines could read it. Mr. Carey, some time after his appointment to go with Thomas, had not seen his companion. "It was late in the evening," says an eye-witness, and while in full deliberation, "that his arrival was announced. Impatient to behold his colleague, he entered the room in haste, and Mr. Carey rising from his seat, they fell on each other's necks and wept." All was hope and resolution. Mr. Carey's memorable words, "Expect great things: attempt great things," had become the spiritual watchwords of the day. "It is clear," said Andrew Fuller to Carey, "that there is a rich mine of gold in India; if you will go down, I will hold the ropes."

The day of departure soon arrived. On the 13th of June, 1793, Carey and Thomas, with their families, embarked for India in the *Kron Princessa Maria*, a Dutch East Indianman. One of the missionaries turning round to a friend at the last moment, exclaimed, "The guns are fired, and we are going with a fair wind. Farewell! farewell!" In the spring of this same year, and only a fortnight before William Carey started for India, to attain a reputation before which the Oriental lights of the English universities were soon to grow pale, a young Frenchman, driven by the English fleet, sailed from an island of the Mediterranean. It was Napoleon Buonaparte, thwarted in his first military undertaking, and with his mother and sister on the way to Marseilles!

Besides these journeyings and fightings, Andrew Fuller had to keep up a constant correspondence with the missionaries, to see to their supplies, and to conduct a paper war with the East India Company, who were trying hard to thwart their operations. Let it be well remembered that their efforts proved entirely fruitless, through the intervention of the Marquis of Wellesley.

The old minute-book tells of a not very polite note received from a shipping clerk, wherein he threatens to sell a large package (directed T. and C.), to pay for warehouse room, if it were not immediately taken away. A committee meeting was held on this mysterious package, and Andrew Fuller was *unanimously deputed to go to London to see after it.*

Smile not, good reader, at the authority of a committee being required in those days to send a secretary from Northamptonshire to London. The luxury of coaches had then been hardly introduced; for the first stage-coach blew its blast through the green fields of England, and crossed the Cheviot hills, in the year 1788, on its way from London to Edinburgh. Those were the days in which men made their wills, and left affectionate messages, before they ventured far from home. On inspecting the cask in question, it was found to contain supplies sent to India a long while before, and having had some mysterious connection with Copenhagen, had reached the office in London again in safety. The minute-book adds, with a note of admiration, "Alas, we now find that our brethren had perished, if they had not engaged in trade!" The explanation being, that the committee, hearing that the missionaries were getting a livelihood by work, had addressed a remonstrance to them, on the ground that it might check their missionary zeal.

Looking once more, and finally, into the minute-book, I find a striking answer to an objection commonly taken to the missionary movement, "that it carries sympathies out of the nation, for which there is plenty of need at home, and that the feeling which prompts it depends a good deal for its life on the mere love of distant scenes and novel events;" which feeling Coleridge put into the statement, "that if a railway were opened to the moon, every one would take shares." I find that, in those early days of straitened funds, in considera-

tion of the ignorant state of *Cornwall*, the Society employed, at two different times, no less than four missionaries! and frequently gave aid to village interests.

And now, alas! the minute-book draws to a close, for the hand of the writer was growing weary, while the soul that moved it "waxed stronger and stronger." In the year 1815, Andrew Fuller was working at his desk in the study at Kettering for more than twelve hours a day, his strength hourly failing from the heavy toil. His wife sits quietly at work by his side, but the tears will fall upon the knitted hose.

An exclamation escapes the overtaken husband, scanning his work in all its stages: "That which is crooked cannot be made straight, and that which is lacking cannot be numbered." She must speak now, and so, looking up sadly, she says, "You have hardly time to speak to me now, dear! My friends at home are kind, but they also say, 'You have no time to see or know us;' you will soon be worn out." He replies, solemnly, yet tenderly, "I know it; but I cannot be worn out at better work."

It was too true! The hands still "held the ropes" with a firm grasp, but it was plain to all that the strain was too much. Before we see the grasp released, let us take one more glimpse of the mine below. Wonderful work was going on there, and every now and then a cry came cheerily up the shaft, that jewels shining with immortality rewarded the long toil of the searcher. If the reader would know the result of these first missionary labours in India, let him turn to the tenth memoir "respecting the translation of the Sacred Scriptures into the Oriental languages by the Serampore brethren." After perusing it, let him say whether history has recorded any literary labours of greater magnitude. It is enough now to say that, after a full record of the work accomplished, the memoir touchingly concludes, saying, "that the original mover of this great design is yet alive, and, though feeble, in the full possession of his faculties." The "consecrated cobbler" lived to see two hundred and twelve thousand volumes of the Scriptures translated by himself and brethren into *forty languages*, and to know that these languages at the most moderate computation were spoken by *two hundred and seventy millions* of immortal beings! Two years after the compilation of this volume, William Carey "languished into life" in the warm eastern air, often trying to the manhood of colder lands, but a gentle nurse to the old and dying.

The "Gospel Worthy of all Acceptation" written on the living page, was coming to an end. At the same time that Andrew Fuller was feeling that he had not very long to live, he heard that his companion in work and council, Sutcliff, was on his dying bed. "Well," said he, "the government is upon His shoulders, ours will soon be from under the load; but while we are reducing in number and increasing in labour, ours may be heavier for a time." Yes, it was heavier, but only "for a time;" the letter containing these words is under date March 24, and he died in the May of the following year. The day of darkness to his own family, and to the church with which for many years he had been connected, came at length. To him a day of light, and a day on which he uttered calm, strong words about the unknown land before him. Hear them, reader—"My mind is calm—no raptures, no despondency; my hope is such that I am not afraid to plunge into eternity."

On Sabbath day, May 7, 1816, he is listening eagerly to his congregation singing in the "meeting-house" adjoining his house. The simple strains he had so often joined before, now stir a voiceless music in his soul. Turning to his child, he says, "I wish I had strength, Sarah."—"To do what, father?"—"To worship, child." He *did* worship; and though all unheard by mortal ears, the strain mingled with another melody, and was heard upon another shore!

TRUTHFULNESS IN RELIGIOUS CONTROVERSY.

MUCH has been written about the evils of religious controversy; as much, if not more, might be quite as pertinently written about the evils of eating and drinking. There will come a time, no doubt, when both processes will be dispensed with. For the present, God's wise and gracious providence has made them essential parts of our disciplinary lot,—the one for the nurture of the mind, the other for the nurture of the body. We are sadly prone to misuse both to improper ends; but it is only in the case of religious controversy that we charge upon the process itself the blame which belongs only to our own perversion of it.

Controversy is one of the methods by which the general stock of truth available for man is from time to time increased. If our earthly position had been so arranged as that things could only be seen from one point, and, therefore, in precisely the same aspect, our progress in knowledge would have been not only incalculably slower than it is, but also much more partial and incomplete. For every truth of which the mind can take cognizance is many-sided; that is, bears a relation to other truths besides those which happen to be in *our* minds; and, of course, when seen in that relation, exhibits more or less modified phases. Controversy, strictly speaking, is the collation and comparison of impressions produced upon different minds by the same subject, looked at from a variety of points. In early infancy, all outward scenes present to the untutored consciousness a flat surface; and only experience, gained by the use of other senses in aid of that of sight, can correct the mistake, and gradually familiarise us with the laws of perspective by which we obtain a complete and reliable knowledge of the forms that surround us. Controversy does us an analogous service. It corrects first perceptions by the perceptions of others; and, if used as it should be, accustoms us to see truth in perspective, and hence to know more of it than can be ascertained by one direct line of vision.

The proper object of all controversy is truth; of religious controversy, religious truth. Hence the unspeakable importance of truthfulness in the conduct of it. For reasons which we cannot turn aside just now to consider, but which deserve a thoroughly thoughtful exposition, there is scarcely any department of intellectual or spiritual occupation into which men enter with looser notions of morality than that of religious controversy. To a much greater extent, moreover, than is generally supposed, controversial untruthfulness may be practised without any distinct consciousness on the part of those guilty of it that they are doing wrong, and, in some instances, we verily believe, with a confident assurance that they are acting a praiseworthy and pious part. A few thoughts on this subject may be neither unacceptable nor unserviceable to our readers.

It would immensely assist us in maintaining a perfectly truthful spirit in religious controversy, to define for ourselves as clearly as possible what God requires of us in engaging in it. Now we are not required by God to assume that we are to throw down our own strong convictions before the world in

order that, like Aaron's rod cast on the floor before Pharaoh, they should swallow up all others. We can but contribute to others what we know, and we enter the controversial arena to make good our own contribution, not to destroy the contributions of others. It is our part to submit the exact truth as it appears, on conscientious and prayerful consideration, to our own minds, and, if necessary, to exhibit, with as much accuracy as possible, the position in which we stand whence that particular view of truth may be assuredly seen. But it is not our duty to set up our own convictions as comprehending all that can be ascertained on the subject, nor as in antagonism with all that we are unable to reconcile with them. For other minds, looking at the subject from another quarter, may discern some aspects of it that we have missed; and, unlike as they may seem to one another, it is possible that it only needed all to be put in juxtaposition, to suggest the secret of their own essential unity, and to bring out a homogeneous, complete, and beautiful whole. An illustration is furnished us by the controversy so hotly carried on in these days between science and revelation. It seems as if, on both sides, many have entered the lists impressed with the notion that a spirit of partisanship is obligatory upon them. On the side of science there are at least some who are hunting with keenest outlook for facts with which they may smite down revelation as an imposture, and, in their passionate eagerness, use as facts what in any other case they would not have ventured as yet to take out of the class of uncertified speculations. On the side of revelation there are not a few, we fear, who are almost disposed to regard as traitorous, and needing to be smothered, all facts which clash with the forms of their faith. The controversy is, therefore, carried on with untruthfulness on both sides, chiefly because both sides have entered into it under a thoroughly mistaken apprehension of what their obligations are. Naturalists cannot destroy revelation if, as we firmly believe, it comes from God; theologians cannot successfully impugn science. Let both, in the interests of truth, use controversy for sifting, collating, and putting together their several convictions, in the fullest and cheerfullest assurance that, whatever perishes in consequence, truth will gain. That only which is of man will die. All that is of God will survive, and be the more lustrous for the trial.

Sometimes, untruthfulness in religious controversy displays itself in far more blameworthy forms. Forgetful that "the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God," it aims rather at silencing and punishing than at enlightening opponents. Barbed nicknames are hurled at them tipped with a false suggestion, which, when they hit and go deep enough, not only rankle in the wound, but resist all attempts to get rid of them. Poisonous insinuations are skilfully infused in the statement of what is in substance true and beautiful. Words are chosen which, like shot-silks, give off different colours when looked at from different positions, and which convey, and are intended to convey, a shifty meaning. Thoughts of an opponent are dexterously placed side by side with somebody else's thoughts more offensively expressed, that the former may borrow from the latter a tinge of their objectionableness. Quotations are wrenched from their proper place, and made to convey either an inadequate or a false impression.

Collateral or impertinent issues are raised, that the reader may be diverted from that which has to be decided. Candid concessions are seized hold of, and made to figure in a garment not their own. Wonderfully various are the ways in which controversial untruthfulness can disport itself—in some forms, gross and palpable—in others, subtle, evasive, almost spiritual. Their name, indeed, is "Legion," but their character is in all their varieties essentially the same—to wit, falsehood.

Now it must be obvious to most men, on a moment's reflection, that if controversy be, as we have affirmed, one of the methods prescribed by Infinite Wisdom for increasing our stores of knowledge, or, in other words, for adding to the amount of available truth, every perversion of the process by human passion to ends which rather darken and conceal, than throw fresh light upon, what is yet unknown or unsubstantiated, is an aggravated offence. But the object of religious controversy is or should be exclusively religious truth. Every man who engages in it gives an implied assurance to the world, that he will not resort to the tactics of falsehood. Perhaps this is one reason why the collision of minds in the high sphere of theology produces some of the most deplorable illustrations to be found in the whole field of literature of moral dishonesty in the use of what are called controversial weapons. It is a well-known law, that no depravity equals in recklessness that which results from a corruption of the very best qualities of human nature. As a wicked woman is said to be capable of making herself more vile than the worst of men, so religious controversialists, when they allow themselves to be turned aside by ignoble passion from their professed aim, seem to lose not only the ordinary restraints which consistency should have imposed upon them, but also those which a common sense of decency would render effectual upon others. A man who fights for God, and for the truth which specially relates to Him, when once he can allow himself to resort to the use of unfair weapons, need not be nice in estimating the difference between one forbidden instrument and another. All distinctions of degree are lost to those who have already become insensible to the much more important distinctions of kind. Possibly, this consideration may suggest to us the secret of the peculiar bitterness which flavours the *odium theologicum*.

The church, we think, has immensely improved in respect of the *temper* in which she carries on religious controversy, as compared with bygone periods. There is less violence than there once was—but, we very much fear, there is also less *truthfulness*. There is too general a disposition to manœuvre in controversy—to sail as near the wind as possible—to resort to practices, professedly on behalf of truth, which truth cannot but repudiate—to make appeals to those elements of human nature, the action of which can only injure what they are evoked to serve. The grace of God, and the purifying influence of the Holy Spirit, who is also the Spirit of Truth, will, in process of time, we have no doubt, alter the whole character of religious controversy. The day will come, we trust—may it come speedily!—when the choicest and most impressive illustrations of the loveliness of Christian character will be found in this field—elevation of purpose, delicacy of honour, unfeigned candour, tenderness of spirit, all

combined with deep religious earnestness. We have within reach, for our study and imitation, in the epistolary portion of the New Testament, peerless exemplifications of what controversial writings should be. Let us contemplate them until we become filled with their spirit; and let us burn this thought into our souls,—that the truth of God can only be served by those efforts to maintain it which are the legitimate expression of a thorough truthfulness of heart.

"THE RULE OF THE GREATEST."

"He that is greatest among you shall be your servant."

THIS age of the church's history is great in its little things. The same Spirit which taught the early church to believe that her Master had entrusted her with the charge of the meanest soul that sought refuge within her precincts—so that for a season, at least, she became the defender and shelter of the poor and oppressed—is teaching us that for the "least" amongst us there is, not only a place, but a "task." We no longer seek to save them from sin and self by hiding them within the narrow walls of an abbey or a monastery. We do not believe that by such a process they can be saved. The old self will follow them—and the sin that is born of self—even when they are nestled within the bosom of the most loving church, and sheltered from every external attack of evil. Instead of this, the church of to-day, after she has wrapped her young converts to her heart, sends them off fearlessly into the common life of men. They too, with their sinning brethren, must taste of "full life with its needs and agonies;" and for a shelter and hiding-place against temptation—safer than the walls of a nunnery—let them learn the "task of the least."

History will tell the story of the bitterness of that cup, which in this age the Master's hand is holding to the lips of so many of these little ones, better than we can do. Theirs is a solitude more solitary than that of old. To the inward strife of the spirit is added the strife of hand and tongue amid the crowded scenes of life, where hand and tongue must both be used. They know all the bitterness of failure, and sometimes very little of such help as human forgiveness and sympathy are able to afford. Still they are struggling on—thousands of them almost unnoticed in our midst—lifting for a moment the burden of some weary heart that has never learned to cast its burden upon the Lord; wiping off the tears from faces grown hard with the sorrow of the world that worketh death; pointing to young spirits, as they descend into the smoke of the battle, the far-off light that "shines between the lowered lances and the gleaming crests," and helping their untried hands to lay hold of the faith that is glad in the midst of so much sadness, and in the silent chambers of death itself hath "abolished death."

Wherever there is a band of spirits thus girded, there is a part of the church. Very easily we allow the common language of social life to rob us of truths which should be our meat and drink. We speak of the "greatest" and the "least" in the spiritual church—using them too often in the same sense as they are used in the world around, as though "his thoughts were our thoughts, and his ways our ways." But they are not the "least" who are thus toiling in our Master's service. Let the word pass until the hour of a more separating judgment. We accept, but only for this moment of Time, the division which classes the unknown, unnoticed worker, with feeble intellect, perhaps, and frail body, and small means and opportunities, among the "least," and places our

ministers and teachers, and the men of wealth and station, with the "greatest." But we know also, that true greatness of Christian character lies in this, and this alone—the power of spiritual service. Where this is possessed and used, none can resist its influence, and all hearts yield to it the tribute of gratitude and love. To serve a man against his will, by bringing home to his conscience the conviction of some truth against which he has been fighting his whole life—this is the loftiest pitch of power to which we can ever rise. Truly, he is the "greatest" who is thus "servant of all."

We fail in our common judgment in the exaltation of the instrument of this service above the power that uses it. We stand in awe of a man's "parts," as our phrase is, as though they were indeed parts of himself, and not the poor means through which the Infinite Spirit is revealing himself. Thus are we everywhere confounded and made ashamed. For not always will He condescend to speak, even through the wisest tongue, or make His presence felt in the loftiest intellectual power of pulpit or press. He leaves them, "swept and garnished," but empty, "choosing" a vessel of humbler pretensions, but purer aims. Thus the religious formalist has "sat under the word" for many long years, and the hard worldly man has heard many an eloquent sermon: but he is not converted. "The wind bloweth where it listeth," yet it has its own laws of operation. Not a larger power of service was wanted to touch him, had it been rightly used, but a worthier and a humbler willingness to serve. So among the weak things of this world the Divine Spirit chooses his instrument: some earnest word, dropped perhaps from the lips of a dependent, or a child, or a wife, is made to do his work, and the eloquent preacher is left unused, because, in this case, unworthy to be used. For in this region the distinctions which are born of the world, and too often lead down to worldliness, have no existence. The watcher by the sick bed, the teacher in the Sabbath school, the patient minister of divine consolation to the sinner anywhere, is standing on a level with the loftiest preacher of the truth to a crowded city congregation.

Men do not ask of us the highest service we can render them, but very often the lowest; and a true servant of his fellow-men must see to it that he do not give men what they ask, but what they need, so far as he is himself able to comprehend their needs. One of the greatest temptations to which the servants of a lowly faith, when placed in a high position, are exposed, is that of being beguiled into seeing men's wants in their own light, rather than in the light of truth. Christian ministers with large congregations understand this. What their people desire of them—what they think they need—is, that he should spend more time in their homes, be present at their evening parties, be a sharer in all the trivial gossip of their common life. But they do not know the peril both to themselves and to him attendant upon such a course. He may do this if he will, and so, in a sense, become servant of all. But such a service will very soon be robbed of its spiritual character, and if "the blind lead the blind," we know what must follow. Not a few men who once aimed at a ministry of a far higher sort have been thus dragged down into a life of religious worldliness, which has robbed them at last of the very faculty to serve. No: let the servant guard above all things his power of service; and let him see to it that he do not serve men, even though they be Christian men, according to their wishes.

Perhaps we have learned a lesson that there is a "task for the least," better than we have that there is one divine rule for both: perhaps the culture and refinement of some part of Christ's church in this country is tending to dim our perception of the law that binds rich and poor, learned and unlearned together: perhaps we are sometimes tempted to feel that to bear witness to the truth in the assemblies of the great, or to preach His Gospel to a crowded congregation,

is in *itself* a greater thing than to bear the same witness for him, and preach the same Word among the hungry and degraded poor. Let us not split on this rock, if watchfulness and prayer can save us.

It may well be doubted whether the "little ones" do not realise their task better than the so-called great ones mind their service. The "greatest" are in much danger of employing the "least" to do their own work, as wealthy merchants, when impressed, buy substitutes for the war. Our wealthy Christians are busy with cheque-books and patronage, keeping city missionaries busy, and church funds up to the mark; but it is to be feared that they leave to those whom we call the "least" that personal contact with the wants and sorrows of men which the Master claims as his rule of service. I knew a lonely apprentice lad who attended one of our wealthy London congregations: rich men sat before him and rich men behind—but year after year he received not the slightest recognition of his presence. These men were busy with their wine parties and "trifle dishes," but they had no attention to spare for the hard-working, struggling young men whom they might chance to meet when they came to worship the Lord. At last the apprentice lad joined the church. He attended the church-meeting to be received, and stood for a minute or two while he received an affectionate admonition from the pastor. At its close one of the "greatest" opened his pew-door and invited the youth in, bestowed upon him a jujube, and, when the service was over, congratulated him on his accession to the church. After that the wealthy pew never bestowed the smallest recognition on the apprentice lad, and he was left to the old isolation. It may be well conjectured that many who account themselves the greatest are doing little more for the Saviour who died for them, than giving sovereigns and jujubes on special occasions.

All neglect of personal contact with our work must end at last in the paralysis of the will and power to serve. For not only is the power of service the test of spiritual greatness, but the use of such power as we possess is itself the condition of its being enlarged, which is, indeed, the law which regulates all increase of power. Delegated service produces corpulence, which is not strength. Use your talent—use it yourself, or it will rust though it be folded in the white napkin of complacent formalities. But the humblest as well as the largest duties come to us alike with full hands of blessing when will and hand are both consecrated to the Divine service; and every little act of obedience embraces infinite relations, and is revealed within the spirit to be the service of all. Not only is this so in the same sense in which he who ministers to the necessities or soothes the sufferings of one soldier serves the army of which he is a part, but in a higher one. For he who works truly among the tumbled rocks in the river bed, that hold back the tide of spiritual life, makes a broader and a deeper torrent henceforth possible for all men. His own increase of strength is by the action of another law. He plunged into the stream for the help of some sinking brother, and so became the servant of all. But being there he drinks deep himself, and is refreshed and strengthened. For the very possibilities of this greatness cease for us in the moment when we seek it as an end. It is but the garment in which the Master robes us for our task. But if we turn and say (ah, even in the lightest whisper to ourselves!), "Behold me in my best attire; this robe is proper to my manhood," lo! it is torn from off us, and once more we are "naked, and poor, and blind."

It is well—it is blessed that we do not struggle on alone for the full realisation of this "rule of the greatest." We all have helpers near, unseen. What silent hands of help are being laid upon us, stretched out from weary sick-beds, where those we love are wont to pray! They seem to have no place in the affairs of the world or in the work of the church, yet, haply, they are greater

than all, and their service reaches far ; reaches to the vain fool in his pulpit, who is thinking of the eloquence of his sermon ; to the poor man of wealth, who is reading his name upon the subscription list ; to the brave man who is striving to preach truly, and to give with simplicity ; to us all ; for the spirit which thus prays alone is lifted to where the air is clearer.

The law which makes the servant of all the greatest of all, is that which is always tending to annihilate the false distinctions of the world that creep into the church. The culture of the intellect merely, independent of its relation to the spirit, is abolished in the presence of true devotion and obedience. Upon my servants or dependents I bestow my treasures either of wealth or learning, and in the very act I am haunted with a lofty sense of my superiority. But in a moment the evil within me is baulked by the presence of a greater Spirit. My servant is a humbler man than I, and his looks and words flash home conviction to my heart that he is the "greatest." The light of the holy service in which he is living has abolished all my lesser lights. The gulf between us is bridged, and he, at least, can pass to me. So may I also to him, and bear with me my gifts and treasures of earth,—only humbly henceforth, and with a knowledge of our true relationship to each other.

None is so poor that he is never called upon to be a giver, nor any so weak that he may not take upon him the form of a servant. If he have not hands, he will have thoughts ; if he have neither thoughts nor hands, let him take to praying, and serve us with his hopes and prayers. His service shall be perfect according to the strength of his will and the purity of his purpose. We are one body, and none shall dare to say to him, "We have no need of thee." Perhaps he is the greatest in our midst, though his home may be in a garret, and the very tabernacle of his body diseased and loathsome. Perhaps by the lowliness of his service and the loyalty of his faith, he is making atonement for our shallowness and vanity, though we have never seen his face—perhaps so.

But if we saw him (we do see such sometimes when our eyes are opened), could we pierce through the veil of suffering and humiliation in which it is the Master's will for a season to leave him ? Should we recognise his greatness over us ? Should we kneel beside the wasted form, and look into the calm eyes, and say, "Oh, servant ! greater than I am, serving all by the depth of thy faith and the fervour of thy prayer, help me to climb to the level of thy obedience, and deign to call me thy brother, though I have grown unworthy through the deceitfulness of the poor riches of this world" ? In some moments we should do so, thank God !

BOOKS AND BOOK-SHOPS.*

NOTHING marks the increasing wealth of our times and the growth of the public mind toward refinement, more than the demand for books. Within ten years the sale of common books has increased probably two hundred per cent., and it is daily increasing. But the sale of expensive works, and of library-editions of standard authors in costly bindings, is yet more noticeable. Ten years ago such a display of magnificent works as is to be found at the Appletons' would have been a precursor of bankruptcy. There was no demand for them. A few dozen, in one little show-case, was the prudent whole. Now, one whole side of an immense store is not only filled with most admirably-bound library-books, but from some inex-

* The Rev. H. W. Beecher.

haustible source the void continually made in the shelves is at once refilled. A reserve of heroic books supply the places of those that fall. Alas, where is human nature so weak as in a book-store! Speak of the appetite for drink, or of a *bon vivant's* relish for a dinner! What are these mere animal throes and ragings compared with those fantasies of taste, those yearnings of the imagination, those insatiable appetites of intellect, which bewilder a student in a great bookseller's temptation-hall?

How easily one may distinguish a genuine lover of books from the worldly man! With what subdued and yet glowing enthusiasm does he gaze upon the costly front of a thousand embattled volumes! How gently he draws them down, as if they were little children; how tenderly he handles them! He peers at the title-page, at the text, or the notes, with the nicety of a bird examining a flower. He studies the binding: the leather,—Russia, English calf, morocco; the lettering, the gilding, the edging, the hinge of the cover! He opens it, and shuts it; he holds it off, and brings it nigh. It suffuses his whole body with book-magnetism. He walks up and down, in a maze at the mysterious allotments of Providence that give so much money to men who spend it upon their appetites, and so little to men who would spend it in benevolence, or upon their refined tastes! It is astonishing, too, how one's necessities multiply in the presence of the supply. One never knows how many things it is impossible to do without till he goes to Windle's or Smith's house-furnishing stores. One is surprised to perceive, at some bazaar, or fancy and variety store, how many *conveniences* he needs. He is satisfied that his life must have been utterly inconvenient aforesaid. And thus, too, one is inwardly convicted, at Appletons', of having lived for years without books which he is now satisfied that one cannot live without!

Then, too, the subtle process by which the man convinces himself that he can afford to buy. No subtle manager or broker ever saw through a maze of financial embarrassments half so quick as a poor book-buyer sees his way clear to pay for what he *must* have. He promises with himself marvels of retrenchment; he will eat less, or less costly viands, that he may buy more food for the mind. He will take an extra patch, and go on with his raiment another year, and buy books instead of coats. Yes, he will write books, that he may buy books. He will lecture, teach, trade; he will do any honest thing for money to buy books! The appetite is insatiable. Feeding does not satisfy it. It rages by the fuel which is put upon it. As a hungry man eats first, and pays afterwards, so the book-buyer purchases, and then works at the debt afterwards. This paying is rather medicinal. It cures for a time. But a relapse takes place. The same longing, the same promises of self-denial. He promises himself to put spurs on both heels of his industry; and, then, besides all this, he will *somehow* get along when the time for payment comes! Ah, this *SOMEHOW*! That word is as big as a whole world, and is stuffed with all the vagaries and fantasies that Fancy ever bred upon Hope. And yet, is there not some comfort in buying books, *to be paid for*? We have heard of a sot, who wished his neck as long as the worm of a still, that he might so much the longer enjoy the flavour of the draught! Thus, it is a prolonged

excitement of purchase, if you feel for six months in a slight doubt whether the book is honestly your own or not. Had you paid down, that would have been the end of it. There would have been no affectionate and beseeching look of your books at you, every time you saw them, saying, as plain as a book's eyes can say, "Do not let me be taken from you!"

Moreover, buying books before you can pay for them, promotes caution. You do not feel quite at liberty to take them home. You are married. Your wife keeps an account-book. She knows to a penny what you can and what you cannot afford. She has no "speculation" in *her* eyes. Plain figures make desperate work with airy "*somehows*." It is a matter of no small skill and experience to get your books home, and into their proper places, undiscovered. Perhaps the blundering express brings them to the door just at evening. "What is it, my dear?" she says to you. "Oh, nothing;—a few books that I cannot do without." That smile! A true housewife, that loves her husband, can smile a whole arithmetic at him in one look! Of course she insists, in the kindest way, in sympathising with you in your literary acquisition. She cuts the strings of the bundle (and of your heart), and out comes the whole story. You have bought a complete set of costly English books, full bound in calf, extra gilt! You are caught, and feel very much as if bound in calf yourself, and admirably lettered.

Now, this must not happen frequently. The books must be smuggled home. Let them be sent to some near place. Then, when your wife has a headache, or is out making a call, or has lain down, run the books across the frontier and threshold, hastily undo them, stop only for one loving glance as you put them away in the closet, or behind other books on the shelf, or on the topmost shelf. Clear away the twine and wrapping-paper, and every suspicious circumstance. Be very careful not to be too kind. That often brings on detection. Only the other day we heard it said, somewhere, "Why, how good you have been lately! I am really afraid that you have been carrying on mischief secretly." Our heart smote us. It was a fact. That very day we had bought a few books which "we could not do without." After a while, you can bring out one volume, accidentally, and leave it on the table. "Why, my dear, *what* a beautiful book! Where *did* you borrow it?" You glance over the newspaper, with the quietest tone you can command: "*That!* oh, that is *mine*." Have you not seen it before? It has been in the house these two months;" and you rush on with anecdote and incident, and point out the binding, and that peculiar trick of gilding, and everything else you can think of; but it all will not do; you cannot rub out that roguish, arithmetical smile. People may talk about the equality of the sexes! They are not equal. The silent smile of a sensible, loving woman, will vanquish ten men. Of course you repent, and in time form a habit of repenting.

Another method which will be found peculiarly effective is, to make a *present* of some fine work, to your wife. Of course, whether she or you have the name of buying it, it will go into your collection and be yours to all intents and purposes. But, it stops remark in the presentation. A wife could not reprove you for so kindly thinking of her. No matter

what she suspects, she will say nothing. And then if there are three or four more works which have come home with the gift-book,—they will pass through the favour of the other.

These are pleasures denied to wealth and old bachelors. Indeed, one cannot imagine the peculiar pleasure of buying books, if one is rich and stupid. There must be some pleasure, or so many would not do it. But the full flavour, the whole relish of delight, only comes to those who are so poor that they must engineer for every book. They set down before them, and besiege them. They are captured. Each book has a secret history of ways and means. It reminds you of subtle devices by which you insured and made it yours, in spite of poverty!

Poetry.

THE SAINT IN HEAVEN.

“I SHINE in the light of God,
His likeness stamps my brow;
Through the valley of death my feet have trod,
And I reign in glory now.
No breaking heart is here;
No keen and thrilling pain;
No wasted cheek, where the frequent tear
Hath rolled, and left its stain.

“I have found the joy of heaven;
I am one of the angel band;
To my head a crown is given,
And a harp is in my hand.
I have learned the song they sing,
Whom Jesus hath made free;
And the glorious walls on high still ring
With my new-born melody.

“No sin, no grief, no pain;
Safe in my happy home;
My fears all fled—my doubts all slain;
My hour of triumph come.
Friend of my mortal years,
The trusted and the tried!
Thou art walking still in the valley of tears,
But I am at thy side.

“Do I forget? Oh, no!
For memory's golden chain
Shall bind my heart to the heart below
Till they meet and touch again.
Each link is strong and bright,
And love's electric flame
Flows freely down, like a river of light,
To the world from which I came.

“Do you mourn when another star
Shines out from the glittering sky?
Do you weep when the noise of war
And the rage of conflict die?
Then why should your tears roll down,
And your heart with grief be riven,
For another gem in the Saviour's crown,
And another soul in heaven?”

Reviews.

Baptism, Confirmation, and the Lord's Supper; as interpreted by their outward signs. Three Expository Addresses for Parochial use. By the Rev. J. LLEWELLYN DAVIES, M.A., Rector of Christ Church, St. Marylebone. London and Cambridge: Macmillan & Co.

MR. LLEWELLYN DAVIES is, if we are not mistaken, a recognised leader in what is generally known as the Broad-Church party; he is a "master" in that "Israel." His writings on theological subjects may, therefore, be justly regarded as possessing somewhat of a representative character. Thus looked at, this little book has an interest and importance which would not otherwise belong to it, and which will justify us in noticing it at a length somewhat out of proportion to its size. And as our review will consist mainly of an earnest protest against the views here set forth, it will be only fair to begin by stating in few sentences what there is in the book which seems to us worthy of commendation.

We think, then, that Mr. Davies has set an example worthy of imitation by other pastors, of whatever denomination, in thus endeavouring to help his hearers to what he regards as right views of the principal ordinances practised by the community to which they belong. There is so much of unintelligent observance of ordinances in every church, that he does well who seeks to apply a remedy to the evil. We recognise in this writer, too, a Christian man, though one wofully in error on some important points of religious truth; and a clergyman who has the interest of his parishioners at heart, and is sincerely desirous to fulfil his duty towards them as their religious teacher. It would be impossible for such a man, combining, as Mr. Davies does, thoughtfulness with piety and earnestness, to write on such subjects without saying many things worthy of serious attention. Accordingly we find, amidst the many errors of this book, not a few things which the reader who can discriminate between truth and falsehood may "read, mark, learn, and inwardly

digest" with much profit. The book, once more, is in many respects admirably adapted to its purpose. It is brief, practical, and, as far as style goes, clear. We do not think the parishioners of Christ Church, St. Marylebone, will understand it all; but this will not be the fault of their rector's style, but of the essential vagueness of his views. When a man hardly understands himself, he is not likely to make others understand him.

Here, however, our praise must cease, and we must turn to the less welcome duty of pointing out the errors—some of them errors perilous to the souls of men—which this book teaches for truths. Mr. Davies expounds in succession, Baptism, Confirmation, and the Lord's Supper. We follow him in this order, only premising that our space will only allow a hasty glance at some of the principal points in his arguments. Of course on the matter of Baptism, Mr. Davies propounds views in direct opposition to those which we, as a denomination, profess. Thus he contends that all that is essential to valid baptism is the use of water, and the pronouncement over the person baptized of the Triune name. He proves this by a very "short and easy method;" viz., by asserting that "the meaning of the word" to baptize "was, to dip in water, or to pour water upon;" a statement which we simply challenge him to prove, and the bare assertion of which is one of the coolest cases of begging the question which we ever remember to have met with. Well may Mr. Davies add at the conclusion of this section, "Let us assume, then, that there are two essential elements in Christian Baptism,—the water, and the sacred formula." As to Paul's exposition of the significance of baptism, of course that teaches nothing as to the importance of the mode; it is found only in St. Paul's writings; it is only a justifiable figure founded on "the method of baptism which prevailed in St. Paul's time, a complete immersion in a stream or cistern." At least let us thank Mr. Davies for that admission. It will occur to most unprejudiced

persons that apostolic custom with respect to an ordinance of Christ is something very like an authoritative exposition of that ordinance for the church throughout all time. For the rest, we have not space to refute again the hundred-times-exploded fallacy. Only let us remind Mr. Davies that neither Paul, nor those who believe that he knew something about the meaning of baptism, ever affirmed that the use of water in that ordinance was to suggest "a *drowning* and restoring to life again." Paul's words are, "We are *buried* with him by baptism." We agree with Mr. Davies that "the use of water was to suggest cleansing;" it is the *mode*, not the water, which represents burial (not drowning) and resurrection. As to the baptism of infants, Mr. Davies does not quote a single text in support of it, and we may therefore be excused from following him through his exposition of its meaning. "To the law and to the testimony: if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them."

But we are far less concerned, just now, with Mr. Davies's views as to who should be baptized, and how, than with his teaching respecting baptismal regeneration and its cognate subjects. It will surprise no one acquainted with the writings of Broad-Church divines to find a plentiful amount of vagueness in this part of the book. The writer's whole thought and doctrine upon these matters is vitiated by hazy and unscriptural sentiments respecting the Fatherhood of God, and the nature of regeneration. What, for example, are we to understand by words like these,—"*In Baptism the higher life claims the man, embraces him, calls him its own: if he will only believe it, he is regenerate unto God, grafted into Christ's body, made a member of the Divine family*"? Does, then, the fact of regeneration depend on a man's belief that he is regenerate? And, putting aside all vague talk, does Mr. Davies mean to say that a child who has been baptized is, by that fact, more likely to become a Christian, in the spiritual sense of that word, than one who has not? Here is another specimen of this conjuring with words:—

"It is good for all baptized persons to think of themselves as regenerate; as being no more children of sin and self, but children

of God and of heaven. The more they thus regard themselves, the better they are likely to act. And Baptism is the simple, universal warrant for their so regarding themselves. But if we lose sight of these things, and begin by pulling to pieces the term "*regenerate*," and resolve that regeneration shall mean a total change in the *character* of a person—in virtue of which we might say, that whereas he delighted in evil, he now delights in good; whereas he was an enemy to God, he now loves and serves God—we find ourselves in great difficulties. We are compelled to inquire what change does actually take place in the heart at the moment of Baptism, and to what force any such change is to be attributed. We are confronted by the fact that, whilst the Church speaks of Baptism as a regeneration, or begetting to a higher life, many of those who are baptized are no better than if they were heathens. I do not think we can shew or maintain that a change of heart and character, such as would come up to the idea of a *new birth*, takes place regularly in baptism. I do not think that the use of the word '*Regeneration*' in our Service implies that it does."

These, if they mean what they seem to mean, are awful words, words calculated, though not intended, to lure the souls of men to destruction. "Good for all baptized persons to think of themselves as regenerate,"—no matter, of course, what their character and conduct may be! The conviction that I am regenerate is not to rest upon the fruits of the Spirit which I humbly believe I discern within me, but upon a rite performed on me in my babyhood by priestly hands; and is to be cherished with a view to reformation of life. And whatever Mr. Davies means by the closing sentences of the passage we have quoted, plain folk will take him to mean that the Scripture doctrine of regeneration is to be pared down and frittered away,—nay, that the solemn words in which Christ himself set forth that doctrine are to be regarded as a wild exaggeration, lest the dutiful sons of the Church of England should, in the face of facts, be unable to maintain the truth of the formularies they are sworn to believe, and pledged to use. We suppose, too, Mr. Davies is sincere in the exposition he gives of the words of the baptismal service; but we are sure that his position must have strangely clouded his perceptions and warped his conscience before he could believe in that exposition; and, alas! are yet more sure that men will still take those words in the

plain, natural sense in which they were first intended, and will, as a consequence, go on believing a lie to the slaying of their souls. God in his mercy save our countrymen from pestilent heresies like these; and give grace and courage to Nonconformists to cry aloud and spare not against the corrupt system of secularized religion which perpetuates and gives power to such heresies in our land!

The importance of the matters on which we have been dwelling must be our excuse for lingering so long over them as to leave ourselves no space to examine the remaining portion of the book. Of these it will suffice to say, first, as to Confirmation, that since we hold the entire ceremony to be utterly antisciptural, it is little to us what lessons an ingenious advocate may draw from it. Confession and extreme unction could, we have no doubt, be made, by a clever Romanist, to yield much edifying instruction. As to the Lord's Supper, many of Mr. Davies's notions are very erroneous, many of his representations of differing views and practices very ignorant or unfair, but there is more good to be got from that part of the book than from any other.

We trust this little book will do less harm than we fear it will; and earnestly pray for its author, that he may learn to interpret the truths of the Gospel and the ordinances of Christ by the infallible Word of God, rather than by the Romanised ritual of the church to which he belongs.

The Gospel in Ezekiel; a Series of Discourses. By THOMAS GUTHRIE, D.D. Fortieth Thousand. Edinburgh: A. & C. Black.

It is late in the day, certainly, to review a work of Dr. Guthrie's, the date of whose dedication proves it to have been published more than eight years, and whose title-page shews that it has already reached its fortieth thousand. Very many of those who read this notice will have previously read the book to which it refers, and thus know already, what we state for the sake of the few who have not read it, that it consists of a series of sermons on the latter part of the thirty-sixth chapter of Ezekiel's prophecy. And very remarkable sermons they are, too. They

display all the author's well-known characteristics, both of thought and style; his defects as well as his excellences. There is little originality of thought in them, and an utter lack of freshness and felicity in their construction. The "divisions" of the discourses are often just such as you would expect to hear from a local preacher. None the worse for that, perhaps, in respect of likelihood for usefulness, as their theology is assuredly none the worse for being of the true old-fashioned Puritan stamp. It is, perhaps, the highest evidence of genius to discover and proclaim new truths. Where this, as in dealing with revelation, is impossible, it is a worthy and useful work to present the old truths in new forms of speech, and under new aspects and relations; and so to give to them something of the charm of novelty, and win an entrance for them into some minds which would refuse to listen to them when stated in the old way. But we know not whether, after all, the most valuable service to truth,—aye, and the most convincing proof of power too,—is not afforded by the preacher who puts the old truths in the old words, and yet so illustrates and enforces them as that none can help listening, and none can listen without delight. This is just what Dr. Guthrie does here. Let any one write out the "heads" of any of these sermons, and he will find them simple to very baldness in statement, and in artificial in arrangement, even to clumsiness. And yet the preacher's genius transfigures these "dry bones" into forms of beauty and power, and his warm heart makes them glow with life, and sympathy, and love. This effect is wrought by the magic of a fancy surely the most fertile and reproductive that orator ever possessed! For exuberant wealth of illustration we should find it hard to match this book in the whole range of pulpit literature. Every object in nature, every occurrence in history or life, all that he sees, hears, or reads, the preacher seems to remember, and to be able to use appositely and impressively for the illustration of the truth he desires to enforce. And then he has to a very great degree the gift of vivid expression; possesses a rare command of "words that burn." It were easy to be critical on the subject of these illustrations; to complain

that their affluence becomes redundancy; that the pudding is all plums; that the building has too much glass and too little solid masonry; is turned, in fact, into a regular Crystal Palace by the multitude and closeness of its windows. It is unquestionably true, also, that Dr. Guthrie is sometimes mastered by his own fondness and faculty for illustration; that he pursues a comparison often for its own sake, and so carries it to a length utterly out of proportion to the importance of the truth it is designed to impress. But we don't envy the man who can keep his judgment quite cool and free while under the fascination of a book like this. And we can easily imagine that the critic must have found himself more hopelessly disabled still, who heard these sermons as they were rung out in the thrilling tones, and lit up by the kindling eye and dramatic gesture, of the living preacher. The discourses are really powerful when read,—they must have been half omnipotent when heard.

We have spoken of the living power which is given to these sermons by the warm, earnest heart of the preacher. We recur to the thought, lest, from what we have said, it should be supposed that the book has no more solid qualities than a fertile fancy supplies. This would be an utter mistake. Dr. Guthrie is a man who, having a large heart of his own, can understand the heart of his fellow-men. There is no "work of faith or labour of love" into which he is not prepared heartily to enter. Accordingly, his book is full of genial sympathy, intense earnestness, and true knowledge of human nature. The preacher is thoroughly convinced of the truth, and possessed by the importance, of the Gospel he proclaims. He fully and fearlessly declares man's sinfulness and need, and clearly expounds God's method of salvation. He pleads with men to be reconciled to God, with the tenderness of a brother in nature and in need, but with the authority of an "ambassador for Christ." We wish for these sermons a still more extended sale than they have yet achieved, assured that they are such as God may be expected to bless largely, both to the instruction of saints and the conversion of sinners.

The Christ of the Gospels and the Romance of M. Renan. Three Essays by the Rev. Dr. SCHAFF and M. NAPOLEON ROUSSEL. London: Religious Tract Society.

THAT M. Renan's brilliant but insidious and dangerous book will produce the same effect in England as on the continent, we do not believe. It is too *French*, both in thought and style, to impress very deeply the solid, matter-of-fact intellect of Englishmen. As a literary curiosity, however, it will be widely read. Very many persons will be wishful to see the marvellous literary feat which transforms Jesus of Nazareth into a *petit-maitre*, which turns Galilee into an Arcadia where the disciples play the part of Phillis and Damon, Chloe and Fidelio, and which constructs out of the Gospels a romance after the most approved French fashion. We may smile at such fantasies as these; but the book is a bad and dangerous book nevertheless. We therefore express our thanks to the Religious Tract Society for this admirable and well-timed publication. It consists, first, of a brief preface, which admirably points out the character of the book and exposes some of its weaknesses and inconsistencies. To this follows a very able essay by Dr. Schaff on the personal character of Jesus, which delineates the moral beauty of that life, so perfectly human, yet so manifestly divine; and urges the argument that a character so spotless and perfect, yet so simple and natural, could not be the product of imposture or the dream of fanaticism. This treatise possesses a permanent interest and value of its own, quite irrespective of the controversy in connection with which it appears. The two essays by M. Napoleon Roussel are fine specimens of the keen sparkling pamphleteering of which the French are such masters. Take, for instance, the mode in which Roussel deals with Renan's admission that it is necessary for the texts "to be gently enticed so as to bring them together" and make them mean what he wants. To this Roussel replies:—

"By this method we undertake to make *oui* (*yes*) mean *non* (*no*). Do our readers doubt it? Listen. First of all, it is a simple fact that *oui* and *non* are nearly related: *oui* is a monosyllable, *non* is a monosyllable;

oui has three letters, *non* has also three letters; *oui* contains an *o*, *non* also contains an *o*. Do not be surprised that *oui* should have an *u*, and *non* an *n*. Do you not see that *u* is only *n* upside down? If there are two *n*'s in *non* (*no*), it is simply the same letter doubled; and if there is an *i* in *oui* (*yes*), the Greeks will tell you that it must be an *iota* subscribed. You see, then, that by "gently enticing" it, *no* (*non*) means *yes* (*oui*)."

The translation is clear and idiomatic, showing a mastery of both languages. The volume, as a whole, furnishes a very valuable antidote to the poison of the "Romance of M. Renan," as the work of the French academician is well styled.

Christian Cabinet.

OUR FRIENDS IN HEAVEN.

SUMMER is coming to us once more, with its flowers, and its grass, and its waving trees; and naturally in our gladness our hearts turn to our friends, scattered, driven hither and thither over life's prairie. How few can we draw to our side, how few surround us in our walks, and gather in our home circle!

Yet we think of them in their dispersions, and we send them letter or token, and receive from them from afar greeting and token in reply.

But we have friends to whom we can send no word, no token; from whom no word or token shall ever come again to us, till the heavens be no more, and sun, moon, and stars, and rolling seasons, shall be only the memoirs of a dream. We are certain that we still have these friends. We call them ours; and though the places that once knew them now know them no more, though their name is effaced from the roll of living names, yet we call them still our own. Amid our summer wreaths and joyous garlands, let there be one to *Our Friends in Heaven*.

Are we not richer for their being there? Are we not made nearer to heaven by thinking of them there? They have known us so intimately; they have known our history, our individualities, our soul-wants, our aspirations, our trials. We have wandered with them hand in hand through the tangled wood of life. We have lost our way together. We have hungered and thirsted together, and looked out with weary and perplexed star-gazing, now trying this path and now that; and we have rejoiced together when our way has been made plain before us.

We have seen them wrestle and strive with life, as we still must. We have seen their heart fail, and their hand fall slack, as ours full off may do. We have seen them bear the wrench and strain, the cruel agony which life forces inexorably on all, in one or other of its passes; and, last of all, we have seen them at the river of death. We have seen the heaven opening, and the angels descending, and they have been borne from our sight, and as they rose they were transfigured and became as the sons of God.

It is strange what a change is wrought in one hour by death! The moment our friend is gone from us for ever, what sacredness invests him! Everything he ever said or did seems to return to us clothed in new significance. A thousand yearnings rise of things we would fain say to him,—of questions unanswered, and now unanswerable. All he wore or touched, or looked upon familiarly, become sacred as relics. Yesterday these were homely articles, to be tossed to and fro, handled lightly, given away thoughtlessly,—to-day we touch them softly, our tears drop on them; death has laid his hand on them, and they have become holy in our eyes. Those are sad hours when one has passed from our doors never to return, and we go back to set the place in order. There the room, so familiar, the homely belongings of their daily life, each one seems to say to us in its turn, "Neither shall their place know them any more." Clear the shelf now of vials, and cups, and prescriptions; open the windows; step no more carefully; there is no one now to be cared for,—no one to be nursed,—no one to be awakened.

Ah, why does this bring a secret pang with it when we know that they are where none shall any more say, "I am sick!" Could only one flutter of their immortal garments be visible in such moments,—could their face, glorious with the light of heaven, once smile on the deserted room, it might be better. One needs to lose friends to understand one's self truly. The death of a friend teaches things within that we never knew before. We may have expected it, prepared for it, it may have been hourly expected for weeks; yet when it comes it falls on us suddenly, and reveals in us emotions we could not dream. The opening of those heavenly gates for them startles and flutters our souls with strange mysterious thrills, unfelt before. The glimpse of glories, the sweep of voices, all startle and dazzle us, and the soul for many a day aches and longs with untold longings.

We divide among ourselves the possessions of our lost ones. Each well-known thing comes to us with an almost supernatural power. The book we once read with them, the old Bible, the familiar hymn; then perhaps little pet articles of fancy, made dear to them by some peculiar taste, the picture, the vase,—how costly are they now in our eyes!

We value them not for their beauty or worth, but for the frequency with which we have seen them touched or used by them; and our eye runs over the collection, and perhaps lights most lovingly on the homeliest thing which may have been oftenest touched or worn by them.

It is a touching ceremony to divide among a circle of friends the memorials of the lost. Each one comes inscribed—"no more;" and yet each one, too, is a pledge of re-union. But there are invisible relics of our lost ones more precious than the book, the picture, or the vase. Let us treasure them in our hearts. Let us bind to our hearts the patience, which they will never need again; the fortitude in suffering, which belonged only to this suffering state. Let us take from their dying hand that submission under affliction which they shall need no more in a world where affliction is unknown. Let us collect in our thoughts all those cheerful and hopeful sayings which they threw out

from time to time as they walked with us, and string them as a rosary to be daily counted over. Let us test our own daily life by what must be their now perfected estimate; and as they once walked with us on earth, let us walk with them in heaven.

We may learn at the grave of our lost ones how to live with the living. It is a fearful thing to live so carelessly as we often do with those dearest to us, who may at any moment be gone for ever. The life we are living, the words we are now saying, will all be lived over in memory over some future grave. One remarks that the death of a child often makes parents tender and indulgent. Ah, it is a lesson learned of bitter sorrow! If we would know how to measure our words to living friends, let us see how we feel towards the dead. If we have been neglectful, if we have spoken hasty and unkind words, on which death has put his inevitable seal, what an anguish is that! But our living friends may, ere we know, pass from us; we may be to-day talking with those whose names to-morrow are to be written among the dead; the familiar household objects of to-day may become sacred relics to-morrow. Let us walk softly; let us forbear and love; none ever repented of too much love to a departed friend; none ever regretted too much tenderness and indulgence; but many a tear has been shed for too much harshness and severity. Let our friends in heaven then teach us how to treat our friends on earth. Thus, by no vain fruitless sorrow, but by a deeper self-knowledge, a tenderer and more sacred estimate of life, may our heavenly friends prove to us really ministering spirits.

The triumphant apostle says to the Christian, "All things are yours,—Life and Death." Let us not lose either. Let us make *Life* our own, by a more earnest, constant, enduring preparation for Death. Let us make *Death* our own, by a richer, deeper, and more solemn earnestness of Life. So those souls which have gone from our ark, and seemed lost over the gloomy ocean of the unknown, shall return to us, bearing the olive leaves of Paradise!—*Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe.*

"JERUSALEM! MY HAPPY HOME."

Who is there that has not been moved and comforted by reading or singing this beautiful hymn? It is not generally known, however, that it is one of the oldest hymns in the possession of the church. It was discovered in a volume of manuscript poems in the British Museum, as old as the reign of James the First. It is probable, however, that the hymn itself is of much earlier origin. A recent writer even professes to trace it back to St. Augustine. We are sure our readers will thank us for giving it in one of its oldest known forms:—

Jerusalem! my happy home!

When shall I come to thee;
When shall my sorrows have an end;
Thy joys when shall I see?

Oh, happy harbour of the saints!
Oh, sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrow may be found,
No grief, no care, no toil.

In thee no sickness may be seen,
No hurt, no ache, no sore;
There is no death, no ugly deil:
There's life for evermore.

No dampish mist is seen in thee,
No cold nor darksome night;
There every soul shines as the sun,
There God himself gives light.

There lust and lucre cannot dwell,
There envy bears no sway,
There is no hunger, heat, nor cold,
But pleasure every way.

Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
God grant I once may see
Thy endless joys, and of the same,
Partaker aye to be!

Thy walls are made of precious stones,
Thy bulwarks diamonds square,
Thy gates are of right orient pearl,
Exceeding rich and rare.

Thy turrets and thy pinnacles
With carbuncles do shine,
Thy very streets are paved with gold,
Surpassing clear and fine.

Thy houses are of ivory,
Thy windows crystal clear,
Thy tiles are made of beaten gold;—
O God, that I were there!

Within thy gates no thing doth come
That is not passing clean—

No spider's web, no dirt, no dust,
No filth may there be seen.

Ah, my sweet home, Jerusalem!
Would God I were in thee,
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see!

Thy saints are crowned with glory great,
They see God face to face,
They triumph still, they still rejoice:
Most happy is their case.

We that are here in banishment
Continually do moan;
We sigh and sob, we weep and wail,
Perpetually we groan.

Our sweet is mixed with bitter gall,
Our pleasure is but pain,
Our joys scarce last the looking on,
Our sorrows still remain.

But there they live in such delight,
Such pleasure and such play,
As that to them a thousand years
Doth seem as yesterday.

Thy vineyards and thy orchards are
Most beautiful and fair,
Full furnished with trees and fruits,
Most wonderful and rare.

Thy gardens and thy gallant walks
Continually are green;
There grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
As nowhere else are seen.

There's nectar and ambrosia made,
There's musk and civet sweet,
There many a fair and dainty drug
Are trodden under feet.

There cinnamon, there sugar grows,
There nard and balm abound:
What tongue can tell, or heart conceive
The joys that there are found?

Quite through the streets, with silver
The flood of life doth flow, [sound,
Upon whose banks, on every side,
The wood of life doth grow.

There trees for evermore bear fruit,
And evermore do spring;
There evermore the angels sit
And evermore do sing.

There David stands with harp in hand,
As master of the choir:
Ten thousand times that man were blest
That might this music hear.

Jerusalem! my happy home!
Would God I were in thee,
Would God my woes were at an end,
Th' joys that I might see!

Christian Activity.

THE BAPTISTS IN GERMANY.

GERMANY will always be regarded by Protestants with deep interest, as the land of the Reformation. That Reformation was an event of unparalleled importance. Popery had been for ages shedding its blighting influences on the nations of Europe. Almost all intellectual and spiritual life was extinct. The priests had locked the chest of knowledge, and pocketed the key. Monarchs and mean men were alike held in superstitious bondage. The grossest abuses were perpetrated in the name of religion. The contrast between the church of the first and the church of the sixteenth century, was as wide as noon and midnight. It was time for God to arise and plead his own cause. This he did through the instrumentality of Martin Luther. "I will call this Luther a true Great Man; great in intellect, in courage, affection, and integrity; one of our most lovable and precious men. Great, not as a hewn obelisk, but as an Alpine mountain,—so simple, honest, spontaneous, not setting up to be great at all; there for quite another purpose than being great! Ah, yes, unsubduable granite, piercing far and wide into the heavens; yet in the clefts of it fountains, green beautiful valleys with flowers! A right Spiritual Hero and Prophet; once more, a true Son of Nature and Fact, for whom these centuries, and many that are to come yet, will be thankful to Heaven."* This Saxon monk broke the death-like sleep of ages. He made princes and prelates tremble. He shook the huge structure of Popery to its foundations. His writings and influence have since his death emancipated millions from priestly thralldom, and bestowed on them the liberty of the sons of God.

Luther did a noble work, so far as he wrought; but he died without perfecting what he had so bravely begun. The Reformation, great and glorious as it was, did not go far enough. Its defects were many, and some of them very great; and the results of these short-

comings have been disastrous beyond all calculation. The unholy alliance between the church and the civil power remained unbroken; and all the evils springing from that alliance appear to this day. The authority of the Bible was not sufficiently taught and enforced. This book, which we regard as the only unerring guide in all matters of religious faith and practice, has never occupied its proper place in Germany. Luther's Catechism and the Augsburg Confession of Faith have been the creed to which every orthodox German must subscribe, and from which none can dissent without exposing himself to the charge of heresy and schism, and the risk of persecution. The Catechism teaches the doctrines of baptismal regeneration and consubstantiation, the duty of confession, and the power of the clergy, as Christ's representatives on earth, to forgive sins; the second commandment is also obliterated from the decalogue, and the fourth given as corrupted in the Church of Rome.

The successors of the Reformers neglected to study the Word of God for themselves. The writings of fallible men, writings which, though they contained much evangelical truth, were more or less impregnated with error, gradually assumed the place of "the lively oracles." Soon the great doctrines of man's utter depravity and salvation by faith in the Son of God became obscured. At length man's reason called in question God's truth; and at the close of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth centuries, the whole of Germany was sunk in the deepest Rationalism. Scarcely a voice was heard giving a faithful testimony to the ruin of man, the divinity of Christ, the efficacy of his blood and righteousness, the personality of the Holy Spirit, and everlasting punishment. Darkness covered the land, and gross darkness the people. Another Reformation was needed, and in due time begun. Upon the Baptists God placed the honour of originating it; and through them he has been graciously pleased to carry it forward with ever-widening success.

* Carlyle.

Johann Gerhard Oncken, the leader of this second Reformation, was born at Varel, a pleasant little country town in the Grand Duchy of Oldenburg, in the year 1800. He was sprinkled in his infancy, according to the teaching of the Lutheran Church; and afterwards his religious education was confided to the care of two pastors, both of whom were not only utterly irreligious, but immoral men, and habitual drunkards. He received from them the usual preparatory instruction; and was then confirmed and admitted as a communicant at the Lord's table. As a specimen of the kind of instruction he and his fellow-catechumens received, preparatory to entrance on the responsibilities of the Christian life, it may suffice to state, that one of the pastors took considerable pains to explain to them the difference between a lie and an untruth, and to show that the latter might be justified. It is not to be wondered at that he grew up ignorant of himself, of God, and of the way of salvation.

While he was yet a lad many of his companions were compelled to join the French troops, to find too soon a terrible end on the icy plains of Russia, or in the waters of the Beresina. He was, however, too young to be taken into military service. God had destined him for a nobler warfare, and was about to prepare him to enter on his long campaign.

With a view of acquiring some knowledge of business and fitting himself for commercial life, he came over to this country; staying for a short time in Scotland, and afterwards living in London. It was during his residence in the metropolis that God revealed to him his mercy. He sat for a time under the striking ministry of the Rev. Alexander Waugh; and was convinced by the solemn truths he heard of the importance of personal religion. After that he was led to worship with the congregation under the pastoral care of the Rev. B. Jeula, of Greenwich. The instructive and affectionate character of Mr. Jeula's preaching led him, under God, to the exercise of faith in Christ, and the enjoyment of peace.

It was now his most ardent desire that God, in his great mercy, would open a way for him to return to his

native land, that he might preach to his beloved but benighted countrymen the unsearchable riches of Christ. In 1823 his prayers were answered, and he was sent out by the Continental Society in London, as a missionary to Hamburg.

The first meeting was held in his own room. Ten persons attended. These came out of curiosity to hear what they called "the new English religion." The missionary read the fifty-fifth chapter of Isaiah, and spoke from the first verse. He described the blessings of the Gospel, and the freeness with which they were offered. Small as the company was, he stood in its midst in weakness, and in fear, and in much trembling. His speech and his preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power. One of his ten hearers received the things that were spoken, and was converted to God. The first breach was made in the fortifications of darkness.

The number of Mr. Oncken's hearers rapidly increased; and one after another was pricked to the heart, and led to ask the great question—"What must I do to be saved?" No sooner, however, did it become known in Hamburg that "conventicle meetings" were being held, than the fact was told to the clergy; and they immediately called in the aid of the civil authorities to suppress them. Then commenced a system of espionage, annoyance, and persecution,—of threats, fines, confiscations, imprisonment, and banishment,—which lasted for twenty years. All the opposition of the adversary was, nevertheless, unavailing. The work was of God, and could not be destroyed. In a short time no fewer than forty places were offered in Hamburg for the preaching of the Gospel; and by availing himself of these, and constantly changing the place of meeting, Mr. Oncken frequently succeeded in avoiding his persecutors.

There were two English brethren who co-operated with the young missionary at this time, and greatly encouraged him in his work. One was the late Capt. William Henry Angas, who frequently visited Hamburg, and took a deep interest in the religious welfare of sailors; the other was the Rev. Thomas W. Mathews, who at the period of which we are writing was

pastor of the English Congregational church in Hamburg, but who has for the last quarter of a century been pastor of the General Baptist church at Boston, in Lincolnshire. The counsel and sympathy of these brethren proved of great value.

Hitherto Mr. Oncken had continued unenlightened on the subject of Christian baptism; and that kindred subject, the spirituality of the church of Christ. In the year 1829, he was convinced, from a careful and prayerful perusal of the Scriptures (for he was entirely ignorant of the sentiments of the Baptists), that the ordinance of baptism was the immersion of believers on a profession of their faith, and that a Christian church was a society of Christians united in the name of their Lord. His views of Divine truth having undergone this material change, he relinquished his connection with the Continental Society, and became an agent of the Edinburgh Bible Society. Being now at liberty to carry out his own convictions, he and a few of his converts who had received the same light, only waited for some one who, having himself followed the Lord in his ordinances, was qualified to baptize them, and form them into a church. They applied to this country and to America; yet, strange to say, they had to wait five years before their request was granted. During these years they had ample time to count the cost of the step they were about to take; a step so unheard of in Germany, and so dangerous, that they expected to be destroyed as soon as the fact of their baptism became known.

At length Dr. Barnas Sears, of America, visited Hamburg, and on the night of April the 22nd, 1834, baptized Mr. Oncken and six others in a concealed part of the river Elbe. A few months ago we stood by the sacred spot, and as we contrasted the handful of believers who that night obeyed their Lord, with the twelve thousand Baptists in Germany at the present time; the six thousand in Sweden; the thousands who have died in the faith and are at rest, or have emigrated to distant countries—all of whom have sprung from this small beginning, we could not help exclaiming—"What hath God wrought!" At the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of

the Hamburg Baptist Church, Mr. Oncken spoke of the memorable event in the following terms:—"In the evening of April 21, 1834, the examination of the candidates took place, and on the following evening, between eight and nine o'clock, we proceeded out of the city gates. A friend conveyed us in his boat to the opposite side of the Elbe, where our Saviour's gracious ordinance was administered to us. I find the following notice of this event in my journal:—"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name! After years of longing and waiting to fulfil the command of Christ in baptism, I enjoyed this privilege last night, between eight and nine o'clock; the ordinance being administered by Professor Sears, of Hamilton College, North America. The following dear brethren and sisters were baptized with me:—My beloved wife, Sarah Oncken, Henrietta Lange, Diedrich Lange, Heinrich Krüger, Ernst Buchendahl, and Johannes Gusdorff. The weather was lovely, and our gracious Lord favourably disposed all that had reference to the ordinance. With a glad heart I descended into the waters, and with lips full of praise I returned to the shore."

The day after their baptism, these seven believers were formed into a Christian church, and Mr. Oncken was appointed their elder, or pastor. From that day to this the Baptist Church in Hamburg has enjoyed the peculiar care and blessing of God. Just at the date of its formation, the only man in the Senate who feared God was put at the head of the police; and, although he did not agree with the brethren as Baptists, yet he favoured them as Christians. During his term of office, they were not subjected to any very severe measures; and when after three or four years he was succeeded by another, under whom the persecution began with great severity, they had increased both in numbers and in grace, so that they were able to meet their trials. The pastor had previously purchased his citizenship, and, therefore, could not be banished; but he was immediately thrown into prison. The meetings of the church were broken up, heavy fines were imposed, property was confiscated; but the brethren were enabled to stand firm,

and many, seeing their faith and love and holy boldness, were led to cast in their lot with them. They could no longer assemble in one place; but met in twelve little companies, at each other's houses, and generally succeeded in eluding the vigilance of the *gens d'armes*. When Mr. Oncken's term of imprisonment had expired, the church again met at his private house; and worshipped God, with locked doors. Their baptisms all took place under cover of the night, and were conducted with all the secrecy possible. In the year 1842, they ventured to hire a large old warehouse, in an obscure part of the city, for their meetings. It belonged to the Jews, from whom they had nothing to fear. Just at this time the great fire broke out, by which one-third of Hamburg was destroyed. Thousands of the miserable inhabitants were left houseless and helpless. The brethren instantly offered the Government the use of their warehouse for the reception of the sufferers, and the offer was thankfully accepted. For six months eighty persons were sheltered in this place, and one of the deacons was appointed by the church to minister to their comfort. During these six months, the meetings of the church were regularly held without opposition on one floor of the building. Mr. Oncken and his friends afterwards received the thanks of the Senate; and from that period persecution in Hamburg virtually ceased. Thus God appeared on behalf of his chosen.

In 1847, the Hamburg church purchased four old houses in Böhmken Strasse, and a new warehouse, lying in a large garden at the back. The warehouse was fitted up as a place of worship; and the first services were held in it on Lord's day, July 11. In this neat chapel the brethren have worshipped ever since; and have enjoyed numerous tokens of the Divine blessing.

The year 1848, with its memorable uprisings for freedom, will not soon be forgotten. Hopes were inspired in the hearts of Mr. Oncken and his friends, that full religious liberty might now be granted them. But these hopes were soon blighted. The peaceable conduct of the brethren, however, during the revolutionary period, was noticed by the secular authorities with approbation; and one of the Hamburg

senators, who twenty years before had said to Mr. Oncken, "While I can move my little finger, it shall be lifted up to crush you," now said, "Mr. Oncken, your conduct, and that of all your members, during the revolution, has been so noble, we *must* acknowledge you, and, henceforth, anything I can do to serve you I shall be happy to do."

After long and patient waiting, brighter days dawned on them at last. On the 21st May, 1858, the Senate granted them a concession which legalized their marriages and registrations, empowered them as a corporation to hold landed property, and invested them with other rights and privileges. The first to struggle with political and priestly oppression in their fatherland, the Lord also graciously caused them to be the first to be acknowledged by a German state. Indeed, even now, the Hamburg church is the only one that enjoys full liberty in Germany.

The spiritual prosperity of this church has been great. At the twenty-fifth anniversary, to which reference has been already made, the pastor said: "God has been with us in love. He has preserved us in faith, amid the corruptions, the godlessness of this wicked city. Amid an atmosphere as impure as possible, he has kept our souls untainted; he has not permitted the whirlwind of sin around us to extinguish the vital spark within us." "No external hindrances ever yet harmed our cause; our gracious Master's love turned every apparent evil into a blessing, so that we were fruitful and multiplied." During the thirty years of the church's existence, about thirteen hundred persons have been received into its fellowship. Many of these are dead; many have removed to other parts of the country, or emigrated to America, Australia, and elsewhere; some have gone back to the world; but about seven hundred are still walking in the fellowship of the church, and adorning their profession. The church is emphatically a working church; all the members endeavour to do something for Christ. It is also a praying, holy, loving church. It is worth a voyage across the North Sea to behold how these brethren dwell together. May God long spare their devoted and honoured pastor! Judged by the Divine rule, he is, without

doubt, the greatest man in Germany at this day. May Heaven's choicest blessings continually descend on his head! And may he be spared to see the truth, of which he is the apostle to his fatherland, entering into every district of Continental Europe!

For the present we must lay aside our pen. In our next number we shall sketch the general progress of Baptist sentiments throughout Germany, and introduce to the reader other beloved and worthy names.

Words of Wisdom for Christian People.

"I DID NOT THINK OF THAT."

ONE day, as Mr. Lawson, a merchant tailor, stood in his counting-house, a poorly-dressed woman entered his shop, and approaching him, asked, with some embarrassment and timidity, if he had any work to give out.

"What can you do?" asked the tailor, looking rather coldly upon his visitor.

"I can make pantaloons and vests," replied the girl.

"Have you ever worked for a merchant tailor?"

"Yes, sir, I have worked for Mr. Wright."

"Has he nothing for you to do?"

"No, not just now. He has regular hands who always get the preference."

"Did your work suit him?"

"He never found fault with it."

"Where do you live?"

"In Cherry Street, at No. —."

Mr. Lawson stood and mused for a short time. "I have a vest here," he at length said, taking a small bundle from the shelf, "which I want by to-morrow evening at the latest. If you think you can do it very neatly, and have it done in time, you may take it."

"It shall be done in time," said the young woman, reaching out eagerly for the bundle.

"And remember, I shall expect it made well. If I like your work I will give you more."

"I will try to please you," returned the young girl.

The girl turned and went quickly away. In a back room, in the third story of an old house in Cherry Street, was the home of the poor sewing-girl. As she entered, she said in a cheerful voice to her sick sister, "Mary, I have got work; it is a vest, and I must have it done by to-morrow evening."

"Can you finish it in time?" inquired the invalid, in a feeble voice.

"Oh, yes, easily."

It proved to be a white Marseilles. As soon as the invalid sister saw this, she said, "I am afraid you will not be able to get it done in time, Ellen. You are not very quick with the needle, and besides, you are far from being well."

"Don't fear, Mary, dear; I will do all I engaged to do."

It was after dark the next night when Ellen finished the garment. She was weary and faint, having taken no food since morning. The want of everything, and particularly for herself and sister, made three shillings, the sum which she expected to receive for making the garment, a treasure in her imagination. She hurried off with the vest the moment it was finished, saying to her sister, "I will be back as soon as possible, and bring you some cordial and something for our supper and breakfast."

"Here it is half-past eight o'clock, and the vest is not yet in," said Mr. Lawson, in a fretful tone. "I had my doubts about the girl when I gave it to her. But she looked so poor, and seemed so earnest about the work, that I was weak enough to entrust her with the garment." At this moment Ellen came in, and laid the vest on the counter, where Mr. Lawson was standing. She said nothing, neither did he. Taking the vest, he unfolded it in a manner which plainly showed him not to be in a very placid frame of mind.

"Goodness!" he ejaculated, turning over the garment, and looking at the girl. She shrank back from the counter and looked frightened.

"Well, this is a pretty job for one to bring in," said the tailor in an

excited tone of voice; "a pretty job, indeed!" at the same time tossing the vest away from him in angry contempt, and walking off to another part of the store.

Ellen remained at the counter. At length he said to her, "You need not stand there, Miss, thinking I am going to pay you for ruining a job. It is bad enough to lose my material and customer. In justice you should pay me for the vest; but there is no hope for that; so take yourself off, and never let me set eyes on you again."

Ellen made no reply, she turned round, raised her hand to her forehead, and, bursting into tears, walked slowly away.

After Ellen had gone, Mr. Lawson returned to the front part of the shop, and taking up the vest brought it back to where an elderly man was sitting, and holding it toward him, said, by way of apology for the part he had taken in the little scene, "That is a beautiful article for a gentleman to wear, isn't it?" The man made no reply; and the tailor, after a pause, added, "I refused to pay her as a matter of principle. She knew she could not make the garment when she took it away. She will be more careful how she tries to impose herself upon tailors as a good vest maker."

"Perhaps," said the elderly gentleman in a mild way, "necessity drove her to undertake a job that required greater skill than she possessed. She certainly looked very poor."

"It was because she appeared so poor and miserable that I was weak enough to place the vest in her hands," replied Mr. Lawson in a less severe tone of voice. "But it was an imposition for her to ask for work she did not know how to make."

"Mr. Lawson," said the old gentleman, who was known as a pious and good man, "we should not blame with too much severity the person who in extreme want undertakes to perform a piece of work for which she lacks the skill. The fact that a young girl, like the one who was just here, is willing, in her extreme poverty, to labour instead of sinking into vice and idleness, shows her to possess true virtue and integrity of character, and that we should be willing to encourage, even at some sacrifice. Work is slack now, as

you are aware, and there is but little doubt that she had been to many places seeking employment before she came to you. It may be that she and others are dependent upon the receipt of the money that was expected to be paid for the making of the vest you hold in your hand. The expression, as she turned away, her lingering steps, her drooping form, and her whole demeanour, had in them a language which told me of all this, and even more."

A change came over the tailor's countenance. "I didn't think of that," fell in a low tone from his lips.

"I did not think you did, brother Lawson," said his monitor; "we are all more apt to think of ourselves than of others. The girl promised the vest this evening, and so far as that was concerned she performed her contract. Is the vest made very badly?"

Mr. Lawson took up the garment and examined it more closely. "Well, I can't say that it is badly done. But it is dreadfully soiled and rumpled; and it is not as neat a job as it should be, nor at all such as I wished it."

"All this is very annoying, of course; but still, we should be willing to make some excuse for the short-coming of others. The poor girl may have a sick mother or sister to attend to, which constantly interrupted her, and, under such circumstances, you could hardly wonder if the garment should come somewhat soiled from under her hands. All this may be the case; and if so, you could not find it in your heart to speak unkindly to the poor creature, much less turn her away angrily, and without the money she has toiled for so earnestly."

"I didn't think of that," was murmured in a low, suppressed tone of voice.

Ellen, on returning home, had entered the room, and, without uttering a word, thrown herself upon the bed by the side of her sick sister, and, burying her face in a pillow, endeavoured to smother the sobs that came up convulsively from her bosom.

Mary asked no questions. She understood the cause of Ellen's agitation. It told her that she had been disappointed in her expectation of receiving the money for the work.

Just at that moment there was a

knock at the door, but no voice bade the applicant for admission enter. It was repeated, but it met with no response. Then the latch was lifted, the door swung open, and the tailor stepped into the room.

The sound of feet aroused the distressed sisters, and Ellen raised herself up, and looked at Mr. Lawson with a countenance suffused with tears.

"I felt that I did wrong in speaking to you in the way that I did," said Mr. Lawson, advancing towards the bed, and holding out to Ellen the money she had earned. "Here is the price of the vest. It was better made than I at first thought it was. To-morrow I

will send you more work. Try to cheer up."

Mr. Lawson, finding that his presence was embarrassing, withdrew, leaving the two sisters so deeply affected that they could but look at him with thankfulness. Shortly after they received a basket, in which was a supply of nourishing food, and a sum of money to procure such articles as might be necessary for the sick sister. Though no one's name was sent with it, they were not in any doubt as to the individual who sent it. Mr. Lawson was not an unfeeling man; but, like too many others in the world, HE DID NOT ALWAYS THINK.

Narratives, Anecdotes, &c.

"JUST LIPPEN TO HIM."

FREQUENTLY has it been my privilege to follow him (Dr. Chalmers) to some country district, and hear him (in language which he laboured to reduce as much as possible to the standard of "the common people") announce to them the way of salvation and the path to heaven. Sometimes, also, it was my lot to be his companion to some wretched hovel, where I have seen him take his seat by the side of some poor child of want and weakness, and patiently, affectionately, and earnestly strive to convey into his darkened mind some ray of truth, that might guide him to safety and to God. On such occasions it was marvellous to observe with what simplicity of speech that great mind would utter truth.

One instance of this I must be allowed to mention. The scene was a low dirty hovel, over whose damp and uneven floor it was difficult to walk without stumbling, and into which a small window, coated with dust, admitted hardly enough of light to enable an eye unaccustomed to the gloom to discern a single object. A poor old woman, bedridden and almost blind, who occupied a miserable bed opposite the fire-place, was the object of the doctor's visit. Seating himself at her side, he entered at once, after a few general inquiries as to her health, &c., into religious conversation with her.

Alas, it seemed all in vain! The mind which he strove to enlighten had been so long closed and dark, that it appeared impossible to thrust into it a single ray of light. Still, on the part of the woman, there was evident anxiety to lay hold upon something of what he was telling her; and encouraged by this he persevered, *plying her*, to use his own expression, with the offers of the Gospel, and urging her to trust in Christ.

At length she said, "Ah, sir, I would fain do as you bid me, but I dinna ken how; how can I trust in Christ?" "Oh, woman!" was his expressive answer, in the dialect of the district, "just lippen to him." "Eh, sir," was the reply, "and is that a'?" "Yes, yes," was his gratified response; "just lippen to him, and lean on him, and you'll never perish."

To some, perhaps, this language may be obscure, but to that poor and dying woman it was as light from heaven; it guided her to the knowledge of the Saviour, and there is good reason to believe it was the instrument of ultimately conducting her to heaven. It is not easy to give an English equivalent for the word "lippen." It expresses the condition of a person who, entirely unable to support or protect himself, commits his interest or his life to the safe-keeping of some person or object. Thus a man crossing a chasm on a

plank, *lippens* to the plank; if it give way he can do nothing for himself. The term implies entire *dependence* under circumstances of risk and helplessness.—*Dr. W. L. Alexander.*

"CHRIST IN ME."

A PASTOR was pressing on his people the necessity of immediate repentance and faith in Christ for salvation. Burning words issued from his lips as he proclaimed Christ the sinner's friend, and besought all to become reconciled to him. The sermon was nearly ended. Pausing for a moment, he cast his eye anxiously over the congregation, hoping to see in some a determination to seek Christ without delay. No one, to his view, was ready to accept the offer. Saddened by the conviction, he closed the Bible, and fervently poured out his soul in prayer. "Thou knowest they *will* perish—must it be so? Then give me this desire, 'Christ in me' for ever." The benediction followed, and the congregation dispersed to their homes.

With a heavy heart the pastor returned to his home, entered his closet, and there before God wept out his desires. The night was a long, anxious one to the young pastor's heart. He felt that he must have his desire granted in the conversion of some precious souls.

The next morning, while seated at the breakfast-table, the door-bell rung. "That is for me," said he to his wife; and rising from his seat, he met at the door an aged man, who, without waiting for a word of welcome, extended his trembling hand, and in a faltering voice said, "Sir, I have come to ask you what I shall do for my soul?" The pastor led him in, and found him struggling under deep conviction of sin, needing only to be led to Christ as the sinner's ransom for guilt. Before the interview was concluded another came. It was a lady, who for many years had resisted the Spirit's strivings, and till now refused to give her heart to Christ. The pastor welcomed her in, and such a season of refreshing to his spirit followed in leading these distressed souls to Jesus, as he had never known.

Said the lady to him, "I shall never forget your last prayer on the Sabbath. It aroused my sleeping soul. 'Christ in me.' I knew Christ was not in *me*;

and if it was necessary for you to utter that prayer, how much more for me! I could not rest till I had sought the Lord Jesus." Both had been led by that simple petition to see their need of Christ, and to believe in him to the saving of the soul.

Six years have passed since that interview. The aged man has gone to rest. Fresh in the memory of those he left behind are his dying words: "Christ in me—my stay, my all." The lady still adorns her profession by a consistent and devoted life. Others were led to see their lost condition out of Christ, and accept of him as their dear Redeemer. That day's labour proved to be the beginning of a precious revival, and many were brought into the kingdom of Christ. "Christ in me," the sinner's need, the saint's reward.

AFTER MANY DAYS.

DEACON N—— held to both tables of the law, and when an object of charity presented itself, he was quite sure to "lend something" to the Lord. One evening a poorly-dressed sailor called at his door, with a story of sorrow. He said he had been shipwrecked, and lost everything but the scanty clothing he wore; was without money, food, or shelter. He was an entire stranger, and presented an appearance of extreme wretchedness; but the worthy deacon took him in, gave him a comfortable supper and bed, fitted him out with coat, pants, and vest, put some of the needful in his empty wallet, and then setting out with him in search of employment, secured a place for him on board a merchant ship, and bade him good-bye amid a profusion of blessings and praises. It was a benevolent experiment, and many were the evil prophesyings of neighbours and friends concerning the issue of the case.

"I shall never forget your kindness," said the sailor, "and some day you shall hear from me again, and know that it has not been thrown away."

Years passed. The kind-hearted deacon failed in business, and removed to a distant town. But if worldly reverses had come, the richer blessings of the Gospel were lavished with Divine generosity on his household. One after another of his children was made the subject of renewing grace, till all were

found walking in the commandments and ordinances of the Lord.

Two of his sons entered the ministry. In the providence of God one of them was called to spend a Sabbath in the city of B—. During the evening discourse his attention was attracted to a well-dressed, intelligent-looking man, whose eyes were fixed on his with marked interest. After service the stranger said,—

“May I ask, sir, if your name is N—?”

On receiving an answer in the affirmative, he exclaimed, with deep emotion,—

“God bless you, sir! I knew you from your resemblance to your father. You do not remember me, for you were a little boy when I came to his house, a cast-away sailor, ragged and hungry, without a penny in my pocket. He helped me when others looked at me with suspicion and turned me away unfed. I have never forgotten him, and never shall. Tell him I think of him often, and pray for him, too.”

And as the grateful seaman departed, the generous gift that remained in the preacher's hand attested the sincerity of his words.

A Page for the Young.

THE LITTLE SISTER'S DREAM.

LITTLE Willie was gone. The beautiful child, the darling, precious baby! He was gone—and his mother could not be comforted. For he was her youngest and her dearest; she loved the other two, but Willie was so merry, so active, and, above all, so affectionate, that he had been, during the three years of his little life, the darling pet of the household.

How hard it was to see the light go out in those beautiful eyes! How hard to place the perfectly-moulded hands together, and know that they would never stir again—never more be clasped around her neck while the sweet lips sought hers for a kiss! How hard to see her baby lying in that little coffin, and know that she could never take him in her arms again!

The mother had borne all this, and now she sat beside him awaiting the hour of the funeral, outwardly calm, but inwardly full of repining and bitter grief.

Her tears fell fast, and her little daughter Minnie, who had come silently in, knelt at her side and wept with her.

But Minnie was quite worn out with crying, and soon fell asleep with her head in her mother's lap. The mother sat still, looking at her little boy in the coffin, and grieving about his loss, until she began to feel that God was cruel, when little Minnie awakened with a start.

The child's face was all flushed and

radiant, she looked up at her mother with a beaming smile, and her eyes shone as she exclaimed,—

“Oh, mother, I have had such a charming dream about Willie!”

“About Willie?” asked her mother in surprise.

“Yes, mother, all about Willie in heaven. I must tell you, it was so beautiful! I don't know where I went to see it, but I thought I saw a beautiful gate, all shining bright, as though it was made of gold and diamonds, only far more brilliant. This gate was the entrance to a garden, and if there was a fence round the garden, it was so hidden by trees and bushes and flowers, that it could not be seen.

“But, oh, the garden was lovely! Flowers and children, everywhere flowers and children! Children running about by themselves, children dancing together, children sitting in circles on the grass! White lambs were there too, amidst the children, eating the grass beside them; and doves, such delicate, gentle, white doves, going about in pairs among the children, cooing and bowing their pretty heads as they always do when they walk, and nestling in the children's laps and on their shoulders; and then everywhere such a profusion of lovely flowers, the children would lie down and roll on them, and they never were hurt, but seemed to keep springing up and growing and blossoming all the time, and never dying! There were people walk-

ing about there, quiet, peaceful, happy-looking people, many of them singing sweet songs. Beautiful angels were there, watching over the children, and teaching them everything good. In the distance were fountains of water springing up in the light, and more groups of happy children with the lambs, and doves, and flowers, and more holy people, and more blessed angels; and further on was a beautiful river, so clear, and bright, and shining, while on its banks was a palace. Oh, mamma, I never can describe that to you, it was so splendid: you must wait until you go there and see it yourself!

"Then suddenly I seemed to see a little child standing outside the gate, and when I looked it was our own Willie! Just as he looked in life, only so much more lovely. He wore a simple little white gown, and his golden curls hung round his face, and his blue eyes were so bright—oh, I wished to take him in my arms and kiss him! but I could not, I could only look.

"Then he raised his little hand, and tapped at the gate so softly; but the angels heard it, and they opened the gate, and took him in their arms, and carried him in. The gate was shut again, but I could look through and see how one angel carried him in her arms, and sat him down on a little bank, in the midst of a group of children, telling them that this was a new playmate, named Willie, just come from earth to heaven.

"The children all gathered about him, with kisses and caresses, and they filled his lap full of beautiful flowers, and made him a crown of white lily-buds, and some of them brought a little white lamb with a garland of roses round his neck, and others put a pair of young doves in his arms; and he sat there looking so happy, and his large eyes beamed with a wonderful light; he looked as he used to do here when he heard music, only far more

pleased, and his golden curls seemed to shine like a halo round his head!

"Then the children began to sing a song of welcome, and the angels joined them, and all the groups of children, and people, and angels joined in the song, until it swelled and rang through the whole garden.

"Then out from that beautiful mansion came One who loves little children so well, because He once was a little child himself! He came; oh, if you could only see him as I saw him! I never can describe him, but he was as much more glorious and beautiful and tender and loving than the very loveliest angel there, as our dear Willie was more beautiful than the loveliest little child you ever saw.

"When he came to where Willie sat, he took him in his arms, pressed him close to his heart, kissed his forehead, and said:—

"Of such is the kingdom of heaven!"

"Then all the angels and the little children sang for joy, and I awaked, leaving him there.

"Dear mother, we never can be sad any more, now that we know what a lovely place Willie is in! To think that he will always be so happy, so beautiful, so free from sickness and pain, and that the Lord, the Almighty God himself, should take him in his arms and kiss him as if he were his own little son! Oh, I think I shall never cry again!" and little Minnie threw her arms about her mother, and kissed her, and then went off to find her little brother Johnny and tell him her beautiful dream.

There was one smiling, happy face at the funeral, for the little sister was thinking of her vision. The mother, too, looked calm; and when she saw, as the days went by, what efforts Minnie and Johnny were making to be good, that when they died they might join their little brother in heaven, she, too, was comforted at last.

Our Sunday Schools.

THE "WILD CLASS."

SOME months ago, the writer, who for some years has been much employed in school and missionary work, was led to pay a long-promised visit to some friends in one of our most important manufacturing districts. Her health required rest and ease, and she resolved, while watching for opportunities to carry out the Scripture precept, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," to abstain for a time from class teaching; but the Master willed it otherwise, and provided for her, almost immediately on her arrival at U—, a work on which he graciously poured a special and singular blessing.

The town of U— marks the centre of that portion of England which, in geological maps, is coloured black, to show the extent and richness of its coal treasures, to which, indeed, it owes its origin and prosperity.

The general appearance of the population would strike a stranger as unusually degraded and reckless. Rough and repulsive in their manners, suspicious in the extreme, and rudely reserved, they so effectually repel all attempts at friendly intercourse, that it requires some courage to renew one's efforts to influence them.

Several members of the family where Miss E. resided were teachers in the Sunday school, and their account of their respective classes was not cheering. The boys in particular, many of them collier lads, were disorderly and troublesome. It had been found impossible to reduce their turbulent spirits to anything like order, and sad scenes of confusion and noisy disrespect showed how little they understood the object of their being gathered together, and how lightly they valued the instruction offered to them. One Saturday evening it was remarked that a class would, on the morrow, be without a teacher. It was not usual for ladies to teach in the boys' school-room. It had never been done, and the general feeling seemed against it, and the boys were so rough that the superintendent hesitated to allow a lady to go among them. All this had been repeatedly

mentioned to her, and yet Miss E— felt strongly inclined to volunteer for the vacant teacher's place; and, after seeking guidance from on High, she determined to make the trial.

On her presenting herself at the school next morning, the superintendent seemed doubtful as to the safety of the experiment, and, evidently expecting its failure, only yielded to her assurance that she had taught boys before, and was not afraid to venture among them. Meanwhile, the novelty of a lady teacher had aroused the attention of the boys, of whom a large class took their places around her, and the hymn and prayer were concluded without any misbehaviour on their part. The chapter was then given out, but it was hardly begun when symptoms of restlessness betrayed themselves, in shoving and kicking, and even ugly words. Miss E— stopped the reading and put down her Bible. Silently asking for help, she firmly said:—

"Now, boys, look here. I came here to teach you, not to manage you. I know you pride yourselves on being unmanageable; and I could not rule you if I tried. I am not so big as the least of you, and could not resist you if you tried to turn me away; but I know something you do not know, and I will tell you if you listen. If you do not like me for a teacher, I promise you not to come again; only this once I shall be so glad if you will be quiet and gentle, and not tire me by making a noise, for I am not strong, and I like to teach quietly."

Doubt, astonishment, and somewhat of pleasure at this unwonted appeal to their feelings marked their glowing countenances; and as Miss E— proceeded at once to explain the lesson, they soon became interested, and eagerly answered her questions, which tended to draw out their observations on common things, and to blend religious instruction with their own experience of life. The hour passed most pleasantly, without interruption, and she was pressing invited to take the class again in the afternoon.

During the second lesson, speaking of God's providence, Miss E—— was led to ask if any of the boys present remembered any instance of singular deliverance from sudden death. They mentioned several such instances as having occurred in the coal-pits. One boy had been severely burnt, while a brother perished at his side; in another case, the roof had fallen in, burying him and others, he alone having been extricated. Most of them could remember being, as it were, snatched from the jaws of death while following their perilous craft; and when Miss E—— forcibly presented to their notice the care and providence which had watched over them, tears came into their eyes, and the chords of the inner life, touched by the Spirit "which bloweth where it listeth," were clearly moved to thankfulness. For the first time in their rough lives, the poor fellows were led to consider the meaning of the oft-repeated words, "Our Father, which art in heaven."

On leaving school Miss E—— shook hands with them, and invited the elder ones to her house on the following Thursday evening. Three came. After a short lesson on "The Chief End of Life," it was pointed out to them how desirable it was that they should use their influence to keep the class in order, and to support the teacher; and they promised to do so. One of them, a lame boy, became from that time most seriously impressed. Ever at his post by the teacher's side, he assisted her in every way, and often of an evening would come to her for advice and instruction, hungering and thirsting after righteousness with an anxiety which nothing but prayer could satisfy.

Miss E—— taught the class for six Sundays in deep anxiety and hope that the seed sown would spring up and

bear fruit; nor was she disappointed. Thirteen or fourteen boys were most deeply impressed; and the scene on the last Sunday afternoon in the "wild class" was one which fully bore witness to the power of the Spirit. While relating to them portions of the life of Captain Hedley Vicars, and applying its lessons to their own souls, suddenly Miss E—— saw their heads bend as bulrushes; unrestrained sobs burst from them, as they knelt around her, with the agonizing cry, "Oh, teacher, what shall we do to be saved?" Unconscious of the astonishment of the other classes in the same room, who stopped to gaze and wonder, they repeated the words of the prayer in which Miss E—— expressed their need; herself overawed, yet rejoicing in the words, "Truly it is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes."

There was no power of words in Miss E——'s teaching; no cause for unusual excitement. It affected not one or two in private, but twenty-two in a full school-room, and some of them in another class. We cannot account for such deep emotion by any of the ordinary reasons of things; we would, therefore, believe that, in answer to anxious prayer, the Lord opened a window in heaven, and poured down a blessing; thus honouring his servant, and verifying a remark of one of the boys with reference to John iv. 4, "Surely, teacher, there was a 'needs be' that you should come to U—— to pluck us brands from the burning."

You, then, who are seeking to guide the young into the ways of peace, be ye always ready, in season and out of season, to work the works of God; to do your Master's work wherever he may call you for it; and, above all, to expect much at his hand who richly giveth the increase.

Our Societies.

THE BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

THE hopes we expressed last month, that an impression would really be made on the expected deficit, by way of diminution, have been realized. The balance-sheet of receipts and expendi-

ture up to January 31st, and of expected receipts and expenditure up to March 31st, taking the same data for our guide as were used when the deficit was first announced as likely to amount to £8,000, now show a probable deficit of £4,800! Some may exclaim, "Has

no more been done than that?" We believe that much more has been done; and a great deal has been promised, but the results have not yet flowed into the treasury. Indeed it is only just now that they are beginning to show themselves. We will not venture even to conjecture what will be the issue, but judging from the facts before us, the *present* expected deficiency will be very greatly lessened. The total amount of special contributions sent in to the end of January was £1,241 7s. 11d., and February began excellently, by sending the *first* instalment of £150, which of course means that more is to come. Meantime, Mr. Pottenger continues his energetic labours in the North of England, and conferences on the state of the Mission have been held in Cambridge, Birmingham, Manchester, Bacup, Liverpool, and other provincial towns,—in all cases with the happiest results.

THE Rev. James Allen, who had been for some months in England, sailed for Ceylon on the 23rd of January. It was hoped that his voyage would be a rapid and a prosperous one, but the following extract from a letter received from off the Isle of Wight, will show that he has been exposed to some peril, from which a kind Providence has shielded him. Mr. Allen says in his letter:—

"We did not leave Gravesend, after all, until Saturday morning, and anchored in the Downs in the evening. Then we were detained until yesterday morning. At half-past ten A.M., the wind veered toward the north, and in company with a largeish fleet we left, hoping to get down channel, but the winds and the waves are not under our control. One thing is plain, our ship will move through the water with a wind, for we left everything behind us, and were in a fair way at four this morning to clear the channel by to-morrow morning, the wind being fair enough to accomplish thus much. Yet we are disappointed. How little do we know of that which is, still less of that which may be! We had a squally night, but the ship went gallantly on till half-past five A.M. this day. The extra noise and confusion thoroughly aroused me, and forth I went as speedily as possible to ascertain the cause. A brig had run foul of us, though our lights were burning brightly, and you may imagine the confusion and anxiety that prevailed. However, things were done in an orderly and sailor-like fashion, and we cleared of her with no damage to ourselves. She lost her jib-boom in the fray, and we saw no more of

her. We only lost our lanterns, which were broken by the ropes and chains flying about in the wind, and are therefore compelled to beat about here until the boat despatched to Portsmouth return with more this evening. We have had a narrow escape from serious damage, if not loss of life; and for this I hope I am thankful to the Great Being whose eye and hand are everywhere, and that the life he has so far spared, will be consecrated to his service and glory."

We hope that the remainder of the voyage may be prosecuted without damage or loss.

OUR friend Mr. Smith, whose arrival in Delhi was announced last month, has sent home favourable accounts of his work and its results. His course will be watched with deep interest. The following is an extract from his last letter:—

"I hope things are progressing satisfactorily in the mission. On the 23rd inst. I went to Shahdra in order to visit all the native Christians at their homes, and ascertain the state of their minds. I first met the native preachers in the chapel, and with them sang a hymn and engaged in prayer. Then commenced a regular visitation from one side of the town. The people in every instance seized me by the hand with marks of great pleasure, and some laid hold of my hand with both hands. I was rejoiced to find that though many had ceased their attendance at the house of God, they still professed their attachment to the Saviour. The children followed me, carrying a seat for me to sit on in crowds. Thus I went from one little cluster of huts to another, addressing the people, talking with them, and, in most instances, closing with one of our beautiful hymns, in which all heartily joined, and then a few parting words of prayer. The native preacher Khushi Ram has been again stationed here; the school for the children of our converts recommenced; and there is every prospect of the church being again gathered together. Khushi Ram already reports a large increase in the attendance at the Sabbath services. On the 24th, I visited Pahar Gunge. Here the pastor, Kurreem Buksh, has continued to occupy his post, and hence a large number of people remain in connexion with the church; but a sad error has been committed in building a Christian village, and thus not only separating the Christians from their neighbours, but reducing them to a state of dependence and helplessness. After visiting their houses in the village, built by the mission, we retired to the chapel, a neat and substantial building, erected at the expense of our kind friend Mr. Parry. The men told me they had been anxiously looking for my arrival: that having been removed from their usual residences and cut off from their trade connections, they could get no employment, and the Mahajuns would lend them

no money, and hence they must look to the mission for help. I thought it better to be plain and straightforward, hiding nothing, and hence I said, 'I have made sacrifices to come to you in order to do you good; but I have neither money to lend nor employment to give, nor do I feel that these matters are at all in my province.' I told them that all that Christian love and sympathy could do, they would have from me; but they must rely upon their own exertions for a livelihood, and not on the mission. They replied (or at least one of them) 'Then we must go where we can get employment.' I said, 'By all means; your Christianity is not at all dependent upon your living here; go wherever you think you can provide for your families.'

"The little Christian school here is very useful; the children are so well advanced, that, with proper training, they would be fit for most important stations in society. Mr. Williams and myself have again visited the people who are scattered among the heathen in Pahrar Gunge. They have by no means been led back into idolatry; but they say, if Christianity requires us to give up visiting our parents, and brothers, and sisters, then we did not so understand it when we were baptized, nor are we prepared to comply with such requirements. We referred them to Paul's directions to the Corinthians, and read and explained to them the passages that appear intended especially for guidance in such cases, showing them that they might eat and smoke with any who were willing to join them, but they must not permit themselves to be led into any idolatrous acts by their relations or old companions. A few have commenced to attend worship in the chapel, and eight have applied for re-admission into the church.

"On the 25th November, I went to Purana Killa, the scene of Bhagwan Das's labours. Luke is now native preacher. I visited some four little clusters of huts, and had a large portion of the old native Christians gathered together. I did not meet with the heartiness here that I found at Shahdra; but the ice gradually melted away, and the hookah was soon moving round, while the people warmed in their conversation, and grew eloquent in defending themselves from some false charges. I found some few who were intensely delighted at my return; they said in their dreams they had often seen me as I used to stand preaching among them. Some of the people joined again in singing the old hymns with a heartiness that made me rejoice, and responded to some of the petitions in prayer with apparent depth of feeling. I am going to recommence the school as soon as Bhagwan arrives. Collins, who had gone to Meerut, is again in his old place at Delhi Gate, Rajbi at Meer Khan Gunge, Phoosa at Kala Mahal. Hookamee is going to Moree Durwaza, Heera to Subzi Mundi, Ajab Sing and Chitar to Secundarabad; and thus as soon as practicable I hope to see all our old stations re-occupied, and some new ones added to them. Four of the men in the theological class, having nearly finished their course of in-

struction, have come, and are working very well. I am much gratified with the improvement they have made since I left them to go to Australia, and fully appreciate the value of a two years' training for our native preachers.

"We are able now to occupy three preaching stands in different places every evening, and the crowds increase; last night we had the largest crowd I have seen since my return to Delhi. The new chapel is nearing completion: it will be a very substantial and beautiful building, a worthy memorial of our martyred brethren, Mackay and Walayat Ali. Our kind friend Mr. Parry has taken all the trouble of the building, and I find he expects a deficiency of £200 before it is complete. I do not like to ask for any grant from the mission, so long as the funds appear so deficient at home, but I fear I shall be put to great straits. You may recommend us at least to some Juvenile Societies or Sabbath schools. I am anxious to occupy several important places, especially on the line of railway, and shall be obliged to get funds somehow. We shall hold church meetings before the close of the month, both at Delhi and the three out stations where churches have been formed, viz., Shahdra, Purana Killa, and Pahar Gunge, and we are determined the churches shall manage their own affairs, only advising the pastors in cases of difficulty. I would rather the churches fell into error than keep them under the missionary's thumb. Independence must be secured at almost any cost."

THE BAPTIST IRISH SOCIETY.

THE attention of the committee of the Baptist Irish Society having been directed to the Island of Innismurray, in the Bay of Sligo, they requested one of their agents to make inquiry respecting the inhabitants, especially as to their religious condition. Few, if any, of our readers, would suppose that such superstition could be found so near to Christian Britain. The narrative here given might well awaken the strongest feeling on the part of the whole Christian community of Great Britain and Ireland. That any people so near to our shores should "worship a rude wooden image, which they call 'Father Malash,'" is a fact that ought not to be unknown; and which, when known, should call forth the determined resolve that, while seeking to turn the heathen in far distant lands from dumb idols to the living God, British Christians will render their utmost aid to raise this people from their fearful state of degraded superstition.

If John Williams was willing to venture his life for the people of Erro-

manga, is there no one to be found ready to brave the dangers attendant on a mission to Innismurray? We should rejoice to know that such a man, well qualified, by zeal tempered with prudence, had offered himself for such an enterprise; and that the Baptist Irish Society, sustained by the Christian public, had resolved to commend that Society to greatly enlarged sympathy and support, by boldly entering on a mission to the Island of Innismurray. The following is the narrative referred to above:—

"As to the Island Innismurray, I am now able to give the following observations, after having inquired as fully as possible, at least for the present. It is a small island, lying in the Bay of Sligo, and not more than an English mile in length. From all I am able to learn, I believe it is not the most desirable of places for a resident or visitor of any kind, but much less so if he is a stranger, and differs from the inhabitants in his religious notions. I had a view of it from the near shore, as it is distinctly observable on a calm and clear day, and to the best of my judgment it is about ten miles from this side of the Bay, and I suppose five, or so, from the opposite side. But there is no possible access to it from *this* side, and from the *opposite* only at certain seasons of the year, and in certain kinds of weather. I believe there is a coast-guard station somewhere on the opposite shore, not far from the point of access to the island, whose boats are the only ones that are available, and that, too, with the kindness and assistance of some of the men. The Island looks very wild and rocky from this side of the Bay, and the waves of the Atlantic are ever breaking around it in foam. I had a conversation with a very excellent clergyman in the Co. Sligo, who paid the Island a visit some thirty years ago, and he describes it as a perilous undertaking. It then contained about sixty families, but he thinks it contains more now. However, it is not much changed in other respects. The people are wild in the extreme, just as barbarous as you could wish for, or find, perhaps, connected with any civilized country in the world.

"They worship a rude wooden image, which they call 'Father Malash;' named, as they say, after 'a good priest' who lived at one time on the Island; but by which term we are to understand some vile profligate who had been excommunicated on account of his misdeeds, and had got the fame of working 'miracles,' by which means he obtained his living among these uncivilized savages. As they have little intercourse with the 'outer world,' they must intermarry, and are, therefore, nearly all related to one another, and are noted for quarrels and all kinds of family feuds. They have many abominable superstitions which would shock you to hear described, and which make one sigh on account of that horrible system,

whose workings none can fully know but they who see them practically developed. The gentleman above referred to considered himself very fortunate in being allowed to escape with his life. When about to leave the Island, and getting down to the boat, he attempted to point out some of the absurdities connected with their devotions before 'Father Malash,' and also their 'Ave Marias,' or worship of the virgin, on which they commenced fierce yelling and screaming, like so many Red Indians, and made a rush to the shore, and would most likely have torn him asunder, had it not been for the good management of the coast-guard who took him over, and enabled him to effect a speedy escape.

"I do not think there is any chapel or school in the Island, none at least so far as I have heard.

"I have mentioned these facts simply to show you what kind of a place it is. I do not think, however, that I could do anything in the case. Neither an occasional nor periodical visit would be of the least use whatever; for if a man attempted to go amongst them with the object, as they thought, of 'changing their religion,' they would not allow him on the Island at all. You know there are no police there, nor anything of that sort; so that a man could claim no protection for himself whatever, but would be exposed to the suggestions of their caprice—whether their mercy or their fury.

"The only thing in my view likely to be of any use, would be for some fearless, zealous, godly man to go and *reside* on the Island, and endeavour to do what he could for their souls. He should proceed very cautiously at first, and endeavour to make them *feel* he was their friend; and, by degrees, as the Lord would open his way, tell them of the love of God to sinners, point them to Jesus crucified; but not to mention any of their peculiar notions and doctrines until they would be better prepared to hear them. Many defeat themselves by commencing at the very outset to call their peculiarities by vile names, and ridicule their whole system. This, to my mind, is wrong, and it would certainly not do in this case. Whoever went should be well able to speak the *Irish language*, as I don't think they can understand or speak much English. He would also require such a supply of provisions as would do for him during the stormy and inaccessible seasons; for if he did not succeed in making friends with the people, he would undoubtedly starve. But you will understand that these are merely suppositions, as I have not yet been able to learn whether any person *could* get amongst them or not. They are only my thoughts, based on the facts I have gathered and stated; others, perhaps, might think differently. Should any attempt, however, be made by Protestants to do anything for these poor people, I believe the priests would at once muster their forces and raise the alarm. They would defeat everything; for there they rule supreme.

"A visit from me in any form would be altogether impracticable; and, besides, I believe it would be useless. It would be very expensive and hazardous,—and, in fact, I would have a good deal of hesitancy in attempting it. Nor am I certain that any one is likely to be got to go and reside amongst them; but as soon as I have an opportunity I intend to make further inquiry. I think it is very desirable that something should be done, but the greatest difficulty is to know how to set about it. I think it has more than once been a subject of serious thought to many. I trust, however, that the Lord will open up some channel through which some good may flow to the souls of these rude barbarians. He can make the rough smooth, and the crooked straight to his people, in his own wise time."

THE BAPTIST BUILDING FUND.

We are requested to insert the following letter from the Secretary of the Building Fund:—

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE BAPTIST REPORTER.

"DEAR SIR,—Will you allow me to an-

nounce, through your columns, that our esteemed friend, Joseph H. Allen, Esq., has, through continued ill health, been compelled to resign the office of Treasurer to the Baptist Building Fund. The committee deeply regret the loss of his valuable services.

"I have, however, pleasure in stating that James Beuham, Esq., of No. 19, Wigmore Street, W. (lately one of the Honorary Secretaries), has kindly acceded to the unanimous request of the committee and accepted the appointment in Mr. Allen's stead, and to him all communications for the Treasurer should in future be addressed.

"Let me also add that the liberal offer of Sir Morton and Lady Peto, to erect four Metropolitan chapels, defraying one half of the entire cost themselves, is on condition that the other half is provided by special contributions to the Baptist Building Fund; but this condition has not yet been met by the denomination. I should be glad if you would, therefore, direct attention to the advertisement in the present number of the Baptist Reporter.

"I am, dear Sir,

"Yours faithfully,

"ALFRED T. BOWSER."

Intelligence.

FOREIGN.

PERSECUTION IN POLAND.—In a former number of this Magazine, we referred to the painful persecution to which our honoured brother, Mr. Alf, of Poland, had been subjected, on account of his religion. At the time our last number appeared, no intelligence had been received in England of his liberation from the prison at Pultusk, in which he had been confined for three months. The following deeply-interesting letter, however, gives an account of his imprisonment and of his liberation:—

"Adamow, December 14th, 1863.

"Dear Brother Oncken,—Your last letter filled my heart with joy, and I am now again comforted after all the sorrow and grief I have passed through. How can I praise the Lord enough for his goodness and mercy unto me! As King David of old, so also can I say, 'The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad.' On the morning of the 9th of December, at eleven o'clock, I left the prison at Pultusk; two brethren from Adamow were waiting with their wagons to receive me. My liberty, however, was not so complete as we had supposed. Removed from the prison, I was taken before the 'Landrath,' the chief magistrate of the district, who, to please the priest, pounced upon me like a roaring lion, and did his utmost to torment me. For some

time he shouted out and said, 'Take him to the Town Hall!—he is not to be sent to his wife till to-morrow! He is the worst fellow living—a sectarian—a Baptist who goes about in the world undermining the church!—away with him.' I was then, without any further ceremony, taken to the Town Hall; the brethren, who had been waiting in the street, came to meet me, thinking I was free; but finding this not to be the case, they accompanied me, and interceded for me with the president of the police. This man was of a kinder disposition than the 'Landrath,' and promised to liberate me on their security. Two hours after that I was, according to the president's promise, made free. We arrived at Adamow in peace and safety late in the evening, where I was once more permitted to embrace my dear family, from whom I had so long been separated.

"And now I must ask you to return with me to the prison, and to praise the Lord for his wonderful dealings with me there. The first three days I felt very miserable; I had come from a missionary tour in the neighbourhood of Kiening, and had exerted myself beyond my strength in attending to all the work that is to be done there in the kingdom of God. Day and night I was surrounded by souls, whom, hungering and thirsting for the bread of life, I tried to direct in the way of salvation. My chest was sore, and my throat hoarse with talking. Thus, worn out and weary, I arrived at the prison. I had at once to exchange my own clothes

for the grey dress worn by the prisoners. Bare boards were my bed. I was received by my fellow-prisoners with mocking words, and shouts of infernal laughter. On hearing the reason of my imprisonment, they cried out, 'Oh, he is not one of our sort, so everyone will know how to treat him; such people as he must be taught manners here.' There were about seventy prisoners, most of them thieves. Besides ten Jews, four Germans, and many Poles, seventeen women were also crouching on the cold floors of that prison, and a shudder came over me when I learnt that several of these were murderers. All these prisoners conspired together against me. Some food that I had intended for my supper, but which for grief and pain I could not eat, was stolen the first night. Soon after, my necktie was gone. My breakfast consisted in some boiled water, and a pound and a half of bread for the day. For my dinner I got either a little water-gruel or a few potatoes, boiled, without salt. Each day appeared to me like a month. After a week, my wife visited me, with two brethren; they wept when they saw me, and I also could not refrain from shedding tears. I was then taken before the court by a gaoler. Some food that my wife had brought me I was allowed to keep; but, alas, how long? By the next day it had all been stolen from me. I was nigh unto despair; three enemies tormented me—Satan, wicked men, and hunger—and I was also greatly annoyed by vermin. In the midst of all these trials, I again took to my Testament, and put on my armour afresh to combat with my foes. The evil they had done me I returned with services of love, such as sharing my bread with them, &c. The effect of this was, that my food was never again touched, and I gradually gained their love. I heard several of them asking one another, 'What sort of person can this be?' And all who had offended me begged my pardon. My wife sent me some Polish tracts and a Polish Testament; the tracts I distributed among the prisoners, and from the Testament I read to them. Two of the gaolers who borrowed the Testament, liked it so much that they would not give it back again, and I was obliged to see and get some more. I soon succeeded in getting two other German and Polish ones, which I gave to my poor fellow prisoners. The two gaolers were highly delighted to possess such a book, and were very grateful to me for it. From that time one of them supplied me with necessary food, and I got meat and bread almost every day, so that I was no more tormented by hunger. I was very often reminded of the ravens who brought food to Elijah in the desert, and of Daniel, who, even in the lions' den, was strengthened by God. God is still the same now as ever, and in his abundant mercy watcheth over and careth for his people. One prisoner from Prussia, who was chained hand and foot, seemed to be concerned about his soul's salvation. I gave him a German and Polish Testament. To another man, a watchmaker, who was in my cell, I also gave a Testament.

I had very serious conversations with the Poles. When they called upon the virgin and all the other saints, I tried to show them from the Word of God that their worship was an entirely false one, and that their prayer would avail them nothing, as neither the holy mother of God nor the saints had the power of answering them. They were all much astonished to hear this; some of them, however, believed it to be true. When I spoke to them of conversion, they said it was utterly impossible to be converted in prison, but as soon as they were made free they would lose no time in seeking their soul's salvation. Some of them entreated me only to swear once, so that they might see at least that I was capable of doing so. Others said, 'It's all very well to lead such a pious life; but who can do it? I could never bear; I *must* swear and lie.' They sometimes secretly played at cards, danced, and smoked; but whenever these culprits were found out they were tied on boards and mercilessly beaten with rods. All the prisoners had a certain portion of work allotted to them. Some were occupied in a spinning factory, among which I was also numbered; others had to cut wood. Twice a week the prison yard had to be cleaned by twenty men. At first I had to go, but it was not for long; after some weeks the gaolers kept me back, saying, 'There are plenty of others who can do the work instead of you.' Before leaving the prison I gave a short farewell address, and asked if I had offended them in any way. There was an unanimous cry of, 'No, never; we have often offended you, but you never hurt us either by word or deed.' I then warned them of the eternal prison awaiting all those who did not repent of their sins and seek forgiveness in the blood of Christ. Several of them looked very sad and seemed much cast down. When I had already left my cell, one of the prisoners, a man of some education, called me back and told me to be sure and let him have a Bible. Two of the gaolers made the same request, so that I shall have to send three Bibles to the Pultusk prison. One of the gaolers took me and the brethren who had come to meet me into his house, where we found his wife had prepared a nice dinner for us. The dear warm-hearted people expressed great joy at my release; during the whole time of my imprisonment they had shown me as much attention as was in their power. May the Lord reward them abundantly! My mental sufferings and the temptations of the evil one were very great in the prison. The tempter tried to make me believe that I had brought these sufferings upon me by my own fault, and that I was not doing the will of God. I felt as if the Lord had cast me away, and dared not tell the brethren of my state of mind, for fear of their doing the same. Oh, it was an awful time, in which the agony of my soul was exceeding great! But now that I am so richly comforted I can see that Satan is indeed a liar from the beginning.

"As to my journey to Russia, I think I

must put it off for a short time: travelling is so dangerous just now, and the cold winter weather very unfavourable. This week I intend going to Warsaw for books, and in the next I hope to go to Kiening,—that vast and, by God, so richly-blessed field of labour. Should I still have to remain in Poland, I intend pitching my tent in this neighbourhood, Kiening. It is very desirable that an independent church should be formed in that part of Russia where Brother Kelm resides. What do you think of it? I shall soon send my journal with new intelligence of the work of God here. With love to yourself and all the brethren,

"I am, your humble fellow-labourer,
"J. C. ALF."

DOMESTIC.

NEW ROAD, OXFORD.—A series of services in connection with the jubilee of the New Road Chapel Sunday School Society, Oxford, has been held during the past month. On Sunday, February 7th, the Rev. John Aldis, of Reading, preached two sermons in the chapel, and in the afternoon a children's service was held in the same place of worship. On the Monday evening, the children of the schools connected with the society, including those from Headington, Appleton, and New Osney, partook of tea in the chapel, after which addresses of a suitable and practical character were delivered. On the Tuesday afternoon a large number of persons assembled in Osney town to witness the ceremony of laying the foundation-stone of a new school in connection with the Baptist denomination. The new school-room will be about thirty feet by twenty-one feet, and will be capable of holding 100 children. The sum required for its erection is about £300. The foundation-stone was laid by Mrs. Bartlett, who has been for many years connected with the society. Short addresses were delivered by the Rev. W. Allen and Sir S. Morton Peto, Bart., M.P. At five o'clock the largest tea-meeting ever held in the city took place in the Corn Exchange. Every part of the capacious edifice was densely crowded, about 800 persons being present to partake of tea. The audience, which was augmented to upwards of 1,000 after tea, included many persons belonging to the various religious denominations in the city, as well as others from the surrounding towns and villages. At the conclusion of the repast, the chair was taken by Sir S. Morton Peto, Bart., M.P., who introduced the proceedings in an admirable and most appropriate address. Addresses were also delivered by the Revs. N. Haycroft, M.A., C. Vince, W. Allen, G. Warner, and by E. B. Underhill, Esq. In the course of the proceedings, Mr. Allen

stated that the church at Oxford had been honoured in the past by many of its members having been called to the ministry, among whom he mentioned the Rev. J. H. Hinton, M.A., Dr. Steane, Dr. Draper, S. Pearce, F. Franklin, T. F. Newman, J. Mathews, W. Teall, W. Bull, B.A., and W. D. Elliston.

BRIERLEY HILL, STAFFORDSHIRE.—Twelve months ago £300 lent on the above chapel was called in under peculiar circumstances, the money to be peremptorily paid on February 2nd, 1864. The members of the church and congregation immediately met to devise means to secure the amount. It was decided to hold a bazaar in the month of August, 1863, and to take up in shares the amount unrealised by the bazaar. The bazaar was taken up with great spirit, and owing to the numerous contributions, and the liberality displayed on the days of the sale, the net sum realised was £120. At a meeting held on February 16th, 1863, the shares necessary to secure the remainder of the money were cheerfully taken up by friends connected with the place. Wednesday, January 27th, 1864, was the day fixed for the payment of the shares, and owing to the faithfulness of the shareholders the whole amount was obtained. On Monday evening, February 1st, a public tea-meeting was held to celebrate the event. At half-past six o'clock the public meeting took place, under the presidency of P. Harris, Esq. The chairman opened the meeting with a suitable and catholic speech. G. Thorne, Esq., the laborious and successful minister of the place, was first called upon to give the history of the church for the last three years, and to read the financial statement. In the midst of Mr. Thorne's address, the gentleman holding the bond for £300 appeared upon the platform, and in the presence of the whole assembly the money was paid and the bond cancelled, amid clapping of hands and other demonstrations of delight; at the same time, increasing the pleasure, £50 raised on a note of hand was also paid. The meeting was subsequently addressed by the Rev. A. Macdonald, T. Richards, B. Bird, and other friends.

KINGSTON-ON-THAMES.—On Thursday, January 14th, this new and elegant edifice, of which the foundation-stone was laid in July last, was opened for public worship. The chapel will seat 760, or with the addition of the school-rooms, which communicate with sliding shutters, more than 1,000 persons. The whole of the buildings and arrangements have commanded universal admiration. The Rev.

W. Brock, of Bloomsbury, preached on Thursday, January 14th, at noon; and the Rev. W. Landels, of Regent's Park, in the evening. Both sermons were very powerful, and specially applicable to the event. Between the services dinner was served to the numerous company in the Town Hall, and tea in the school-room, to about 300 persons. On Sunday, January 17th, the services were continued, when the Rev. Dr. Angus, President of Regent's Park College, preached in the morning; the Rev. W. Collings, of Gloucester, in the afternoon; and the Rev. Henry Bayley, pastor of the church, in the evening. On Tuesday, January 19th, a public meeting was held in the chapel, W. Olney, Esq., of London, in the chair. The Revs. W. G. Lewis, of Bayswater; J. E. Giles, of Clapham; W. Collings, L. H. Byrnes, and A. Mackennal, of Kingston; and W. Higgs and J. Stiff, Esqs., addressed the meeting. On Thursday, January 21st, the Rev. Thomas Jones, of Bedford chapel, preached. At every service the congregations were very large. From the report read by the secretary, J. East, Esq., it appears that the total cost of the chapel, school-rooms, &c., is £2,750. Of this the builder, W. Higgs, Esq., generously gives £250, reducing the amount to £2,500. Of this sum about half has been raised, exclusive of promises. The collections and donations at the opening services amounted to £123 8s.

LOWER EDMONTON, MIDDLESEX. — Recognition services were held here on Tuesday, January 26th, in connection with the settlement, as pastor, of the Rev. D. Russell, from the Metropolitan Tabernacle College. The afternoon service was commenced by the Rev. S. Kennedy, of Tottenham, giving out a hymn, reading a chapter, and praying for the Divine blessing to accompany the day's services. The Rev. G. Rogers (theological tutor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College) then gave a very impressive charge to the pastor. At the conclusion of this address, prayer was again offered by the Rev. S. J. Smith, of Enfield. The charge to the church was then given by the Rev. J. Edwards (their late pastor) from the words of the apostle in Hebrews xiii. 17. The service was concluded with prayer by Mr. Edwards. A large number then adjourned to the school-room to partake of dinner. In the evening a public meeting was held, when most of the neighbouring ministers were present. The chair was occupied by the pastor, who opened the meeting with a few appropriate remarks; and then earnest and suitable addresses were given by the Revs. R. Wallace, Tottenham; J.

Chalmers, Tottenham; G. Rogers, J. Edwards, J. Jackson, W. M. Robinson, and J. Ward.

DAWLEY BANK, SHROPSHIRE. — On Monday, January 18th, an interesting meeting was held in the school-room of the Baptist chapel, Dawley Bank, for the purpose of presenting Mr. Skemp, the late minister, with a purse of gold, as a testimonial of esteem, and a mark of sympathy with him in the affliction which has caused his retirement from the ministry. The church had been assisted in their effort by liberal contributions from Cheltenham, Bilston, and other places. As some of the collectors had not paid in their money, the full amount could not be stated, but upwards of £60 had been received by the treasurer. Addresses having been delivered by Mr. Lovatt (Bilston), Mr. James Jones, jun. (Dawley Bank), and Mr. Clayton (Dawley Green), the chairman presented Mr. Skemp with the purse, and made some appropriate remarks. Mr. Skemp, in the kindest manner, acknowledged the gift. The Rev. J. Smith, of Pontesbury, then addressed the church. After singing and prayer, the meeting separated.

BRIXTON HILL, LONDON. — On Thursday evening, January 21st, a special service was held in New Park Road Chapel, Brixton, for the recognition of the Rev. D. Jones, B.A. (late of Folkestone), as minister of the church and congregation. The interesting occasion drew together a large number of Christian friends from various parts of the metropolis, so that the body of the chapel was full to overflowing. The chair was taken by W. H. Millar, Esq., senior deacon of the church, who, in his opening remarks, gave an interesting account of the origin and progress of the church at Brixton Hill. Prayers were offered by the Revs. S. Eldridge and I. M. Soule. Appropriate addresses were delivered by the Revs. J. Offord, J. Spence, D.D., W. M. Anderson, and W. H. Watson, Esq. After a few words from the recently-chosen pastor, who appears to be entering on his new sphere of labour with encouraging prospects, the meeting was brought to a conclusion.

ABERDEEN. — A social meeting of the members and friends connected with the John Street Baptist church of this city was held in the Music Hall Buildings on the evening of Tuesday, January 26th, when the ministers of the other Baptist churches in Aberdeen, along with those of various Independent and Presbyterian congregations, and a large number of friends, met to welcome the Rev. Stephen J. Davis, who has lately entered upon the

pastorate of the church. Between 200 and 300 sat down to tea, after which addresses were given by the various ministers present. The meeting was a most encouraging one, and the spirit of the remarks made by various brethren in the ministry augurs well for Mr. Davis's prospects of usefulness here, and also assured him of their earnest desire to co-operate with him in all departments of Christian labour.

CRADLEY, WORCESTERSHIRE.—A social tea-meeting was held on Monday, January 25th, in the Refuge Baptist chapel, Cradley, the church and congregation feeling a desire to express their sympathy with the widow of their late beloved pastor, the Rev. J. Sneath. About 300 persons sat down to tea, after which Mr. J. D. Rodway, of Coseley, having supplied the vacant pulpit for the three previous Sabbaths, was called to the chair. After a prayer and a touching address by the chairman, the meeting was addressed by Messrs. Bennett, Priestly, Stringer, Woodhouse, Worton, Fellows, Forest, and the Rev. Mr. Bruel. The various speakers, being chiefly members of the church, made many touching allusions to their late minister, and a feeling of sympathy for the bereaved family pervaded the meeting. The proceeds of the tea (about £10) have been handed over to the widow.

GRANTHAM.—The opening services of the first Baptist chapel erected in Grantham were commenced on Thursday, January 21st. The chapel is a very neat building, capable of seating about 300 persons, and has every convenience for congregations and Sunday school scholars. On the opening day two very eloquent sermons were preached by the Rev. Henry Dowson, of Bradford. At five o'clock a tea party was held in the Exchange Hall, High Street, when about 350 persons sat down to tea. On Sunday, January 24th, two sermons were preached by the Rev. Henry Watts, of Golcar, near Huddersfield. The opening services were concluded on the following Sabbath, when two sermons were preached by the Rev. J. Morton, of Collingham. These services realised altogether about £25.

FOLKESTONE.—On Thursday, February 4th, a meeting was held in the Town Hall, Folkestone, for the purpose of presenting a testimonial to the Rev. D. Jones, B.A., Baptist minister, who has just left this town. The mayor, C. Doridant, Esq., occupied the chair, and there were several of Mr. Jones's personal friends and members of his congregation present. The mayor, after appropriate remarks, handed to Mr. Jones a handsome gold watch,

bearing the following inscription on the case:—"Presented, with a purse of twenty-five sovereigns, by the church and congregation of Salem Chapel, and the inhabitants of the town, to the Rev. D. Jones, B.A., on his leaving Folkestone. Jan. 26th, 1864." Mr. Jones suitably acknowledged the gift.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—The cornerstone of a new Baptist chapel, at Ryehill, for the congregation of which the Rev. Wildon Carr is pastor, was laid on the 19th of January, with the usual formalities. It will be of an ornate Italian style of architecture, and will consist both of a chapel and school-room, the former accommodating about 1,500 worshippers, and the latter about 900 children. The estimated cost of the building is £3,400. The site has cost £870, making a total of £4,270, towards which funds have been realised or promised amounting to £2,120, leaving £2,150 yet to be raised. Most of the Dissenting ministers of the town took part in the services of the day.

SARN, MONTGOMERYSHIRE.—A public meeting was held, February 8th, at this place, for the purpose of presenting the Rev. E. Owens, the late minister, with a splendidly-wrought purse, containing the sum of £16, as a token of the church and congregation's sincere appreciation of his services during the last ten years. The chair was taken by the Rev. Mr. Adams (Independent minister), Newtown. The purse was made, and presented in behalf of the church, by Miss Davies, of Snowfield. Mr. Owens, Mr. Pascoe, Mr. Williams (Mr. Owens' successor), and others, addressed the meeting.

CROSS STREET CHAPEL, ISLINGTON.—The congregation and friends of this church have in little more than a month raised the sum of £300 6s. as a testimonial to their late pastor, the Rev. A. C. Thomas. This gift, which was presented to Mr. Thomas on the 4th of February, testifies to the esteem and affection in which he is held, as well as to the sympathy felt towards him in his affliction; and when it is considered that nearly 500 members have been received into the church during the eight years of his ministry, it may also be looked upon as an expression of gratitude for his indefatigable and self-denying labours.

MINISTERIAL CHANGES.—The Rev. J. J. Williams, late of Fakenham, has accepted a unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the church at Nayland, Suffolk.—The Rev. E. Le Fevre intends shortly to resign his pastoral charge with the Baptist church at Woodstock, Oxon, and is now open to an invitation to supply

vacant churches. Present address, "E. Le Fevre, Woodstock, Oxon."—The Rev. D. B. Joseph, of Cupar Fife, has received a cordial and unanimous invitation from the Baptist church meeting at Salem chapel, Burton-on-Trent, and intends to begin his labours there on the first Sabbath in March.—The Rev. J. Aldis, jun., late of Lowestoft, has accepted the unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the church, West Lane, Haworth, Yorkshire.—The Rev. William Cheetham has resigned the pastorate of the Baptist church, New Mill, Tring, Herts.—The Rev. Joseph Hurlstone having resigned the pastorate of the Baptist church, Penknapp, Westbury, Wilts (after labouring there nearly nine years), has accepted the earnest and cordial invitation of the church at Castle Street, Calne, Wilts, and intends to commence his labours there on the first Lord's-day in March.—The Rev. J. E. Cracknell has resigned the pastorate at Blackheath, and has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church meeting at Cambray chapel, Cheltenham, the scene of the labours of the late Rev. James Smith.—The Rev. B. Williams has resigned the pastorate of the Baptist church, at Zion chapel, St. Clears, and has accepted the cordial invitation of the church at the Tabernacle, Pembrey, in the same county of Carmarthen. He commenced his labours on Lord's day, the 7th of February.—The Rev. J. H. Blake has accepted the pastorate of the church at Bow, and entered on his duties with most pleasing prospects of usefulness. Mr. Blake will still retain his connection with the Baptist Building Fund.—The Rev. G. Malins, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, having supplied the pulpit for the last few months, has accepted the cordial and unanimous call of the church meeting in Shaftesbury Hall, Aldersgate Street, to become its pastor, and as such commenced his labours on Lord's day, February 14th.

GENERAL.

PROPOSED RE-PUBLICATION OF THE WORKS OF THE REV. J. H. HINTON, M.A.—Many of our readers must have noticed the advertisement which has appeared in our pages, announcing the proposed publication of the Works of the Rev. J. H. Hinton, in a uniform edition. The proposal is one that cannot fail to interest all who are acquainted with Mr. Hinton's writings, and we sincerely hope that his life and health will be spared so as to enable him to complete this "last gift to the churches." For the sake of those who have not seen the advertisement, we may mention that the new edi-

tion will consist of six handsome volumes. These six volumes will contain the whole of Mr. Hinton's theological writings. In addition to his principal Works—"Theology"; "The Work of the Spirit"; "The Harmony of Religious Truth and Human Reason"; "Responsibility"; "Inspiration"; "Individual Effort and the Active Christian"; "Athanasia"; "Lectures on Acquaintance with God," on "God's Government of Man," and on "Redemption"; and the "Exposition of the Epistle to the Romans,"—will be found all his minor publications also—"The Use and Abuse of Prayer"; "Christian Sympathy"; Funeral and other Sermons; Controversial Tracts; Ecclesiastical Tracts, &c., &c.; together with a selection of papers contributed to various periodicals. The whole will be carefully edited and revised. The first volume will be put to press as early as possible, and the successive volumes will be published quarterly. The subscription for the whole will be a guinea and a half, which, we are informed, may be paid in one sum, or in three instalments, according to the convenience of the subscriber. We believe that Mr. Hinton has already received the names of a considerable number of subscribers, but not yet sufficient to justify him in proceeding. We have no doubt that this announcement will be all that is needed to induce many of our readers to send him their names at once.

ANOTHER BURIAL CASE.—A scene, the like of which has not occurred for many a year, might have been witnessed on the 3rd ult. in the grounds of the parish church, Burton-on-Trent. One of the curates having refused to bury a child, upon the ground of its being unbaptized, the parents at once sought counsel from the Rev. R. Kenney (Baptist), and the Rev. G. Kettle (Independent), as to what they could do by way of affording an appropriate religious service on the occasion. An eligible site, therefore, was chosen for the grave, and the funeral took place at half-past three o'clock. As it would have been illegal for the gentlemen already named to have officiated within the walls of the ground, they took their stand outside the walls and as near the grave as possible—a low wall, surmounted with iron railings, being between them and the grave. The intervening distance was about ten yards, so that the mourners could have the full benefit of the ministrations conducted in this novel manner. The service was simple and impressive, and performed in the presence of other people beside the mourners who had come to witness it. The ceremony was conducted in the most orderly and quiet

manner, and had it not been for one circumstance, would have been highly satisfactory to all concerned. The person who fills the dignified office of saying "Amen" in the parish church, insisted that the sexton should fill up the grave immediately the coffin had been deposited in it. Whether he acted thus by order or not is unknown, but it is a fact that while the service was being performed, the sexton was engaged in this part of his duty.

REGISTRARS' MARRIAGES AND REMARRIAGE AT CHURCH.—One of the curates of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, has had the enclosed correspondence with the Registrar-General's Office respecting the solemnisation of marriage in the church of persons already married at a registrar's office:—"42, Chapel Street, Belgrave Square, S.W., December 16th, 1863.—Sir,—I shall feel obliged if you will give me the information required on the following points:—1. The form for publishing banns of marriage in church where persons have been married by a registrar in the country, and wish to be married in church, or the reference where such form can be found. 2. Or should the marriage take place without the banns being published, upon the certificate of the banns of the registrar being supplied? 3. In case such marriage took place in church, what is the form of entry in the parish register-book? 4. Have the parties to sign some form stating that they have been married by a registrar?—I am, Sir, your obedient servant, FRANCIS BROTHERS, Curate of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge.—The Registrar-General." "General Register Office, December 18th, 1863.—Rev. Sir,—I am directed by the Registrar-General to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of yesterday's date, and to inform you that clause 12 of the Act 19 and 20 Vic., cap. 119, contains provisions to the following effect:—If parties who have been married in a register-office desire to add the religious ceremony ordered or used by the church or persuasion to which they belong to the marriage so contracted, they may present themselves for that purpose to the clergyman or minister of the church or persuasion of which they are members, and such clergyman or minister may, if he think fit, upon the production of their certificate of marriage before the superintendent-registrar, and upon payment of the customary fees (if any), read or celebrate the marriage service, but it is expressly enjoined that such reading or celebration shall not be entered as a marriage in the parish register. A marriage in a register-office is a perfectly legal and valid marriage; and no provision beyond that I have just quoted has been made by the legislature

for a subsequent remarriage in a church or chapel.—I am, Rev. Sir, your obedient servant, E. EDWARDS, Chief Clerk.—The Rev. Francis Brothers." "42, Chapel Street, Belgrave Square, S.W., December 18th, 1863.—Sir,—I beg to thank you for the very prompt and explicit answer to the questions which I asked on the 16th inst. I shall feel further obliged to you if you will kindly tell me whether, after the marriage in the church has been solemnised between two persons previously married by a registrar, there would be any objection to the fact of such marriage in the church being endorsed on the certificate of the registrar produced by the persons so married.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant, FRANCIS BROTHERS, Curate of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge.—The Registrar-General." "General Register Office, December 21st, 1863.—Rev. Sir,—In reply to your letter of the 18th inst. (received this day), I am directed by the Registrar-General to inform you that in his opinion no record whatever should be made of the reading or celebration of the marriage ceremony in a church after the marriage has been legally solemnised in a register-office.—I am, Rev. Sir, your obedient servant, E. EDWARDS, Chief Clerk.—The Rev. Francis Brothers."

THE TRIAL OF BISHOP COLENZO.—Bishop Colenso's trial at the Cape was concluded on the 16th of December. The presenting clergy accused Bishop Colenso of heresy on nine counts. The suffragan bishops found him guilty on all the nine. The metropolitan agreed in that opinion, and sentenced Bishop Colenso to be deprived of his see and all his rights of office therein. The defendant not being present to hear the judgment pronounced against him, the metropolitan gave him until the 4th of March to file in London a full, unconditional, and absolute retraction, in writing, of all the heretical extracts referred to in the counts, or otherwise to the 16th of April to file a like retraction in Cape Town. On Bishop Colenso so complying the sentence becomes null and void. Dr. Bleck protested against the proceedings and the validity of the judgment, and gave notice of appeal.

OBITUARY.

DEATH OF THE REV. JOSEPH HARBOTTLE.—We deeply regret to announce the death of the Rev. Joseph Harbottle, of Accrington, which took place on the 19th of January, at the age of 65 years. Mr. Harbottle was, for several years, the President of the Baptist College at Accrington, and both in that position, and

since his retirement from it, he was highly and deservedly esteemed and beloved. His last sermon was preached in Barnes Street chapel, Accrington, on Lord's day evening, January 10th, from those important words, "For by one offering he hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified."—Heb. x. 14. Those who were privileged to hear that earnest, impressive discourse, will never forget it. The doctrine of that passage was the law and guide of his ministerial life. Whatever changes occurred around, he stood to that doctrine as firmly as a Paul or a Luther. The preliminary funeral services took place at Accrington, on the 26th of January. At an early hour in the morning anxious groups might be seen wending their way to the chapel in Barnes Street. The place was well filled by the time fixed for the commencement of the services, and at eight o'clock the corpse arrived at the chapel, followed by the relatives of the deceased and a large number of ministers and friends from the neighbouring towns. The service commenced by singing the hymn beginning,—

"In vain the fancy strives to paint
The moment after death,"

—which was given out by the Rev. J. Harvey, of Leigh. The Rev. J. Smith, of Bacup, read the Scriptures, and the Rev. J. Howe, of Waterbarn, offered prayer. Another hymn was then sung, after which an address was delivered by the Rev. Peter Scott, of Brierley, near Halifax, Mr. Harbottle's oldest friend in the ministry. A portion of another hymn was then sung, after which Mr. Scott concluded the service by pronouncing the benediction. The procession then formed, and left the chapel in the following order:—First, the ministers, who had come to pay the last tribute of affection to their

venerable friend, several of them having studied for the ministry in the academy of which Mr. Harbottle was classical tutor; after them the friends who had been invited to attend the mournful ceremonies; next the coffin, borne by four members of the church at Barnes Street, over which Mr. Harbottle had presided. These were relieved by four members of the church at Oswaldtwistle, of which he was formerly pastor. The Rev. W. Jackson, of Church, and his two sons, followed immediately after the body, being the only relatives of Mr. Harbottle residing in the neighbourhood. Then came the general procession, composed of almost every class, and all denominations of Christians. The streets from the chapel to the railway station were lined with crowds of anxious spectators, while nearly all the shops on the line of route were closed in token of respect to one who, though he had throughout the whole of his life been modest and retiring almost to a fault, had won the respect and esteem of all who were acquainted with him. The procession arrived at the railway station at twenty minutes to ten o'clock, from which the body was conveyed directly afterwards to Ulverton for Tottlebank, accompanied by the Rev. P. Scott, Mr. Jackson, and Mr. R. Fish. On the following day, the 27th, the funeral ceremonies took place at the Baptist burial ground, Tottlebank, which is a quiet retired spot. About twenty friends had been invited to accompany the remains to its last resting place. The Rev. T. Taylor officiated in the chapel, and the Rev. P. Scott at the grave. The sorrow manifested both at Accrington, Tottlebank, and indeed wherever Mr. Harbottle was known, appears to have been almost universal.

Editorial Notes for the Month.

THE black war-cloud which hung over the Continent when our last number was issued from the press, has burst during the past month over the head of the King of Denmark. The brave king and his brave people—brave, though few—have been overrun by the motley hordes of Austria and Prussia; and now the whole of the Duchy of Sleswig, excepting only one small portion of it, is in the hands, and under the control, of the great German powers. The question that now arises is, What will they do with it?—for the two royal marauders are in the awkward position, of having taken that by violence, which would have been readily conceded to reasoning and remonstrance; and it is too much to be feared that they will seek to

justify past excesses, which all Europe deems unjustifiable, by rushing into further wrong-doing. If this should be indeed so, the danger of a general European war remains; and in that event scarcely any one ventures to hope that England will keep from mingling in the fray; though up to the present time the Government seems to have acted with both firmness and moderation, and to have done all that was possible in the interests of peace.

Meantime, Parliament has opened, and matters connected with Home Politics have attracted some of the attention that was being too fixedly given to affairs abroad. After all, England is more important to Englishmen than even Denmark or America; and it is not well when we think so much of our neighbours' business as to forget or neglect our own. We wish, indeed, that there were more disposition in Englishmen to look to their own affairs. That political indifferentism, which is almost the greatest curse that can come upon a nation, still reigns. At present the thirty-nine articles of our political creed resolve themselves into one word—PALMERSTON.

However quiet the political atmosphere may be, the Ecclesiastical barometer is seriously disturbed. "Essays and Reviews" have been relieved from condemnation by the highest Civil Court of the Realm; and, conversely, Bishop Colenso—he of the "Pentateuch"—has been condemned by his metropolitan, and sentenced to deposition. The decision in the former case has excited both regret and alarm, especially among Evangelical Churchmen; and the alarm is not lessened by the fact, which seems only too obvious, that the principle on which the decision in favour of the Essayists rests must ultimately relieve the Bishop also. What shall be said of such a state of things?

Our own "denominational politics" are attracting unusual attention. A grave question is being gravely discussed,—whether it would not be better to unite in some way our Home and Irish Societies. Dr. ANGUS, in the columns of *The Freeman*, has advocated the union of both organizations under the name of a "British Mission." The financial difficulties of the Baptist Missionary Society, also, have raised the question respecting that Society,—whether some plan might not and ought not to be adopted, to bring it into *closer and more direct* connexion with the churches throughout the land. Both these matters will doubtless come up for discussion at the approaching Annual Meetings, when, may "the Spirit of Wisdom and of a sound mind" be given to the assembled brethren. Meantime, we rejoice to know that the financial difficulties of the Baptist Missionary Society are being materially lessened through the efforts of the churches; though it must be added, on the other hand, with much regret, that the incomes of the smaller societies are being seriously affected by the attention that is being given to the larger one.

THE
BAPTIST REPORTER.

APRIL, 1864.

OUR ANNUAL MEETINGS.

APRIL has come round again, bringing with it the accustomed series of denominational anniversaries,—the Feast of Tabernacles of our Baptist Israel. Our readers will look for a few words from us which may help them to turn the occasion to some profitable account; and, although it is well nigh hopeless to dream of saying anything on such a subject which has not been said a thousand times before, we cannot persuade ourselves to let this number of *The Reporter* go forth without some proof of our remembrance of the season which has recurred, and of our unflagging interest in those great spiritual enterprises whose conductors this month “take stock” of their present position, and of the fruits accruing from the labours and expenditure of another year. In the impossibility of saying anything new, we shall have done something worth doing if we can stir up our readers’ minds by way of remembrance of the great principles which should underlie and actuate all our religious activities, and of the spirit in which those activities can alone be prosecuted acceptably and successfully.

One thought, we are pretty sure, will stir in the heart, and very likely spring to the lip, of each one whose eye rests upon this page:—“April here again! How swiftly the year has fled”! And truly it is so. The echo of the voice of last year’s speakers and preachers seems scarcely to have died away, before those appointed to the same work at this anniversary are called upon to take up the argument and renew the appeal. The decisions which resulted from the deliberations of last April have hardly been fairly carried out, before the time has come for rendering account of their working, and confirming or modifying them as experience may suggest. Officers and committee, ministers, deacons, and members, have but just buckled to at the new year’s work, when lo! the year is gone, and we must again sum up the results of the past, and start afresh for the future. It were something, and not a little, towards the better doing of our work, if we would lay more practically to heart the old old lesson thus newly pressed upon our heed; if we could remember it, not only now and then, but every day and all day long. Our activity would be steadier and therefore stronger, less spasmodic and therefore less ineffective, if we bore in mind how silently and swiftly, hour by hour, minute by minute, our working-day of life is trickling away; if we girded ourselves each morning for the

duties of that day in the spirit of Him "whose we are and whom we serve." "I must work the works of him that sent me while it is day; the night cometh when no man can work."

But to come more directly to our subject. If we believe the representations of many writers and talkers now-a-days, the time has passed when "our annual meetings" had any real value or power about them. They are now little better than effete and worthless forms,—the ghosts and relics of dead realities. The force of the arguments and appeals of missionary platforms spent itself when their novelty ceased. The names and examples of the mighty and holy dead have lost their power over the hearts and lives of the living. The new times require new modes of operation, new ways of enlisting the sympathy and help of Christians for the great evangelical enterprises of the church. Now let us once for all proclaim our utter disbelief and reprobation of all this style of thought and speech. It is arrogant, egotistic, and shallow. It carries the air of superior wisdom, but is false to the simplest facts and principles of human nature. It ignores the plain homely fact of the succession of the generations, and that arguments which are old to us are new and necessary to our children. It overlooks the imperishable interest and moment of the themes with which these arguments deal. It forgets the practical forgetfulness of our hearts about the things we most simply and assuredly accept as true. It treats with coarse and unfilial irreverence the memory of departed excellence. We know full well, indeed, that the mightiest and holiest names have no power to charm us, unless there be in us a living sympathy with the motives and spirit of the men who bore those names. But so long as men are men, and so long as the Bible is, to so large an extent, a book of biography, so long shall we cling to the assurance that the rehearsal of the deeds of the Christian heroes of the past, is one of God's mightiest means for kindling and guiding a holy emulation of their heroism in us who survive; of inspiring us to follow their faith, to enter into their labours, and to aspire after their reward.

But while we speak thus that there may be no misunderstanding of our after-words, we cannot but admit, and we believe most thoughtful observers of the signs of the times will unite in the admission, that the kind of remark against which we protest is, after all, only an exaggerated way of representing a state of things which does actually obtain amongst us. That the substantial attachment of our churches to the great evangelical enterprises which these meetings represent is not dwindling, is being triumphantly attested by the response to the appeal for special aid to the Baptist Missionary Society. But are we wrong in our conviction that our efforts in the cause of Christ lack something of the glow and enthusiasm which marked those of our fathers; that we come short of the simplicity of their faith and the ardour of their love? Are we not apt to do our work after too formal and perfunctory a fashion? Is it so, that with the novelty of the missionary enterprise, its romance and charm have for us faded? Have we grown so used to hear and read and talk about the crying need of perishing men, and the imperative duty of sending the Gospel to them, that these solemn, awful thoughts have lost their impres-

siveness to us,—become little more than forms of speech,—articles in a cold creed rather than parts of a warm, earnest, living faith? We fear there are symptoms which shew that such a condition of feeling is creeping over us; and woe betide our Christian life and work if the palsy be suffered to gain head and prevail!

Now one end, nay, to our thinking, the chief end, of “our annual meetings” should be to prevent such a calamity as this, by counterworking the tendency out of which the danger of the calamity springs. Their aim should be to rouse and sustain and direct to practical results a sacred enthusiasm for the glory of Christ and the salvation of men; to press home to the conscience and the heart the old, yet ever new, facts and arguments which sustain the claim of the Redeemer’s cause upon us. Our general public meetings are not for deliberation, nor, we think, mainly for the giving of detailed information as to the working of the societies they are designed to aid. They miss their aim just in as far as they fail to send their attendants away with their spirits stirred anew within them at the sight of a world lying in the arms of the wicked one; with their hearts throbbing in closer sympathy with the yearning compassion and redeeming love of Jesus; and with their souls braced to higher and holier resolution to do what God shall give them strength to do, to turn dying sinners from the error of their ways. The more simply preachers, speakers, hearers, set this object before them, the more profitable are our meetings likely to be. We need a simpler faith in the power of spiritual agencies. There is reason to fear lest, in all our work for Christ, we come to trust in mechanism rather than in life. This is a day of organization; and the very elaborateness and efficiency of our machinery may betray us. Let us beware of this, one of the subtlest and most easily-besetting forms of the ruinous error of trusting in an arm of flesh. Wise improvements in constitution and modes of working are to be welcomed and encouraged. But let us not look for the working of spiritual wonders by such means. Life, life quickened and sustained by the Spirit of God,—this is what we want, what we should strive and pray for more. Where this is found it will find its own methods of working, and will work more effectually by simple means than the most carefully-adjusted machinery when this is absent or feeble.

If we are to have more life we must have more prayer. The series of meetings most fitly opens with a prayer-meeting. This is often one of the most interesting and profitable meetings of all. But we have been often pained to see how partially it is sustained by the presence of members and ministers of our London churches. We leave the hint to those whom it may concern. The exercise of prayer might also be more largely introduced into our meetings for deliberation. It would serve to keep us in mind of the solemn object for which we meet, and of our dependence on God for wisdom to decide aright on the questions which come before us. It would prevent discussion degenerating into dispute; and would bring down the blessing of Heaven upon our intercourse. But especially let us urge that separate churches and individual Christians should seek from God a blessing on these anniversaries. We fear that our metropolitan churches do not take as much interest in the matter as they ought. We

have ourselves heard announcements in London chapels of meetings for business or worship, or singing-practice, on the very evenings fixed for some of "our annual meetings." This is not right. The pastors and members of our churches in London should feel it to be their first duty at that season to do all they can to render the meetings as effective as possible. And let not our country churches think themselves free from responsibility in the matter. Where no members, nor even the minister, can attend, let the subject be remembered, in public and in private, at the throne of grace. We commend these simple suggestions to the serious attention of our brethren. The present year is in some respects a critical one in the history of more than one of our societies. The opportunity is favourable for trying to throw more life, more energy and enthusiasm into our assemblies, and into the work which they prompt and encourage. Rightly used, the present season may become the beginning of swifter progress for the time to come. Be it ours to bring more prayerfulness, more love, more personal consecration to the work of the Lord, assured that if we thus "prove him," he will "open the windows of heaven and pour us out a blessing, that there shall not be room to contain it."

THE ROYAL CHRISTENING.

THE assembly packed within the narrow walls of the private chapel of Buckingham Palace, on Thursday, March 10th, was as numerous as it was brilliant. At least a score royal personages were present, nearly all the Cabinet Ministers, some half-dozen foreign ambassadors and representatives, seven dignitaries of the Established Church, the members of the royal households, besides many persons of high rank and illustrious name. It was not merely a royal pageant in which they took part, but a religious ceremony. And it is just in this last aspect of it that we recall the royal christening with the least satisfaction. All the crowned heads of Christendom can never make that to be good which history, and our own observation, to go no further, have emphatically pronounced to be evil, only evil, and evil continually. These may seem strong words to timid men; but recollecting the fearful consequences to the church of Christ which have sprung from the substitution of human rites for divine ordinances, we should be traitors to our own convictions if they were not uttered. It cannot be otherwise than evil in any measure to lessen men's regard for the authority of Christ in his church, and to undervalue, if not altogether to deny, that the Scriptures are our only rule of faith and practice; and yet, unless we have totally misread church history, this is only a very small part of the mischief which has issued from the adoption of the ceremony under condemnation.

The royal christening will recall to our readers the fact, that the modern mode of celebrating the rite in the Episcopal Church is to be dated no farther back than the reign of James I. Previous to that time christening was generally performed by immersion, as the size of the ancient fonts, the ancient pictures of the ceremony still extant, the decrees of many of the provincial councils in this country enforcing the primitive mode, and the *Catechisms* of Archbishop Cranmer, abundantly testify. "What greater shame can there be," says Cranmer, "than that a man professes himself to be a Christen man because he is baptized, and yet he knoweth not what baptism is, nor what strength the same hath, nor what the *dyppynge* in the water doth betoken?" The substitution of

sprinkling for dipping was adopted by the French clergy as early as the eighth century, and was perpetuated by the Reformers. Scotland received it from Geneva, and to that solemn pedant, James I., belongs the honour of making it popular among the clergy of the Established Church of England. The choice of dipping or pouring, which is still given to "the priest" in the Book of Common Prayer, has ended, as every one knows, in the very general use of neither.

We cannot forget, moreover, that the theory of the sponsorship of the Anglican Church virtually concedes our opinions as to the prerequisites of baptism. The Puritans, in the reign of Charles II., perfectly understood this fact; and hence in their *Exceptions to the Book of Common Prayer*, published in 1662, they say: "We know not by what right the sureties do promise and answer in the name of the infant; *it seemeth to us also to countenance the Anabaptistical opinion of the necessity of an actual profession of faith and repentance in order to baptism.*"

We are indebted for our information respecting the royal christening to the *Court Circular*; and the accuracy of its report will not be questioned. We learn from this, among other things, that "the font was a beautifully-formed tazza* of silver gilt, the rim representing the leaves and flowers of the water-lily, while the base, from which springs its graceful stem, is grouped with cherubs playing the lyre." Altogether a very tasteful and elegant thing, as will thus appear, and one that Robert Robinson would have classified as a "fancy font." We also learn, that "over the altar was a fine piece of tapestry, representing the baptism of the Saviour." How would both pictures look together; the one on the wall, and the other within the rails of "the sanctuary"? Would they mutually explain and illustrate each other? We trow not. No picture of the baptism of our Lord, modern or mediæval, ever ventured so far to violate the plain testimony of the New Testament as to depict the Saviour being handed to John the Baptist as a babe.

But the ceremony itself was not all of a piece. One part scarcely agreed with another. The opening chorale and the closing thanksgiving were at variance. The words of the chorale ran as follows:—

"Praise the Lord with heart and voice,
Through the land let all rejoice,
While our Prince's new-born heir
To the holy font we bear.

"From the dawn of early youth
May he walk in faith and truth:
Bless, O Lord, this holy scene,
Bless our Princess, Prince, and Queen!"

To this last verse we can most heartily say Amen. But there is in the first two lines of it a pious wish expressed that the young prince may walk in faith and truth from his earliest years. How does the closing thanksgiving read? "We yield Thee hearty thanks, most merciful Father, that it hath pleased Thee to regenerate this infant with Thy Holy Spirit, to receive him for Thine own child by adoption, and to incorporate him into Thy church." Now, one of two things is true: either the primate, and all those taking part in the royal christening, believed that regeneration would be associated inseparably with the performance of the rite; or they did not. If they did, then the expression beforehand of any wish implying uncertainty as to the choice the infant prince would hereafter make was obviously in contradiction. If they did not, then the thanksgiving with which the ceremony closed—we must not hesitate to say it—was insincere.

* "Cup."

Another thing about the royal christening which struck us as strange, was the number of sponsors, eight in all,—five of these were represented by proxies,—and the distance they will mostly reside from the young prince whom they have thus undertaken morally to superintend. If the sponsors are to do their work effectively, they will need much closer and more protracted intercourse with their charge than it is certain any two of them will enjoy. It is not very usual to hear that the sponsors fill out their own selected office with anything approaching in the least degree to its grave responsibilities. Will these eight sponsors prove an exception? or will they not rather forget all about their promise, as so many before them have done, and thus give point to the sarcasm, that the form is everything, and the reality nothing?

We have touched very reluctantly on these things: but fidelity to our principles as a denomination demanded that, in any reference which might be made in these pages to the royal christening, the points we have briefly passed under review should not be omitted.

There are other aspects of the principal court event of last month which yield us far more satisfaction than those on which we have hitherto written. While we cannot accept the royal christening as Christian baptism, we are none the less loyal to the sovereign of these realms; and we, therefore, unfeignedly rejoice that, by another heir to the British throne, Heaven is graciously securing the undisturbed reign of the house of Brunswick, not only during this, but, in all human probability, during two succeeding generations. We have no wish for the return of wars of succession. We have no love for changes of dynasty, which rarely take place without many changes for the worse. And the people of the British isles would think the end of their days was come if they had to endure the social uproar associated too frequently with the periodical election of the chief magistrates of modern republics. The liberty of Englishmen was never greater than at the present moment; and the power of the monarch is so constitutionally checked and guarded, that the off-hand tyranny of the Tudors, or the miserable despotism of the Stuarts, is simply impossible. Only let the people of these isles be true to themselves, and their liberties, under the present sovereign and her successors, will be still further increased.

One great difficulty in a royal family, numerous itself, and with several collateral branches that bid fair to rival the parent stem, is the naming of each fresh addition to their family circle so as to secure sufficient distinctiveness. Another is, the natural desire to reproduce names already honourably worn by those whom death has snatched away. Perhaps royalty never condescends to consult the popular taste in this matter, except we regard the eighty-five names recently given to a scion of the royal house of Spain as an illustration; on the principle, that if you give names enough to your child you are sure to please somebody. But whether or not the royal family ever thought of the popular sympathy with them in their sorrow for that illustrious man so recently snatched from our midst, we have no hesitation in saying that the name given to the second heir to the throne—ALBERT VICTOR CHRISTIAN EDWARD—will be generally received with unqualified pleasure. It embraces the names of both sire and grandsires, the masculine form of the name of Her Majesty, is distinctive, and not too long.

The *Court Circular* was too formal and precisely decorous to tell us how human nature, both mature and infantile, peeped out from under the robes of royalty at the christening. But jealously excluded, as the reporters were, from the Queen's private chapel, they have yet picked up two pieces of gossip which will prove of universal interest. On the arrival of the Princess of Wales, who looked pale and excited, Her Majesty arose and affectionately kissed her; and the same motherly reception was given to the Prince of Wales. But babies will

be babies, whether royal or plebeian, and have little notion of the proprieties. When the ceremony began, the clear voice of the Archbishop was heard in every part of the chapel. Presently another voice arose; at first but faintly, and then waxing both loud and shrill. Albert Victor, muffled up in a robe and cap of Honiton lace, a cloak of crimson velvet lined with ermine, and a mantle of white satin, began to ring out, not responses to the primate's questions, but a strong and vigorous protest against his own present uncomfortable position, and the whole proceedings which had made him its chief personage. In vain were the blandishments of the nurse, and in vain also the coaxings of the Queen,—the infantile scream re-echoed through the chapel. The primate raised his voice; the baby-prince did the same—both contending with each other for the victory. It was not until Albert Victor had been taken clean out of earshot that the supremacy of the Church and State was restored. The incident occasioned no small amusement to the spectators, but greatly embarrassed for a time the royal party.

We noticed in the long list of names given in the *Court Circular*, that certain ladies and gentlemen were present at the ceremony by special invitation. These were the former governesses and tutors of the Prince of Wales. That they should not be overlooked in a pageant of this sort, bespeaks a laudable desire on the part of the Prince to gratify those who cannot but feel a deep personal interest in his welfare. We think this augurs well for the future.

We may also take this most favourable occasion of renewing our good wishes to the royal pair who, in our judgment, seem to have been so unfairly thrust into the background during this royal christening. That their infant son may deepen their mutual love, and grow in stature and in wisdom, and in favour with God and man—is the devout prayer of every reader of this Magazine. Nor can we omit this opportunity of repeating our expressions of undiminished attachment to Her Majesty the Queen. We have wept with her over the bier of her husband. We now most heartily rejoice with her in the broadening circle of her children's children. May it mercifully please an all-wise Providence through this means to dissipate the sorrow that yet casts its dark shadow over her heart!

CONCERNING GOOD-FRIDAY.

THERE is a closer connection between the principles and the practices of men than appears to shallow observation. In small as well as in great matters we may see how intimately faith bears on character; and it is sometimes useful to us to bring our ruling convictions to the light of every-day life,—thus testing solemn truths by trivial occasions, and drawing from our most familiar experiences the confirmation or the correction of our fundamental beliefs. A man's Theism, a man's Christianity, a man's Protestantism, will run through his whole life; and it may be a salutary exercise occasionally to test the purity of the fountain by examining the character of the stream,—the soundness of the tree by analysing its fruit. This I propose to do, with reference to some of our distinctive principles as Protestant Dissenters, in the present paper.

The Easter holidays have come upon us; and the preparatory fast which introduces them has once more passed away. "Good," or "Holy" Friday received its customary observance, no doubt. In England, it was, as usual, a universal holiday. Little boys and big boys, old men and old women, went about the streets crying their immemorial cry—

“One a penny, buns,
Two a penny, buns;
One a penny, two a penny,
Hot cross-buns!”

The theory which finds embodiment in the “hot-cross bun” is a very comprehensive one. It is, first, that Good-Friday is the anniversary of the crucifixion of our Lord; secondly, that that anniversary should be celebrated by all Christian people by abstinence from work, by solemn fasting, by spiritual humiliation, and by devout religious exercises. This year, it so happened that Good-Friday fell on the same day as the feast of the Annunciation of the Virgin Mary, which is a great festival, not only in the Romish but also in the English Church. Whether our ritualistic friends sacrificed the feast to the fast, or the fast to the feast; whether they made the Virgin do homage to the Son, or the Son to the Virgin; whether they forgot the pathos of the crucifixion in the ecstasy of Gabriel’s benediction, or *vice versa*, is a question which I am totally incompetent to answer; though, if they were sincere in both services, I confess I cannot perceive how they would find it possible to reconcile the joyousness of the one with the sorrowfulness of the other! For my own convenience, however, I will forget the coincidence to which I have referred, and regard Good-Friday in its ordinary and independent aspects. In Rome, as is but natural, the day is observed with much more of ecclesiastical ceremony than in the Church of England. The Pope adopts every possible sign of abasement. His throne is left vacant. He casts aside his robes of state. The cardinals imitate his example, by pulling off their rings for the day, and dressing themselves in purple. The bishops pull off their rings, and put on black stockings. The mace is reversed. The crucifix is unveiled, and the Pope takes off his shoes on approaching it, and then kisses it. The bells are silenced; but the shops, public offices, museums, and picture galleries, are open as usual, and the general tone of the people is not less frivolous and sportive than on common occasions. The observance of Good-Friday, in our own country, was, in the old Catholic days, externally, more poetical, if, intrinsically, no more salutary. “A dressed figure of Christ, mounted on a crucifix, was carried by priests round the altar, with doleful chants; then, laying it on the ground with great tenderness, they fell beside it, kissed its hands and feet with piteous sighs and tears, the other priests doing the like in succession. Afterwards came the people to worship the assumedly dead Saviour, each bringing some little gift, such as corn and eggs. There was finally a most ceremonious burial of the image, along with the ‘singing bread,’ amidst the light of torches and the burning of incense, and with flowers to strew over the grave.” The Reformation put an end to this style of ceremony, of course; but the Church of England still regards Good-Friday as a sacred day, and professes to observe it as a solemn fast. Dissenters of all denominations profess not so to regard or observe it; and the Baptists have long been distinguished by the frankness and the consistency with which they have abstained from doing homage on special days to special events connected with the Christian history.

In our own time, there are not many Dissenters who refuse to accept

the holiday which the law has 'given them on Good-Friday, though such holidays were strongly protested against by our nonconforming forefathers. Even Robert Robinson, of Cambridge, with all his geniality and benevolence of nature, did not take so liberal a view of this feature of the question as is now commonly adopted, though his judgment is summarised in a sentence which thousands of very good Christians, and very sound politicians, too, will be willing this day to endorse. He says—"As to holidays, let the poor take as many as they can afford, and their masters can spare. Far be it from us to wish to abridge their liberty, or diminish their little enjoyment of life; but let us not make religion of their gambols, nor enrol their pastimes among the laws of Jesus Christ." We, without thinking it necessary every year to renew our protest against the theory on which the observance of Good-Friday is upheld, save by our abstinence from special religious services on that day, take glad advantage of the holiday; and we walk the fields if the weather be suitable, or avail ourselves of the opportunity of some pleasant social reunion, or at any rate leave our secular pursuits for such enjoyments as may be within our reach. It is even possible that our children have heard of the "Hot-cross bun," and that we do not deny them a share in that peculiar and universal indulgence; but the spiced cake is associated in their minds with no particular religious memorial, and its consumption certainly does not take the form, in any sense, of an act of piety.

Now, those pietists who advocate the celebration of particular days, I am willing to admit, do so on the principle that the practice is a useful method by which the soul may periodically remind itself of the facts which are most directly connected with the interests, the laws, or the conditions of its salvation. Assuredly no true Protestant would think of setting up the fast of Good-Friday or the feast of Christmas as a test of grace. The most which will be said in favour of such services is that they are a suitable means to a desirable end. Even the compilers of the Book of Common Prayer admit that "the keeping or omitting of a ceremony, in itself considered, is but a small thing." They further protest that the ceremonies which they retain "are retained for a discipline and order, which, upon just causes, may be altered and changed, and, therefore, are not to be esteemed equal to God's law." It is possibly in this sense, that a liberal and enlightened Churchman will understand the twentieth article, which declares that "the Church hath power to decree rites or ceremonies;" that is, as rites or ceremonies have not the authority of a Divine law, but may be changed from time to time as is convenient, the power of appointing such changes is vested in the Church itself. There are very few clergymen of our day, however, who would take such a view of this question; and the majority of them would give to Good-Friday an equal sanctity with the Sabbath, and would pronounce a non-observance of it to be an act of profane rebellion, or of ungodly heresy. And, more or less, the entire temper of the Prayer Book, and the whole system of Church practice, support this assumption. Dissenters, on the contrary, adopt precisely the opposite principle. Let me endeavour briefly to show the difference more in detail, and to bring the contrary theories to the test of experience in this specific development of them.

In the first place, then, the Church of Rome and the Church of England alike maintain the authority of rites and ceremonies which are not appointed by God's Law: *i.e.*, which have the warranty neither of Scriptural precept or precedent to justify them. Protestant Dissenters, on the other hand, recognise no day as sacred, and no ceremony as incumbent, which has not been Divinely instituted. Which, judged by the test of experience, is the sounder principle? Surely, the latter. The former involves assumptions which cannot be sustained, and which carnal human nature is certain to challenge. Take the case of Good-Friday, for example. The Church cannot enforce the doctrine of its sanctity without committing itself to the theory that it is actually the anniversary of the crucifixion; and that is a theory which cannot be sustained without an infinitely greater degree of mischief from disputation than any possible amount of good which can be derived from the establishment of the fact. Now it is beyond a question that the time of Christ's birth has never been decided; and the date of his crucifixion is even more uncertain. The Church has been disgraced by the divisions and debates which have arisen from the attempt to settle the dates of these occurrences; and those branches of the Church which persist in maintaining the one date or the other, are responsible, not only for the disreputable scenes which took place centuries ago, resulting in persecution and bloodshed, but for keeping open a controversy which must, in the very nature of things, be perpetual. These are responsibilities from which Dissenters are entirely free. They have the express declaration of Scripture that Christ arose from the dead on the first day of the week; and that is the only *date* to which they attach any sanctity. They do not say to the world—"This is the day on which the Lord of Glory was put to death;" they, therefore, do not get into any squabble with the world on the question whether or not it *is* the day. They do not insist on *one* day whilst another branch of the Church insists on another: thus presenting to the whole world the very unseemly spectacle of a quarrel about a date among those who profess to sanctify dates before they have agreed upon the dates which are to be sanctified. They are content to know that God has not put his seal upon the date by recording it among the facts of his revelation; and they pledge their homage to no consecration which is not by his direct appointment. When, therefore, the world, rebuked by the Church for its heedlessness to Good-Friday, triumphantly retorts upon the Church, "*Prove the date!*" the reproach of that retort does not fall on us; and we stand between an ambitious hierarchy and the ordinary race of mortals, the protectors of our religion from the discreditable and unjustifiable pretensions of the one, and the vindicators of it to the common sense of the other.

There is another aspect in which this subject may be regarded, however, and one which possesses, in my view, a much deeper interest, tested by which our principles receive a still more emphatic ratification. A ceremonial religion is almost necessarily one of special anniversaries. Any theory which converts a sanctity into an artifice will inevitably perish, unless the artifice itself be elevated into a regular and special custom. The whole economy of Catholicism has been framed on the assumption

that human nature is incapable, even under that help of the Spirit which the Father hath promised to all his children, of a radical, essential, and prevailing spirituality; and the services of the Church, therefore, have been appointed in elaborate harmony with its weaknesses. Salvation, grace, truth, have, according to that system of combined sacramentalism and sacerdotalism, of which, be it respectfully spoken, Good-Fridayism is a characteristic development, no inherent power over the heart and conscience of man; so he must be bound down to piety by a number of mechanical and material expedients. Regeneration, accomplished by God's own simple agency, is impracticable through the stolid hardness of the soul; so it must be accomplished by an external process and with a parade of ecclesiastical force, in a baby; and then when the baby becomes a man, he may be told not to commit sin, *because* he is a child of heaven—in precisely the same spirit as the children of the Queen are told not to laugh or play in public, *because* they are born to royal dignities! The means of grace are all mechanicalized and materialized in the same fashion. Counting beads, saying prayers, observing ordinances, and celebrating days, are all parts of a method of being pious without piety, and devout without devotion. The ritualistic Christian is persuaded that the world would forget the incarnation if Christmas went out of fashion; the crucifixion would soon be buried in oblivion if it were not marked in the almanack, and memorialized once a year; the resurrection would lose its moral import if Easter should be permitted to lapse. Incarnation, crucifixion, and resurrection, are such momentous incidents in the great drama of time, that they should be perpetually kept in mind by the world. And how is this to be done? Obviously by fixing the date of each, and insisting on the celebration of its annual recurrence as a duty incumbent on all those who desire everlasting salvation! Such is the reasoning which is common alike to the Anglican and the Roman Catholic; and it is acted upon until almost every day in the year has its special interest for the soul. The entire calendar is booked for some essential sacrifice or some consecrated indulgence. Indeed, some days are, as we have seen, dedicated to antithetical experiences; so that the saint stands in peril of a loss of grace unless he laughs with one side of his face whilst he cries with the other, and unless his worship be a mixture of woful groanings with ecstatic songs. These are feats which would hardly be within the power of a ventriloquial pantomimist; but the "Church" imposes a still harder task upon its devotees. The discipline it enjoins is not ceremonial only. That materialism of which I have spoken is absolute. A man cannot be sad unless he sigh, and he cannot sigh unless he fast; he cannot rejoice unless he sing, and he cannot sing unless he feast. His highest pieties and his grossest animalism are indissolubly connected together, according to these High-Church theories. Soul, after all, is but another word for stomach; and those of the old time, whose "god was their belly," could not have been quite so bad as they were represented. So it comes to pass that the true saint is called upon now and then to starve and to debauch on the same day. He goes without his breakfast, or at any rate contents himself with a "hot cross-bun," in homage of one event which makes sacred

the 25th of March; and he rejoices in a magnificent luncheon in homage of another event of an utterly different character. Thus throughout the year he passes from one extreme to another, abstaining at one time and over-feeding at another; converting temperance into an affliction to-day, and into a crime to-morrow; now sulkily enduring all the deprivations of Lent, and anon plunging into all the wild and impassioned gaieties of the Carnival.

Need I point out how thoroughly different from all this is the doctrine of divine living held by us? We teach and believe a much higher notion of what is man's duty to God, and of what is God's claim on man. We do not positively assert that fasting is a mistake, or that feasting is a sin; but the true method of fasting we hold is to avoid ostentation, and quietly to resort to abstinence from the joys of sense that the authority of the soul may have a better opportunity of realising itself. Fasting, with us, therefore, becomes a part of private, secret, resolute, responsible self-discipline, and is not a church-rite at all. Baptism is not adopted as a device for impressing the mind with its higher obligations, but a simple act of obedience, interpretive of trust in, and devotion to, the Saviour. Our forms and services of worship are not tricks adopted with the idea of artificially sustaining an impracticable sanctity, but the exercises of our spiritual culture—exactly what we call them, “means of grace.” In our fastings and our prayers, we put the soul in training for its immortal tasks. And, with us, religion is not the duty of the hour, or of the day; it is the eternal life of the Divine conscience within. We cannot, therefore, say,—“This is Good-Friday: now let us think sorrowfully of the stupendous transaction of Calvary;” or, “This is Easter: now let us rejoice in the fact that Christ is risen;” any more than we could say, “Good-Friday is gone: I have done with the melancholy catastrophe of the Cross for one year!” or, “Easter has passed away, and I may come down from the exaltations of my revealed immortality to make the best I can of the present world.” Incarnation, Crucifixion, Resurrection, are to us more than historical phenomena; they are Divine revelations of infinite purpose and everlasting import. They are not events to be ceremonially memorialised, therefore, so much as truths to be received into the very heart, and principles to be acted upon through all the vicissitudes and in all the associations of our earthly career, and by which our eternal experiences will be regulated and controlled.

Again, then, I am willing to test these two opposing systems of spiritual polity (if I may so speak) by actual experience. Let it be granted that the great ecclesiastics who uphold the one, really regard ceremony as a means towards the enforcement of the spiritual truth acknowledged in it; the anniversary, as a means towards impressing the great fact commemorated thereby, in all its awful import, upon the mind. We maintain that the expedient is a blunder, and that the effect is exactly the reverse of that contemplated by the arrangement. The arguments by which ceremony and sacrament in spiritual discipline are upheld, are exactly the same as those by which idolatry in worship is justified. God is invisible, and the common mind of mortal man cannot realise the thought of his

presence or his power, unless he be embodied in some significant form; therefore engrave an image, and set it up, to remind the people that the Great Eye watches them, and that the Great Arm may be raised against them in their wickedness. Had I space, I could extend this parallel almost indefinitely; showing how, just as the principle of idolatry once admitted, the multiplication of gods takes place, until the very idea of God is crowded out of the mind; so the principle of sacramentalism once admitted, the multiplication of sacraments becomes inevitable, until vital spirituality is altogether out of the question. But I have said enough for my present purpose; and now nothing remains but for me to apply the argument. I ask the question, then, whether the great event of the crucifixion of our Lord, in all that it implies as to the natural condition of our race, and in all that it reveals as to the method and the law of its everlasting salvation, is not more profoundly revered, more clearly understood, and more practically honoured by those who religiously abstain from observing Good-Friday, than it is by those whose religion consists in the observance of it? I ask the question; but I must leave the honest judgment of my readers to furnish the answer. Alas! I dare not too boldly appeal to the contrast between *our* piety and that of those from whose customs we hold aloof, and whose principles of spiritual action we disapprove; and, even if I dare, the contest would be an unseemly one. Rather will I appropriate as our perpetual prayer the words which Keble has given us as the special voice of Good-Friday:—

“Lord of my heart, by Thy last cry,
 Let not Thy blood on earth be spent;
 Lo, at Thy feet I fainting lie,
 Mine eyes upon Thy wounds are bent :
 Upon Thy streaming wounds my weary eyes
 Wait like the parched earth on April skies.
 “Wash me, and by these bitter tears,
 O let my heart no further roam!
 ’Tis Thine by vows, and hopes, and fears,
 Long since!—O call Thy wanderer home;
 To that dear home, safe in Thy wounded side,
 Where only broken hearts their sin and shame may hide.”

DISAGREEABLE PEOPLE.

THERE are such in the world. Not a doubt about it. The reader has frequently met with them. There are various classes of men that one instinctively dislikes. The less we have to do with them the better. Civility and toleration are all that we can render them. They put charity to a severe test—they make large demands on forbearance.

Were any author enterprising enough to write the natural history of disagreeable people, it would not be difficult to find him a few specimens. The names, manners, and habits of these worthies might soon be brought together. For example. There is Mr. Viper. His maxim is to think as ill of others as he can, and to speak accordingly. Calumny is his delight. He loves to sting you with mean insinuations and despicable suspicions about your friends. Excellen-

cies he hides; defects he magnifies to almost any extent. You refer in terms of commendation to certain persons, but he shakes his head ominously, and declares that if you knew them as well as he does, you would think differently. "No better than they should be" is a phrase often on his lips. You praise a sermon, which he admits to be a good one, but assures you that the best things in it were borrowed. You tell him what a bargain you met with the other day at a book-stall, and he informs you that you have been "taken in," for he has seen the same volumes, better bound, and in excellent condition, offered at nearly half what you gave. There is Mr. Pompus. He thinks none like himself. No matter what you talk about he insists upon thrusting on you his own wonderful sayings and remarkable doings. He walks as if he were nothing less than a king, and gives his opinion about this and that as though the whole world were waiting, in breathless suspense, to hear his tremendous verdict. There is Mr. Cant. He always wears the blandest of smiles, he has the sleekest and smoothest of faces, he rubs his hands with the utmost complacency, and bows half way toward the carpet when he enters the room. You never see him without having unpleasant reminiscences of Uriah Heep. There is Mr. Cross-grain. His nature is as contradictory as possible. He invariably opposes people. Whatever subject you mention, he is sure to raise objections. "I don't think so," "I differ entirely with you there," "I can't see it." These are phrases with which his lips are well familiar. Controversy is his paradise. He wears continually a pair of intellectual boxing-gloves. Were he in Parliament he would invariably be found on the opposition benches. There is Mrs. Screw. She drives economy mad. Hoarding is her "being's end and aim." At her house you feel that you are in an atmosphere of penuriousness. If she asks you, at dinner or tea, to "take a little more," it is certain that she means exactly what she says, and only wants you to have "a little more." She never forgets to get ready sixpences and fourpenny-pieces for collections. The poor children are kept on what is vulgarly called "short commons;" and it is a curiosity to see the amount of patching, darning, turning, and transformation in general, to which the boys' jackets and the girls' frocks are subjected. There is Miss Voluble. There seems no end to her power of talk. Her tongue is condemned daily to "hard labour." She has never done conversing, and if circumstances compel her to give it up for a while, you may rest satisfied that, like tales in magazines, it is "to be continued in our next." She seats herself by your fireside, unfastens her bonnet-strings, takes off her gloves, arranges her dress, and forthwith commences her prattle about every one and every one's affairs.

But we need not enlarge. The above are simply samples of the human merchandise brought, wholesale and retail, into the great market of social life. Other specimens will readily suggest themselves to any one who will pause for a few minutes and enumerate his circle of acquaintances. Unquestionably we all know, too well, men and women to whom we cannot but apply the term "disagreeable people." There is much in them that we never have liked and never shall. Their absence is more desirable than their presence. When they come, we wish they were gone: when they are gone, we wish they had not come.

Samson found honey in the carcase of a wild beast. Wise men, in like manner, will manage to discover "good in everything." Let us do this with our present topic. There are some plain facts about it which we shall be the better for remembering. Here is one: *disagreeable people often have disagreeable circumstances*. There are exceptions, but experience convinces us that this is the rule. Unpleasant persons usually have unpleasant surroundings. When, for example, you called on Peter Peevish the other day, he was abominably

snappish, was he not? Perhaps worse, in a towering passion. Well, may-be he had just received the news of a bad debt. He had opened a letter from the solicitors of Messrs. Dupe, Swindle, & Co., informing him that a meeting of the creditors would take place at a special time. This being the case, is it fair of you to make comparisons between your beautifully even and unruffled temper and the perturbation of Peevish? How should *you* like similar tidings to those which he received?

The reader must not suppose from these remarks, that we favour the miserable heresy that man is the creature of circumstances. To some extent he is, but never to *such* an extent as to excuse vice and sin. Indeed, it is the glory of true manhood that it makes circumstances its creatures, swims against the stream, makes its way onward in spite of opposing wind and tide. Those who are perpetually fretting and whining at their unfavourable position, instead of bravely attempting to conquer its difficulties and lessen its vexations, deserve the irony of Mr. Carlyle when he speaks of an acorn being nursed into a cabbage, or a cabbage-seed into an oak, by favourable or unfavourable influences of soil and climate! Man the creature of circumstances! Napoleon was not when he said, "There shall be no Alps," and carried his vast army over those perilous heights of snow and ice. Saunderson, the Cambridge Professor of Mathematics, was not when, although stone blind, he delighted large audiences by his lectures on the laws of light. Carey, Marshman, and Ward were not when, in the face of lay and clerical antagonism, they took the Gospel to the heathen, and lifted up the Cross where hitherto it had been a stranger.

At the same time, it cannot be denied that we are all more or less influenced by circumstances. Silently and gradually our characters are affected by the places in which we dwell, the occupations which we pursue, and the people among whom our lot is cast. It is almost certain that nine out of every ten good and reputable men owe much, in a moral point of view, to the situation in which Providence has been pleased to put them. Otherwhere they would be otherwise. There was great wisdom and piety in the words of that old Puritan divine who, when he saw a wretched creature led to the gallows, said, "There goes John Bradford but for the grace of God!"

These facts ought to teach us a lesson of charity toward those who err. A man or a woman goes wrong grievously; we condemn the sin, talk about it,—alas! perhaps half gloat over it, if the offender is an enemy of ours. But while we thus reprove let us bear in mind that the circumstances surrounding the evil-doer have most likely been such as would have affected us quite as unfavourably had we been placed in them. "The graceful vase that stands in the drawing-room under a glass shade, and never goes to the well, has no great right to despise the rough pitcher that goes often, and is broken at last." It is very striking and touching to see how the Saviour, in his messages to the seven churches of Asia Minor, makes allowance for them on the ground of exceeding temptation. "I know thy tribulation and poverty." "I know where thou dwellest, even where Satan's seat is." If a like charity dwelt in our hearts, we should deal less in unsparing rebuke and more in kindly aid to the sinful than we now do.

"The look, the air that frets thy sight,
May be a token that below
The soul has closed in deadly fight
With some infernal fiery foe,
Whose glance would scorch thy smiling grace,
And cast thee, shuddering, on thy face."

Again, *disagreeable people do not always know that they are such.* To wit: how much Mr. Pompous annoys you! You seldom spend half-an-hour in his

company without feeling that his egotism is unbearable. His self-conceit is insufferable to every one but—himself. It is not at all insufferable to himself. Numbers of people marvel how ever he can make such a fool of himself; he, however, is not one of them. He would be astonished that any one should think of such a thing. He is in “blissful ignorance” of the fact that he has undue admiration of and confidence in himself. Equally unacquainted is he with the vexation which his vanity causes in his circle of friends. Love is said to be blind, and certainly self-love is doubly blind.

Now, if it is possible for men to be so miserably mistaken about themselves, we shall do well to take good care that we do not, at least to such an egregious extent, fall into this error. To have a mistaken opinion about anything is undesirable, but specially baneful is a false view of one's self. Let a man think too little of himself, and he will be timid. He will go through life apologising for intruding himself in the world. Hat in hand, as it were, he will be continually begging some one's pardon for imagined offences and defects which exist only in his fancy. Cowardly when he had need be brave; irresolute when occasion demands stern decision; ever led and never leading,—he will, in all probability, end in being a sycophant and a sneak. Let a man, on the contrary, think too much of himself, and he will be a social nuisance. He will elbow his way into places for which nature has never fitted him, and annoy people who just tolerate his presence from selfish considerations. He will disgust you with coarse manners polished over with false politeness. He will tread ruthlessly on his neighbour's toes,—and, in fine, render himself universally obnoxious. What, then, is the part of wisdom? Seeing that such evils flow from self-ignorance, we should strive to know ourselves, taking mental, social, and moral measurements of our characters. Can we do this? Yes. The inspired Book is “a glass” wherein we may behold ourselves. Divine truths are weights and measures by which we may discover how far we are “found wanting.” They should not be neglected.

Of course there is danger here. Self-examination is a thing which some abuse greatly, and to their own hurt. As it is physically, so spiritually. Just as there are pitiable hypochondriacs who feel their pulses, look at their tongues in the mirror, mark first this symptom and then that, wander from one medical practitioner to another, try every old and every new system of medicine, talk of nothing but their “old complaint,” and brood over their real and supposed maladies until they are nervous almost beyond the power of endurance, so there are religious hypochondriacs whose experience is very similar. They have acquired a morbid habit of thinking about themselves, which makes them a misery to every one around them. You never go to see them without hearing a doleful account of their doubts and fears. Their “evidences” are always defective, and they are afraid that they will be “castaways.” The truth is, that they have so completely fostered the practice of looking at and thinking of themselves, that they are now the victims of chronic religious nervousness. Into such an absurd and mournful extreme, however, none of us need go; nor should such cases prejudice us against a duty which solemnly devolves upon all. We are bound to know ourselves. No one ought to sail on the solemn sea of life, leading to the awful and illimitable ocean of eternity, with a vague and indefinite knowledge of the course which he is steering. Consider the interests at stake, and it will be seen to be inexcusable to the last degree.

Take a third fact. *Disagreeable people do not become such all at once.* Mr. Viper, for instance, was not always as malignant in speech as he is now. He says infamously slanderous and uncharitable things about his friends and neighbours. A few years ago, however, did not see him so spiteful. Had you known him when he was fifteen or twenty summers younger than he is to-day,

you would be astonished at the difference. The portrait of his character then and the likeness of it now, if they could be painted, framed, and hung side by side, would look like those of two distinct persons. He was flagrantly wronged on various occasions. Real injury was inflicted upon him. He allowed this gradually to sour his mind, until it has made him what he is. Step by step he went down the road of Slander, until he arrived at and became an inhabitant of the well-populated city of Backbite. Therefore, when I think of Viper, let me take warning. It is dangerous to cherish a single bad thought or one evil feeling. Feeble as we may conceive it to be, little though it seems, it will, if allowed a residence in the soul, develop itself into action. Inward sin becomes outward transgression with astonishing rapidity. This is finely brought out by our Lord in one of his parables. Discontent dwelt in the Prodigal's heart. But it could not dwell there silent and alone. It soon found words for itself. "Give me the portion of goods that falleth to me." Nor was that all. The wish and the words speedily led to something more. "Not many days after, the younger son gathered all together and took his journey into a far country." "Not many days after," that hidden evil of yours, my friend, will show itself to your fellow-men, unless you assail it vigorously and slay it promptly.

We have thus been speaking and moralizing about divers unpleasant folk with whom, ever and anon, we are compelled to associate. But is it not true that *in some respects we all are disagreeable people*? Even though we may be Christians, it is possible for us to have certain attributes of character which we should be better without. A man may be building on the foundation Jesus Christ, and yet mix much "wood, hay, stubble," with the "gold, silver, precious stones," wherewith he builds. The saintliest have defects. Little rents and flaws disfigure the noblest robe of righteousness. In all of us there are angularities that want smoothing down, stains that require rubbing out, blots that should be removed. Look honestly into the matter, and you will not be long before you make the humiliating discovery that *your* name is in the category of disagreeable people. Each of us is disagreeable to some one and in some way. The remedy? We need not give a lengthened reply. The remedy is this,—God's presence, God's truth, God's Spirit.

Poetry.

"BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN."

O, DEEM not that earth's crowning bliss
Is found in joy alone;
For sorrow, bitter though it be,
Hath blessings all its own:
From lips Divine, like healing balm,
To hearts oppressed and torn,
This heavenly consolation fell—
"Blessed are they that mourn!"

As blossoms smitten by the rain
Their sweetest odours yield—
As, when the ploughshare deepest strikes,
Rich harvests crown the field;
So, to the hopes by sorrow crushed,
A nobler faith succeeds;
And life, by trials furrowed, bears
The fruit of loving deeds.

Reviews.

Divine Compassion; or, Jesus Shewing Mercy. By JAMES CULROSS, A.M., author of "The Resurrection and the Life; or, Lazarus Revived." London: J. Nisbet & Co.

THE author of this delightful little book is comparatively little known south of the Tweed; but we may safely predict that this obscurity will not last long, if he continue to enrich the church with such works as this, and the one which is associated with his name on the title-page. They are the kind of books which are sure to tell; not second-hand echoes of the thoughts of others, nor elaborate dressings-up of commonplace thoughts in high-sounding words; but fresh, natural, outspoken utterances of a vigorous, reflective, and poetic mind, which has been sedulously improved by culture, and which is thoroughly imbued with the knowledge and spirit of the Scriptures. We are sure such books must win attention and regard for their author, and believe they will also (and this, we are sure, he will deem their only real success) draw forth afresh the hearts of their readers in adoring love to Him whose glory they are intended to set forth.

We could have wished that the title had been a little more distinctive in its indication of the character of the book; that some clause or phrase had been introduced which should specify that the volume is not a treatise, but a series of expositions of scenes from the life of Jesus. Mr. Culross evidently possesses that rare endowment,—a gift for expository teaching. Too frequently those who attempt this work begin by pronouncing a divorce between the head and the heart: and so we have either the vapid and interjectional reiteration of the commonplaces of religious sentiment and emotion, all feeling and no thought; or, on the other hand, mere dry, soulless, verbal and textual explanation. Here we have no such putting asunder of the things which God has joined. Every page of the volume before us shews the result of study and scholarship; but Mr. Culross has attained the happy art of giving results,

without laying bare the processes by which those results have been reached. The author has an eye, too, for the deeper meanings of the Word of God. Never fanciful in his interpretations, he is never slavishly and superficially literal. You feel that his mind has become, by long and loving study, *en rapport*, if we may venture on the phrase, with the mind of the Bible; the sacred volume opens its secrets to him, talks with him "as a man speaks with his friend." Add to these qualifications the possession of great reflective power, and of no small share of the poetic faculty; a memory stored with the choice words of the best thinkers and speakers, and ready and apt to produce its treasures for use; quickness to discern, and courage to point out, the bearing of the words and incidents of Scripture upon the phases and tendencies of modern life; and a heart glowing with love and worship for Christ, and burning with desire to recommend him to men;—and we think our readers will acknowledge that we have pretty nearly all that is required to fit a man for the task of expounding the Scriptures to his fellows. The faults we could find would be very slight and few, and having to do with style only; such as the occasional use of uncouth and unusual words where a common one would have served the turn equally well. The general style of the book, however, is as good as its matter,—clear, vivid, and picturesque,—and with a terseness which often packs a whole sermon into a single sentence.

We perhaps ought to indicate more in detail what are the subjects treated of in this volume, and to furnish one or two specimens of its thought and manner, to whet the appetite of our readers. Mr. Culross selects as illustrations of "Jesus shewing mercy," his treatment of Nicodemus, of the woman of Samaria, of the man born blind, of the woman that was a sinner, of the little children, of the rich young man, of Peter, and of the dying thief. From the second of these expositions we cull two specimens,—not as the best, but as

more easily than some others bearing to be parted from their connection. The former may serve in a general way to justify our commendation of the book; the second is an illustration of the author's mode of applying the narrative with which he deals to present life and practice:—

SALVATION SATISFYING.

"Now Jesus tells us two things here about his salvation. First, it satisfies the soul. Having received it, we are freed from the cravings of unsatisfied, imperious desires, that almost *burned* within us, and we thirst no more. The spell of sinful delights is broken; the enticements that drew us hitherto are unloosed; and we find in God all that our largest wishes crave. And what calm, tranquil hearts there are, testifying to the truth of this statement; hearts that go singing all the day, 'Thou hast given me beauty for ashes, and the oil of joy for mourning;' hearts that would not exchange what they have found in Christ for the whole world; hearts that have returned into their rest; and into which the immortal satisfactions of God are already poured. 'The ransomed of the Lord return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads; they obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing flee away.' I have seen the joy dawning in a desolate heart; as when a stream of warm sunshine pours into a cold and cheerless room, when once the shutters have been opened and the blinds drawn up, enlivening and gladdening it. If any one is still athirst, it is the fault (as Bengel remarks), not of the water, but of the man. It is true, and may not be denied, that restlessness, discontent, sourness, covetousness, ambition, are to be found, to some extent, even among those who have tasted the water of life. But the explanation lies in that word '*tasted*;' they are not drinking, but only tasting. Even the tasting has made them other than they were: what would it be if they did but drink to the full! And some good men (I hardly like to call them saints) have even made it a matter of conscience to repress all gladness, as if a cheerful face were a sin; and, out of principle, have gone to heaven girded with sackcloth and wearing a look of gloom. 'Man's chief end is to glorify God and to enjoy him for ever;' but they have tried to glorify *without* enjoying him. It was their sin: their religion *would* have made them happy if they would have let it; *did* make them happier than they seemed to be; there was joy deep within them which the mere onlooker knew not of, and which they themselves did not like to confess.

"A second thing Jesus tells about his salvation. It is in the receiver like a springing well; he is no more depending on pleasant surroundings; it is as if a well of life were opened within him, springing up in grateful, holy, joyful, loving thoughts and aspirations, never dried up, flowing all the year round, flowing eternally. Flowing eternally, because the soul is in living communion with the

fountain of life. What beauty and fruitfulness are thus imparted to the soul! What trees of righteousness and flowers of amaranthine bloom, grow beside these heavenly waters! I remember wandering one hot midsummer day among brown moorlands and bare hills that looked as if swept by fire, and suddenly coming within sight of a little spot of green, with a slender thread of verdure winding down the slope; and when the place was reached, there was a well, clear as crystal, in a cup fringed with brightest green, full to the brim, the water leaping up in its heart through the dancing sand, and running off in a little stream to deliver its 'tribute wave' to a neighbouring river. There were no tall trees nourished by its side; but what vegetation the soil was fitted to produce (broom and heather and grass, and sweet moorland wild flowers, and things that love 'the scent of waters'), it had gathered in living beauty round its margin. So it is when this fountain of living water is opened in a human heart. 'The wilderness is glad, and the desert rejoices and blossoms as the rose.'"

THE HIDDEN CONSCIENCE.

"'Thou art a prophet:' the exclamation shews how her sins have flashed up before her. There is still a conscience there, for all her deep sinning; and Jesus has reached it. And let us not forget that there is still a conscience left even in the bosom of those who have learned to sin without blushing. There is a subject which of late years has been engaging the attention of Christian philanthropy, and which indeed demands it, for hitherto, through a shame which is not altogether that of purity, it has been kept too far away:—Is there hope for the fallen in our streets? Now, I wish to say that Jesus ever found a conscience in the fallen, as he did in this woman; and so may we. The poor lost sister, once a beautiful and radiant child, playing at hide-and-seek with her little brothers, standing at her mother's knee, and looking up with a long steadfast look into her face to hear some marvellous story; the young Joy of the house, so full of sweet wiles and witcheries, 'with ringing voice and clear blue eye, and clustering curls of sunny hair,'—but who has stooped to uttermost shame, and whom society has flung off with loathing, gathering up its skirts and scowling on her approach, to whom even the home of her childhood is a Paradise Lost,—oh, disciples of the holy Jesus, the blessed seeker of that which was lost, there is still a conscience there, unextinguished, immortal, for all her deep sinning! Leave her not: tell her of our God who will abundantly pardon: cry to her aloud, *Turn; for why wilt thou die?* Behind the scorn and recklessness of her bearing, there is still a conscience to appeal to; there is still a witness for God amidst the wild passions that, like devils let loose, rage and stamp and howl within the chambers of her breast. That comes out sometimes in very terrible ways. I open a newspaper and read how, one winter night, (it is no strange story), a woman that was a

sinner threw herself from one of the bridges into the Thames, and was taken out a corpse.

"The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver,
But not the black arch,
Nor the dark-flowing river;
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery
Swift to be hurled,
Anywhere, anywhere
Out of the world."

"What is the meaning of that hasty, shuddering leap into eternity, but that conscience is not dead? cannot die? O, Christian mothers and Christian sisters, be sure there is a conscience left in the bosom of even the most abandoned; and pray God that it may be reached, not with curses, not with sharp daggers, not with a red-hot iron, but with the blessed Gospel of love. 'For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord.' Pray God; but do something more if you can. The priest and the Levite might have prayed for the man whom they left in his blood, unhelped, by the way-side; but no one imagines that *such* prayers, though from consecrated lips, would have 'availed much.'"

We have no doubt that this book will find many readers. Those who read it once will scarcely be satisfied without a repeated perusal. Such a pen as Mr. Culross's ought not to be idle.

The Mother of the Wesleys: a Biography.

By the Rev. JOHN KIRK. London: H. J. Tresidder.

"THE Wesleys' mother," says Isaac Taylor, "was the mother of Methodism in a religious and moral sense; for, her courage, her submissiveness to authority, the high tone of her mind—its independence and its self-control, the warmth of her devotional feelings, and the practical directions given to them, came up, and were visibly repeated in the character and conduct of her sons." "She was," says Southey, "an admirable woman, of highly-improved mind, and of a strong and masculine understanding; an obedient wife; an exemplary mother; a fervent Christian." Now all this is very high praise, but not too high, as this book, published a hundred and twenty years after Susanna Wesley's death, abundantly proves. What both the world and the church owe, under God, to the Wesleys, we shall never know till we possess the mature and far-reaching powers of a future life; and we shall have to wait till then before we fully know what the Wesleys owed to their mother. Probably never were mother and children more

mutually blessed than they. Susanna Wesley was of good descent, her father being Samuel Annesley, who was, in succession, Minister of Cliffe, Rector of St. John's, Lecturer at St. Paul's, and Rector of St. Giles's, till the Act of Uniformity operated in his ejection, after which he was Pastor of Little St. Helen's. He was a man of liberal political opinions, great devoutness, and very good preaching ability. De Foe, who was his personal friend, thought very highly of him. Her mother was Mary, the daughter of John White, Esq., M.P. for the Borough of Southwark during the Long Parliament. Susanna, the subject of the present memoir, was born in London, on the 29th of January, 1669, in Spital Yard, between Bishopsgate Street and Spital Square. Her education seems to have been mainly of a domestic character, although by no means wanting in other respects. Her piety was very early developed. She also, at a very early age, took a deep interest in the theological and religious disputes of the time, and before she had passed out of her girlhood she had renounced her nonconformity. In 1690 she married Samuel Wesley, originally a Nonconformist, but who had renounced Dissent, and entered into the Established Church. At the time of their marriage he was a curate on only thirty pounds a year, and on this sum they contrived to keep out of debt. During the first year of their marriage, however, Mr. Wesley obtained the living of South Ormsby, and soon after that, the living of Epworth. Here all their children were born, and here, too, several of them died. A large portion of the present volume is taken up with the account of the modes of education adopted in the family. The training was, on the whole, too severe. The father was a somewhat austere man, and the mother was sternly conscientious. Had she been less able or less godly, in all probability mischief would have been the result of the home-discipline. Her piety, however, had its reward. Her children were indebted to her for their religious education and theological training while under her roof, and she regularly corresponded with them when they left home. Her letters are remarkable specimens of sound sense, fervent piety, and grasp

of intellect. In April, 1735, her husband died, at the age of 72, and she was thrown upon the resources of her children, who did their best for her. In 1739 she went to London to reside with her son John, at the Old Foundry, in Moorfields, and there she died, having, some years before her death, thrown herself, with all the warmth of her heart and the strength of her convictions, into the religious movement originated by her sons.

Mr. Kirk has written the volume before us with some enthusiasm, but also with the most transparent fairness; and he has thus made a valuable addition, not merely to Wesleyan, but to general Christian literature.

Christian Home-life: a Book of Examples and Principles. London: The Religious Tract Society.

LIKE most of the publications of the Religious Tract Society, this book is anonymous, but we may be permitted to say that, without any attempt on our part to pry into secrets, we have ascertained that its author is a respected minister of our own denomination. We are not anxious, indeed, to give to this fact an undue prominence: the book must stand or fall upon its own merits: but when, as in this case, a publication is unquestionably a good one, we feel that it is an added recommendation to know that it is the work of a man whose principles are identical with our own, and who himself belongs to that section of the great "household of faith" with which we are identified.

The subject of this volume is one, the importance of which cannot be overrated. Home-training is the seed from which, in every sense, the harvest of life grows. Exceptional cases are, undoubtedly, often to be met with, but, like all exceptions, they prove the rule. The family is the true basis of society, and the home is the true safeguard of social morality:—the "social evil" is, in by far the largest number of cases, the bitter fruit of an unhallowed home-

life. We all know, too, that the home is the cherished hope of the church, since by far the largest number of its sons and daughters come from thence. It is very interesting to notice how many illustrations of family-life we have in the Bible. The family was an institution of Paradise. Family relationships were sacredly guarded by the Mosaic law. Examples of the blessedness of the pious training of children abound, while there are also some examples of the lamentable effects of parental unfaithfulness. In all these things the Bible is still our unerring guide. If, too, we consult the history of the past, we cannot fail to be struck with the extraordinary influence of home-piety on the leaders of the faith in all ages of the church. From the earliest fathers, down to our own day, the stream of testimony is an unbroken one; and it seems to us that, of all agencies for good, the most blessed and the most sure is that of the Christian training of children. Of course we do not forget the necessity of Divine influences, but we also do not forget that the largest and most unlimited promises are made to parental piety and faithfulness. "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it," is both a precept and a promise, claiming our obedience and confidence on the same grounds of Divine faithfulness and love as the injunctions to believe the Gospel in order to be saved. The book before us, on all the points to which we have adverted, is a valuable repository of sound principles and apt illustrations. Our space forbids quotation, but we would point out, as specially noteworthy, the chapters on the formation of character, family worship, and the Lord's day at home. There are also some sweetly touching sentiments, both of sorrow and comfort, in the chapter on "The Breaking up of the Home." Our thanks are due, both to the Tract Society and to the author, for the publication of a book for which we bespeak a wide circulation.

Christian Cabinet.

LIGHT-HOLDERS.

EVERY voyager through the British Channel will remember the famous lighthouse that stands near the gates of the Atlantic. It rises from a rock in the midst of the waves; its beacon-blaze streams far out over the midnight sea. The angry waves, for many a long year, have rolled in—thundering against the tower's base. The winds of heaven have warred fiercely around its pinnacle; the rains have dashed against its gleaming lantern. But there it stands. It moves not, it trembles not; it is founded on a rock. Year after year, the storm-tossed mariner looks out for its star-like light as he sweeps in through the British Channel. It is one of the first objects that meets his eye as he returns on his homeward voyage; it is one of the last which he beholds after his native shores have sunk beneath the evening wave. On the base of its tower is this inscription: "*To give light and to save life.*"

That tower of Eddystone is a LIGHT-HOLDER to all who come within its range. It does not create light, it only sheds it, and "giveth light" to every passer-by on his watery way. This image of a lighthouse may have been in the apostle's mind when he wrote to the Philippians of the surrounding heathen and idolators, and said to them, "Among whom ye shine as lights in the world." Some translate the word *torch-bearers*. Others hold that it refers to stars in a dark night. All the interpretations look to the same idea, viz., that *Christians are Christ's light-holders to their fellow-men.*

The lantern of a lighthouse is not self-luminous. It has to be kindled by a hand from without itself. By nature, every Christian is as unfitted to give spiritual light as the empty tower on Minot's Reef or on Sandy Hook would be to guide the mariner at midnight. God creates the natural power, the mental faculties, as the builder rears the stone-tower of Eddystone or Sandy Hook. Neither natural heart nor stone-tower are self-luminous. A hand from without must bring them light.

Conversion by the Holy Spirit is a spiritual illumination of the soul. God's grace lights up the dark heart. Sometimes suddenly, as in the case of Paul. Sometimes, as in the case of John Newton, there is at first a feeble germ of light, like the little blue point of flame on a candle-wick, and this germ of light grows into a clear, full blaze. The beginning of true religion is in the first acts of sincere penitence—the first breathings of earnest prayer—the first hungerings after God—the first honest attempt to do right and to serve the Lord. God's grace, remember, is the only original source of the light that makes any man a luminary in society. And when a man has once been kindled at the cross of Christ, he is bound to *shine*.

And, in order to do this, he need not be conspicuous in society for talents, wealth, or intellectual culture. The modest candle by which a housewife threads her needle shines as truly as does the great lantern that burns in the tower of a city hall. A humble saint who begins his day with household devotions, and serves his God all day in his shop, or at his work-bench, is as truly a light-holder as if he flamed from the pulpit or illuminated a theological class from a professor's chair. To "shine" means something more than the mere possession of piety, or the enjoyment of piety; it is the *reflection* of Gospel-religion that makes the *burner*.

Martin Luther was an Eddystone-tower to bewildered Europe. On the other hand, the humblest tract-visitor or mission school-teacher is a lantern-bearer to guide some lost wanderers toward heaven. Harlan Page, the pious carpenter, never talked with a person for ten minutes without saying something to benefit his soul. He was a steady burner. Thomas Dakin, a poor pensioner of Greenwich Hospital, distributed over one hundred thousand tracts every year, and when at last death smote him down suddenly, his pockets were found filled with tracts entitled "Are you prepared to die?"

If every Christian who trims his lamp and keeps the oil of grace up to its full supply is such a blessed benefactor to others, what a terrible thing it is for a Christian to let his light go out! A traveller who once visited a lighthouse in the British Channel said to the keeper, "But what if one of your lights should go out at night?" "Never," said the keeper, "never—impossible! Sir, yonder are ships sailing to all parts of the world. If to-night my burner were out, in a few days I might hear, from France or Spain, or from Scotland or America, that on such a night the lighthouse in the Channel gave no warning, and some vessel had been wrecked. Ah, sir, I sometimes feel, when I look at my lights, as if the eyes of the whole world were fixed on me. Go out! Burn dim! *Never, sir, never!*"

How closely this incident comes home to us all! Perhaps in eternity I may hear that some precious soul was wrecked, because my pulpit was not a faithful light-holder to my congregation. Some Gospel-burners were neglected and grew dim. One man, perhaps, stumbled into a drunkard's grave, because I did not warn him soon enough against the peril of the first glass. Another broke God's Sabbath for want of keeping the fourth commandment trimmed and burning. Before another was not held up the exceeding sinfulness of sin; and Jesus, the light of the world, may not have been set forth aright to wandering sinners. "Go out—burn dim!" God help me to say, "*Never—NEVER!*"

I know of certain households in which I fear the lamp is out. That boy would not be seen so often on his way to the theatre, or the drinking-saloon, if father and mother held up the torch of loving warning! That giddy daughter, who was once thoughtful about her soul, might now be a Christian, if there had been a light-holder near at hand, to guide her to Jesus! There was a lamp of profession in the house. It *did not shine*. The oil was out. Love of the world had extinguished it. That dark lantern left the house in midnight.

Thank God, some lights never go out. Death cannot quench them. They shine for ever. Luther's great lantern, "*The just shall live by faith,*" still gleams from Wartburg Castle. John Bunyan's

lamp twinkles yet through the gratings of Bedford gaol. Old John Brown is still lighting ten thousand fugitive footsteps to liberty. Pastors, parents, teachers, may be called home to heaven; but, like the good mother of the story, they "set a light in the window," to guide souls to the mansions of glory.—*Rev. T. L. Cuyler.*

OCCUPATIONS FOR THE EVENING.

THE close of each day should bring over the soul some shadow of solemnity and rest. A sacred time, even in Eden, was "the cool of the day." Isaac went out into the field to meditate "at even-tide." Jesus often left his disciples about sun-down, and wandered up among the Syrian hills, to find some sequestered spot where he might feel himself alone in the full presence of God. The breeze that fanned the leaves of Paradise will touch our cheek, and make coolness at the close of our day, if we will but cease from care and sin. The same sun shines and sets on us which lightened and left the patriarchs day by day so long ago. The same night shadows us that gathered around the Saviour of the world. And the same soul rest will be ours if we seek it "when even is now come."

We read in the Scriptures that day and night are the "ordinances" of God. Can any one suppose that he has established them for only *material* ends! To preserve the balance of the heavens, to promote the growth of vegetables, to give sleeping time to man? These are ends every way worthy of God; but surely a higher end is found in the trial, nurture, and purification of *souls*. The day is for their labour; the night is for their rest. The day is full of hard tests and severe exactions; the night soon returns all soft and dewy, with refreshing again. This is not so by necessity. Alas, there are thousands of busy men who pass this "quiet resting place" and never see it. They seem not to know that it is "the shadow of the Almighty," the silent footstep of his nearer presence. But to many a one the evening is a daily deliverance and salvation, a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. And is there any sufficient reason to make the evening not so much to you? If God has placed you so in his providence, that

you *cannot* have it in quietness for meditation and prayer, then he will compensate you for the loss. You shall be no loser by doing your duty. He will nourish your soul by other means, and give you rest in other ways. There are not a few who are in this predicament, to whom the evening is but the prolongation of the day; who *must*, in strength or weariness, hold on at the task until it is done; who *must*, late as well as early, stand in their place, or see it taken by another. Ah, but think! Is it certain that this is your case? Rather, has not God, to a large extent, put the matter into your own hands, and *you* are arranging it so? You are killing each evening as it comes, shutting out its softness by unnecessary toil, startling its silence with music, spending it, as the phrase is, always in company. By your present plan of life you may be getting much, but are you not losing more? You are enriched, as you hope for good, by the gains of your trade; pleased and informed with the conversation of the friends you meet; solaced and stimulated by the sweet strains you hear. But the evening will not thus be a "quiet resting place," will not come to your heart with whisperings of the far-off world to which you are going, with airs from the better country, with soft-falling dews of heaven! Fitly, therefore, we may ask you to think whether it would not be well at least to intersperse labour and social delights with seasons of calm reflection? For you have to remember that God will not compensate you in his providence for what you thus wilfully lose. You can make quietness if you will for a longer or a shorter time at the close of the day. You can make, as it were, a little enclosure of time within which your soul shall have a deeper thoughtfulness and a more conscious rest. Behold, God himself makes that enclosure for you; you have only to enter it. He draws you away from toil; he drops the twilight upon your path, and then shadows you with the wing of night. And as the sun is setting, as the air grows cool, and as the night draws on, how temple-like are earth and sky! How near is the great presence! Hear you not then the still small voice—softer than sound of brooks, more musical than summer wind among the

leaves—calling you to come into higher relations and holier life? To a devout soul the evening is like "the secret place of the Most High." It is "the shadow of the Almighty." It is a closet of which God builds the walls and shuts to the door. It is a "quiet resting-place," in which the soul may soothe weariness, recruit strength, look on the face of purity, and grow up into the image of God.

Think, then, as the evening comes round—for thought is the soul's rest—think of the day that is gone with gratitude, for every hour of it has been overflowing with the goodness of God; with penitence, for you will easily discover that it has been a day of shortcomings and sins; with wisdom, aiming to understand it better than when you lived it; with tenderness and holy fear, as feeling how good and how grand a thing it is to be permitted to live on, and to hope to live better.

Think of to-morrow, which will come so soon, with its unknown and yet probable events; of the task that will await you then; of the persons who will be around you, of their words, their looks, their influence; of the peril you will have to brave, of the weakness you will feel, of the strength you will need, of the failure you fear, that by your thought and prayer it may be the less likely to come; and of the goodness which will certainly enrich and crown to-morrow, as it has filled and now closes to-day.

Think of the evening of life itself, of the vanishing of all mortal things, of the shadow that death will cast, of the soul's departure through that mysterious shade, of the morning on the other side, of the sunless city, the cloudless skies, the stormless shores, the happy multitudes, the swelling songs, the wonder, the rapture, and the rest. Think any such thoughts with prayer and faith, and your soul *must* be lifted at least somewhat above the dust and drudgery of this vexing and down-dragging world; must be drawn away from its cares and defilements; and as you grow stronger and happier among these superior things, you will say gladly, "The Saviour has led me to-night into one of his quiet resting-places; this is the rest and this is the refreshing wherewith he causeth the weary to rest."—*Rev. Alex. Raleigh.*

Christian Activity.

THE BAPTISTS IN GERMANY.

IN our last paper we furnished an account of the origin of the Baptist cause in Germany, and a sketch of the Hamburg church. We proceed now to supply further details of the work God has carried on through our brethren during the last thirty years.

Within three years from the formation of the church in Hamburg, churches were established at Stuttgard, Berlin, and other places. Mr. Oncken was specially invited to Stuttgard by one Dr. Römer, an intelligent gentleman who had heard of the new sect, and desired to know something more of them. During a single visit he administered the ordinance of baptism to twenty-three persons.

Of the Berlin church we must give a lengthened notice. Its pastor, the Rev. G. W. Lehmann, is well known in this country; and wherever he is known he is regarded with that esteem and affection which his character and labours so richly deserve. Mr. Lehmann was a Christian many years before he became acquainted with Baptist views. He was born of godly parents, and was blessed with their pious counsel, example, and prayers. He attended also the ministry of the late Johannes Gossner (Father Gossner), who was engaged in Berlin preaching the Gospel and training missionaries. Together with several others, he began to feel uncomfortable in connection with the Prussian State Church, on account of its many departures from the way of truth, and the evils it cherished. Uniting themselves, therefore, in close fellowship, they met regularly for prayer and mutual instruction; still attending the public services of Gossner's church. Thus they had continued for some years, when Mr. Oncken, having heard of them, sought them out—met with them in their prayer-meetings—and endeavoured to teach them the way of God more perfectly. Of course he was not silent on the subject of baptism. After a prayerful perusal of the Word of God, Mr. Lehmann, his wife, and three or four others, saw that the baptism of

the New Testament was the immersion of believers and that only; and they resolved to attend at once to the neglected duty. Consequently in the summer of 1837 they were baptized by Mr. Oncken; and a church of six members was organized, of which Mr. Lehmann was chosen teacher. In 1840, Mr. Lehmann came over to this country to obtain the fraternal recognition of British Baptists; and was ordained to the work of the Christian ministry. The service was conducted in Salter's Hall Chapel, London; and the ministers who officiated were Messrs. Murch, Dyer, Grosier, and Hinton. It was hoped that this English ordination would secure for Mr. Lehmann a higher respect for his ministerial character, and freedom from annoyance and opposition. He did not, however, long escape the punishments which both Church and State united in visiting upon those who ventured to preach the Gospel in forms not recognized by law. To the appeals which were made on his behalf it was answered, even by men well known as friends of evangelical truth, that if the Baptists were tolerated, every species of dissenting faith, and even infidelity itself, must be allowed; and that thus piety would become extinct, and Christianity be destroyed. By reasoning like this the most odious violations of religious freedom were vindicated and justified in Berlin; and that too by theologians and philosophers whose virtues and learning have filled the world with their fame. For several years, Mr. Lehmann, although discharging all the duties of pastor, continued the pursuit of his secular calling, as an engraver and lithographer, till at length the American Baptist Missionary Union undertook his support. At first the church met in the pastor's private house; but the landlord interfered, and they were obliged to seek another place of meeting. They hired a room, paying £50 a year rental; but even here they continued to suffer much annoyance. Still, in spite of all opposition, God prospered them. In 1841 there were only twelve members; twenty years

after they reported five hundred and sixty-three. A neat and commodious chapel, capable of seating about six hundred persons, was opened with much rejoicing on the 10th of November, 1861. In May of the following year, the Berlin church celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of its formation. It was amusing to hear Mr. Oncken recount on that occasion the stratagems he had to resort to in the early period of the church's history, to get into Berlin and to stay there a few days without falling into the hands of the police. "But now," said he, "we are in this beautiful chapel, protected by the same police that formerly persecuted us, and there is none to make us afraid. At that time there was only a small band of about a dozen baptized believers; now there are six hundred, and between fifty and sixty flourishing stations around, like so many lighthouses, from which the truth shines forth into the darkness. Truly the Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad." In addition to other efficient helpers, Mr. Lehmann is assisted by his son, who was educated for the ministry at Regent's Park College, London; and who, from his talents and earnestness, promises to be a worthy successor of his excellent father.

About the period that Mr. Lehmann united himself to the Baptists, another man, who has been of great service in the cause, was brought to a knowledge of the Lord's will. We refer to the Rev. Julius Köbner, now pastor of the Baptist church at Barmen and Elberfeld, on the Rhine. Mr. Köbner was born in Denmark, of Jewish parents. He was led to believe in Christ through the instrumentality of Mr. Oncken, at Hamburg. Some years ago the Baptist Tract Society published a short, but interesting account of his conversion, written by himself, from which we make the following extracts:—"When I began to think seriously, I knew not one Christian man. Early in life I began to feel that my religion was an unhappy one. Jewish children are taught to use written prayers, but they do not understand the meaning of them. I soon felt how miserable it was to read unknown things out of a book before God. I saw that Christians around me knew what they were accustomed to read and sing in their

services; and I began to think that their religion must be more reasonable than mine. But I knew nothing of their religion itself. One idea, however, I learned was, that Christ was both God and man; and this idea soon became very precious to me. I secretly, in my heart, felt the necessity of loving God. I felt the wretchedness of a situation without God, and that it must be delightful to love him. I wished to love him, but I could not." In this state of mind Mr. Köbner continued till his removal from Denmark to Germany. "Now it was," he says, "that I became acquainted with Christ as the Lamb of God, and soon I was united with those who professed the Christian faith. But there were still some things wanting. I believed that I was a sinner, and I looked to Christ as my Saviour; but still I had not felt the deep and utter depravity of my own heart. More than one year, and perhaps two or three, passed, before I came to this knowledge. But the great God who had commenced his work in me, also carried it forward. I now became acquainted with our dear brother Oncken, and from his mouth I for the first time in my life heard a sermon which convinced me I was such a sinner as could find no rest till at Christ's feet. From this time true repentance took place in my soul. I felt the bitterness of sin, and Christ became precious to me, as the only way to God. Thus, in God's own time, after having been immersed as a believer in Jesus, I became a member of the true church of God; being received into the Baptist church at Hamburg. I afterwards became a minister of the Gospel in that church, and it has been my joy to preach that Christ who was crucified by my forefathers, not only at Hamburg, but in missionary tours through various parts of Germany." Mr. Köbner is a man of considerable culture, of much poetic power and feeling, and great devoutness. He is the writer of many hymns used by our German brethren in their "service of song;" and is the author of a long dramatic poem entitled "Die Waldenser," which has been received with favour by critics and literary men.

Messrs. Oncken, Lehmann, and Köbner are the three ruling minds of the Baptist movement in Germany. Their brethren gladly acknowledge their lea-

dership). They have wrought together for many years with singular unanimity. By their combined wisdom, zeal, and love, they have preserved peace in the churches, and extended the mission. They have succeeded in infusing their own spirit largely into their younger fellow-labourers; so that nothing strikes an observer more than the absence of all petty rivalry, and the readiness to sacrifice everything for the common cause. There are many other honoured men in connection with the work, who have endured great hardships and done exploits; the future historian of the German Baptists will have to write of their sufferings and their deeds; howbeit they have not attained to the first three.

The growth of the Baptist body in Germany has been most marvellous. It has attracted the attention alike of friends and foes. It has not resulted from transient excitement. There has been no wild fanaticism. The disciples have not swam with the stream of popular opinion. They have not enjoyed the patronage of men in power. They have had no rich or learned men among themselves. Though their sky is brightening, they may even now adopt with slight modifications the apostle's description of himself and his fellow-workers,—“Unto this present hour we both hunger, and thirst, and are naked, and are buffeted, and have no certain dwelling-place; and labour, working with our own hands: being reviled, we bless; being persecuted, we suffer it; being defamed, we intreat: we are made as the filth of the world, and are the offscouring of all things unto this day.” And yet, in spite of all this, the world has witnessed no such development of the Gospel since apostolic times. In 1840 there were four churches containing about two hundred members. At the Hamburg conference last year it was reported that there were seventy-four churches, having a membership of nearly eleven thousand three hundred; and that the Gospel was preached, in connection with these churches, by one hundred evangelists and colporteurs, at about eleven hundred stations. During the last three years, nine new churches have been formed, three hundred and twenty-seven preaching stations opened, and four thousand six hundred and fifty-

eight persons baptized. The present field of labour includes Germany, Denmark, Norway, Poland, Lithuania, Russia, Prussia, Austria, Hungary, Wallachia, Switzerland, and France. The labourers may be found among the mountains of Silesia, in the low flat districts of Friesland, on the shores of the Baltic, in the Swiss valleys, amid the beauties of the Rhine, and on the waste places and rocky islands of Scandinavia. In royal cities, such as Copenhagen, Berlin, and Vienna—in large sea-ports, as Bremen, Hamburg, and Memel—in manufacturing towns, as Barmen and Elberfeld—in agricultural villages and remote districts thinly inhabited—*everywhere*—these sowers go scattering the seed of the Kingdom. They are busy in times of peace, and busier in times of war. While we write, ten missionaries and colporteurs, besides other brethren, are at work in the midst of the contending armies in Schleswig. They visit Danes, Prussians, Austrians, all alike. Fifty thousand copies of the four Gospels and the Epistle to the Romans, have been issued for distribution among these hundred and fifty thousand soldiers. “We have circulated,” says Mr. Oncken, “a hundred and thirty thousand tracts in different languages among them, twenty-five thousand single Gospels, and sold upwards of six thousand Testaments. Our success has far exceeded my most sanguine expectations.” Thousands of these soldiers, more particularly the Austrians, are Roman Catholics. Who can tell how God may use our brethren for their enlightenment, and then use them in their turn to enlighten their countrymen? It is thus he makes the wrath of man to praise him, and overrules the worst calamities for the greatest good.

Since the commencement of the German Baptist Mission, upwards of thirty thousand persons have been converted through its instrumentality and added to its churches, twenty-five per cent. of whom had formerly been adherents of the Church of Rome. Besides these, many have been brought to a saving knowledge of Christ, who have not identified themselves with the mission. It has circulated nearly one million copies of the Word of God, in different languages, and upwards of twenty millions of evangelical tracts and books.

Between two and three thousand persons, formerly in communion with its churches, have emigrated to America, Africa, and Australia; and, carrying the Gospel with them, they have in many cases formed Christian churches in the land of their adoption. A large number have gone to receive their heavenly reward.

The above glorious results have been realized, as we have previously shewn, in spite of much opposition. We are aware that the persecutions of our German brethren have been frequently represented as nothing more than the penalty of the law on political offenders. Protestant Germany does not like to be considered persecuting. Our own press has sometimes circulated continental misrepresentations. A few years ago, the Berlin correspondent of the *Times* said, "It is usual to represent the obstacles thrown in the way of Baptist missions in Germany as a religious persecution; but this is a mis-statement which cannot be too rapidly cleared up in the interests of the Baptists themselves." The teaching of the missionaries has been spoken of as directed against State churches, whereas they only teach that no man is a Christian who has not been born again by the Spirit of God. It has been all along asserted that the Baptists are disobedient to the authorities; whereas they only disobey the authorities when to obey them would be to disobey God. Let one example suffice. A soldier in Mecklenburg was converted. He longed to tell others of the newly-discovered Saviour, and the peace of believing on him. He began to speak of his inward joy. Orders were issued by his military superiors forbidding him to distribute tracts, to take part in any religious service, or even to associate with the pastor of the church to which he belonged. He could not in his conscience obey these commands. He was, therefore, sentenced to six weeks' imprisonment; part of the time to be spent in a dark dungeon, on bread and water. When the Government was petitioned to mitigate the sentence, they refused, saying that he was imprisoned, not for his religious convictions, but for disobedience to his military superiors. To say that this was not persecution is to say that there was never any persecution from the beginning of the world to this day.

Volumes might be filled with stories of the trials that have been endured. We could tell of meetings for worship interrupted, and the worshippers either dispersed or conducted to prison—of persons forbidden, on pain of fines and imprisonment, to have religious worship in their houses—of others incarcerated for circulating the Scriptures—of children taken from their parents by the police that they might be sprinkled, and the parents compelled to pay the fees—of fines imposed for administering baptism, and singing and praying at funerals—of the authorities refusing to marry because the applicants were Baptists, and forbidding them to be married by their own ministers—of goods distrained, and furniture, and clothing, and bedding, and even the cattle and goats which supplied the children with milk, sold by public auction—of blows, stripes, stoning, and bloodshed. Where measures have not been so severe, the brethren have been compelled to give notice to the police prior to the formation of a church—they have been obliged to obtain certificates of recognition—they have not been allowed to hold their meetings during the hours of service in the National Church—books and pamphlets full of the foulest calumnies and the grossest falsehoods have been written against them—they have been glad to meet in upper rooms with closed doors, and to administer the ordinance of baptism by night in secret ponds surrounded by reeds and bushes.* Sometimes pious magistrates have refused to execute the laws enacted against them; bearing, at the same time, honourable testimony to their fidelity. "The Baptists," said a magistrate of this description once, "are governed best by kindness. You cannot compel them. They will maintain their cause with their life."

The persecutions of which we have written have been generally instigated by the clergy. In this the Lutheran church has only carried out the teaching of Luther. He says in the introduction to his Catechism, the catechism

* In the Hamburg Zoological Gardens there is a large pond, now well stocked with fish and aquatic birds, and surrounded by evergreens, in which, prior to the formation of the gardens, Mr. Oncken frequently baptized by night. It was then a wild place.

now in use in Germany, that all who will not learn it shall be given over to the devil, and that the prince shall expatriate them. It was the clergy who commenced to persecute Mr. Oncken. "My head," said a Hamburg ecclesiastic, "shall not rest till this sect is destroyed." High-Church Lutherans, like Dr. Stahl, deny that ours is baptism at all, and profess to ground their opposition on that. Evangelical men, like Dr. Krummacher, say that we make too much of baptism, and profess to oppose us on that account. Men violently opposed to one another in other matters, have been agreed here. As Herod and Pilate became friends to dishonour our Lord, so these parties have united in the attempt to crush his followers. In all their proceedings we have seen the persecuting spirit and tendency of State Churches. Thank God, better times are coming for Germany! There are some parts, Saxony for example, where even yet no Baptist assemblies are allowed. In Mecklenburg, the hostility of the law is still maintained. In Bremen, however, and Lubeck, and the Grand Duchy of Oldenburg, and Wurtemberg, and Prussia, and Russia, a much larger measure of religious liberty is enjoyed than formerly; while in Hamburg there is the fullest freedom. A wondrous change has come over the church there. One of the Hamburg senators once said of Mr. Oncken, "This fellow has given us so much trouble, that he deserves to be quartered, and then burnt." Now, "this fellow" is esteemed and honoured by all who know him, in Church and State. His congregation is the only Baptist congregation in Germany empowered to hold landed property, or whose marriages and registrations are of legal value. They have as much religious freedom in Hamburg as we have in England.

Our readers would like to know something of the doctrinal views and ecclesiastical polity of the German Baptists. They take the Word of God as their sole guide in all matters of faith and practice. Nothing impresses a stranger more than their profound reverence for the Bible, and the way in which they make their constant appeal to its teaching and authority. At the same time they have found it useful to draw up and publish a "Glaubensbekenntniß,"

or, "Confession of Faith," which is accepted by all the churches. It has fifteen articles, embracing all the great points of Christian belief and duty; and all its statements are supported by texts of Scripture given in full. This confession is thoroughly orthodox, and very similar to the declarations of doctrine and discipline made among ourselves. The churches observe the Lord's Supper on the first day of every week. They practise the kiss of charity. They require all their members, however feeble and poor, to labour for Christ. They have been accused of attaching too much importance to baptism; so far, however, from this being the case, they excluded the church at Stuttgart from the Union, because that church had imbibed such sentiments. Sunday schools are connected with most of the churches, if not with all. Young Men's Christian Associations have also been formed in connection with several; as at Hamburg, Berlin, and other places. All the churches are grouped into Associations, and in this capacity assemble annually for business; while the Associations are formed into the German Baptist Union, and meet in a Triennial Conference in Hamburg. They have solved most satisfactorily the problem which seems to us British Baptists insoluble; namely, how can a number of independent Baptist churches maintain their independency, and yet co-operate as a united body for denominational ends? We might, to our advantage, take a leaf out of the book of our younger brethren.

The churches are chiefly poor—very poor; but according to their means they are liberal. There are very few that can give much to the support of the ministry. The church at Hamburg is not a rich church; yet the brethren there raised £375 in 1859 for religious and benevolent purposes; and in 1861, when Mr. Oncken came over here to solicit aid, on account of the failure of the usual help from America, the Sunday before he left, his people contributed nearly £100 for the work of the mission: "their deep poverty abounded unto the riches of their liberality."

One of the great secrets of the success of the German Baptists, under God, has been individual effort. The churches have been gathered in the

midst of persecution and hate, and the members who compose them are men whose faith is fired by a burning zeal. The laymen, scarcely less than their pastors, early commenced of themselves the labours of missionaries among their countrymen, and these labours they have ceaselessly pursued to the present time. In all their journeys, whether of business or of pleasure, in all their intercourse with their fellow-men, they have everywhere asserted the unchartered freedom of the conscience; while at the same time they have sown the precious seeds of heavenly truth in the minds of the people. The testimony of the fathers of the mission is this, "We could never have succeeded as we have, but for the co-operation and individual labours of the members of our churches." It is pleasant to see how they are occupied on the Lord's day. Instead of yielding to a spirit of self-indulgence, as too many professing Christians do, they go out to work for Christ. Some distribute tracts; others visit the sick; others teach in the Sunday school: all find something to do for the Master.

And so the work has gone on. It has been from the beginning, in an eminent degree, a self-progressive mission. It has been sustained in a great measure by the friends it has gained, and extended solely by the converts its own doctrines have made. Amidst the contempt of ecclesiastics and the persecution of rulers, it has been honoured by God as the means of signal blessings to the people, and has raised up in the heart of a powerful nation a band of converts and resolute believers in the simple doctrines of the Gospel, who, undaunted by opposition, will still labour to extend among their countrymen and over continental Europe the precious faith they have received.

Next month we shall complete this brief record of the work of our brethren in Germany, with a sketch of the origin and growth of Baptist principles in Denmark, and some general remarks on the importance of rendering increased pecuniary aid to the mission, and the encouraging prospects which the future discloses to our view.

Words of Wisdom for Christian People.

TRIFLES.—A WORD TO MARRIED PEOPLE.

THE ringing of the door-bell has a pleasant sound to me, especially in my idle moods. Like an unopened letter, there is a mystery about it, and one waits with a pleasurable excitement to see who or what is coming.

Returning home one day earlier than usual, I found my wife had gone out; and while lounging idly over the paper, the bell rang. I waited expectant till Bridget appeared with a note, containing a request from my old friend, Dr. Stearns, to ride out to his residence in the country the next day to transact some business that had been long pending, and an invitation to bring my wife and spend the day. I was pleased; first, because I wanted the business completed; and secondly, because I thought I needed a day's recreation.

But the next morning everything seemed to go wrong. Alice could not

accompany me, and I could not get off as early as I wished; and consequently I was peevish and fretful; and Alice reflected my humour, I suppose—as it appeared to me she had never been so unamiable.

At length, however, I drove away, though not in a very pleasant mood. It was a lovely October day; and as I rode along noting the tints of the landscape, memory went back to the golden autumn when I wooed and won my bride. How lovely Alice was then! I thought. And how happy we were! But that was long ago. Yet nature is the same, though we are changed. Let me see; we have been married three years. Is it possible it is no longer? And I felt a pang as I contrasted the past with the present, to think that we could settle down into the commonplace life we now led.

We had no serious trouble; we didn't quarrel; though when I felt cross, or

other things didn't go to suit me, I took no pains to conceal it, and often spoke harshly to Alice, who sometimes replied in the same spirit, sometimes with tears. Yet we were generally good friends. But the charm, the tenderness of our early love, had imperceptibly vanished.

I had become careless about my appearance at home, and Alice was equally negligent. Her beautiful brown hair, which she used to wear in the most becoming curls, was now usually brushed plainly behind her ears, unless she was going out or expected company. I dismissed the subject with a sigh, at the doctor's gate, with the reflection that it was the same with all married people—must be so in fact—for how could romance and sentiment find place among so many prosy realities? I suppose we were as happy as anybody; and yet it was not the kind of life I had looked forward to with so many bright anticipations.

The doctor came out and greeted me cordially. In the hall we met Mrs. Stearns, looking fresh and lovely in her pink muslin wrapper, with her jetty hair in tasteful braids. She scolded me playfully for not bringing my wife, chatted a few minutes, and then flitted away, while the doctor, remarking that his motto was business first and pleasure afterwards, led the way to the library.

As we entered the room, I noticed a vase of bright autumn flowers on the table, imparting an air of taste and cheerfulness to the apartment. I made some remarks about it, to which the doctor responded:—

"Yes, I am very fond of flowers, and love to see them in the house; and as I spend much time here, my wife always keeps a vase of them on the table as long as they last."

Our business was finished before dinner, and we walked out in the grounds, which were not extensive, but tastefully arranged. There was a variety of flowers in bloom, and I noticed that the doctor selected here and there the finest, until he had a handsome bouquet.

When we reached the house, Mrs. Stearns was on the steps. The doctor, still continuing our conversation, gave her the flowers, with a slight bow and smile; and holding up a spray of crim-

son berries, which he had broken off, she bent her head while he fastened it among the dark braids of her hair. It was a trifling incident, yet their manner arrested my attention. Had I been a stranger, I should have pronounced them lovers instead of sober married people. All through the day I noticed the same constant delicate attention and deference in their deportment to each other.

There was nothing of which the most fastidious guest could complain; yet, while showing me the most cordial attention, they did not seem to ignore each other's existence, as married people so often do.

I had never visited the doctor before, and was very much pleased with his tasteful home. I said so, after dinner, when we strolled out into the woods.

"Yes," he said, "I think it is pleasant;" and he added, "I believe I am a contented man; so far, I am not disappointed in life."

"How long have you been married, doctor?" I asked.

"Ten years."

"Well," I pursued, "can you tell me whence comes the bright atmosphere that surrounds your home? Tell me how you and Mrs. Stearns manage to retain the depth and freshness of your early love, as you seem to do? I should think the wear and tear of life would dim it somewhat. I never saw a home where my ideal of domestic happiness was realized before. It is what I have dreamed of."

The doctor smiled, and, pointing to a thrifty grape climbing over a neat lattice, and loaded with purple fruit, he said:—

"That vine needs careful attention, and if pruned and properly cared for, it is what you see it; but if neglected, how soon would it become a worthless thing! So the love which is to all, at some period, the most precious thing in life, and which needs so much care to keep it unimpaired, is generally neglected. Ah! my friend, it is little acts—trifles—that so often estrange loving hearts. I have always made it a point to treat my wife with the same courtesy that characterized my deportment in the days of our courtship; and while I am careful not to offend her tastes and little prejudices, I am sure that mine will be equally respected."

midst of persecution and hate, and the members who compose them are men whose faith is fired by a burning zeal. The laymen, scarcely less than their pastors, early commenced of themselves the labours of missionaries among their countrymen, and these labours they have ceaselessly pursued to the present time. In all their journeys, whether of business or of pleasure, in all their intercourse with their fellow-men, they have everywhere asserted the unchartered freedom of the conscience; while at the same time they have sown the precious seeds of heavenly truth in the minds of the people. The testimony of the fathers of the mission is this, "We could never have succeeded as we have, but for the co-operation and individual labours of the members of our churches." It is pleasant to see how they are occupied on the Lord's day. Instead of yielding to a spirit of self-indulgence, as too many professing Christians do, they go out to work for Christ. Some distribute tracts; others visit the sick; others teach in the Sunday school: all find something to do for the Master.

And so the work has gone on. It has been from the beginning, in an eminent degree, a self-progressive mission. It has been sustained in a great measure by the friends it has gained, and extended solely by the converts its own doctrines have made. Amidst the contempt of ecclesiastics and the persecution of rulers, it has been honoured by God as the means of signal blessings to the people, and has raised up in the heart of a powerful nation a band of converts and resolute believers in the simple doctrines of the Gospel, who, undaunted by opposition, will still labour to extend among their countrymen and over continental Europe the precious faith they have received.

Next month we shall complete this brief record of the work of our brethren in Germany, with a sketch of the origin and growth of Baptist principles in Denmark, and some general remarks on the importance of rendering increased pecuniary aid to the mission, and the encouraging prospects which the future discloses to our view.

Words of Wisdom for Christian People.

TRIFLES.—A WORD TO MARRIED PEOPLE.

THE ringing of the door-bell has a pleasant sound to me, especially in my idle moods. Like an unopened letter, there is a mystery about it, and one waits with a pleasurable excitement to see who or what is coming.

Returning home one day earlier than usual, I found my wife had gone out; and while lounging idly over the paper, the bell rang. I waited expectant till Bridget appeared with a note, containing a request from my old friend, Dr. Stearns, to ride out to his residence in the country the next day to transact some business that had been long pending, and an invitation to bring my wife and spend the day. I was pleased; first, because I wanted the business completed; and secondly, because I thought I needed a day's recreation.

But the next morning everything seemed to go wrong. Alice could not

accompany me, and I could not get off as early as I wished; and consequently I was peevish and fretful; and Alice reflected my humour, I suppose—as it appeared to me she had never been so unamiable.

At length, however, I drove away, though not in a very pleasant mood. It was a lovely October day; and as I rode along noting the tints of the landscape, memory went back to the golden autumn when I wooed and won my bride. How lovely Alice was then! I thought. And how happy we were! But that was long ago. Yet nature is the same, though we are changed. Let me see; we have been married three years. Is it possible it is no longer? And I felt a pang as I contrasted the past with the present, to think that we could settle down into the commonplace life we now led.

We had no serious trouble; we didn't quarrel; though when I felt cross, or

other things didn't go to suit me, I took no pains to conceal it, and often spoke harshly to Alice, who sometimes replied in the same spirit, sometimes with tears. Yet we were generally good friends. But the charm, the tenderness of our early love, had imperceptibly vanished.

I had become careless about my appearance at home, and Alice was equally negligent. Her beautiful brown hair, which she used to wear in the most becoming curls, was now usually brushed plainly behind her ears, unless she was going out or expected company. I dismissed the subject with a sigh, at the doctor's gate, with the reflection that it was the same with all married people—must be so in fact—for how could romance and sentiment find place among so many prosy realities? I suppose we were as happy as anybody; and yet it was not the kind of life I had looked forward to with so many bright anticipations.

The doctor came out and greeted me cordially. In the hall we met Mrs. Stearns, looking fresh and lovely in her pink muslin wrapper, with her jetty hair in tasteful braids. She scolded me playfully for not bringing my wife, chatted a few minutes, and then flitted away, while the doctor, remarking that his motto was business first and pleasure afterwards, led the way to the library.

As we entered the room, I noticed a vase of bright autumn flowers on the table, imparting an air of taste and cheerfulness to the apartment. I made some remarks about it, to which the doctor responded:—

"Yes, I am very fond of flowers, and love to see them in the house; and as I spend much time here, my wife always keeps a vase of them on the table as long as they last."

Our business was finished before dinner, and we walked out in the grounds, which were not extensive, but tastefully arranged. There was a variety of flowers in bloom, and I noticed that the doctor selected here and there the finest; until he had a handsome bouquet.

When we reached the house, Mrs. Stearns was on the steps. The doctor, still continuing our conversation, gave her the flowers, with a slight bow and smile; and holding up a spray of crim-

son berries, which he had broken off, she bent her head while he fastened it among the dark braids of her hair. It was a trifling incident, yet their manner arrested my attention. Had I been a stranger, I should have pronounced them lovers instead of sober married people. All through the day I noticed the same constant delicate attention and deference in their deportment to each other.

There was nothing of which the most fastidious guest could complain; yet, while showing me the most cordial attention, they did not seem to ignore each other's existence, as married people so often do.

I had never visited the doctor before, and was very much pleased with his tasteful home. I said so, after dinner, when we strolled out into the woods.

"Yes," he said, "I think it is pleasant;" and he added, "I believe I am a contented man; so far, I am not disappointed in life."

"How long have you been married, doctor?" I asked.

"Ten years."

"Well," I pursued, "can you tell me whence comes the bright atmosphere that surrounds your home? Tell me how you and Mrs. Stearns manage to retain the depth and freshness of your early love, as you seem to do? I should think the wear and tear of life would dim it somewhat. I never saw a home where my ideal of domestic happiness was realized before. It is what I have dreamed of."

The doctor smiled, and, pointing to a thrifty grape climbing over a neat lattice, and loaded with purple fruit, he said:—

"That vine needs careful attention, and if pruned and properly cared for, it is what you see it; but if neglected, how soon would it become a worthless thing! So the love which is to all, at some period, the most precious thing in life, and which needs so much care to keep it unimpaired, is generally neglected. Ah! my friend, it is little acts—trifles—that so often estrange loving hearts. I have always made it a point to treat my wife with the same courtesy that characterized my deportment in the days of our courtship; and while I am careful not to offend her tastes and little prejudices, I am sure that mine will be equally respected."

That night I rode homeward pondering the doctor's words, and reviewing the years of our married life, I was surprised at my own blindness, and determined to recall the early dream, if possible.

The next morning at breakfast I astonished Alice by a careful toilet, chatted over the dinner, and after tea invited her to ride. When she came down in my favourite blue organde, with her hair in shining curls, I thought she never looked lovelier. I exerted myself, as of old, to entertain her, and

was surprised to find how quickly and pleasantly the evening passed. I resolved to test the doctor's theory perfectly, and the result exceeded my most sanguine expectations. For all the little nameless attentions so gratifying to a woman's heart, and so universally accorded by the lover and neglected by the husband, I find myself repaid a thousand-fold; and I would advise all who are sighing over the nonfulfilment of early dreams, to go and do likewise, remembering that that which is worth winning is worth keeping.

Narratives, Anecdotes, &c.

THE RESCUED BIBLE.

A YOUNG woman, whom we shall call Betsy Bowood, was the inhabitant of a pleasant inland town in the south of Ireland about a century ago. She was a Protestant, and was no stranger to the truth *in theory*, having been early taught, by precept and example, to "search the Scriptures;" but, as yet, Betsy was a stranger to the *power* of the truth in her own heart, and therefore, we may suppose, she fell into that common and often fatal snare, an *ungodly marriage*. She cast in her lot with one who neither knew nor loved the God of her fathers, and poor Betsy soon found time to repent of her sad mistake. Before marriage, her lover had promised much indulgence and liberty, which as a husband he soon ceased to perform; and she found out, *too late*, that "two cannot walk together unless they are agreed," and that one important subject between husband and wife, on which the one commands a silence which the other is afraid to break, will eventually raise a powerful barrier against conjugal love. Betsy loved peace, and for peace gave up much,—*too much*, it seems, for she lost the respect of her husband, when he said that *even to please him* she forsook the house of her God. But this sacrifice was not sufficient,—it was not enough that she should give up the profession of her religion, and the association with those who loved it,—but she saw the brow of her husband

darken at the sight of her father's old Bible, so fondly cherished by her, for its own sake, and that of her lost parent: she could now only read by stealth and in secret, snatching a moment from her many household duties, when her husband had gone out to his work, lest she should quite forget the word of her God, whom she loved more in those dark days than in the unshackled freedom of her happy girlhood. One Sunday evening, heavy in heart and broken in spirit, she longed for a refreshing draught from the fount of divine truth, and waited anxiously for her husband to go out to walk with one of his comrades, that she might take her Bible out of its hiding-place, and sit down to read in peace. The weather had been rainy, but it cleared up, and at last she saw him set off (as she thought) for the evening; but he had either suspected her occupation in his absence, or returned for something he had forgotten at home: however, he caught poor Betsy in the act of reading the Bible; and so intent was she on its pages, that she was not aware of his approach till he stood before her with a brow of thunder—and, violently snatching the precious volume from her hands, he rushed out of the house with it, and threw it into a dirty pool close by, the top of which was thickly mantled with the green weed called duckmeat. Poor Betsy was at first so shocked that she was unable to resent this act of desecration;

but as soon as she could recover herself sufficiently to speak, she drew herself up with a quiet dignity that her husband was not prepared for, took off her shoes and nice white stockings, gathered up all her loose drapery as neatly as she could, and then, with a firm step, though pale countenance, plunged into the middle of the dirty pool, bared her arm, and brought up her Bible from the bottom, wiped it in her apron, and then addressing her husband, said, "Now, John, I kiss this blessed book before you, and in the presence of our Judge I promise him faithfully that, do as you will to me, I will never give him or his holy book *up for you or any man*. I gave up too much to you already; I gave up my Sabbaths and my sermons, my prayers and my psalms, with the people of God; but I will do so no more: from this day forth I will serve God—and he will take care of his own." Her neighbours, who had gathered round the pair, looked on with astonishment at the wife's courage and firmness, but still more at her husband's quailing and cowed appearance: he was quite unprepared for such a scene, and walked off, having evidently for once met more than his match. "The wicked flee when no man pursueth; but the righteous are bold as a lion." My readers will be glad to hear that not only was Betsy enabled to keep her book, but from that day to the day of her husband's death (many years after) he never again interfered with her religion in any way. She was a good wife, left him no just cause of complaint, attended faithfully to all her household duties—had a smile and a welcome, a neat fireside, and a warm supper always ready for her husband; but she never again forsook the house of her God. He respected her firmness of principle as much as he had despised her former unfaithfulness; and, *the Lord being her helper*, Betsy was able to preserve *the rescued Bible* for her children's children.—*Evangelical Magazine*.

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**"AND A LITTLE CHILD SHALL
LEAD THEM."**

A CHRISTIAN wife had for years prayed earnestly for the conversion of her husband. Strong in his pride of

intellect and manly vigour, he looked upon religion as a credulity fit only for women and children. The failings or peculiarities of Christians elicited his bitterest sarcasms, and many a tear was wrung from her eyes while his wit was mercilessly used upon some sincere, but illiterate or unpolished follower of Jesus. Her anxiety for this soul, so dear, and in such awful peril, made her own walk and conversation truly blameless.

She had one child, a daughter, inheriting her father's passionate temper. Many and trying were the mother's struggles with her darling, in which love always came off conqueror, for Mrs. Arlington never faltered in her firmness, never lost her sweetness and gentleness of manner. Subdued by love, Essie clung to her with renewed fondness. But while she was yet a little one, and Mr. Arlington still unmoved by her prayers and tears, the exemplary wife and loving mother was removed after a few brief hours of suffering, which gave her no time for last adieus. But although unexpected, the call found her ready. Her house was literally set in order; her lamp was trimmed and burning.

Bereft of one whom he had loved with all the strength of his ardent nature, alone with his grief, the father felt his burden trebled when he folded his daughter in his arms, and strove to beguile her sadness. She did not weep passionately for a time and then forget everything in play, for her mother had been her constant companion and her only playmate; and she now brought all her thoughts and desires to her father with the same artless confidence, making constant and most pathetic allusions to her "dear, dear mamma." Bed-time had been a precious hour to the two, and Mr. Arlington knew it, and fearing Essie might grieve herself to sleep, he went to her room to sit with her. The sweet face, nestled among the pillows, was raised to his with a smile; then a shadow crossed its brightness that stirred memories it was agony to recall,—memories of the meek and patient saint who had borne so much from him for Christ's sake.

"Papa, please read me a hymn," asked the soft voice. "Mamma always used to."

Hymns! how often had he mimicked

the tones of those who had loved their sacred meaning better than they had known how to turn it into pleasing melodies for scoffing ears! But now the child's soul-lit eyes were fixed upon his face nothing doubting, and he read. A sigh of satisfaction fluttered up from the grieved heart.

"Oh, papa, that was the very one mamma liked best; and now, pray."

He dared not; it seemed mockery; but it was hard to tell her his reasons. Essie brushed away a tear, then offered her own simple petition,—a touching one for him to listen to, filled, as it was, with artless yet confident and earnest petitions for his soul. She lay for a time clasping his hand, then broke out in a subdued earnestness,—

"When mamma prayed, she always prayed for you; and when she did," hastily wiping away a tear, "she cried, oh, she *would* cry so! But she doesn't cry now; she is happy now, dear papa, she is happy now;" with a sweet, assuring look into his face, as if she would fain soothe the anguish that shook his frame.

A week passed; at every meal she would slip from her chair, glide round to him, and holding his head down to her trembling bosom, with soft clinging arms, beg him to say grace. Every night, earnestly, yet with wonderful tact, she would strive to persuade him to pray for his "dear little daughter," until at last he assured her that he was trying to learn to pray.

"Essie must not be discouraged about me," he added sadly.

"Oh, no," she answered, "never; I promised mamma not to be. I told her I would ask God every day to make you a Christian; and I know he will do it, for he is so good."

Sublime, childlike faith, to which all things good are granted! Not a fortnight had passed before Mr. Arlington, taught of the Spirit, united the penitent prayers of deep conviction to the child's petitions, and became a Christian. The headstrong spirit of the child had been completely subdued by her mother's death, and both have walked since in such a manner that the ransomed spirit gone before may well rejoice over the change wrought by God's blessing upon her death, untimely as it seemed to human eyes.

"I THOUGHT IT WAS MY MOTHER'S VOICE."

A FRIEND told me not long ago a beautiful story about kind words. A good lady, living in one of our large cities, was passing a drinking saloon just as the keeper was thrusting a young man out into the street. He was very young and very pale, but his haggard face and wild eyes told that he was very far gone in the road to ruin, as with an oath he brandished his clenched fists, threatening to be revenged upon the man who so ill-used him. This poor young man was so excited and blinded with passion, that he did not see the lady, who stood very near to him, until she laid her hand upon his arm, and spoke in her gentle, loving voice, asking him what was the matter.

At the first kind word the young man started as if a heavy blow had struck him, and turned quickly round, paler than before, and trembling from head to foot. He surveyed the lady for a moment, and then with a sigh of relief, he said:—

"I thought it was my mother's voice, it sounded so strangely like it! But her voice has been hushed in death for many years."

"You had a mother, then," said the lady, "and she loved you."

With that sudden revulsion of feeling which often comes to people of fine nervous temperaments, the young man burst into tears, sobbing out, "O yes, I had an angel mother, and she loved her boy! But since she died, all the world has been against me, and I am lost! lost to good society, lost to honour, lost to decency, and lost for ever!"

"No, not lost for ever; for God is merciful, and his pitying love can reach the chief of sinners," said the lady, in her low, sweet voice; and the timely words swept the hidden chords of feeling which had been long untouched in the young man's heart, thrilling it with magic power, and wakening a host of tender emotions, which had been buried very deep beneath the rubbish of sin and crime.

More gentle words the lady spoke, and when she passed on her way the young man followed her. He marked the house where she entered, and wrote the name which was on the silver door-plate in his little memorandum book.

Then he walked slowly away, with a deep, earnest look on his white face, and deeper, more earnest feelings in his aching heart.

Years glided by, and the gentle lady had quite forgotten the incident I have related, when one day a stranger sent up his card and desired to speak with her.

Wondering much who it could be, she went down to the parlour, where she found a noble-looking, well-dressed man, who rose deferentially to meet her. Holding out his hand, he spoke.

"Pardon me, madam, for this intrusion; but I have come many miles to thank you for the great service you rendered me a few years ago," said he, in a trembling voice.

The lady was puzzled, and asked for an explanation, as she did not remember ever having seen the gentleman before.

"I have changed so much," said the man, "that you have quite forgotten me; but though I only saw your face once, I am sure I should have recognised it anywhere. And your voice, too, it is so like my mother's!"

Those last words made the lady

remember the poor young man she had kindly spoken to in front of the drinking saloon so long before, and she mingled her tears with those which were falling slowly over the man's cheeks.

After the first gush of emotion had subsided, the gentleman sat down and told the lady how those few gentle words had been instrumental in saving him, and making him what he then was.

"The earnest expression of 'No, not lost for ever,' followed me wherever I went," said he, "and it always seemed that it was the voice of my mother speaking to me from the tomb. I repented of my many transgressions, and resolved to live as Jesus and my mother would be pleased to have me; and by the mercy and grace of God I have been enabled to resist temptation, and keep my good resolutions."

"I never dreamed there was such power in a few kind words before," exclaimed the lady; "and surely ever after this I shall take more pains to speak them to all the sad and suffering ones I meet in the walks of life."

A Page for the Young.

THE WORTH OF COURTESY.

WORTHLESS men are sometimes universal favourites, simply on account of their uniform amiableness and courtesy to others. It is not well to imitate the character of Chesterfield, but it is wise to catch something of his winning manners. We have been repelled from intercourse with good people, and from trading at certain shops, by a coldness and gruffness of manner which were specially uncomfortable. The following story is a good one to point a moral, and as it has the merit of truth, is very suggestive.

A few years ago, on a radiant spring afternoon, two men, who, from their conversation, appeared to be foreigners, stopped before the gate of one of the large workshops in ——— for the manufacture of locomotive engines. Entering a small office, the elder of the two men inquired of the superin-

tendent in attendance if he would permit them to inspect the works.

"You can pass in and look about, if you please," said the superintendent, vexed, apparently, at being interrupted in the perusal of his newspaper. He then scanned the two strangers more closely. They were respectably but plainly dressed, and evidently made no pretensions to official dignity of any kind.

"Is there any one who can show us over the establishment, and explain matters to us?" asked Mr. Wolfe, the elder of the strangers.

"You must pick your own way, gentlemen," replied the superintendent; "we are all too busy to attend to every party that comes along. I'll thank you not to interrupt the workmen by asking questions."

It was not so much the matter as the manner of his reply that was offensive

to Mr. Wolfe and his companion. It was spoken with a certain official assumption of superiority, mingled with contempt for the visitors, indicating a haughty and selfish temper.

"I think we will not trouble you," said Mr. Wolfe, bowing; and taking his companion's arm, they passed out.

"If there is anything I dislike it is incivility," said Mr. Wolfe to his companion, when they were in the street. "I do not blame the man for not wishing to show us over his establishment; he is no doubt annoyed and interrupted by many heedless visitors; but he might have dismissed us with courtesy. He might have sent us away better content with a gracious refusal than with an ungracious consent."

"Perhaps we shall have better luck here," said the other stranger; and they stopped before another workshop of a similar kind. They were received by a brisk little man, the head clerk apparently, who, in reply to their request to be shown over the establishment, answered,—

"O, yes; come with me, gentlemen; this way!" So saying, he hurried them along the area, strewn with iron bars, broken and rusty wheels of iron, fragments of old cylinders, into the principal workshop. Here, without stopping to explain any one thing, he led the strangers along with the evident intention of getting rid of them as soon as possible. When they paused where the workmen were riveting the external castings of a boiler, the clerk looked at his watch, tapped his right foot against an iron tube, and showed other signs of impatience. Whereupon Mr. Wolfe remarked—"We will not detain you any longer, sir," and with his friend took leave.

"This man is an improvement on the other," said Mr. Wolfe; "but all the civility he has is on the surface; it does not come from the heart. We must look further."

The strangers walked on for nearly half a mile in silence, when one of them pointed to a picture of a locomotive engine with a train of cars underneath. It stood over a small building not more than ten feet in height, communicating with a yard and workshop.

"Look," said the observer, "here is a machinist whose name is not on our list."

"Probably it was thought too small a concern for our purposes," said his companion.

"Nevertheless, let us try it," said Mr. Wolfe.

They entered, and found at the desk a middle-aged man, whose somewhat grimy aspect, and apron round his waist, showed that he divided his labours between the workshop and the counting-room.

"We want to look over your works, if you have no objection."

"It will give me great pleasure to show you all there is to be seen," said the mechanic, with a pleased alacrity, ringing a bell and telling the boy who entered to take charge of the office. He then led the way, and explained to the strangers the whole process of constructing a locomotive engine. He showed them how the various parts of the machinery were manufactured, and patiently answered all their questions. He told them of an improved mode of tubing boilers, by which the power of generating steam was increased, and showing with what care he provided for security from bursting. Two hours passed away. The strangers were delighted with the intelligence displayed by the mechanic, and with his frank, attentive, and unsuspicious manners.

"Here is a man who loves his profession so well that he takes pleasure in explaining its mysteries to all who can understand them," thought Mr. Wolfe.

"I am afraid we have given you a great deal of trouble," said the other stranger.

"Indeed, gentlemen, I have enjoyed your visit," said the mechanic, "and shall be glad to see you again."

"Perhaps you may," said Mr. Wolfe, and the strangers departed.

Five months afterwards, as the mechanic, whose means were quite limited, sat in his office, meditating how hard it was to get business by the side of such large establishments as were his competitors, the two strangers entered. He gave them a hearty welcome, handed chairs, and sat down.

"We come," said Mr. Wolfe, "with a proposition from the emperor of Russia."

"From the emperor? Impossible!"

"Here are our credentials."

"But, gentlemen," said the now agitated mechanic, "what does this mean? How have I earned such a distinguished honour?"

"Simply by your straightforward courtesy and frankness, combined with professional intelligence," said Mr. Wolfe. "Because we were strangers, you did not think it necessary to treat us with distrust or coldness. You saw we were in earnest in acquainting ourselves with your works, and did not ask, before extending to us your civilities, what letters of introduction we

brought. You measured us by the spirit we showed, and not by the dignities we could have exhibited."

The mechanic visited St. Petersburg, and soon after moved his whole establishment there. He had imperial orders for as many locomotive engines as he could construct. He has lately returned to his own country, and is still receiving large returns from his Russian workshop. And all this prosperity grew out of his unselfish civility to two strangers, one of whom was the secret agent of the Czar of Russia.

Our Sunday Schools.

"BY HIS STRIPES HEALED."

THERE was once a distinguished gentleman in England, who, cherishing toward the youth around him the benevolent spirit that glowed in the heart of Robert Raikes, gave much time and money to the support of several Sunday schools in his native county and his immediate neighbourhood. In these schools many neglected children and vagrant boys, accustomed to desecrate the Sabbath, had been gathered. Good superintendents had been appointed over them, and they were generally in a thriving condition.

One of these schools, however, had a more than ordinary share of large and troublesome boys; and among these was one ringleader who was particularly unmanageable. Again and again he had broken the rules of the school; the influence of his example was poisoning the minds of the rest, and the superintendent came to the conclusion that the expulsion of this boy from the school was an unavoidable necessity.

Just at the moment when he was about to act upon that decision, this gentleman, the founder of the school, a kind-hearted and noble-looking man, entered unexpectedly.

The superintendent told him at once of the sad duty he was about to perform, and of the mortifying failure of every method employed to reclaim the lad. Forbearance had reached its ut-

most limit, and the transgressor must, at last, be expelled.

The founder was grieved. His countenance showed the workings of pity. He was sure that if the boy were turned away from the school he would become worse and worse, and that his course would end, probably, in prison or on the gallows.

After a few minutes' conversation he said to the superintendent,—“I know that your sentence is just; you cannot allow the law to be broken down, and the order of the school to be destroyed by indulging the wilful disobedience of any one. I dare not ask you to withhold any longer deserved punishment from the incorrigible transgressor. But one favour, sir, I will ask; let me receive punishment as the boy's substitute. Change the form of the penalty, and let me bear what he deserves. I will take off my coat and submit myself to you to receive ‘forty stripes save one;’ and then will plead for him that he be permitted to remain in the school and have time and space for reflection. Perhaps he will try again, and may God help him to do better.”

At this saying the superintendent was astonished; so were all the scholars. The scene was wonderful. There was perfect stillness. Every eye was fixed on the strange spectacle. The objections of the superintendent were overruled by the kind persistency of the man who presented himself to suffer

in the transgressor's stead. There stood that noble-looking gentleman, bowing his back to the smiter for another's sake. The refractory boy, also, like the rest, was greatly surprised. He forgot himself. He seemed to notice no one in the room except the man who was about to suffer for his sake. He remained in his seat motionless, almost breathless, until the lash descended upon the good man's back; then bounding from his place, as by a mighty impulse, he arrested the hand of the superintendent, saying—

"It is enough! I promise to do better. Spare him, sir, and just try me once more!"

He was not ashamed to weep. For the first time manly tears flowed from the deepest springs of feeling in his nature, and they were tears of repentance. The boy was gained over to the right side, and kept his word faithfully.

Who does not see that this noble act of self-sacrifice on the part of this benefactor was truly Christ-like? It was an appeal of love that rent the rocky heart like a lightning stroke. Such is the appeal that comes to the awakened soul from the cross of Jesus. When the eyes of the mind are opened to discern the Sufferer there; when his voice is heard, "It is enough;"—then we know the meaning of the response of Paul, "We joy in God through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom we have now received the *atonement*." "By his stripes we are healed."

SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHING TESTED.

A poor woman, during the Lancashire distress, removed to a neighbouring town to live with her daughter. Her kind pastor paid her railroad fare, and gave her a half-crown besides. Reaching her journey's end, a crowd of boys at the station begged to carry her box. She refused, thinking to bear it herself, and save the expense; but one poor lad implored with such a piteous look, stating that they were starving at home, that she could not resist him. He shouldered the box, and carried it to the house of the daughter, who was found to be out upon an errand. The daughter was also found to be straitened with poverty. She had been out trying

to get a morsel for the children. She raised her hands on seeing her mother, and exclaimed:—

"O, why have you come? for we are starving for food!"

The mother tried to calm and comfort her; and, drawing forth her purse, gladly remarked:—

"I have here half-a-crown, which will carry us over to-morrow, at any rate."

But imagine her dismay on seeing the half-crown gone, and on reflecting that she must have given it to the boy, in the dim light of the evening before, for carrying her box. This was too much for them to bear. Both women sank down, and cried long and bitterly. The mother, however, was a truly Christian woman, and, when the first burst of sorrow was over, her faith triumphed, and she began to comfort the daughter. She tried to sleep that night on the promise, "God will provide."

Early next morning a boy tapped at the door.

"Didn't I bring a box here last night for an old woman?"

"Yes."

"Where is she?"

"Up-stairs."

"I want to see her. Tell her to come down."

Very soon the mother came down, and was greeted with: "Missus, do you know you gave me a half-crown last night instead of a penny? Because you did, and here it is. I have brought it back."

"Yes, my lad," said the glad woman, "I did, and I am *very* much obliged to you for bringing it back;—but didn't you tell me you were *clemming* (starving) at home?"

"Yes, we are very bad off," said the boy, brightening up as he spoke: "*but I go to Sunday school, and I love Jesus, and I couldn't be dishonest.*"

Teachers in the Sabbath school, be encouraged by this instance; and seek to impress deep upon the young hearts under you the principles of strict, unbending integrity; feeling that this is the only foundation of a virtuous, honourable character among men, and the surest basis upon which to build a devoted, faithful, Christian character, when God's grace shall visit and renew your scholars' hearts.

Our Societies.

THE BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

WITH much thankfulness to Almighty God, we are able to make a most gratifying announcement respecting the financial position of the Baptist Missionary Society. If we are not misinformed, and if we are not too sanguine as to the probable receipts between the time of our writing and the close of the financial year, it will be found that the deficiency, which was reckoned so recently at £8,000, has been wholly, or nearly, wiped away. Not only so, but in many parts of the country the regular subscriptions have been increased, so that there is reason to anticipate a considerable addition to the permanent income of the Society. We make these announcements with the utmost thankfulness. It is much to the credit of the executive in Moorgate Street, that they saw so long beforehand the difficulty in which the Society was likely to be placed; nor does it reflect less credit on their courage that they should have made it public at once. The very general and hearty response that has been made to their appeal is equivalent to a vote of confidence, and is of itself a great gain. We hope it will be found that the Society is stronger for good than it has ever been, on account of the painful discipline through which it has passed.

THE Annual Meetings of the Society will be held as usual this month. We trust that the attendance of brethren from the country will be larger this year than ever, on account of the sympathy with the Society which has been evoked. The first meeting will, as in former years, be the prayer-meeting in Moorgate Street. The missionary sermons will be preached by the Revs. D. Katterns, of Hackney, and A. M'Laren, B.A., of Manchester. The chair at the annual public meeting will be taken by Lord Radstock. The annual meeting of members will be held as usual on the Tuesday before the public meeting.

WE gave in our last a very interest-

ing letter from our friend Mr. Smith, of Delhi. The following letter, which gives further particulars, will be read with much interest. It is dated Jan. 21st:—

“After an absence of nearly three years, myself and family were permitted, in October last, once more to land in safety in Calcutta. We had some severe weather from Port Phillip Heads to Cape Lewin. In one gale we were obliged to lay to for three days, and during that time drifted back 200 miles: yet the Lord brought us and our fine vessel to the place of our destination in safety. I deeply regret to say that she has since been totally destroyed by fire, in the river, when nearly ready to sail, and three men were drowned in their attempt to escape from the burning ship, viz., the first officer and two seamen.

“Since our arrival, I have been much struck by indications of increased energy and life. The activity everywhere visible contrasts most favourably with the apathy and stagnation visible before the mutiny. During our journey from Calcutta we everywhere met with immense quantities of cotton; the roads were perfectly filled with it. The American revolution has had a wonderful effect on India; it has done more in developing Indian resources than the combined labours of all Europeans for the last hundred years. I am sorry to see the spirit of speculation running wild, and especially in Calcutta; the usual result cannot fail to be realised in numerous bankruptcies and injured credit. Nor do I think the almost numberless ‘limited companies’ formed and forming will answer public expectation. Where any branch of trade requires developing, and the resources for its development exist, I can see great advantages from a combination of men and capital; but when apothecaries and horsedealers, hotel-keepers and merchants, turn their private establishments into limited companies, realising large sums for the good-will of their several businesses, it is easy to see what the end will be. Still anything, in my opinion, is better than the stagnation of former days, when the old Company kept their old stereotyped plans in steady operation, and evidently thought that nothing was to be so much dreaded as change. Now we have rushed to the other extreme, and change is the order of the day—change in army and navy, change in covenanted and uncovenanted civil services, change in land system and tenures, change in law and administration. I might have left the last item out, for I see less improvement in the administration of law than in any other department. The complaints of corruption and delay are as numerous as ever, and the people almost universally curse our courts and

hate our law administration. The man who will grapple with this giant and destroy it, will be a benefactor greater than any India has yet seen, and do more to render our Government popular than all the civil and military servants since the days of Clive. The railway system is being rapidly developed. We came the principal part of the way from Calcutta to Delhi by rail, a distance of 900 miles; and I have the strongest confidence in railway investments in India. I scarcely think it would be possible for a moderately well-managed line in any district to fail paying good interest on its cost, and the value to commerce and civilisation is all clear profit. I do hope there will be no half-heartedness in this department of labour, and I am confident European capital cannot find a safer outlet. I have frequently said that India is an undeveloped mine of wealth, and I am more than ever confirmed in the opinion. I need not say what joy has been everywhere manifested at the appointment of Sir J. Lawrence to the Viceroyalty. A more popular or really better appointment could not be made. With Sir Chas. Trevelyan as our Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Lawrence as the head of the Government, we imagine the prospect is very bright. It is a happy thing for the Governor that our miserable frontier war is ended before his arrival. This has been another of our numerous blunders, and yet I expect good will come out of it. We had no occasion ever to strike a blow with the Boneirs, or enter their country through the Umbeyla Pass, which is literally its door. In order to surprise the rebel Sepoys in their fastnesses, we did a gross injustice to our friends and allies in entering their country without asking their leave, and no wonder if they were roused into opposition. I hope we shall now have peace throughout India, and Sir Charles Trevelyan will then have some chance with his budget.

"Delhi is improving very fast both in outward appearance and material prosperity: it is evidently destined to be one of the greatest centres of trade, and may probably realise a higher position than even when the capital of the Mogul empire. The municipal commissioners have done a good deal in accomplishing sanitary improvements. More, however, remains to be done. Our friend, J. C. Parry, Esq., is the chairman of the council, and is very active; Lord Mark Kerr, the late brigadier, has also done much for the part of the city within Cantonments. The new roads and streets are being fast completed and planted with trees. I am happy to say our chapel, which occupies one of the most prominent sites in the city, is nearly finished. It will be a worthy memorial of our martyred brethren, Mackay and Walayat Ali. I wish you would stir up some of our friends to help us to pay for it; for Mr. Parry tells me we shall be £200 at least deficient. Our congregations are much improved, and we have restored about forty members who had been excluded or had left the church. Our prayer-meetings among inquirers and converts (of which we have about ten weekly) are very encouraging; at several of them the attend-

ance averages thirty, and in others twenty. These prayer-meetings are the very life of the mission; and I should much like to see their number increased. We have about twenty native agents, and yet several important places are unoccupied; and we must increase the number to thirty as soon as men and means are available. I am afraid our friends have lost interest in Delhi, as I see several Sabbath schools have ceased their annual donations for the support of native preachers. Now we are increasing our operations on all sides, and shall require increased support. I shall therefore feel particularly grateful for help, for our funds are exhausted. We form three and sometimes four parties every evening for preaching the Gospel in the bazaars; and the crowds were never more attentive than they are at present. My colleague, Mr. Williams, has visited most of our stations with me, and he quite agrees with me in believing the prospects of the mission were never better. With persevering labour and a Divine blessing, we look for great results. The fields in many parts of this district are white unto the harvest, and reapers as well as sowers are wanted."

THE BAPTIST IRISH SOCIETY.

It is now fifty years since the Baptist Irish Society was formed. The arrangements for the approaching annual meetings are such as to warrant the fullest confidence that the interest in the Irish Mission will be greatly increased.

A Jubilee Meeting will be held in Upton Chapel, Barkham Terrace, Lambeth Road, on Wednesday evening, April 20th, at which the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon has engaged to preside, and the following gentlemen are expected to speak:—Thomas Pewtress, Esq.; and the Revds. Hugh Stowell Brown, of Liverpool; George D. Evans, of Upton Chapel; Stewart Gray, late of Waterford; John Stock, of Devonport; and Charles Stovel, of London.

The annual meeting of members will be held in the Mission House, on Friday morning, April 22nd, instead of Monday, as in former years: the alteration being made in order to leave the latter day free for the meetings of the Baptist Union.

The Rev. Thomas Fox Newman, of Shortwood, has engaged to preach the Jubilee Sermon in Kingsgate Chapel, on Friday evening, April 22nd.

The annual public meeting is to be held on Tuesday evening, April 26th, in Bloomsbury Chapel. Sir S. Morton Peto, Bart., M.P., has promised to take the chair on this occasion. The Rev.

John Aldis, of Reading; the Rev. J. P. Mursell, of Leicester; the Hon. and Rev. Baptist W. Noel; S. R. Pattison, Esq., of London; and the Rev. W. Tarbotton, the Secretary of the Irish Evangelical Society, have also engaged to speak.

We congratulate the members and friends of the Society on the arrangements which the Committee have made, and have no doubt that the meetings will greatly promote the cause of Missions to Ireland. We trust that the liberality of Christian friends will also meet the requirements of the Society, which are more than usually important and urgent.

The efforts made, last year, to alleviate the Lancashire distress considerably lessened its income. The special effort, so necessarily made in behalf of the Foreign Mission, has still more affected the funds of the Irish Society during the present year. It will be evident that responsibilities, previously incurred in the prosecution of the Irish Mission, must be fulfilled, notwithstanding those other claims on British benevolence. Indeed, those responsibilities had been increased by the adoption of *four new*

stations, and the appointment of *three additional agents*, before the necessity for the extra effort in behalf of the Foreign Mission had arisen.

The results of the Irish Mission shew its worthiness of support. Last year 94 members were added to 10 churches, besides the formation of a new church consisting of upwards of 60 members. In the years 1860-1-2, 462 persons were received to communion in 11 churches; and *that* period does not include the year of the Revival.

It is also a fact deserving of grateful acknowledgment, that an infant church recently gathered by this Society has had the honour of sending forth *two missionaries for foreign service*, one of whom is now labouring in Ceylon, and the other in China. Ireland has thus been privileged to render the highest form of service to the cause of Foreign Missions.

The consideration of these facts will, we trust, secure for the Irish Society a measure of support at its annual meetings far greater than is commonly manifested, and more nearly commensurate with the importance of the Irish Mission.

Intelligence.

FOREIGN.

EVANGELICAL LABOURS AT THE SEAT OF WAR IN THE DANISH DUCHIES. — Interesting accounts reach us from Hamburg of the missionary labours being carried on amongst the more than 100,000 troops now congregated at the Seat of War. Many of our brethren have undertaken the self-denying labour of repairing thither, laden with Testaments, Gospels, and Tracts, in the German and Danish languages, in order to distribute them amongst the soldiers; and it is most gratifying to find, not only that they have sold about 5,000 of the former, and given away more than 100,000 of the latter; but still more so to hear that they have, for the most part, been exceedingly well received both by soldiers and officers. Permission has been accorded them to enter quarters and hospitals, and thus to bring the bread of life to those who were near to death. In other parts of the continent, similar

exertions have been made to distribute Testaments and Tracts amongst the thousands of Danish prisoners who have been conveyed to fortresses in various and distant localities, especially at Halle, where Mr. Geissler has been most courteously received by the commanding-officer, who himself commended the study of the Word of God to the prisoners as of the highest importance. Our space will not permit us to give copious extracts from the intelligence received, but the following letter, sent to Pastor Oncken by Messrs. Windolf and Petersen, will give some idea of the work that is being accomplished. Mr. Windolf, we may observe, is supported by Mr. Spurgeon's church: Mr. Petersen is colporteur for the National Bible Society of Scotland.

"Flensburg, February 19, 1864.
"Dear Brother Oncken,—May the grace of the Lord and his rich blessing be with you and the whole Church. Amen.

"We hope that you have received the first tidings of our journey. After a considerable trial of patience we have received permission from the superintendent of police, who is a Prussian captain, to go from house to house here with Christian books till next Wednesday."

"On the first Wednesday, we distributed here and in Bau (a few miles off) 1,200 Gospels and copies of the Epistle to the Romans, and 200 tracts, amongst the soldiers, mostly Prussian; a few were Austrians. We were well received; even the officers took our gifts, in passing in the streets, for the most part in a friendly manner."

At three o'clock p.m., we left by the North Gate, in order, outside it, to come upon the track of the soldiers: we reached Bau shortly before the evening, but only found 80 Prussian pioneers, whom we sought out in the houses: most of them were pleased. Mr. Petersen found, in one house, a subaltern, who was so very pleased that he wrote down his name and address, and entreated us to hasten after his comrades that they might obtain the Gospel before they had to go into action. One farmer was so friendly that he offered to send Gospels to eight men at a distant farm by one of his people. We arrived at our lodgings at eight o'clock, tired out; yet on the way we were strengthened by the thought, Our brethren will pray together this evening for us. On this day we had, as before mentioned, disposed of 1,200 Gospels, &c., besides 200 tracts. We had similar success the next day. We were able to give about 30 Danish tracts to some captive Danish soldiers, who already sat in the carriages of the railway. On Thursday morning we wandered, with 670 Gospels and 400 tracts to dispose of, northward along the shore of the Baltic; the sea was very rough, the boisterous waves were crested with foam: an image of the natural heart of man, and of war.

"After about two hours' journey we went into an inn for a little bread and a cup of coffee, and also in order to learn whither we had better turn. The people were friendly. We went to a village called Hønsnap, where we found a Prussian battery and guard. We were well received even by the officers. The inhabitants mostly speak Danish, so that the soldiers hardly ever find any German books to read. Thence we went over meadows, fields, and trenches of frozen snow, to two little villages situated on the high road to Sonderburg; there, and in a much larger village, Hockerup, we found plenty of Prussian soldiers, so that in three hours and a half we had nothing—670 Gospels and 400 tracts were distributed. We found many soldiers playing at cards, but most discontinued it. Mr. Petersen heard at one place one soldier say to others, 'Who will take my cards?' He no doubt wished to read. We went then southward, till we reached the above-mentioned inn, in order again, after five hours, to eat a little bread and drink a cup of coffee. Having returned home, we thanked the Lord for our success; for 2,000 Gospels and more than 700 tracts were dis-

persed. We soon, being very much fatigued, lay down to rest, with the thought that, if we but received fresh supplies the next morning we would, with the Lord's help, go northwards as early as possible, in spite of the cold. On the high road to Sonderburg, and on that to Apenrade, but more on the former, is a continuous train of waggons of all sorts,—with bread, with meat, with great casks, &c.,—of soldiers and officers. Many of the soldiers are wrapped in great white sheepskin coats. Sergeants, hussars, lancers, go lither and thither."

"The most hearty greeting to the whole Church. We reckon on your and their continued petitions."

"H. WINDOLF."

"H. PETERSEN."

"February 21."

"On Saturday morning we went, with our pouches well filled, to Rinkeniss, twelve miles north of Flensburg. We had hoped, perhaps, to rest a little with our pouches on a waggon, but we had to carry 1,100 Gospels, 21 Testaments, and 1,000 tracts the whole way. Only the Lord helped us. While distributing in the town I met a brother, Dahle, from Prenzlau, who was very delighted. Outside the city we met Austrian artillery with a guard, among whom we distributed Gospels and tracts. The officer of the escort had just called a halt, and himself took from Mr. Petersen one copy. After this we came upon some Prussian soldiers who had been ill, and now, discharged from the hospitals, were returning to their regiments. These very joyfully received the Gospels and tracts. About half-way there we turned into an inn for a little while. As we brought out our bread and bacon, some who were sitting next us looked so eagerly at us, that with a feeling of sympathy we gladly shared our provisions with them, and had some cups of coffee prepared for them. The cold was so cutting that we could hardly keep our fingers warm in our gloves. In the great inn parlour our mission began, for there were certainly nearly fifty soldiers there; then we went forward, and by noon we were in Rinkeniss. In an inn where we found a great number of soldiers (Prussian artillery), we began to distribute Gospels and tracts, and to sell New Testaments. The host, a genuine Dane, but very friendly, also took two Testaments, yet he was not allowed to keep them long. The artillery were coming near; we stood at the entrance to a meadow and distributed. As the Major came to inspect, he took the tracts and Gospels very courteously from Mr. Petersen, and another officer from me. The few Testaments were soon gone, and the innkeeper had to give up his to the soldiers, so we promised him, by the Lord's help, to come again on Monday and bring more. Then we went to a village on the shores of the Baltic, where the 35th regiment lay; we went into each house where we saw a helmet at the window, and came to Treppe, a village where the Prussians had thrown a pontoon bridge across to Eckerensund. We stood quite near to the bridge; we saw the tower of Gravenstein through the wood; Broacken

lay on one side, no Danish vessel was in sight. We came upon some pickets of soldiers in out of the way places, and a hospital where the white flag floated. As we carried to the physician himself our request to bring our gifts to the wounded and sick, he said: If we had meat for the sick he would give it to them, but here he could give us no other advice than to go to the chaplain of the division. We went away troubled, yet I had given one soldier a Gospel and a tract; but the Lord helped us. Two houses further on we met three high officers and two gentlemen in court uniform, who were very friendly. To them we complained of the above-mentioned incident. 'We will help you,' they said. 'Give us what you have for the sick soldiers; we will take it to them.' We found great humanity amongst the officers and subalterns; also among many of the soldiers a sound opinion of our mission. A second brother from Prenzlau we met, and among other Christian brothers a sergeant of horse from Elberfeld, a Lutheran, one from the Moravians, and others.

"I met a man and a woman in the street whom I presented with a tract, and informed them that we brought such to the soldiers. The man was deeply moved, and the woman began to weep.

"The result of our distribution was, on Saturday evening, February 20th, 900 Gospels, 850 tracts, and 21 Testaments. We had gone many miles, when we met a waggon that took us on, but jolted so dreadfully over the pavement that the heart was almost turned in one's body. At nine o'clock in the evening we arrived at our lodgings, and could not praise the Lord enough for his great help. Now we have again had a good night, and think of going to Glucksberg in the middle of the day (it is about four miles from here), and this evening to meet with the believers; then to-morrow, with the Lord's help, again to visit Rinkeniss and Gravenstein, and, perhaps, on Wednesday to travel along the high road towards Apenrade.

"Our hearty greeting to all.—Your humble brethren,

"H. WINDOLF.

"H. PETERSEN."

Further details will be found in the *Quarterly Reporter of the German Baptist Mission* for April. Special contributions for the Army Mission will be gladly received at the office of this Magazine, or by Mr. Wilkin, Hampstead, N.W.

DOMESTIC.

SOUTHAMPTON.—The members of the church and congregation worshipping in Portland chapel, Southampton, invited their late pastor, the Rev. M. Hudson, to a farewell tea on Thursday evening, Feb. 25, in the school-room connected with that place of worship. The opportunity was embraced to present Mr. Hudson with a

valuable gold watch, as a parting token of affection from those who have sat under his ministry during his residence in the town. After the tea a meeting was held, under the presidency of Mr. W. B. Randall, J.P., a deacon of the church. Mr. H. Rimer, at the call of the chairman, stated the result of the effort that had recently been made to liquidate the debt due by the building committee for the reconstruction and enlargement of the chapel, which showed that not only had the debt been paid off, but a balance of some pounds added to the funds of the chapel. The chairman addressed the meeting in a speech full of good counsel and sound advice, and expressed the great satisfaction he had ever felt in working with Mr. Hudson, in connection with Portland chapel. Mr. Rose, one of the deacons, in the name and in behalf of the members of the church and congregation, presented to Mr. Hudson a memento of the esteem and affection in which he had been held during the period he had sustained the pastoral office as minister of Portland chapel. Mr. Rose, in presenting the testimonial—a valuable gold watch—conveyed the feeling of unanimous regard which one and all entertained towards Mr. Hudson, and urged all connected with the chapel to be zealous in the future, so as to ensure a blessing upon their efforts to carry on the work in days to come. Mr. Hudson responded in a most feeling address, full of generous sentiment as to the past, and trustful anticipation of the future. The Rev. J. Walters, Messrs. Rogers, Northover, King, F. Elliston, Ritchie, Bowers, and Capon, also addressed the meeting.

YORK.—On Sunday, Feb. 28, the second anniversary services in connection with the Baptist cause in this old city were held in the Lecture-hall, the usual place of worship for the present; when two appropriate and impressive sermons were preached by the Rev. J. P. Chown, of Bradford. The services were well attended, and the pecuniary aid rendered satisfactory. On the following Tuesday evening the first public tea-meeting took place, the hall being neatly and tastefully decorated for the occasion, when upwards of 160 friends of this and other denominations partook of tea. After tea, Thomas Aked, Esq., of Harrogate, took the chair, but which he was obliged to vacate at an early period of the meeting, when his place was efficiently supplied by Mr. Cole, of Bradford, one of Mr. Chown's deacons. Addresses were given by the Revs. J. Barker, of Lockwood; S. G. Green, B.A., of Rawdon College; J. P. Chown; and Messrs. Newell and Whitwell, of York.

Although several of the ministers of the city were invited, none were present, other engagements being pleaded as an excuse for non-attendance. This was cause both for regret and complaint. The meeting passed off most favourably, and has given great satisfaction. The prospects of this little church are quite hopeful, and very shortly four friends will be baptized on a profession of their faith in Christ, and admitted to its fellowship.

LEIGHTON BUZZARD, BEDS.—On Thursday, March 17, the foundation-stone of the new Baptist chapel, Lake Street, Leighton Buzzard, was laid by the Rev. Joshua Russell, of Blackheath. The proceedings commenced with singing and prayer by the Rev. G. H. Davies, of Houghton Regis; after which the Rev. W. D. Elliston, the pastor of the church, briefly stated the circumstances which had led to the erection of a new building for the worship of God in that place; and the Rev. Edward Adey gave a brief review of the past history of the church, and gave kind expression to feelings of confidence and esteem towards the present pastor. The Rev. Joshua Russell then proceeded to lay the stone; after which he delivered a most admirable address, and one very appropriate to the occasion. A hymn was then sung, and prayer offered by the Rev. H. C. Leonard, M.A., of Boxmoor; and the company adjourned to tea, when upwards of 150 persons were present. After tea, the Rev. D. Gould, of Dunstable, on behalf of the church, proposed a vote of thanks to the Rev. J. Russell, which was seconded by Mr. Joseph Herington, one of the deacons, and supported by the Rev. Thomas Hands. At half-past six o'clock the Rev. W. Chalmers, M.A., of the Scotch Free Church, Marylebone, preached from 2 Tim. ii. 9, "The word of God is not bound." The service was opened by the Rev. H. C. Leonard, M.A., of Boxmoor.

STONDON, BEDFORDSHIRE.—The new chapel in this village, erected in place of an old barn which has been used for years as a preaching-station of the church at Shefford, was opened on Thursday, Feb. 18, when the Rev. Dr. Macfarlane (late of Glasgow) preached to an overflowing congregation. The Rev. W. T. Whitmarsh, of Shefford, offered the introductory prayer, and the following ministers took part in the service:—the Rev. P. Griffiths, Biggleswade; G. Short, B.A., Hitchin; W. Griffith, Hitchin (Independent). After the service, the friends took tea together in an adjoining barn, where in the evening a public meeting was held, presided over by Mr. Dodwell,

the treasurer of the building fund. The following friends addressed the meeting:—Rev. Dr. Macfarlane, Rev. G. Short, B.A., Mr. Lloyd, Mr. Purser (student of Regent's Park College), Rev. P. Griffiths, Rev. J. C. Fairfax, Shillington (Independent), and the Rev. W. T. Whitmarsh. A vote of thanks to the chairman for his valuable services in connection with the erection of this building was carried with enthusiasm. The Rev. W. T. Whitmarsh closed the meeting with prayer and the benediction. The day's collections were very good.

GROSVENOR STREET, STEPNEY.—The church and congregation worshipping in Grosvenor Street chapel, Stepney, gave a congratulatory tea-meeting to their pastor, the Rev. J. Harrison, on Tuesday, Feb. 23, to commemorate his third anniversary, and the second of his pastorate. The tea was provided in the Wesleyan Seamen's chapel, the rooms of which not being sufficiently large, the meeting took place in the adjoining chapel, where about 500 of the friends assembled. Mr. Harrison, on entering, addressed a few words to the friends. The officers, Messrs. Wickers, Decosta, Clemoes, and Mace, congratulated Mr. Harrison on his success since he had ministered to them as a church at Grosvenor Street and Beaumont Institution, and on the prospect of soon commencing their new chapel on Stepney Green. They then presented him with a purse of gold, and three volumes of Dr. W. Smith's Dictionary of the Bible; the contributors being the ladies who gave the tea, and friends who kindly responded to their applications for donations. Mr. Harrison, in an affectionate and appropriate speech, thanked the friends for the token of respect given, and prayed that he might long be spared to preach the truth as it is in Jesus.

PENKNAP, WESTBURY.—On Tuesday evening, March 8, nearly 300 persons took tea together in the spacious school-rooms connected with this chapel, and at seven o'clock a large congregation had assembled for the purpose of taking a farewell of their beloved pastor, the Rev. J. Hurlstone. The proceedings were of a deeply interesting character. After prayer, the Rev. J. Preece made a few pointed remarks, and was followed by Mr. H. Eyres, one of the deacons, who, on behalf of the church and congregation, presented Mr. Hurlstone with a beautiful silver inkstand and gold penholder, suitably inscribed, as a small token of affectionate love for his faithful labours amongst them for eight years and a half. Mr. Hurlstone's address produced a deep im-

pression, many of the congregation being in tears. Appropriate addresses were delivered by the Revs. W. Jones, of Warminster, J. Sprigg, T. Gilbert, and T. Hind. Mr. Hurlstone preached his farewell sermon on the previous Sunday evening.

SCARBOROUGH.—The rapid enlargement of this town, and the necessity of providing additional accommodation for visitors during the season, combined with a conviction of the duty of welcoming all Christians, as such, to the Lord's table, have induced a few members of the Baptist persuasion to engage the hall of the Mechanics' Institution for the celebration of Divine worship the first day of the week, and a prayer-meeting Wednesday or Thursday evenings. Opening services were conducted in it on Sunday, March 6, by Dr. Acworth, now resident in Scarborough. Notwithstanding the unfavourableness of the weather, the attendance both morning and evening was very encouraging. At the close of the evening service, the Lord's Supper was administered to a goodly number of Christian professors, wholly irrespective of their distinctive peculiarities: a practice which it is intended to observe on all similar occasions in future. For the present, ministerial assistance will be sought mainly from Rawdon College.

OAKHAM, RUTLANDSHIRE.—On Thursday, Feb. 25, a social tea-meeting was held in the school-room of the Baptist chapel, Oakham, on the occasion of the Rev. J. Jenkinson's resignation of the pastorate, which he has held for nearly fifteen years. After tea a public meeting was held in the chapel. Addresses were delivered by the pastor, Mr. Cave, sen. (one of the deacons), Mr. J. Cave, Mr. Nash, and the Revs. J. Twidale, G. Fowler, and J. Devine. Mr. Twidale, on behalf of himself and the other past and present members of the Rutland Association of Ministers, presented Mr. Jenkinson with a copy of the Life and Works of the celebrated John Howe, in seven volumes; Mr. Jenkinson having been secretary to the Association for the past eight years.

CANNING-TOWN, ESSEX.—On Tuesday, Feb. 16, the recognition of the Rev. W. H. Bonner, as pastor of the newly-formed Union church meeting in the Public-rooms, Barking Road, took place. The hall was crowded in every part. The Rev. J. H. Hinton, M.A., presided. After singing, the Rev. D. Taylor implored the Divine blessing. The Rev. W. H. Bonner explained the circumstances which led to his choosing this

sphere of labour, and gave a very lucid exposition of the doctrines he intended to enforce, after which the chairman offered a prayer in behalf of the pastor and his flock. The church and congregation were severally addressed by the Revs. D. Katerns, J. Curwen, J. W. Coombs, E. Schnadhorst, G. W. Fishbourne, and J. Smith.

CANTERBURY.—This elegant new chapel, recently erected in this city, was opened for public worship on Thursday, March 17. The preachers on the occasion were the Hon. and Rev. B. W. Noel, M.A., and the Rev. J. A. Spurgeon. In the morning the place was filled in every part, and in the evening many were unable to gain admission. On Sunday, March 20th, the Rev. C. Kirtland commenced his ministry in the new place to large congregations. The collections, &c., at the opening services, amounted to £162 13s. 10d.

BROUGHTON, HANTS.—On Thursday, March 3, the friends of the cause here had a social tea, and afterwards a public meeting, on the occasion of the settlement of Mr. J. F. Smith, formerly of Regent's Park College, London, late of Göttingen University, as pastor over them. H. M. Bumpus, Esq., M.A., LL.B., presided over the meeting, and addresses were delivered by Messrs. Dead (deacon of the church), Smith (pastor), Parsons, of Abbott's Ann, and Millard, of Andover.

UPTON-ON-SEVERN, WORCESTERSHIRE.—The Baptist chapel and school-room in the above town having been closed for seven months, for enlargement and other alterations, were opened on Thursday, March 17th, when two excellent sermons were preached by the Rev. Charles Vince, of Birmingham; the pastor, the Rev. John Parker, and the Rev. Stephen Dunn, of Atch Lench, taking part in the services. The congregations were very good, and the collections amounted to £25.

MINISTERIAL CHANGES.—The Rev. W. T. Henderson, of Banbury, has received and accepted a very cordial invitation from the church worshipping at Devonshire Street chapel, London, to become their pastor, and will enter upon his new sphere the second Sunday in April.—The Rev. J. T. Gale, having resigned the pastorate of the Baptist church, Darwen, Lancashire, has accepted a unanimous invitation to the ministry of Union church, Putney, and commenced his labours there March 20.—The Rev. John Price has announced that his ministry at Amersham will terminate on the 1st of May.—The Rev. George Towler, of Barrowden, has accepted an invitation from the General Baptist church, Whittlesea, to become

their pastor.—The Rev. — Roberts (from near Newport, Monmouthshire) has accepted the unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the Baptist church, Newtown, Montgomeryshire.—The Rev. Matthew Hudson has resigned the pastorate of the church meeting at Portland chapel, Southampton, having accepted the cordial invitation of the Baptist church, Folkestone, Kent, and commenced his labours there on the first Sabbath in March.—The Rev. Robert White, late of Walgrave, Northamptonshire, has accepted an invitation from the Baptist church at Roade, in the same county.—Mr. William Evans, student of Chilwell College, has accepted the cordial and unanimous invitation of the first Baptist church at Staleybridge, Lancashire.—Mr. T. A. Pryce, student of the Baptist College, Haverfordwest, has received a cordial and unanimous invitation to become the pastor of the Baptist churches assembling at Manorbier and Cold Inn, Pembrokeshire, and purposes commencing his labours there the last Sabbath in April.—The Rev. J. B. Pike, late of Bourne, has accepted a very hearty and unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the Baptist church, Lewes, and commenced his stated ministrations there on the first Sabbath in March.—Mr. David Rees, of the Baptist College, Pontypool, has accepted a cordial and unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the Baptist church, Letterstone, Pembrokeshire.—The Rev. W. B. Birtt has resigned the pastoral charge of the Baptist church, Chowbent, Lancashire.—Mr. T. J. Ewing vacated the pulpit at Waterbeach, Cambs, on the last Sunday in March.—Mr. John Birt has resigned the pastorate at Bardwell, Suffolk. Mr. John Barrett has again accepted his former charge.—The Rev. J. Pearce has resigned the pastorate of the church at Maldon, Surrey, and is open to engagements.

GENERAL.

A BAPTIST MINISTER "GOING INTO THE CHURCH."—The Rev. William Clements, who has held the pastorate of the Baptist church assembling at the North Street chapel, Halstead, for upwards of thirty years, has resigned his ministerial appointment during the past month. During his residence in Halstead, Mr. Clements has been continuously engaged in promoting the educational movements of the town—taking in some of them, including the British School and Mechanics' Institute, a prominent part; and his removal to another sphere of usefulness will be much regretted by many.—*Halstead Times*.—

[It is understood that Mr. Clements will shortly enter the Church of England, and that he will officiate in the diocese of London. Mr. Clements has a son already "in holy orders." A Cambridge correspondent informs us, however, that Mr. Clement's "conversion" was mainly caused by the perusal of Mr. Bailey's pamphlet on "Conformity," which was noticed some time since in our columns.]

INVITATION TO CHRISTIAN PARENTS IN ALL COUNTRIES.—The Committee of the Evangelical Alliance, adopting a suggestion made by Captain Trotter, when presiding at one of the meetings at Freemasons' Hall, London, during the first week of the new year, have made arrangements for holding two meetings, morning and evening, in Freemasons' Hall, on Tuesday, the 12th instant, for the purpose of united special prayer for the conversion of children of believing parents. The committee earnestly suggest that on the same day similar meetings should be held, wherever practicable, in towns and villages and in private circles; and that at domestic worship in all Christian families more than ordinary attention should be drawn to the subject.

SECTARIAN INTOLERANCE NEAR SPILSBY.—The curate of a village in this neighbourhood recently called upon a tradesman, and, having discharged a small bill, gravely informed him that he could deal with him no longer. Not that his reverence had anything in the way of business to complain of; he acknowledged that he had been well served; but he had lately discovered that the tradesman was a Wesleyan, and had even preached in his (the curate's) parish. This was a proceeding he could not even seem to sanction, and he felt bound to withdraw his custom. Moreover, he was determined to drive Methodism out of the parish, and abolish it altogether.—*Stamford Mercury*.

OBITUARY.

DEATH OF JOSEPH HOWSE ALLEN, ESQ.—Our readers will, we are sure, share in the grief which the above announcement will awaken in all circles of our denomination. Only last month we inserted a letter from the Secretary of the Baptist Building Fund, announcing Mr. Allen's retirement from the treasurership on account of ill-health. We little thought that before that number of the *Reporter* was in the hands of its readers, our friend had passed away to join "the spirits of just men made perfect." Yet so it was. Mr. Allen died at Kettering, whither he had gone on a visit to a relative, on the

27th of February, at the comparatively early age of sixty-three.

Our deceased friend was born at Norwich, February 12th, 1801. He was brought up by his parents in the principles and practices of the Church of England; but early in life abandoned that communion and identified himself with the Baptist denomination, uniting with the church under the care of the Rev. Joseph Kinghorn. Soon after the succession of the Rev. W. Brock to the pastorate, Mr. Allen was elected a deacon of the church, which office he held till, on retiring from business, he left Norwich for London, where he became a member and a deacon of Dr. Steane's church at Camberwell. He afterwards identified himself with the church at Brixton Hill, in the hope of helping to raise it from its then depressed condition. The last seven years of his life were spent in the village of Aston Clinton, Bucks, where he was the main support, both pecuniarily and spiritually, of the Baptist church. For a considerable time that church has been without a pastor; and the responsibilities, though not the name, of that office, devolved upon Mr. Allen, who frequently occupied the pulpit, and was the virtual president of the church. His loss to that village cause would seem to be well nigh irreparable.

Almost immediately on Mr. Allen's settlement in London he was elected on the Committee of the Baptist Missionary Society. None but those who have been accustomed to attend the meetings of that Committee, can adequately appreciate the value of his services in this capacity. During Dr. Angus's absence on deputation to Jamaica, in 1846, Mr. Allen, at the request of the Committee, undertook a considerable share of the duties of the Secretariat, and fulfilled his allotted task with his wonted diligence and effectiveness. On his retirement to the country,

his name was added to the list of honorary members of the Committee. He was one of the first treasurers of the Bible Translation Society; succeeded W. B. Gurney, Esq., as one of the Treasurers of the Baptist Fund; and was one of the Managers of the Widows' Fund. In 1855 he declined the solicitation of the Committee of the Baptist Irish Society to become their Treasurer. For the last eleven years of his life he was Treasurer to the Baptist Building Fund, and fulfilled the laborious and often irksome duties of that office, with unusual urbanity, promptitude, and success. He resigned his office, as we have already said, about a month before his decease.

This rapid summary of the facts of Mr. Allen's course will suffice to shew how honoured, useful, and active a life that was which has just closed. He possessed high qualifications for such posts as he was called to fill, uniting the promptitude and decision of a thorough man of business with the zeal and devotion of an earnest servant of Christ. Of his private life and character we have not room to speak. Suffice it to say that he commanded the respect of all who knew him, and affection in proportion to the closeness of the acquaintance. He was eminently upright, truthful, and devout. He died, as he had lived, relying simply on the merits of Christ Jesus for acceptance with God; and was enabled to bear a most emphatic testimony to the all-sufficiency of Him in whom he had believed. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

The funeral took place at the Kettering cemetery, on Saturday, March 5th; the Rev. Thomas Toller, at Mr. Allen's own request, joining the Rev. J. Mursell in the conduct of the service. A funeral sermon was preached by the latter gentleman on the following morning, from Acts xiii. 36-7.

Editorial Notes for the Month.

THAT cure for all political diseases—a Conference—is to be applied to the case of Denmark. For this result we are indebted to the efforts of Lords Russell and Palmerston; though at the time we write all their efforts have failed to gain from Prussia and Austria the small concession of an armistice until the Conference can be held. If this be the final decision, we shall have the curious spectacle of a representative of Germany discussing the questions in dispute with a representative of Denmark in one place: and a few hundred miles off other representatives of Germany

killing and slaying, as fast as they can, the flower of the Danish people. What good can come of a Conference under such circumstances?

It is quite as well that Parliament has separated for what are called the Easter holidays. For the last week or two, the time that ought to have been spent in discussing grave political problems, has been devoted to personal attacks and replies; and the bad temper and low malignity that have been again and again displayed, can only bear comparison with the scenes of which we are told so much as occurring in a country beyond the sea. Surely an assembly of "the first gentlemen in Europe" ought to know better how to conduct themselves than an assembly of "low Yankees"! There is one circumstance that cannot fail to cause much gratification. Those who read the debates cannot but notice the high position to which Mr. Gladstone is gradually attaining. His measure for giving facilities for Life Assurance to the poorer classes through the Post Office, is one which has our warmest approval; and his speech on the treatment of Dissenters, in the debate on Mr. Dodson's Oxford University Tests Abolition Bill, must go far to justify the hopes and expectations which many Dissenters and liberals associate with his name.

Ecclesiastical questions continue to cause no small stir. The decision in the case of "Essays and Reviews" has induced an adverse "declaration" on the part of a large number of the clergy; and though this "declaration" has been condemned by high authorities as illegal, it has yet been signed, we are told, by not less than eight or ten thousand persons. Another cause of discussion in the Church respects Mr. Jowett. Mr. Jowett is Professor of Greek in the Oxford University, and literally "passing rich on forty pounds a year." Because he is said to be "heterodox," a majority of Convocation have refused a statute by which it was proposed to raise his salary to the more reasonable sum of four hundred pounds a year. The bitterness of feeling which these controversies have occasioned, is without a parallel—*outside* the Church.

Our denominational Annual Meetings are to be held this month. We have referred to them at length elsewhere. Probably on no former occasion have the meetings been looked forward to with so much interest, for grave questions will be discussed at them,—questions on the decision of which important issues depend. Let us hope that the denomination will be largely represented at these gatherings, and that all who come to them may come in the spirit and under the direction of Him in whose service they are held. The most recent reports as to the finances of the Baptist Missionary Society will be received everywhere with gratification and thankfulness. A heavy burden and a great anxiety, have, through the goodness of our Heavenly Father, been mercifully removed. Let us first of all thank Him, to whom our gratitude is so justly due; next, let us resolve, in his strength, to consecrate ourselves more unreservedly to his work, and to do, more faithfully than ever, the task he has appointed for us. Should this be the spirit and the feeling with which these Annual Meetings are held, the year 1864 will be a year long to be remembered, and one which will be the beginning of greater progress than has ever been made before!

THE
BAPTIST REPORTER.

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THE BAPTIST UNION, AND UNION AMONG
BAPTISTS.

THE Baptist Union clearly did not spring, like Minerva, full-armed from the brain of Jupiter; much rather, like Venus, was it born of the drifting foam of the sea. For it was in that time of stir and excitement, the Reform Bill epoch, when men's minds were all shaken and tossed, and the tide of the people's will was rapidly nearing the full,—wave after wave of thought beating tumultuously on the shore,—that one little wave bore landwards the delicate and fragile creation, so often since threatened with destruction, but by God's good providence still existing, and still continuing to be known amongst men as the Baptist Union of Great Britain. The first annual meeting worthy of the name, was held at Church Street, Blackfriars, June 20th, 1832; the pious pastor of that church, Mr. Upton, occupying the chair, and Mr. Belcher, then of Chelsea, presenting an account of the state of religion in the denomination at that time.

We say “worthy of the name,” for before that time, from the year 1812, there had been a quiet little meeting of ministers, just a handful, held once a year, and calling itself the “Baptist General Union.” These good men also met to consider “the state of the denomination,” but nothing ever came of their considerations until this eventful year; indeed, they do not appear to have had the materials of forming any very accurate judgment upon the subject. In those halcyon days, the “good old times,” there was no denominational newspaper; no weekly, and hardly any monthly collection of information; and no formal, or at least general, attempt had been made to supply the statistics of the denomination at large.

Alas! how are the landmarks removed! In those days the denomination was represented at the meetings of the “Baptist General Union” by the pastors of Eagle Street, Devonshire Square, Prescott Street, Carter Lane, and one or two more. These were the high places of the denomination; and their bishops met in conclave in Dr. Rippon's vestry, then the metropolitan *sanctum* for the ecclesiastical deliberations of the English Baptists. Mr. Ivimey and Mr. Button were the secretaries; but we have found no record of their proceedings. It would be pleasant to learn what

the good men chiefly talked about in those quiet meetings of theirs. We only know that, from 1812 to 1831, they did not see their way to obtain any reliable statistics, and that the first report containing anything of the kind was read at the annual meeting of 1832, when good, zealous Mr. Belcher acted as secretary, as he continued to do for several succeeding years. From that time, however, the Union became a Denominational Institution, and took an active part in many public affairs; so that, although it still dates its existence from the earlier of the periods named, its true history begins from the days of the people's victory of 1832. Whether our national regeneration had anything in fact to do with this invigoration of denominational action, we cannot tell; but in great popular commotions, as in other storms, waifs small and large are brought to land. To which sort the Baptist Union belongs, our readers must decide for themselves: or perhaps it is the future only that can tell. It may be interesting to observe the fruits of the statistical inquiries made in the year 1832. A comparative table is appended to the Union report, showing the progress made by the Baptists since 1790. In 1790 there were, in England and Wales, 312 churches and 266 pastors; in 1832, 926 churches and 768 pastors.

The first considerable achievement of the now established Union was the despatch of Dr. Cox, of Hackney, and Dr. (then Mr.) Hoby, of Birmingham, on a tour of fraternal inspection and recognition through the United States of America. The Baptists of America were known to be numerous, but there had hitherto been little or no intercourse between them and their brethren in Great Britain. The ambassadors set sail from Liverpool on the 12th of March, 1835, and arrived at New York on the 14th of April,—a tedious voyage, indeed; but they were well recompensed by the warmth of their reception. The results of their inquiries were afterwards published in a work, still well known as “Cox and Hoby's Tour;” and whatever was thought at the time of the shortcomings of the deputation in relation to the question of Slavery, that journey may justly be regarded as one of the most important links in the chain of Providence by which the Baptists of the United States have been reluctantly brought to view slavery with abhorrence. For the intercourse, thus commenced, has been vigorously followed up by the Baptist Union of Great Britain ever since, in a series of remonstrances and appeals against the monster iniquity of the West, which we and our children may read, if not with justifiable pride, at least with emotions of thankfulness and joy.

In the meantime, the secretariat had been strengthened by the addition of Dr. Murch and Mr. Steane; and, under their able guidance, the Baptist Union ventured next to rebuke the British and Foreign Bible Society, whose refusal to assist our brethren in India in giving full translations of God's Word to the heathen, had aroused a deep feeling of resentment throughout the denomination. In the year 1837 a *Protest* was presented to the Society by the Committee of the Union, to which they had procured the signatures of some five or six hundred Baptist ministers; and in 1839 this was followed by an elaborate *Memorial*, prepared by Mr. Steane. Neither these measures, however, nor the able letter of Mr. Hinton to

Lord Bexley, succeeded in prevailing on the Bible Society to rescind their resolution, and the design was seriously entertained of commencing a new Bible Society. The correspondence now maintained with America had the tendency of strengthening this purpose; for if the Baptists of England were urgent with those of America to discountenance the sin of slavery, the Baptists of the United States were no less intent on *our* observing the duty of giving full and complete translations of the Word of God, and strenuously admonished us not to relax our efforts to that end. The result of this controversy between the Baptists and the Bible Society was, as our readers may be aware, the formation of the Bible Translation Society, in the year 1840. This Society, with Drs. Cox and Hoby's valuable work, may, therefore, be regarded as the firstfruits of the Baptist Union; and they are fruits that have not yet wholly lost their fragrance and flavour.

The Union had now evidently gained a strong hold on the esteem of the pastors and churches, and the annual sessions were attended by as many as 200 ministers and other representatives. The statistics were brought into their present form, and became yearly more correct and full. The country brethren desired that the annual assembly should be held in rotation at some of the principal centres of denominational strength, rather than always in London, and, in an evil hour, the suggestion was adopted. In 1845, the session was held at Leeds; the year following, at Birmingham; and afterwards at Norwich. The experiment proved disastrous in every respect. The attendance grew smaller each successive year; the income was proportionably diminished; and the interest felt by the denomination at large fell almost to zero; so that when, in 1848, the annual session was once more convened in the metropolis; the entire number in attendance was little more than *sixty*! From this serious blow to its prosperity the Union has not fully recovered to this day.

With an energy worthy of better support, however, it continued to act as the representative and organ of the whole denomination; and although it may not be denied that its chief activity has been too much directed to extraneous matters rather than to those most immediately concerning the welfare of the churches, no impartial mind will call in question the great utility of its labours. There have been few political measures bearing at all on the interests of religion, which have not either encountered its energetic opposition or received its hearty support. The Baptist Union has borne its full share in the fight against ecclesiastical encroachments and governmental interference with religious liberty. In 1847 it aroused the whole denomination against the projected State Education scheme; and, whether rightly or wrongly, has consistently and strenuously advocated the cause of voluntary education equally with that of free and uncontrolled religion.

But its most successful warfare in behalf of religious liberty has, unquestionably, been carried on abroad. So far back as 1843 it petitioned the King of Denmark to grant freedom of worship to our Danish brethren; and though the answer came slowly, it did come at length, to the great gladdening of our brethren's hearts. In 1853 the Union deputed

Dr. Steane and Mr. Hinton to proceed to Berlin, to watch the proceedings of the Kirchentag, in the interest of the German Baptists. In 1857 a second deputation was sent, which visited Berlin, Copenhagen, and Hanover: not without joyful results. Again, in 1858, delegates were sent to Sweden, to comfort the hearts of our brethren in that land; and, only recently, successful efforts were made for the liberation from prison of Baptists in Russian Poland. From all these missions, involving great labour and considerable expense, the Union has gathered precious and enduring fruit. Liberty of worship has been conceded to our fellow-believers in most of the German and Scandinavian States; whilst British Baptists are held in the highest honour, and their name is pronounced with grateful love by brethren in the faith from the Baltic to the Alps, from the Neva to the Loire. Half a century ago, the Baptists in this country were either unknown, or known only to be despised: at this day they command respect and receive a ready audience, not only from our own statesmen and rulers, but even from foreign potentates; whilst saints in tribulation, whether in Europe or America, turn their eyes to the Baptists of Britain as to friends on whose sympathy and effectual aid they may confidently rely.

The Baptists are now, therefore, recognized and respected all the world over. Our position, in this respect, is probably far better than that of our Wesleyan Methodist brethren, whose numbers are fully three or four times as large. But when we look at our *domestic* condition, and compare it with theirs, we have small cause for satisfaction. Beginning the race long after ourselves, they have now very far outstripped us. Let it be freely granted that progress may be bought at too dear a price; that the Wesleyans have secured it at the cost of liberty, and even, in some particulars, by a sacrifice or a neglect of truth. At such expense we will not be content to obtain acceptance with men. In maintaining our great principle of strict fidelity to God's Word, we must expect to encounter obstacles which others will not have to overcome. But, notwithstanding all this, the rapid progress of the Wesleyans is well worthy of our emulation, and their methods of attaining it, of being pondered and understood. They have multiplied fifty-fold, while we have been slowly quadrupling our numbers; they are evangelizing in heathen lands far more extensively, although we were the first to shew them the way; they have funds for superannuated ministers, and the widows and orphans of ministers deceased; they have schools for ministers' children, and so far as their ministers are concerned, if there is no wealth there is at least no poverty within their borders; their churches are always centres of evangelical life to the regions round about, and their "book-room" daily sends forth its copious streams of literature to inform and direct the whole body: so that unity of thought, and, when needed, unity of action, is universally secured. No one, surely, will ascribe these magnificent results to their greater genius or talent, their greater learning, or even their greater spiritual life; it is obvious, and needs no enforcement, that with the Wesleyan churches their UNION has been the great secret of their STRENGTH.

In spite of its advantages, however, *such* a union as the Wesleyan is

not to be desired; it is very apt to become a tyranny, and ecclesiastical tyranny is worse than all others. But the *advantages* are to be desired, and we believe they may all be obtained without the aid of a ruling body like the Conference, and without running any risk of foundering on the rock of centralization. That there must be UNION is perfectly clear; but none who believe our Divine Master's words, "All ye are brethren," will doubt the practicability of that; and none who are touched with the feeling which dictated the prayer, "That they all may be one," will deny the obligation to attempt it. There must be union without the concession on any side of a single particle of truth. All sections of Baptists must unite, for all together we shall not be strong enough for what we have to do; and all must still keep their full liberty to practise and teach, and, if they like, *combine* for teaching, what they severally believe. On such terms what hinders that there should be a union between "High" and "Low," "Strict" and "Open," "Particular" and "General"? Dear as each of us may hold his distinctive shade of faith, we shall not unite to propagate that, but to rejoice in the oneness of all in Jesus Christ the Head, and to strengthen each other in the faith that is common to us all. But it is said, and not unjustly, that unions which exist only to testify to unity have a strange tendency to fall to pieces. Strive as we may, we cannot divest ourselves of the practical nature of Englishmen, and we shall love but languidly unless there be some purpose in our loving. And here it is that the example of the Wesleyans may be set forth as our pattern. Their practical wisdom should instruct us; and, for the common good, the Baptist Union should devise such measures as will give our ministers increased comfort, our churches greater strength, our evangelical labours a wider scope. The measures of last year were a good, though a rather timid, commencement. To provide for ministers in old age is an unexceptionably praiseworthy design; and it is greatly to our reproach that no general effort has previously been made. Let *that* be accomplished, and the way will be fairly opened for several such practical improvements, by which the Baptist Union may establish a fair claim to the esteem of the brethren at home, as well as the gratitude of those resident abroad.

Many signs are concurring to show that the craving for union amongst Baptists is growing stronger and stronger. Some are crying out for a leader around whose standard they should rally; but the simplicity of the cry is, surely, almost amusing. We have too many leaders as it is, and the consequence of it is,—our divisions. Any new Richard who should say to the Baptists, "Let me be your leader," would infallibly encounter his Wat Tyler; and, perhaps, not with so fortunate an escape as the English monarch's. Rather let our leaders consent to unite, not around a man, but for the attainment of some general advantage; remembering Him who has said, "Whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister; and whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant; even as the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many." Others there are, if rumour be credited, who, despairing of union amongst Baptists, would divide us once again, and, to find a shelter for their shivering limbs, stand

knocking for admittance at the door of another house. Do they forget that on entering there they must leave fidelity to Christ behind? Have not *they* also been set as witnesses for the truth? Such a union amongst Baptists as we have conceived would be, to our judgment, the noblest possible "Broad Church," the purest and most amiable "Evangelical Alliance." Sacrificing no truth, yet demanding no creed; abiding by no standard but God's holy Word, and firmly adhering to that, yet "speaking the truth in love," and saying from the heart, "Grace be with all them that love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth;" immutable in its principles yet plastic in its nature, it would hold out loving hands to all true disciples of Christ, and would adapt its modes of action to the requirements of every class and of each succeeding generation, knowing well that—

"— through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widen'd with the process of the suns."

"First pure, then peaceable," should be its motto; and the sacred order of its laws,—TRUTH, UNION, PROGRESS!

THE LAW OF HELP.

SOMETIMES the remembrance of life and experience unfolds a theme for us better than any effort at its systematic treatment, and it is well to follow where life leads. This Law of Help has been gradually made clear to me by the manner in which love and sorrow have revealed their needs and, work in the service of the last few years. When I first took the oversight of a church in a small country town, like most in a similar position I thought much how I could best "help" the weak and sorrowful, who are everywhere crying out for love and service. I have no doubt many of those dreams of work and prayer vanished in the cold morning grey, and lost their golden colourings in the busy life of the day. But they had their use; and a Christian minister, like a painter, knows full well how good it is to dream of lights and shades beforehand, though the work of his hand falls short of the outline at every touch.

Shortly after I had got comfortably settled into bachelor's lodgings (for the love of wife and child and home were then only among the visions of days to come), I was told, before I came in to breakfast, that some one wanted to see me. I found a man of the shabby-genteel order, ready with his tale of woe. He was a schoolmaster from a neighbouring town, in a distressed state, and wanted money to get home, &c., &c. I was not so foolish as to think it my duty to believe every story I heard, or to sanction every impostor who sought relief, and I was preparing myself to resist his appeal, when he burst out into tears, and said: "The fact is, the drink has done it all!" This fairly made me choke, and I invited him to breakfast with me, and sent him away well pleased, with a shilling in his pocket. My landlady looked very much disconcerted, and thought it her duty to inform one of the deacons that I had beggars to breakfast; whereupon the said deacon gave private instructions to the landlady to drive them away without letting me know, or all the beggars in the neighbourhood would be making a morning call.

Soon afterwards I went to see a sick old woman, suffering from severe bronchitis, in the dead of winter. I asked why there was no fire in the room, and received for answer that the chimney smoked so it was quite impossible to light one. Glancing up at the roof, I found it simply lacked a chimney-pot, and

accordingly gave orders to the mason to supply the defect, and the next day had the satisfaction of finding that the fire was burning brightly, and the kettle singing a clear note of triumph at yesterday's work. In my next visitation I encountered a graver difficulty,—an invalid was suffering in a similar manner, and there was no fire-place in the room. Nothing daunted, however, I fitted up a little stove, with piping duly carrying away the smoke.

Of course this kind of work soon became known through the town, and, amongst others, it reached a member, and now a dear friend, much given to the study of human and divine problems. He told me when I called that if I went on at that rate I should have to put up chimney-pots and stoves for half the parish. I was at first a little nettled at what seemed cold selfishness, but, won by his calm, patient manner, I thought I might have something to learn. "I do not blame you," he said, "for keeping your eye on these sort of wants, and in one case, at least, I think you were right in supplying it, but all this sort of thing must be done with the greatest care. The fact is, that the poor here are losing all self-reliance and manliness by unwise charity." He then read me some extracts from Dr. Chalmers on the Ethics of Benevolence, and advised me to study the social schemes of that wonderful administrator. A few months' experience proved to me the utter truth of this representation. There was a certain number in the town always casting about for help, and all the while becoming more helpless;—their children catching the contagion, and growing up indolent and listless. The first "law of help" I found to be: *To serve my neighbour so as not to crush, but to develop, his self-help and self-reliance*, and this, not only in temporal, but in spiritual things.

Though I gave up, for the most part, putting up chimney-pots and stoves, I found real help everywhere needed. For, speaking now on the human side, we are all wanting a true self-reliance, and yet, the more we rely on ourselves, the more in a manner we are dependent on each other, and strike the roots of our being into one another's life and loves. For what says our wise teacher of three months ago?

"In substances which we call 'inanimate,' as of clouds or stones, their atoms may cohere to each other or consist with each other, but they do not help each other. The removal of one part does not injure the rest. But in a plant, the taking away of one part does injure the rest. Hurt or remove any portion of the sap, bark, or pith, the rest is injured. If any part enters into a state in which it no more assists the rest, and has thus become 'helpless,' we call it also 'dead.' The power which causes the several portions of the plant to help each other we call life. Much more is this so in higher life. We may take away the branch of a tree without much harm to it, but not the animal's limb. Thus intensity of life is also intensity of helpfulness,—completeness of depending of each part on all the rest. The ceasing of this help is what we call corruption; and in proportion to the perfectness of the help is the dreadfulness of the loss."

So then, let no one say, Because I may injure my neighbour by subsidizing his toil, my life is nothing to him. For one with Christ the Lord, I am one in service and affection with all his disciples; "from whom the whole body fitly joined together and compacted by that which every joint supplieth, according to the effectual working in the measure of every part, maketh increase of the body unto the edifying of itself in love."

Is not the divine help according to the law I have enunciated? "The Maker of all creatures and things" is essentially and for ever the Helpful One, or, in softer Saxon, the "Holy" One. The word has no other ultimate meaning. Helpful, harmless, undefiled, living, "or Lord of life." The idea is clear and mighty in the Christian's cry: "Helpful, helpful, helpful, Lord God of Hosts."

But God the Saviour never "helps" so as to repress the divine energy of the

soul, but rather to call it into mighty action. When the hands were lifted in prayer, and the weapons rang on the shield, the hosts of Israel were victorious. When the Redeemer came near the most helpless to raise them up, he called into living action the soul and body: "Go, wash in the pool of Siloam;" "Stretch forth thy hand," even though it be withered and powerless. Who moved the hand? The Saviour and the man, for with the divine power came new life-blood to the palsied limb. Even the descending Spirit comes gently on the soul, as the rain on the blades of grass, which, though it descend with such force, only leaves its little crystal beads to drive away its parching dust, and draw out its own life and colour! The Spirit intercedes and witnesses with my spirit; but that cry is my own though it be laden with the voice of God, and that testimony is the still small voice of my own conscience though it mingle with a sound from far-off lands. The flax God sends for weaving asks the spindle and the distaff, and the workman's busy hand!

Another law of help that we need to bind as a frontlet, is that *We must begin at the very root and wellspring of being*. All our philanthropists who are attacking social disease from the outside alone, are utterly useless. So long as our neighbour's sin has not been taken away by the divine love in Christ, and his soul brought into communion with God, so long all our help will be mere patch-work, and the rotten garment will soon show itself again. Oh! to remember those old words of wisdom, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all other things shall be added unto you." What a fool's errand our Mechanics' Institutes have started on, when they have sought to "raise and enlighten" the people only through mental problems, shutting out God and his truth from their little trust-deeds for fear they should quarrel over it! They cannot live, and the sooner they are dead and gone the better. We may whitewash all the cottages, and subsidize the labour of the poor; we may have classes in French, and all the classics, for the working-man; we may stop his beer, and give him nine-pins and coffee; but we have found neither the lever nor the resting-place required by the old philosopher to raise the world. But if the soul has received its Lord and King, the whitewashing and the classics will soon come right, for that new life will touch and wake up every power, and all our life will feel its inspiration.

Then what we have to do of outside work in attention to outward wants must be made *to lead inwards*, and that more by the tone of our work than by foolish sentimental reflections. Each one must find out how to do this for himself; but we may well remember how the Master led the sufferer from his sorrow to his sin, from the sick body to the diseased soul; and that not by telling him the one was a judgment for the other, and frightening him on his knees, but linking them both by his great love and willingness to heal. We cannot be surprised to find that the salvation of the soul so soon followed the healing of the body. He who saves us in a great sorrow, is surely the one to whom we would commit our whole life. So it was that the faith of the sufferer broadened into the requirements of his whole being, and grasped the whole of the Saviour's work. So if we really help a man in his sorrow with a true hearty Christian love, it will not be long before he tells us of another burden, and we can tell him of another salvation.

As to our contact with our neighbours—so full of need every way—it must be as friend with friend, not as a patron, removing ourselves by dress, manner, and voice, as far as we can from the one we seek to help, and so from our high platform casting our pearls to the swine below. Ah me! of whom of us can it be said, "This man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them"? Are we not rather trying the broad phylactery and the long prayers? He never talked of condescending to the masses, or beamed benevolence and love from the rostrum,

while he was content with haughty glances and condescending patronage in the street, but with the hearty grasp of a true human friendship he drew near to the poor and the outcast. We *now* send city missionaries to do this kind of work, lest we should soil our fingers by too close a contact with those beneath our station. Go to: let us learn how to help from the story of that "man who went down from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among thieves."

THE SACRAMENTS.

To obey is better than to sacrifice; but obedience may be shewn in sacrifice. To love God with all the heart is more than to bring a ringdove to the priest; but those who love God will not grudge the ringdove which He demands. To honour our parents is better than to let the mother-bird* go, though in the Hebrew law the same reward is attached to both; but to obey a trivial command is often harder than to obey a great command; to keep a precept, the meaning of which we do not see, the only reason of which is the will of God, is often a more critical test of obedience than to observe a precept which commends itself to reason and which conscience sanctions. We need not be surprised, therefore, to find that in ancient time the Lord God shewed himself jealous for the ordinances of his house, or that ordinances of outward observance have a place in the Christian, as well as in the Hebrew, temple.

The constitution of man sufficiently vindicates the presence of ordinances in a spiritual economy. Man is not a simple, but a complex being, compact of flesh and spirit. A faith which appealed only to intellect and affection would not address itself to the whole of his nature. It must also lodge an appeal with the senses. Nay, as our feelings are more readily moved by that which appeals to our senses,—as, for instance, we gain a profounder impression of the glory of God by simply looking at the midnight heavens than by any abstract meditation on the divine attributes,—it is of the utmost importance that the house in which we worship should have ordinances which set forth in visible, tangible form, the truths most surely believed among us. Hence the Christian temple presents us with ordinances which dramatically represent the central facts of Christ's life, viz., his death and his resurrection: ordinances which, as the Christian doctrine is but the abstract form of the facts of Christ's life, set forth also the fundamental truths of the Gospel, viz., the washing from sin and the rising to newness of life: ordinances which, as the life of the Christian is a transcript, a reproduction of the life of Christ, also set forth the chief phases of the believer's experience, viz., the mortification of the flesh and the regeneration of the spirit.

There is that in man, then, which makes these outward ordinances necessary to him. But, on the other hand, there is that in him which necessitates that these ordinances should be few in number and simple in

* "If a bird's nest chance to be before thee in the way . . . and the dam sitting upon the young or upon the eggs . . . thou shalt in anywise let the dam go . . . that it may be well with thee, and *that thou mayest prolong thy days.*"—Deut. xxii. 6, 7.

form. We are so made—all history proves it—that if rites be multiplied among us, we soon either neglect them, fail to perceive their value, or we rest in them, so valuing them beyond their worth. Whenever and wherever the faith of Christ has been overlaid with rites and ceremonies, it has been corrupted from its simplicity, has loosened its hold upon conscience, and has sunk into the obsequious handmaid of priestly domination or imperial power. Hence he who knew what was in man has furnished his house with only two ordinances—Baptism and The Supper. Even these are characterised by the utmost simplicity, and that for a very obvious reason. A faith intended for all men, at all times, in all lands, would have been hampered and impeded by gorgeous or complex rites, however admirably these might have been adapted to any one race, or period, or locality. The Hebrew economy not being designed for all men, but for a peculiar people; not for all lands, but only for Judea; not for all time, but only for a limited period, might very well have a complicated and elaborate ceremonialism. But the faith of Christ, the universal faith, encumbered by such a ceremonialism as that, would have battled with the world at as great a disadvantage as David, had he kept on the armour of Saul, would have fought the ponderous giant. Therefore, the sacraments of this universal faith require for their observance nothing but the simplest commodities of life, nothing which may not be found in every land and at every age—bread, and water, and wine.

Because we are apt to receive impressions through the senses, then, there are ordinances in the house of the Lord. Because we are apt to be misled by impressions derived through the senses, these ordinances are few in number. And because these ordinances are designed for all men everywhere, they are characterised by a severe simplicity of form.

We must, however, emphasize the fact, that the Christian sacraments, like the Hebrew rites, are *ordinances*. They are positive institutions. They are arbitrary appointments. They stand in no natural and absolute connection with the truths they symbolise or the blessings they convey. There is no virtue in them save that which they derive from the Master's word. To be plunged in water, to eat bread and drink wine—these are things which have no moral complexion in themselves. We often bathe, often eat and drink, with none but physical results, without being morally better for what we have done. Of themselves, these acts contain no cleansing power, no redeeming energy. Yet these very same acts, as component parts of the Christian sacraments, not only set forth spiritual truths, but actually convey spiritual blessings.

Now this is an aspect of "the ordinances of the house of the Lord" which suggests two very important inferences. On the one hand, it suggests that sacraments, because they are arbitrary symbols, are temporary symbols, and are not worthy to be compared with the eternal truths which they shadow forth. We must not rank Baptism and the Lord's Supper, which are but for a time, with Faith, Hope, Charity, which abide for ever. We may observe these means of grace to do them, yet not receive the grace they are intended to convey. Just as we may pray without acquiring humility and love, or teach the truth to others and yet ourselves be

castaways; so also we may be buried in baptism and eat of the Lord's table without dying to sin or rising to holiness. It is only as we realise the truths symbolised in the sacraments, and appropriate their spiritual grace, that they do us any good. It is better not to observe them, and yet to have fellowship with Christ, than to observe them never so punctiliously without possessing ourselves of the mind that was in Him.

On the other hand, because the sacraments are positive ordinances, because they are arbitrary symbols, we should observe to do them with an *exact* obedience. God has appointed them, in part, to test our obedience; to see whether or not we are prepared to do his will, simply because it is his will, and though it takes forms which are not altogether pleasant to us. It does not become us over-curiously to inquire why he has chosen these rather than other forms to be the *media* of his grace; nor to refuse obedience because obedience is distasteful to us, or because it involves consequences that might be distasteful. It is ours to obey "in scorn of consequence." It is ours to obey with the utmost possible exactness and alacrity. For if God has hewn out cisterns, filled them with living water, and bidden us stoop and drink, is it not strange folly on our part to hew out other cisterns for ourselves, and hope to find the water of life in these? And surely it is folly hardly less strange, if, before drinking, we should fall to criticising the shape of cistern: if we should say, "Were it only cut on another pattern; or if I had not to *stoop* to it; or if I could approach it *without wetting my feet*; or if I might have a cistern *all to myself*; or even if there were not quite so many people about it with whom I do not altogether care to associate; *then* I should not object to drink." Who are we that we should stand and sniff at divine appointments? How much can we care for life if we will only have it on our own terms? It is by no means likely that, on those terms, God will give life to any man.

(To be continued.)

A CHAPTER ABOUT A PROVERB.

"Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves."

WHAT a valuable proverb is this! Reason and experience alike prove it to be such. The most limited observation is sufficient to evince its correctness. Every one who has money, whether he has little or much, knows how true the old adage is. Economy with small sums insures the acquisition of large ones. Fortunes are made up of florins;—florins that have been keenly watched and wisely used. Who are the men that rise from poverty to opulence, exchanging the cottage for the house and the house for the mansion, adding continually to their commercial success, their home comforts, and their social position? Almost invariably it is those who, by "taking care of the pence" have found that "the pounds take care of themselves." Walk through the principal mercantile streets of London, Manchester, and Liverpool. Look at the extensive and handsome warehouses which rise in quick succession around. If you were to ask the private history of the proprietors of these establishments, you would probably find that all are a significant commentary on the well-known saying before us. Yonder is Mr. William Brown. How he has "got on in the world"!

It is marvellous. There was a time when his were the shabbiest of clothes, the poorest of abodes, and the meanest of food. He began as an errand-boy to the firm in which he is now a partner. Gradually he made his way until he became a porter, then an assistant, then a traveller, next a buyer, and at last his name appeared on the door-plates and the invoices. Will, William, Mr. William, Mr. Brown, William Brown, Esq., are the processes of development through which his name has passed. But how comes all this? What is the secret of it? "Business talent," some one will reply. Quite true; but not all the truth. There are many who have business talent who do not prosper. The fact is that Mr. Brown acted upon the maxim in reference to taking care of "the pence." It has given him many and vigorous aids in his journey up the steep hill of pecuniary good fortune. A certain rich man was once asked the cause of his riches. His reply was an odd one. "I have obtained my money," said he, "by not allowing my clerks to dot their *i*'s and cross their *i*'s." Of course he meant that a system of economy, as inflexible as that indicated by this answer, was the grand means of his obtaining such large possessions.

It is, however, to the *spirit* rather than to the exact form of this adage, that we would ask the reader's attention. Take care of the small, and the great will take care of itself. This is applicable to everything. First, we may correctly apply it to that precious boon, *time*. Take care of the minutes, and the hours will take care of themselves. Take care of the days, and the years will take care of themselves. To make life, as a whole, full of wise action and noble achievement, we must act in the present, employ each hour as it comes. The men of public note, whose careers have been miracles of industry, are those who have looked well after time, and jealously guarded against its waste. Some people (generally idle people, by-the-bye) are perpetually complaining that they have "no time." You ask them to aid you in some business matter, but they have "no time." You advise them to read a certain book which is just out, but they have "no time." You want them to accompany you in some labour of love, but they have "no time." Indeed they talk so much about "no time," that the marvel is that they obtain enough of it in which to eat, drink, and sleep: but they always manage *that*.

The truth is that this excuse about "no time" is a thoroughly false one. Those that want to find time, invariably can. It is simply a question of inclination. Make a vigorous use of minutes when you are at work, and the result will be leisure. Spare hours, in which he can gratify his personal tastes and desires, are not wanting to the industrious man. And it is extraordinary, too, how much he will do in these said spare hours. Some of the most beneficent and some of the most illustrious achievements that the world has witnessed have been wrought out therein. The division of the Bible into chapters and verses, although by no means faultless, is of great convenience to its readers. How was it done? On horseback. Archbishop Langton filled up his vacant moments thus while riding from place to place. Madame de Genlis tells us that, when a companion of the Queen of France, it was her duty to be at table and wait for her mistress just fifteen minutes before dinner. These fifteen minutes were saved at every dinner, and a volume or two was the result.

In respect of *health*, and the means of its attainment, the proverb before us is true. A sound mind in a sound body is the grand desideratum of humanity. The one is intimately allied to the other. Valuable, indeed, is physical robustness. The importance of it cannot be easily overrated.

"Ah! what avail the largest gifts of Heaven,
When drooping health and spirits go amiss?
How tasteless, *then*, whatever can be given!
Health is a vital principle of bliss.

"Oh, who can speak the joys of vigorous health?
 Unclogged the body, unobscured the mind :
 The morning rises gay, with pleasing stealth ;
 The temperate evening falls serene and kind."

But what numbers there are who fail to secure health, for the simple reason that they ignore the plain, every-day conditions by which it may be obtained. They overlook "the pence," the small duties connected with the body. Perhaps they take insufficient exercise, never calling the various muscles and sinews into play by a long walk or a hard gallop. Or, peradventure, they breathe impure air, acting as if it were all as one whether the lungs are well or ill-fed. Or, may be, their diet is injudicious, intolerable burdens being laid upon the digestive organs. Or it is possible that they are afflicted with a species of hydrophobia, afraid of water, using it only to those parts of the person which are exposed: thousands are guilty of thus inflicting injury on the delicate pores of the skin. Who can be surprised that the "pounds" of physical vigour are not theirs? How should they be when no "care" is taken of "the pence"?

Looking now at our adage from a *moral and spiritual* point of view, it may be paraphrased thus, *Take care of little deeds, and great ones will take care of themselves.* Most lives are made up of numberless small occurrences. Our experience commonly consists in the repetition of manifold trivialities. A conspicuous stage on which to go through the changeful acts of existence is given to the few and not to the many. In order, therefore, to accomplish anything virtuous and holy, we must make these common-place incidents the medium of developing right thought and right conduct. This done, life as a whole will, despite its flaws and shortcomings, form itself into one great and good deed. The elegant and durable carpet of the Kidderminster operative, the delicate and ornate lace of the Nottingham artizan, and the smooth, strong fabric of the Lancashire weaver, are manufactured—how? By the combination, one by one, of separate threads. Nor is it otherwise with the raiment of righteousness. The productions of the loom teach us the manner in which the garb of goodness is constructed. Longfellow's words are emphatically true—

"All common things, each day's events,
 That with the hour begin and end;
 Our pleasures and our discontents,
 Are rounds by which we may ascend."

In the history of most men severe trials now and then come which seem overwhelming. Like huge icebergs that float in portentous silence across the track of the ship whose keel ploughs the cold waters of northern seas, they threaten destruction. It appears impossible to bear them with fortitude. But it is not impossible. Many *do* endure them in a noble spirit. In what way? By bearing beforehand some lesser trials with patience. A multitude of dwarf tribulations has been successfully encountered, and thereby qualified them for victory over difficulties of colossal dimensions. As much may be said of temptations. On certain occasions they are unusually powerful. Strength to vanquish them, however, may be gained by reiterated resistance of minor inducements to evil.

As regards *usefulness*, we shall all do well to give heed to the principle of which we have been thinking. We are sometimes sadly prone to be impatient in doing good. Our foolish pride calls for a wider sphere and more imposing instrumentalities than it has pleased God to give us. The desire to "do some great thing" is not confined to Naaman the Syrian. We are not content to labour for the salvation of sinners unless, forsooth, we have a halo of renown about our heads. We want to do something brilliant and dazzling. But let us be sure of this, that we shall never achieve extensive usefulness until we have

first learnt to avail ourselves of each minor opportunity of philanthropy which presents itself. Cultivate faithfully the plot of ground already given you in the Lord's vineyard, and then he will commit to your keeping a larger space. "Come up hither," is a call addressed only to such as have efficiently occupied a lower position. "Because thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things."

Therefore, dear reader, let you and me work earnestly for our Father's glory and our brother's welfare where we are, thankful that Heaven honours us with any means of usefulness at all. "He," says Dr. Johnson, "who waits to do a great deal at once, will never do any thing." Be it not so with us. Taking life as we find it, let us, by the Holy Spirit's help, make the best of it. Such a resolve conscientiously acted upon will ensure our own happiness and the well-being of others.

"I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know;
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

"So I ask thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied,
And a heart to mix with outward life
While keeping at thy side;
*Content to fill a little space,
If thou be glorified."*

ON SOME CONCEPTIONS OF HEAVEN.

No figure of rhetoric, employed to create in the mind a conception of heaven, is more frequently chosen than the similitude of a city with walls and gates. In the time of our Saviour, when men began to be taught of the New Jerusalem, and the narrow way that led to it, this was the most natural figure that could be used to embody its splendour in words; for the greatest work of that early day was the building of a city, that should be surrounded with firm and solid walls of defence to defy a captor, and of imposing appearance to impress with grandeur the mind of the traveller who approached.

Accordingly, the inspired writers of the New Testament called heaven the Holy City; and the fathers of the church, in discoursing upon it, employed the same striking metaphor. Thus it has come down even to this modern age, not only in the pages of the Word of God, where it remains ever glowing with peerless sublimity, but as the striking conception of the venerable past, whose poetry, as much as whose art, we cherish and admire. While the imagination, that spirit of restless wings, has seldom been content to tarry and look upon the same scene twice, however beautiful or entrancing, it seems to have returned again and again to behold the Celestial City, unable to attain, in the realm of its highest flight, a view of Heaven more unspeakably lovely to the eye and satisfying to the soul.

The complete figure appears to have included also a river, flowing at the end of the pilgrim's journey heavenward, forming a boundary between the

earth and the dominions of the city beyond. This is the river into whose cold waves all travellers must descend; and it is deep or shallow to each, according to his faith in Him whose throne and palace is on the other side, is wavering or firm. On this account, it has sometimes happened that many who have seen the city and yearned to enter in, have feared to cross the stream, though they should be welcome at the gates.

Bunyan, in the story of the Christian Pilgrim, relates, of the hero and his companion, that, before they reached the gates of heaven, they came to this river which they must pass through. "So I saw in my dream, that they went on together till they came in sight of the gate. Now I further saw, that betwixt them and the gate was a river; but there was no bridge to go over. The river was very deep. At the sight, therefore, of this river, the pilgrims were much stunned; but the men that went with them said, 'You must go through, or you cannot come at the gate.' After they crossed they met two angels, clothed in white apparel, that shone as silver, who were waiting for them; and, guided by these attendants, they walked onward toward the gate." The allegory continues: "Now, when they were come up to the gate, there was written over it, in letters of gold, 'Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the Tree of Life, and may enter in through the gates into the city.'"

After they reached the gate, a messenger was sent to tell the king that they had come; and he commanded that they should be admitted. "Now, I saw in my dream, that these two men went in at the gate; and, lo! as they entered they were transfigured; and they had raiment put on that shone like gold. There were also that met them with harps and crowns, and gave them to them; the harps to praise withal, and the crowns in token of honour. Then I heard in my dream, that all the bells in the city rang again for joy, and that it was said unto them, 'Enter ye into the joy of our Lord.' I also heard the men themselves, that they sang with a loud voice, saying, 'Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, for ever and ever.'

"Now, just as the gates were opened to let in the men, I looked in after them, and, behold! the city shone like the sun; the streets also were paved with gold, and in them walked many men with crowns on their heads, palms in their hands, and golden harps. There were also of them that had wings, and they answered one another with holy intermission, saying, 'Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord.' And after that, they shut up the gates; *which, when I had seen, I wished myself among them.*"

Let us now turn to Milton's conception: though it may not be more comforting than the description of the dreamer in prison, it is more gorgeous and complete. He portrays the gate, with its jewellery and gold, so clearly, that his words seem almost to flash forth shining rays.

"A kingly palace-gate,
With frontispiece of diamond and gold
Embellished; thick with sparkling orient gems
The portal shone, inimitable on earth,
By model, or by shading pencil drawn."

Nor does the poet leave out of his description the idea of the River:—

“Underneath a bright sea flowed
Of jasper, or of liquid pearl, whereon
Who after came from earth, sailing arriv’d,
Wafted by angels, or flew o’er the lake,
Wrapped in a chariot drawn by fiery steeds.”

But Milton’s varying fancy did not, in every instance, picture golden battlements and towers; in one place he has the verse:—

“The bounds
And *crystal wall* of Heaven.”

The refulgent light that shines upon the city, and makes its glories greater by reflection, is brighter than the sun that dazzles from mid-heaven the eyes of men. And yet the poet, with a boldness as successful as it was hazardous, has ventured to declare that there is interchange of light and darkness in the heavenly realm. The angel Raphael, in the garden of Paradise, relates to Adam:—

“There is a cave
Within the mount of God, fast by his throne,
Where light and darkness, in perpetual round,
Lodge and dislodge by turns, which makes through heaven
Grateful vicissitude, like day and night;
Light issues forth, and at the other door
Obsequious darkness enters, till her hour
To veil the heaven: though darkness there might well
Seem twilight here.”

But sublime as is the ideal of the venerated bard, we have a greater still; for he, with straining eye, *gazed up* at heaven; but there was another to whom the New Jerusalem *came down*. “I, John, saw the Holy City, New Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband.” The City which St. John beheld was radiant with the glory of God; “her light was like unto a stone most precious,—even like the jasper stone, clear as crystal.” It had a towering wall and twelve gates. The City was of pure gold, and was reflected in the light like transparent glass. Its fashion was square; and it was measured before his eyes with a golden reed. The foundations of the wall were garnished with precious stones; each massive gate was a single pearl! Into this city there shall nothing enter that defileth, or maketh a lie. A pure River of the Water of Life is there,—clear as crystal, and proceeding out of the throne of God. Greater than all, *Christ is there!*

Such a conception of heaven ravishes the soul. The Christian yearns to be within the sacred walls. He is almost impatient to hold a harp and wear a crown. While he looks upward, the vision is so enchanting that when he casts his eyes again upon the earth, his dwelling-place seems dismal, and his life dreary. The sun, in its meridian, shines with the fulness of splendour over his head; but the brightness is not bright enough; and he wishes that the sky might open before his gaze, and disclose the Golden City itself beyond. He would then have but a single other wish,—*to be there*,—afterward and for ever, he would be unspeakably satisfied. But awhile he waits here; and renews his courage daily, from the promise,—“Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they might have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city.”

Reviews.

The Divine Treatment of Sin. By JAMES BALDWIN BROWN, B.A., Minister of Claylands Chapel, London. London: Jackson, Wal-ford, and Hodder.

MR. BROWN rightly calls the subject with which he deals in this volume, "the problem of problems." It is one phase of the old, old mystery of the origin of evil, the awful question of the *wherefore* of sin. No thoughtful mind can have altogether escaped the pressure of the tremendous difficulty, and although we may be hopeless of a solution of it which reason can accept as complete, and feel that when all has been thought and said the mystery remains to claim and try our faith, we cannot but welcome heartily any earnest and reverent attempt to fling a ray of light upon a subject which so nearly affects our life, and hope, and destiny, as well as our conceptions of, and feelings towards, the great and blessed God. Such an attempt Mr. Brown has made here. He would be the last to expect us to approve or agree with all he has said upon so vast and profound a theme; but we can, with scarce any reservation, commend the spirit in which he has dealt with it. Honesty combined with caution, fearlessness held in check by reverence, such seems to us to be the temper of the book; surely the right temper in which to treat of these high matters. The aim of the writer is a noble and a holy one,—to "justify the ways of God to man." And in the attainment of this practical object he has, we think, completely succeeded, although he has, of course, left the original abstract difficulty in great measure unremoved. Nothing could be more emphatic and conclusive than his repudiation and exposure of the blasphemous thought which would ascribe the origin of sin to God; while yet he boldly accepts and announces the conclusion, from which it seems to us impossible to escape, that the fall was foreseen, provided for, in a sense intended, by God when he created man; and that the law of inheritance, by which sin is handed

down from father to son, is the work of God himself. "It is not that God made a sinful nature, and ordained that man should inherit it; but man having made a nature sinful, God ordains that it shall perpetuate itself after its likeness in each generation, and takes upon himself the burden of this natural corruption and misery of the world."

Mr. Brown holds, and rightly, as we cannot but believe, that redemption is the key to this mystery of the permission and perpetuation of sin in the world. "What shall we say, then? Is it that God made a being whose first step—which, though God did not tell him to take it, nay, warned him against taking it, God knew that he would take—was his ruin; a race, a world, broken from their very birth? Or is it that the fall, if viewed by itself, and apart from redemption, would be an unmeaning and incomprehensible abortion of a divine idea; and that the God who made man, in the very act of making him, took upon himself the burden and responsibility of a Redeemer—and thus made him, not that he might sin, but that sinning he might be saved?" Here, we are persuaded, the true explanation of the mystery, so far as explanation is possible, is indicated. It is the only explanation which does not ignore some of the facts of the case, or evade some of the conclusions to which those facts inevitably lead. Redemption is no mere accident or afterthought, but part of the eternal purpose and plan of God, anticipated and provided for in the very act of creation itself. But we have no intention of reproducing here Mr. Brown's course of thought and argument, but only of indicating our general agreement with it, and commending it to the thoughtful study of our readers.

It is mainly in the first four sermons that Mr. Brown deals with this difficult part of his subject; the six remaining discourses are more within the ordinary range of pulpit address, though standing in close relation to the general theme. We have read with especial interest the two sermons entitled "The

Penitent's Creed" and "The Penitent's Gospel;" and have been greatly struck with the earnestness, eloquence, and power which distinguish the whole series. It may occur to some to doubt whether such themes as are handled in the earlier sermons are altogether adapted for discussion in the pulpit. We cannot profess to share the doubt. Where a preacher knows the spirits he has to deal with, and believes that questions and perplexities about these deep mysteries are stirring within them, he does well, we think, to shew his sympathy with his hearers in their difficulties, and to do what in him lies to meet them; not to insist upon it how nearly it concerns us all to know as much as we can of the purpose of God in our creation and redemption. We have not read the book on the outlook for heresies or defects; but we could have desired a little less vagueness of statement on some points. In some places, for example, Mr. Brown speaks as though he recognised the distinction between justification and sanctification; in others, in the urgency of his protest against their practical separation, he seems to confound them together. Mr. Brown cannot be more earnest than we in insisting on the inseparableness of these two great parts of salvation; but we do hold it important, as a matter not merely of theoretic orthodoxy, but of practical life, to maintain their distinctness and order in the plan of God and the experience of man. Something of the same objection might be brought against some of the preacher's modes of setting forth the great doctrine of the atonement, although that glorious fact is proclaimed with refreshing clearness in other parts of the volume. We could have wished, too, that the tone and attitude of the preacher were less frequently that of antagonism to the views and teachings of other men, as devout in their spirit, and as simple in their desire to understand and unfold God's Word, as he himself can be. He has had provocation enough to the adoption of this tone, we know; but we regret that he should have fallen into it. Especially we deem it unfortunate that phrases and allusions should have been introduced into the last sermon, "preached," as the author tells us, "to a very large audience of the

poorest of the poor," which would tend rather to widen than to reconcile the estrangement of that class from the professors and ordinances of religion. And though we are not conscious of any personal leanings to High Calvinism, we are hardly inclined, as Mr. Brown appears to be, to regard those who profess that creed as guilty of "the sin that hath never forgiveness." It is possible, we submit with all friendliness, to be intolerant in the cause of tolerance, and even to dogmatise against dogmatism.

But though bound in honesty to mention these exceptions to our general approval of this volume, we again heartily commend it to the study of our readers. And we say, read it through, and judge it as a whole. It is an easy, but hardly a fair, way of dealing with a book to detach passages from their connection and found on them a charge of heresy. We do not, as we have said, agree with all Mr. Brown's views, nor approve all his modes of stating them, but we are convinced that he holds, with us, the grand essential verities of the Gospel, and are thankful to him for the earnest enforcement he has given of those verities here, as well as for the help he affords for the study of, and submission to, the dark mysteries which hang evermore upon the horizon of our faith and life.

The Rise and Progress of Religious Life in England. By SAMUEL ROWLES PATTISON. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

THIS book has been long desiderated, and will, accordingly, be warmly welcomed by a large class of readers. We have now, for the first time, a connected account of the planting and spread of Christianity in England, through all its ramifications, and independent of the organisations through which its exhibition to the world has always been modified, if not marred. This is but one of the many merits of this timely volume. The author has brought to his task so much judicial impartiality and extensive acquaintance with the literature of his subject, combined with such catholicity of spirit, as to render him one of the safest of guides, and stamp his work as one of a

permanent and standard character. Add to this that he is a devout adherent to the "evangelical aspect of the Gospel," and our readers will at once understand that this volume is one of no ordinary value.

Its opening chapters record the first missionary enterprises in Britain, their difficulties and conquests. Then follow, in historical succession, the British, Anglo-Saxon, and Roman churches—the Wycliffites and the Lollards. The firm hold which the Gospel had, at this period, obtained, is thus stated:—

"Husbandmen, farmers, carpenters, wheelwrights, millers, turners, shoemakers, glovers, mercers, serving-men, painters, weavers, shearers, cutlers, skimmers, glaziers—all figure in the Gospel muster-roll of the Ecclesiastical Courts. The Word was received everywhere, and by all classes, with gladness." (P. 90.)

Passing on to the reign of Elizabeth, we would direct attention to the following accurate and discriminating statement of the rise of the present ecclesiastical divisions:—

"The rise of the great religious parties which still prevail in this country may be traced back to the commencement of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. First, the Ritualistic, or High Church section; secondly, the Evangelical, or Low Church;—the latter again divided into, first, those who accept the order and discipline enjoined by the State; secondly, those who, not denying the right of the State to ordain, yet object to its enactments, agitate for a change, and become Nonconformists. The last again subdivided into, first, such as desire the State to conform to their views; and, secondly, those who deny the right of the State to interfere with religion." (P. 172.)

Mr. Pattison then proceeds to show—the importance of which cannot be over-estimated, and which, so far as we know, has never received before such a distinct enunciation—that whatever the principles which lie at the foundation of our several sects, religion has been independent of them all. "Religion," he says, "in this country cannot shew exclusive descent through any of the great ecclesiastical parties." The cordial adoption of this truth would do far more than all Evangelical Alliances to heal the divisions that now rend the church, and make her weak and impotent before the world; for it would humble our pride of isolation, and infuse into us more tolerance towards those who differ from us in their theological creeds.

The following extract concerns our own denomination, and vindicates, once more, our claim to the honour of being the first champions of religious liberty:—

"From these separatists (the Brownists or Independents) a third off-shoot soon sprung—namely, those who acknowledged the right of the State to control matters of external behaviour, but denied its duty to patronise or interfere with personal religious opinion. The first assertors of this view were Baptists. So notorious was this, that the term Anabaptist was used reproachfully to designate the deniers of State authority in matters of religion, irrespective of their sentiments respecting the rite of baptism itself." (P. 177.)

With this explanation, we need not be ashamed of the title "Anabaptist."

One more extract on the organisation of Nonconformist churches may be acceptable:—

"Dissent now [at the end of the 17th century] took the specific form in which it has subsequently appeared, so far as separation in worship is concerned. Some of the ministers who held livings during the Commonwealth, formed churches within their parishes, composed of persons whom they accredited as godly. They next proceeded further, and constituted those whom they considered to be worthy communicants, though residing in several parishes, into one church, for the sake of convenience. This practice excited the anger of such as held the communion, and other church rites, to be the common property of the parishioners. . . . The policy of the Establishment clearly required the adoption of the latter practice; the constitution of nonconforming associations equally necessitated the former; and thus the breach between the two was widened and rendered impassable by a total difference in discipline." (P. 252.)

Every page invites an extract; but this were to re-write the volume. We have, however, cited enough to stimulate our readers to procure and read it for themselves. It is a most valuable compend of church principles; but these are so ably illustrated by biographical notices that they are robed in living garments of beauty. Nowhere, in so small a compass, can such stores of information, especially affecting ourselves, be found. We trust, therefore, that Mr. Pattison's book may soon obtain a place in all Nonconformist libraries. And in dismissing it from our notice, we beg to recommend it to all our church members who wish to be able to give a reason for their professed ecclesiastical beliefs, and specially to the young of our Noncon-

formist families; for if they will but give to it an attentive perusal, they will learn that our dissent from the Establishment is not a mere matter of opinion, but of principle, which our forefathers—and noble ancestors they were—did not hesitate to uphold, even at the cost of banishment and death.

A Manual of Bible Truth, with Questions for Catechetical Instruction.
By SAMUEL GREEN. London :
Elliot Stock.

OUR friend Mr. Green has worthily employed his leisure in writing this useful book. Its design is chiefly to supplement the elementary instruction given in Sunday schools, and to carry on that instruction beyond the point

ordinarily attained by our Sunday scholars. It is admirably adapted to do this, and will be a valuable help to persons who have the charge of adult classes for the purpose of Biblical instruction. The range of subjects is wide and complete, involving instruction on all that is of importance both in doctrine and in practice. All the statements are short and clear, being also singularly free from technicalities. The questions appended to the bottom of each page are simple and exhaustive, and the Scriptural illustrations of each statement are apposite. As a manual for village preachers and lay evangelists the book will be useful, as well as for the chief purpose it has in view. We bespeak for this effort a wide acceptance.

Christian Cabinet.

OUR PRAYER-MEETINGS.

In the few observations it is my purpose to offer on the subject of our prayer-meetings, I would disavow any spirit of censoriousness. As a brother among brethren I would speak. Whatever may be the opinions of others, I hold that no church can hope to be in a healthy condition, or to enjoy great prosperity, unless it has its social gathering for the purpose of imploring the blessing of Heaven upon its various labours. While it is, of course, of paramount importance that each member should maintain the habit of personal and private prayer in that secrecy which admits of no other ear and no other eye than God's, and while nothing can compensate for the loss of such individual fellowship and devoutness, the assembling of the church for prayer is not more apostolic in its practice than it is essential as a condition of vigorous life. The more a man prays for himself, the more will he feel his need for the prayers of others, and the more will he pray for them. Never were the individual and the social more admirably balanced than in the apostle Paul. Neither was sunk in the other. He sought the help which the prayers of his converts could give him, "Brethren,

pray for us." But with a divine unselfishness, he said, "I make mention of you always in my prayers." This reciprocal help prayer-meetings are designed and fitted to minister; and numberless are the instances in which, through the simple yet fervent petitions of some brother in Christ, hearts have been lightened of their burdens, despair itself has been banished, and those who were ready to faint in the way have been strengthened to continue their heavenward course. The degree to which the spirit of social prayer animates a church will be the degree in which it is ready for every good word and work; and, in spite of sundry seeming exceptions to the rule, we have no doubt of the rule that the pulse of the church is to be found in its prayer-meetings.

Tried by this standard, can the health of many of our churches be said to be in a satisfactory condition? Are there not distressing symptoms of spiritual syncope? Is there not a languid and intermittent beat about the heart? Are there not many prayer-meetings that remain not only in actual numbers, but in identical constituents, the same from month to month, not to say from year to year? Is it not often possible

to photograph in your mind's eye the precise picture of the meeting before you go, with the exact position each person will occupy in the room; and does it not amount, at times, to a certainty, that no fresh voice will be heard leading the devotions of the people? Is there any proportion observable between the increase of professors and the increase of the men who pray? We fear that the answer will, in the great preponderance of instances, be little creditable to the state of our churches in this regard. It has been complained that our prayer-meetings are dull and unattractive, not to say absolutely repulsive, by their unexciting monotony. But this charge often confounds the effect and the cause together. For it is quite as true that the dullness results from the absence of numbers, as that it occasions it. There is a mysterious spiritual mesmerism in multitude, which, of itself, often puts the hearts of the people in a better attitude and tone for the reception of a blessing. It not unfrequently happens that the joy which many experience in a service has been largely contributed by themselves. Their very presence there has helped to swell the number, and to develope that excitement which, according to a divine arrangement, man receives from the countenance of his fellow-men. The alleged dullness of prayer-meetings, and one might say of most other meetings, is, at least, as much owing to those who are not there as to those who are. And especially is this the case when, among those who are absent, are to be found men who are capable, and that in a high degree, of praying to edification. It is not without due consideration, and some endeavours to secure an adequate induction of facts, that I venture on the statement that a vast amount of the cultured intelligence of our churches is unrepresented in our meetings for social prayer. We are thankful to God for the number of the thoughtful and the educated that may be found there, and also for the still larger number of those whom Providence has deprived of the advantages of early training which others possess. But I fear that the churches are few indeed which have not to lament over the dumbness of many who are most competent to speak to God for their brethren, and to speak to their brethren of God.

It is alleged that this refusal to pray in public arises from a nervous fear of our fellow-men. This, in many cases, is doubtless an honest, if not a sufficient reason. But can it apply to such as have powers of conversation without limit—as in the council-chamber and in the political meeting can deliver themselves with unembarrassed freedom, and with a force and pertinence that command the attention and the admiration of all? Shall they only fear the face of their brethren when they have to pray for them, and not fear it when they have to instruct and persuade them? This, the avoidance of the prayer-meetings on the part of some of our members who are pre-eminently qualified by gifts and cultivation for taking their part in its services, is an evil which, I fear, sometimes points to a deeper evil still—to the decay of personal piety, to the abandonment or perfunctory performance of private prayer, and to a fear lest their active participation in social worship should commit them to the profession of a lofty godliness which they have no desire to maintain. Brethren, we trust that the time is not far distant when this state of things amongst us will cease, and when all who name the name of Jesus will feel that their brethren have a claim upon themselves and whatever spiritual help they can render by means of their prayers. We shall then hear of dullness for the last time. Fresh voices uttering fresh thoughts and fresh aspirations will relieve the monotony which has so long reigned. The young will be heard pouring out in the fervour of a new life their joy that they have found the Lord; the middle-aged will be there, burdened with the cares of this world and harassed with its temptations, and crying mightily for help and deliverance; and the aged will be there, rich with the varying experience of a long life, testifying withal that the God whom they have trusted and served has never forsaken them; there too, the rich and poor, the learned and the unlearned, will meet together, and feel that, at the footstool of divine mercy, as around the throne in heaven, there is no distinction. If any should deem this a picture drawn in fancy colours, and incapable of realisation, it shows to what an extent we have sunk below the true ideal of a

Christian church. So far from the picture being exaggerated, it has been seen in actual life during the prevalence of those tides of revival which have at different times visited our land.

There is, it must be confessed, an egregious contradiction between the doctrines we profess and the general aspect of our prayer-meetings. Our churches profess to be composed of redeemed souls—they profess to have consecrated themselves unreservedly to the service of their Lord—they profess to seek the salvation of such as are yet perishing—they profess that this salvation is utterly beyond their power—they profess that it is in the hands of the Holy Spirit—they profess that the Holy Spirit is promised in answer to prayer—they profess that the world is dying of a thirst which must be quenched now by the grace of God or remain quenchless for ever, and that the clouds of blessing are suspended over their heads laden with the heavenly rain, needing only the piercing touch which prayer can give them to discharge themselves upon the earth: and yet that prayer is withheld, and the panting ones are suffered to perish! What shall we say, brethren, of such as profess to be in possession of a power to rend the heavens, and will not use it? What can we say, but, that, for the sake of ordinary consistency, we must either abandon our doctrines or mend our practice? Let us be assured of this, that prayer and Pentecost had no casual connexion with each other. The spiritual mechanism which opened the windows of heaven was in the upper room at Jerusalem. It was the prayer, not of one, but of many,—not offered once, but with importunate perseverance and repetition. And while it is true we may not now expect the outward signs and wonders which then accompanied and authenticated the baptism of the Holy Spirit, we may with certainty expect that which is better still—because eternal and enduring—the quickening of the spiritually dead, the reviving of such as droop, and that peace of God which passeth all understanding—the peace which, ruling first in the individual heart, preserves the whole church from unseemly barrenness, bitterness, and conflict. The day which shall witness our churches on their knees in resolute

supplication, will inaugurate a new and blessed era in our land. May its brightness be even now on the point of dawn!—*Rev. Enoch Mellor.*

“RAP HIM AGAIN, SHARPLY!”

It was near sunset when I found myself at no great distance from a cottage which had attached to it a piece of waste ground, partly surrounded with a fence of high boards. While looking up at the many-coloured clouds, in the direction where the sun was declining in the sky, my attention was arrested by the sound of repeated blows, which appeared to be struck on a soft substance. Blow followed blow in such a regular manner, that they reminded me of men thrashing in a barn with a couple of flails, only the sound was much duller than that made by thrashers.

All at once the blows ceased, and then I heard a man cry out, “Rap him again, sharply, for he has a deal of dust in him yet.” The moment I came to the end of the high fence, I saw a large carpet, stretched on a rope, between two poles, and two men beating it with all their might. The mystery was now made plain, and I no longer wondered at the words, “Rap him again, sharply, for he has a deal of dust in him yet!”

Now the thought may be considered a little fanciful, but it did occur to me that most of us have required, in our time, as hearty a drubbing as the carpet had received. “Yes,” said I, “we all need to be tried, and chastised, and humbled, for we are proud, and selfish, and worldly-minded; we think much of earth, and little of heaven; much of ourselves, and little of our heavenly Father; and beating is not more necessary to a dusty carpet, than trial is to those whose hearts are cleaving to the dust.”

Now, considering the matter in this light, the wonder is, not that we are beaten, but that we are not always being beaten,—not that we should have affliction, but that we should ever be free from affliction,—for we bring it upon ourselves by our transgressions.

“No earthly power can ward the coming blow,
Sorrow and sin through life together go.”

Truly, we have all been dealt with very tenderly. What mercy is mingled with the seeming severity of the words

of the Holy One, when speaking of his people, "If they break my statutes, and keep not my commandments, then will I visit their transgression with the rod, and their iniquity with stripes. Nevertheless, my loving-kindness will I not utterly take from them, nor suffer my faithfulness to fail." (Psalm lxxxix. 31-33.)

As I returned from my pleasant walk, at the very moment that I repassed the cottage and the high fence, the same voice which I had heard before, cried out, "There, let us take him down now, for he looks all the better for his beating!"

"Well," thought I, "the beaten carpet was not at all likely to be forgotten by me before, but now it is pretty sure to be retained in my memory. That it looks the better for being beaten, I have no doubt at all. My evening walk has not been in vain, for I have at least obtained a subject for reflection."

If we all more steadily believed that the rod is meant to purify us, or, in other words, to get dust out of us, we then might sit more quietly under the merciful corrections of our heavenly Father. How does this apply to you, my readers? Have you been beaten, and are you the better for it? Have any of you been visited with trouble, and can you say, "Before I was afflicted, I went astray; but now I have kept thy word. . . . It is good for me that I have been afflicted; that I might learn thy statutes"? (Ps. cxix. 67-71.)

"Look up! look up! when troubles frown,
That God may send a blessing down."

Hardly do I think that any of us reflect sufficiently on the value of our daily cares, which are perhaps, after all, as necessary as our daily bread. When they draw us to our heavenly Father, we have indeed reason to be thankful for them. Sweet it is in the day of calamity and the hour of trial, to be able to cast all our care on Him who careth for us.

"Sweet, in the confidence of faith,
To trust his firm decrees;
Sweet, to lie passive in his hands,
And know no will but his."

Oh, the buffetings and beatings through which many of God's people have passed! Look over a small part of the "bill of fare," if I may so call it, of St. Paul's afflictions: "Of the Jews, five times received I forty stripes save one. Thrice was I beaten with rods, once was I stoned, thrice I suffered shipwreck, a night and a day I have been on the deep: in journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren; in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness." Yet all these were blessed to him!

You must think over this subject, and see if you cannot turn it to more advantage than I have done. The words of Holy Writ are very encouraging: "My son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when thou art rebuked of him; for whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth." (Heb. xii. 5, 6.) And again: "No chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby." (Heb. xii. 12.)

This little adventure of the beaten carpet often occurs to my remembrance, and especially so when any expected evil is overruled for good, or when my heart is humbled by any passing trouble. Again and again do the words appear to sound in my ears, at one time producing a smile, and at another an emotion of a much deeper kind: "*Rap him again, sharply, for he has a deal of dust in him yet;*" and, "*There, let us take him down now, for he looks all the better for his beating.*"

Christian Activity.

THE BAPTISTS IN DENMARK.

CHRISTIANITY was introduced into Denmark as early as the ninth century, by Ansgar, a Westphalian monk. During his first visit he encountered much opposition, and was so discouraged by the small success of his mission that he soon retired from the field. On his return to Germany he was created Archbishop of Hamburg and the north of Europe. Clothed with his new authority, he visited the scene of his missionary labours, and found that many of the obstacles which existed at the time of his former visit had been removed. Many Danish merchants, having embraced Christianity in Hamburg, openly professed it on their return home. Several churches were planted; and though for a short season the disciples of the new faith had to endure sore persecution, yet brighter days again dawned; and Ansgar lived to see the mainland of Denmark covered with Christian doctrine.

By the twelfth century the Gospel had so leavened the population of Denmark that Adam, of Bremen, mentions it as an illustration of its subduing power. "Look," he says, "at that ferocious nation, the Danes. For a long time they have now been accustomed to sing the praises of God."

The Reformation of the sixteenth century soon reached Denmark. In 1515 the first attempt was made to present the Danes with the Word of God in their own tongue. From that time Lutheranism continued to spread, until it became universally prevalent; and, although some years ago the name was abandoned, it exists as the national religion at the present day.

Modern Christian missions may be said to have commenced in Denmark. From that land the Gospel sounded out to India, to Greenland, and to the West Indies. As Baptists, we are placed under unspeakable obligations to the Danish government for its conduct at the time of the formation of the Baptist Missionary Society. When no British vessel could be found to convey Carey and Thomas to India, and when they were denied a settlement on British

territory on their arrival out, a Danish captain received them on board his ship, and a Danish governor gave them, at Serampore, the protection of his country's flag.

About fifty years ago, when Rationalism had culminated to its highest point in Germany, Denmark also felt its baneful influence. Spiritual life became almost extinct. Darkness covered the land, and gross darkness the people. But God had mercy on his church, and raised up an old journeyman shoemaker, in a remote corner of the country, to re-kindle the expiring fire. The revival soon spread over the entire kingdom. In an especial manner was its power felt in the rural districts; so that hundreds of peasants assembled in various villages to pray, and to read and expound the Scriptures for mutual edification. Many of them travelled to and fro as evangelists, proclaiming the truth for the conversion of others. They recognised the doctrine of justification through faith; but were ignorant of the nature of the church of Christ, and still maintained their connection with the State religion.

These persons, who were called by some the "New Sect," soon became obnoxious to the authorities, who endeavoured, by imprisonments, fines, and persecutions of various kinds, to arrest the movement. Discovering, at length, that these methods were unavailing, they gradually ceased their opposition, and the people held their services without interruption.

Much of the beneficial influence of this awakening was destroyed by a clergyman called Grundtvig, who officiated in Copenhagen. This man began to teach that the Apostles' Creed was older than the New Testament; that it was exclusively the Word of God and the foundation on which the church was built; that it was the only rule of faith, and ought, as a baptismal covenant, to constitute the sole ground of admission into the Christian church. The Bible was declared to be of little use, except as increasing the information of its readers; and to be a book chiefly for the clergy. Faith, it was affirmed,

could only result from hearing the truth preached, or the Apostles' Creed read by ordained priests. These errors rapidly spread among all those who had been heretofore distinguished for their piety and zeal; and so Satan sowed his tares in the field of God.

In the summer of 1839 the Rev. J. G. Oncken, of Hamburg, sent the Rev. J. Köbner to seek out these Danes, and to endeavour to teach them more scriptural notions of doctrine and practice. Mr. Köbner succeeded in forming a friendly acquaintance with many of them; held several meetings, that were numerously attended; and had frequent discussions on matters pertaining to the kingdom of Christ. His views of baptism met with the most determined opposition. One evening he was disputing with one of their teachers, a man of considerable ability, but who had not learnt to conquer his temper, and who was, therefore, much enraged. In his warmth he said to Mr. Köbner, "You had better go to Münster, of Copenhagen. You will find in him and his disciples people of your own stamp." Mr. Köbner regarded this as an intimation from God, and resolved to act upon it. He altered his route; proceeded at once to Copenhagen, which he had not intended visiting, and inquired for Mr. Münster, whom he soon found. From intercourse with him, Mr. Köbner ascertained that he and a small band of believers had tested the doctrines of Grundtvig by the Word of God, and had rejected them; and that they had also come to the conclusion that the baptism of children was unknown in apostolic times, and that immersion was the scriptural mode of administering the ordinance. They considered, however, that those who had been sprinkled in infancy should be regarded as baptized. They knew of no other Christians besides themselves who had rejected infant baptism, and were rejoiced to hear of the existence, and the opinions, and the progress of the Baptists. Having instructed them in the Divine will, Mr. Köbner returned to Hamburg.

The seed thus sown speedily took root, and, springing up, brought forth fruit. Shortly after his return, Mr. Köbner received a letter from some of his Danish friends, expressing their desire to be baptized. Brother Oncken

and himself immediately set out for Copenhagen; and on the 27th of October, 1839, Peter C. Münster and ten others were immersed on a profession of their faith in the Lord Jesus. During the three following days various services were held with the newly-baptized, the first Baptist church in Denmark was formed, and Mr. Münster was chosen to be its superintendent. After having spent a season of delightful communion with their Danish brethren, Messrs. Oncken and Köbner returned to Hamburg with great joy. The report of their proceedings in Copenhagen was soon circulated through the entire country, and all parties in the Established Church united in condemning them. The chief clergy sent letters to different parts of the kingdom, warning pastors and their flocks against the propagators of the "new heresy," and representing them as successors of the Münster Anabaptists. Vile songs were written concerning them, and sung by mobs around their dwellings. Newspaper and magazine writers held them up as ignorant fanatics. Ecclesiastical authorities urged the State to prosecute them as disloyal subjects. The most orthodox and pious portion of the Lutheran church were their bitterest enemies. The fact that persons who had no ecclesiastical license presumed to administer the rite of baptism, and that persons, calling themselves Christians, protested against the interference of the State in religious matters, was, to many devout men, significant of nothing but revolting blasphemy.

A few weeks after the formation of the Copenhagen church, Mr. Münster and his friends were summoned before the magistrates. Twice they were examined, and solemnly warned to return to the National Church. The manner in which they conducted themselves when under examination, secured for them the esteem of their judges, who transferred their case to the Department of State for decision. After a delay of some months, a decree was issued, in April, 1840, commanding them to discontinue their meetings, to abstain from administering the Lord's Supper, and from practising re-baptism. The police were enjoined to keep a watchful eye upon them, and to punish every violation of the decree. A law like this could not, of course,

be obeyed. The meetings were held as before, numbers continued to attend them, and several sought baptism and were added to the church.

At the time of Mr. Köbner's first visit to Denmark, in 1839, he spent a few days in Langeland, an island in the Great Belt of the Baltic. Soon after, there was a great inquiry concerning the subject of baptism. The pious clergy and the followers of Grundtvig denounced Mr. Köbner as an artful deceiver and a wolf in sheep's clothing, and the baptism he taught as a sin and blasphemy against the Holy Ghost. But in spite of all opposition, here also the truth prevailed. On the 10th of September, 1840, Messrs. Oncken and Köbner left Hamburg for Langeland; and during that visit eight persons were baptized, and formed into a church. The police were soon on their track. One Rasmus Jørgensen, whose guests they were, was fined five dollars and costs for showing them hospitality, or, as the law styled it, for harbouring Anabaptists; and a proclamation was sent to the district magistrate, and by him addressed to his deputies and the people at large, particularly to the inhabitants near the coast and the owners of boats, offering a reward of twenty dollars for their apprehension, or for discovering their place of residence.

Still this new doctrine grew. In the winter of 1839, one Jensen, a member of the Baptist church in Copenhagen, and a tailor by trade, went to work at Aalborg, in Jutland. He soon found pious persons there, and at once inquired if they had considered the subject of baptism. They began to read the New Testament, and examine the command of the Lord and the practice of the apostles. Some were convinced of their past neglect, and resolved to walk in the way of obedience. Mr. Münster, of Copenhagen, at their request, visited them; and on the evening of the 1st of October, 1840, baptized six of them in the Bay of Lümford. These, with Jensen and a sister from Copenhagen, were formed into a church, and a sergeant in the 3rd Regiment of Jutland Infantry was chosen as their superintendent. This brother was afterwards fined two dollars for being Mr. Münster's host during his stay at Aalborg.

Meanwhile the church in Copenhagen

continued to prosper. In spite of the decree by which they had been outlawed, and the many dangers that encompassed the journey, Messrs. Oncken and Köbner visited that city again, in 1840. They baptized ten persons, communed with the brethren touching their welfare, and ordained Mr. Münster pastor of the church. About this time, Adolph Münster, brother of Peter, who was a student of theology, renounced all prospects of preferment in the national church, was baptized at Hamburg, and united with his brother's flock in Copenhagen.

Persecution now began in earnest. Peter Münster was thrown into prison. An extract from one of his letters, addressed from prison to his brother Adolph, will show how he bore his incarceration, and to what extent Baptist sentiments had by this time taken root in Denmark. "My brother," he writes, "we have planted in the garden of Denmark a glorious tree! The tree is good, and the fruit is wholesome, though somewhat bitter, and the owner of the garden will not taste it. One branch they have already lopped off, and may, perhaps, deprive it of others; yes, they will probably cut down the tree to its roots. But as the root of Jesse put forth a branch, that has become a tree in which we, like birds, now securely build our nest, so the tree, the Baptist church, whose roots extend through Denmark, from the Sound to the German Ocean, yes, and to the islands of the sea, will, by the strong arm of the Lord, put forth new branches, till the hewers become weary of their labour." In a few months Adolph Münster was also a "prisoner of Jesus Christ."

In 1841, Mr. Oncken came to England to make known to the Baptists of this country the condition of their persecuted brethren, and to seek testimonies expressive of their recognition of the Danish churches and their unity and sympathy with them. His stirring appeals elicited everywhere a most hearty response. Liberal contributions were raised to assist the Münsters and their co-sufferers in resisting their adversaries, and in carrying forward the work of God. A deputation also, consisting of the Rev. J. E. Giles and the Rev. H. Dowson, was sent over to Denmark for the purpose of presenting memorials to

the king from the Christians of this country, praying for the liberation of the prisoners and the relaxation of the Danish laws. In addition to the petitions presented from various Baptist Associations, institutions, and churches, they had a memorial signed by four hundred ministers of all denominations; and the mayors of London, Manchester, Liverpool, and other large towns, attached their seals to documents expressive of sympathy, and soliciting religious freedom. Lord Palmerston aided the cause by a despatch to the Danish Government. Elizabeth Fry and Joseph John Gurney, who were at the time in Copenhagen, lent the deputation their powerful aid. Messrs. Giles and Dowson had an interview with the king, with the Bishop of Sealand, and with several influential men in authority; but the clergy violently opposed their efforts, and, no doubt, prevented the Government from doing what otherwise it would have been induced to perform. Some toleration was promised; a little relaxation was for the moment granted; but immediately after the departure of the deputation, the persecution broke out anew. Heavy penalties were inflicted on those who neglected to have their children sprinkled by the Lutheran clergy. Here is an illustration. Rasmus Jørgensen, a farmer, and pastor of the church in Langeland, who had been previously fined for acting as host to Messrs. Oncken and Köbner, was sentenced to pay, for refusing to have his child christened, ten dollars a week for the first month, twenty for the second, forty for the third, eighty for the fourth, and so on till his property should be all exhausted; and then, if he still refused, he was to be imprisoned, and ultimately banished the kingdom for life. The Mönsters and their fellow-prisoners were offered their liberty if they would engage to keep quiet; this they could not promise. At length, on the 23rd of November, 1841, the Supreme Court pronounced its sentence, and adjudged them to pay a heavy fine, all the costs of the prosecution, and the prison expenses. Their property was sold to defray the penalties, and they were set free. They had an audience of the king, who assured them of his personal esteem and goodwill, but threatened them with fresh imprisonment if they continued to baptize. Even with this

threat before them, they dared not cease from their work. They commenced to preach and baptize; and, receiving support from England and America, were enabled to prosecute their mission more vigorously than ever. The magistrates persisted in regarding them as the successors of the Munster Anabaptists; and continued to condemn, imprison, fine, and distract them.

The story of our brethren's sufferings and noble deeds reached America; and in August, 1842, a deputation from the Baptists of that country visited Denmark on their behalf. The king was absent from Copenhagen at the time, so that they had no interview with him; but they saw many persons of high station, both ecclesiastics and civilians, and through them endeavoured to influence the Government. Popular feeling was now beginning to manifest itself in favour of the persecuted. In December, 1842, the king put forth a "Law of Amnesty," as it was termed, in which he declared that, as the Baptists held doctrines differing from the Augsburg Confession, they could not be allowed the free exercise of their religious rites in Denmark. Permission was, however, granted them to establish a church in Fredericia, where, under certain restrictions, they might preach, baptize, and administer the Lord's Supper. In other parts of the country they were also allowed to assemble privately for worship. This "law of amnesty" was practically of no advantage. The brethren could not comply with its restrictions; and, consequently, they were imprisoned, fined, distrained, as before. Still, amid all these conflicts and trials, the truth extended its influence, and the number of its followers increased mightily.

But now a darker cloud than persecution descended on the Danish churches. In the year 1845, the heresy of "sinless perfection" was introduced into the church in Copenhagen, and split it asunder. Gradually it spread itself through nearly all the churches in the kingdom: like a wild beast out of the forest it trampled down and desolated the garden of the Lord. Both the Mönsters were infected with this heresy, and notwithstanding all their sufferings and labours for years, the American Missionary Society, whose agents they had become, felt it necessary, for

the truth's sake and the sake of the churches in Denmark, to dismiss them. A few years later Mormonism entered, and committed fearful havoc. Its apostles, with an energy and endurance worthy of a better cause, visited the most remote parts of the land, and suffered many hardships; and, in too many instances, ensnared the people.

In 1848, Mr. Andreas Peter Förster, a native of Denmark, who had been residing in London, and was a member of one of the Baptist churches there, was sent out to Copenhagen, under the auspices of the Strict Baptist Convention. He found the church in Copenhagen, and, indeed, all the other churches in the country, in a sad state. What the devil had failed to accomplish through persecution, he had wrought through false doctrine. Mr. Förster immediately began to rebuild the waste places. From that time to this he has continued patiently to labour.

Religious freedom was a gainer by the great political changes which occurred on the Continent during the years 1848 and 1849. The effect of these changes was felt in Denmark. A law was passed by which the people were at liberty to form themselves into communities to worship God; no one was required to pay personal contributions to support any other form of religious worship than his own; and no one was to be deprived, on account of his confession of faith, of his full civil and religious rights. In April, 1851, a further instalment of liberty was granted. It was enacted that Dissenters might be married before the civil authorities; and that parents were not compelled to have their children baptized or confirmed, nor to have them instructed in the public schools. At the present time religious freedom is enjoyed in its fullest extent. The clergy of the Established Church occasionally show their opposition to our sentiments, and encourage persons to misrepresent them. A few years ago, a peasant girl, in the parish of Tors, in Northern Jutland, stood up to admonish the people to repentance. At the instigation of several clergymen she began to preach against the Baptists. For this she was praised and amply rewarded. She was conveyed from place to place that she might benefit the population generally by her

ministrations; and she was even introduced into the public schools as a prophetess sent by God in these last days for the restoration and defence of the Lutheran church. One clergyman, who accompanied her to a meeting, replied to an objection made by certain persons to women speaking in public, "It is true the apostle Paul enjoins on women to be silent at public meetings; but I say *Kirsten Maria shall speak.*"

From 1855, the Danish churches have been blessed with considerable prosperity. Still they labour under many disadvantages. The members are mostly poor, and in many cases live far from one another, scattered over wide districts. Many emigrate to America in hope of more remunerative employment. There are no convenient chapels, so that the services have to be held in hired rooms and private houses. And in addition to all, the isolated condition of the churches peculiarly exposes them to evil influences of various kinds. Their occasional intercourse with their brethren in Germany and with the Baptists of this country will, we have no doubt, be the means, under God, of strengthening them, and ensuring them future prosperity.

We had purposed closing these sketches with a few remarks on the prospects of the German Baptist Mission generally, and the claims for support which it has on British Baptists; but we have left ourselves no room. We can only add one extract from Mr. Oncken's New Year's Address, published in the "Quarterly Reporter of the German Baptist Mission" for January of the present year:—"Everything in connection with this mission is in a prosperous condition, except our finances. These, I regret to say, are in an almost hopeless state. At present the editor is about 7,000 marks, or £425, in advance, to which 5,000 marks, or £300, will have to be added in January, 1864, for salaries to the missionaries. Friends of Christ! who know something of the value of a soul by estimating the salvation of your own as of more importance than all besides, to you I appeal, in the name of our common Lord, and on behalf of the perishing millions amongst whom he has called us to labour till he comes: *render us your speedy and efficient aid.*"

Words of Wisdom for Christian People.

THE ANGEL OVER THE LEFT SHOULDER.

MR. REJOICE REYNOLDS was, in the main, a good man, and had many good things about him. He meant to keep on the right side of everybody, and to live on the sunny side of his own conscience. But we are all imperfect, and so was he. At the beginning of the new year, Mr. Reynolds was led to look back and review the year just gone, and somehow the vision was not very cheering. He could see that it had been a year of prosperity with him, and that he was now actually four hundred and eighty pounds richer than a year ago, and he could easily calculate how much interest, at five per cent., that would give him. But he saw that to do this he had been very careful, very laborious, very worldly, and very close in the way of charity. Indeed, it had been a losing concern, for he had lost influence, and the spirit of prayer, and the light of the Spirit.

So now he resolved to begin the year coming very differently. He would take one week at a time, and every day, as he resolved, he would do something for religion. Monday was to be the first day. Now, Mr. Reynolds had an Angel to help him; but the difficulty was, he looked over his left shoulder, and whispered in his left ear.

"There's old Betty Brown," said the Angel; "you know she is bed-ridden, and very poor, and you have not visited her for a long time. You carry her some money to purchase—"

"I'll carry her a bushel of potatoes," said Rejoice Reynolds, very quickly.

"She is very poor, and will doubtless be rejoiced, and her eyes will sparkle, and her thin hand will squeeze yours in gratitude. She will be so thankful!" said the Angel over the left shoulder.

Mr. Reynolds rose early, and cut short family worship, that he might gain time and lose nothing by going to Betty Brown's. So, just at night, he arrived at the low dark house, and carried in his bag. And having shaken hands with Betty, he informed her of his gift. But poor Betty had not had an ounce of tea or a cup of sugar for a

fortnight, and her appetite was poor. She wanted something more inviting than raw potatoes. She thanked him, indeed, but so coldly that it chilled poor Mr. Reynolds. He expected warm gratitude and downright thanks. He went home disappointed.

The next day he was to try again. "What shall I do to-day?" says he.

"Go visit Joe Shearer's family, and see why the children don't come to the Sabbath school. They will think it an honour to have you come, and they will thank you, and follow you to the door with thanks," says the Angel over the left shoulder.

Just at night he called in at Joe's house. Joe was sitting on a barrel, and smoking. His wife was mixing up some very dark flour for bread for their supper. He was received very coolly. Joe did not stop smoking, nor his wife kneading. As soon as he made his errand known, Joe took his pipe out of his mouth, thumped it against the barrel, and says, "Mr. Reynolds, what's the use of all this? I sent my children a whole year to your school, and I never got from a peg to a shoe-latchet for it. Little Minnie was sick all winter, and not one of you righteous folks came near her. It is very easy for you to tell poor folks they ought to do this and they ought to do that, but if your face was laid flat on the grindstone called poverty, you would know something about it. Fine words are easy, but I haven't a shilling's worth of provisions in the house; to say nothing about decent clothing."

Mr. Reynolds went home sad. There was no gratitude for his condescension there; and he was disappointed again.

On Wednesday the Dorcas Society was to meet, and for a long time he had been invited "to step in" and see them. He had suspicions what the "step in" meant. So he rummaged his wallet, and took out the shilling that was most worn, and which might well be called "filthy lucre." He was welcomed, as he expected to be, and the Angel over the left shoulder had whispered in his left ear that the ladies would be very glad to see him, and rejoiced to receive

his donation. But when he handed his shilling to the directress, instead of thanking him, as he expected, she gently said, "Mr. Reynolds, things are so very dear that this will hardly buy a yard of cotton—a third of a shirt. We were in hopes you would give us at least enough to buy one shirt."

Again he went home disappointed. He had made a contribution in *money*, and received no thanks for it!

Thursday came. "Now," says Mr. Reynolds, "the committee are to visit our school this afternoon, and I think I will go in. It will be an encouragement to them."

"O yes, a great encouragement, and they will thank you for coming at the close of the exercises," said the Angel over the left shoulder.

About the middle of the afternoon he entered the school-room; but the committee were engaged, and the room was full, and the seats all occupied, and everybody seemed to say by their looks, "Why *need* the fellow come in and disturb us all!" and the little boy who had to go to the neighbour's and borrow another chair, looked as if he would like "to be a man and switch him; that's all!"

Ah! poor man; he went home again disappointed. He had tried to do a good deed, and nobody had thanked him! He was sad.

The next day he thought, "Now there's a prayer-meeting up in the school-house to-night. It's a great while since I have been there. I think I'll go."

"So do, so do! They'll be delighted to see you, and hear you pray; and they will all gather around you, and thank you, and beg you to come again," said the Angel over the left shoulder.

To the meeting he went. It was very thin. The room had the light of two tallow candles, and it was hard work to read the hymn, and harder still to sing it. The prayers and the words of the exhortation were cold. At the close of the meeting only one man spoke to him, and he merely said, "I'm glad, friend Reynolds, that you

have got thawed out enough to come here once more!"

Poor comfort that! No thanks there, and he went home disappointed again!

Saturday now came. "Now," says he, "I'll do something to-day worth while. I'll go round and beg enough to buy old Chloe Jews a new dress, and I'll carry it to her myself!"

"That will be nice, and she will thank you with tears," said the Angel over the left shoulder.

So he went round and collected his money, and just at dusk carried the cloth to poor Chloe. Somehow or other, Chloe heard something in the course of the day what was going on, and she had been led to expect something grand—at least a dark, warm, woollen dress, and when Mr. Reynolds presented the thin, slazy calico dress, it was *such* a disappointment that she could hardly speak. Her thanks were inaudible, as she muttered something about her old bones during the cold winter.

Poor Mr. Reynolds went home again more sad, more disappointed than ever. Not an ounce of thanks had he received all the week!

On his way home something seemed to pull his right ear, and a voice came over his right shoulder—a new voice, but he knew it must be the Angel of the right shoulder.

"Rejoice Reynolds! Don't you see where you have missed it, and why you are disappointed? You have been all the week doing this and that, *to be thanked*—to have your pay down—pay, the moment you get your job done! Now, the true secret is—'Freely ye have received, freely *give*'—not demanding the pay of thanks and gratitude, and all that. 'Lend, hoping for *nothing* again!' How do you '*freely give*,' if you are to be paid down for all that you do?"

"Ah! I see, I see! I must do for Christ, and not for thanks to me. I see, I see! I'll never again listen to the Angel over my left shoulder! He must be a false angel, but I mistook him for an angel of light!"

Narratives, Anecdotes, &c.

A PLACE FOR CROOKED STICKS.

"CHRIST has a service for all his members," said James Therrall, an old carpenter in a village on Salisbury Plain, to a young Christian who complained that she was unworthy to work for the Lord. "Let not one of the members say, 'The head has no need of me.' I used to think as you do, long ago, but he taught me otherwise by a crooked stick.

"One day my son went to a sale of timber, and in the lot was a stick (or piece) so twisted and bent that I spoke sharply to him, saying: 'You have a bad bargain there, lad. That crooked stick will be of no use to any one.'

"'It's all timber,' replied my son—not the least vexed by my reproof. 'I paid the same price for it as the rest. Depend upon it, no tree grows for nothing. Wait a bit; don't fret, father; let us keep a look out; there's a place somewhere for it.'

"A little time after this I had a cottage to build: a queer bit of a house it was, and pretty enough when it was finished. There was a corner to turn in it, and not a stick in the yard would fit. I thought of the crooked one and fetched it. Many a hard day's work would have failed to prepare a joist like it. It seemed as if the tree had grown expressly for the purpose. 'There,' said I, 'there's a place for the crooked stick, after all! Then there's a place for poor James Therrall! Dear Lord, show him the place into which he may fit in building thy heavenly temple!' That very day I learned that what God gives me he gives me for his glory, and, poor and unlettered as I was, there was a work for me. There is a work for *you*. God has something for *you* to do, and nobody else can do it."

This village carpenter had neither the knowledge of the schoolmen, nor had he taken a degree at college, yet was he a teacher of Divine truths, and he was wise in the wisdom of the children of light. He would often recur to the time when, looking solely on his own weakness and infirmities, he overlooked his only source of strength, and thought he was too poor

and ignorant to do anything for the Lord he loved! He lived to a good old age, a blessing to the souls in his neighbourhood, and where, as he liked best to say, he watched for his Master. When some one who loved his ease too well; or child, or servant, or sick one, complained, "I can do nothing!" he would point to the best built cottage on the Plain, with its pretty bay window and slanting roof, and tell them he had once thought the same himself, but his error had been corrected by a dumb instructor—a beam in that roof—a crooked stick which seemed fit for nothing, but which found its proper place in the building at last, and gave it a grace and strength which no other timber, however superior in other respects, could have imparted. Thus the warped tree had preached to him a sermon on true humility, and made him from that day an humble steward of the things of the kingdom.

TALKING TO GOD.

AN aged disciple of Christ was spending a few days beneath my roof, and each night, long after she had retired to her room, we heard her voice as if in conversation with some one in the apartment. One night, wishing to know what was the cause of her talking thus, I arose, and going to her room inquired if she was speaking to me, when she replied, "Oh, I am only talking to God." Eighty-eight winters had whitened her locks and bent her form; toil and sorrow had been her portion in early life, and in later years sickness had visited her, and death had robbed her of household joys, yet she passed safely through these fires of affliction, still trusting in Jesus for her stay and support; her comfort in times of trouble; her portion when peace and prosperity smiled around her.

Only talking to God! How many a child of sin and sorrow would find their cross lightened, and the heavy burdens drop from off their wearied shoulders, if, like this pilgrim, they would stop awhile by the way and talk to God! When the long night-watches

pass slowly by, and we anxiously wait and watch for the first grey streak of dawn, as we turn upon our beds racked with pain, how sweet to know that, although the great and busy world is hushed in slumber, there is yet one eye that never sleepeth, but watches over the inhabitants of earth even more faithfully than the most fond and loving mother can watch her child of tender years! When friends forsake and the world turns unfeeling away, when some dark day of trouble shall have come suddenly upon us, and there are none to offer a word of consolation or drop

a sympathetic tear, let us remember that he knoweth all things, and press forward, talking to God. Should temptations surround us, and the adversary of souls have marked us for his prey, there is no such thing as yielding our stronghold if found with our armour burnished and girded on, still talking to God. Ah! we may have become weary of the way, our burdens are grievous to be borne, and heavy-hearted, we turn away. Yet may we keep "talking to God"! He knoweth our wants, he heareth our requests, and hath said, "In due season shall ye reap, if ye faint not."

A Page for the Young.

THE SAVIOUR'S WELCOME TO THE LITTLE ONES.

Nobody could doubt that the children were going to get a story out of Aunt Mary, as they gathered round her on a bright Sabbath afternoon of July. There was an eager look in their faces, and a disposition to creep near to her, which could not have deceived one less used to children's ways.

And so Aunt Mary did not disappoint them; but taking the youngest little child on her knee began her Sabbath story in her own quiet way.

Outside of a city, years and years ago, was a little cottage, wherein dwelt a man and his wife, named Mary and Zadok, with their two children. The cottage was prettily built of wood, which had one day been brought in a boat over the water from the very mountain which they could see clearly not many miles away rising thousands of feet, and seeming to touch the sky.

On the morning when we must peep into the cottage, Mary and Zadok seemed very busy, as if they were preparing for a journey, and the children were looking on wondering what was going to be done. Zadok was outside, under a shed, giving some food to his donkey, and taking great pains to make him clean and tidy, as if he were going into very good company. Within, Mary was beginning to dress the children, in the very best clothes she could find, so

neatly and carefully that they wondered what was going to be done with them. The youngest, a little black-eyed boy, with long flowing hair, seemed as if he could never be got right, so much tying and turning before everything was in order.

"Now, I must just whisper to you," said Aunt Mary, "what all this bustle was about. The Lord Jesus Christ had been in the city where they lived, saying beautiful and wonderful things, and Zadok and Mary had been among the crowd, listening to his words. They had once before seen him, when he bade them all sit down on the grass, and fed them with five loaves and two fishes. Now you cannot wonder that they wanted to see and hear him again, and had resolved to follow him on his journey. He had gone over the water to the other side of the river Jordan, and they thought that by keeping this side, and so taking a shorter cut, they might meet him again when he crossed the river into Judea."

After a while Zadok came in from his work, and glanced at his wife and children as if he were a little surprised.

"Why, Mary," he exclaimed, "you are surely not going to take the children; they will only be in our way, and if there is any crowd will prevent our getting near enough to see and hear."

"Oh yes, indeed," said Mary, with a

pleading look, "I am sure we must take them. I want the Lord to give them his blessing."

"Give them his blessing! I am sure we must not ask such a thing. He does not know us, and I am sure he has more than enough to do to help and bless grown-up people. We must not be too forward, though he is so kind."

"Oh but," said Mary, "did you not hear what he said about little children when he was here only the day before yesterday?"

"No," said Zadok; "what was it?"

"Why, his disciples were quarreling one with the other. We could not hear just what they said, but it was about some favour that each was wanting. It so happened that the child of our neighbour, Andrew, the fisherman, was standing near, and the Lord beckoned him to come to him. He was a little frightened at first, but, won by his kind looks, he went. Then he set him in the midst of his disciples, and still keeping hold of his hand, he told them (speaking out loud, so that we who were at a little distance could hear quite plainly) that unless they all became little children they could not enter into the kingdom of heaven, and that whoever made himself lowly, like the little one near him, should be the greatest in the kingdom of heaven, and that he should always take it, that being kind to little children, for his sake, was the same as being kind to him. Then, a little while afterwards, he told them that our Father in heaven had messengers standing before his face that he sent down to little children to help and comfort them."

"Why," said Mary, her face glowing with hope, "if the Saviour comes to us as a little child to see whether we are kind and loving, and keeps bright angels to help little children while they live and take them to heaven when they die, it must be right. He must give his blessing to our little ones if we ask him. I am sure he will."

Zadok could not resist such words; he had never heard them before. He cast one fond loving glance at the children, and said, "They shall go, and let us haste on our journey."

So away they started, the road winding by the shores of a beautiful lake, and almost under the shadow of the high mountains on the other side. They

had not gone far when they saw before them a company of people moving slowly along the road. They soon overtook them, and found three or four men carrying on a mattress, covered with soft straw, a little sick child. He looked very ill, and scarcely fit to be out; and his mother, who walked by his side shading his face from the hot sun, looked at him anxiously, yet not without hope.

"Where are you taking the child?" said Mary.

"I am following the Lord to see if he will heal my child," said the mother; "and I am but trusting to his great love, for if I fail I am afraid the journey will be too much for my child."

Mary said no more to her fellow-traveller on what was moving her so deeply; but whispering her own errand, the two companies passed on their way together—the two mothers keeping near each other.

When they came to the place where they hoped to meet the Saviour, they found that he was still on the other side of the river, and so they had to cross. There was no bridge, but large stones at a little distance from each other, over which they walked easily, as the river was not very deep.

Little Benny, the eldest of Mary's children, wondered how they would get the sick child over; but the men that carried him made nothing of it, and soon bore him over the stream. The little invalid just raised his head and faintly smiled, as he saw the cool clear water streaming away in the sunlight.

The country into which they were come was open and level, so that they could see a long way. And how their hearts beat when, at a turn in the road, they could see a crowd of people standing under the shade of some tall trees. As they drew near the crowd they met a group of people coming away. They were talking very eagerly, and their faces were beaming with joy. Every one of them was looking earnestly into the face of a youth of about eighteen, who was gazing up and about with bewildered delight, as if the morning light had never broken on him before that day. A girl, apparently about his own age, was with one hand holding on to his arm, and with the other feeling over the lad's face, as if to make quite

sure that her brother could see. They stopped just a minute as they came upon the sick child; the girl darted away and whispered in the ear of the mother of the sick child, "Make haste, do not let him go." She was too full to say anything else, and went bounding back to her brother.

The crowd made way for the litter as the men hastened forward with the sick child, while Zadok and Mary, knowing their case was less pressing, stayed behind until they should return. Those few moments seemed hours. Presently the crowd opened again, and, amidst the wonder of all, the poor sick child, that looked only a minute or two before as if his last hour was come, walked away in full health; his mother, all the while, raining on him tears of wild joy.

Mary and Zadok could wait no longer. Zadok seized little Benny, clearing his way through the crowd to where the Lord was. Mary, with her youngest, kept as close behind him as she could; but she could not see much for the great men round her; but she felt the Lord was near, and she listened eagerly. She could catch the sound of cold, hard voices talking very loudly, and then for a moment all the tongues ceased. What would come next?

Her heart sank within her as she heard an angry voice say, "Keep back that child." But in a minute all was changed, for a voice she could not mis-

take—so heavenly in its sweetness—lushed those angry sounds, and said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

In a moment more those blessed hands were on her children's heads, and his tender, loving look resting on them all. What he said to them was in a soft, low sweet voice, so that no one heard but Zadok, and Mary, and the children.

Ah! what a happy company went back that day to Capernaum. Mary loved her children before, but ever after that day she handled them and talked to them as if they belonged to heaven. In course of time the two boys grew up to be men, and had a boat and fishing nets all their own; but they never forgot that day; for often when the gentle winds from Lebanon carried their white sails along the lake, they would sit silently and think of the Saviour's words of love and blessing, and each knew what the other was thinking about.

"Is it true?" said one of the children to Aunt Mary.

"Yes," said Aunt Mary, "very nearly as I have told it to you, only that I have put in some names, and I have told you the story for you to understand that the kind words that Jesus said about little children made the people bring them to him, and I am sure he yearns to give you all a blessing now."

Our Sunday Schools.

TRY AGAIN!

"WILL you let your son attend Sunday school, ma'am?" said a Sunday school teacher to a mother who did not cherish the fear of God in her heart.

"I don't care if he does, for I am glad to get him out of the house, especially on Sundays. He is an unruly fellow; and if you can manage him, I shall be glad, for I'm sure I can't."

With this ungracious permission from the mother, the teacher took the boy. But the good man soon found that this boy was more than he could manage.

Though only ten years old, he soon became the plague of the class and the Arab of the whole school. He was brim-full of antics. Now he would pinch a child near him till he screamed, and, when charged with the offence, stoutly deny it, with a face grave and solemn. Vainly did the teacher rebuke and entreat. Wickedness and mischief were his delight, and he would not be restrained. Finding him so incurably disobedient, the teacher had him turned out of the school. But when the deed was done he reflected, "I have turned that boy out of the school. Into what

have I turned him? The streets—to the care of a mother who has no control over him whatever. What will become of him? He will certainly be ruined. I cannot give him up; I will try him again.”

Once more, then, the boy was taken into the teacher's class. But he had by no means improved by his expulsion. He was as reckless, troublesome, ungovernable as before. No school could tolerate such a pupil.

What more could the teacher do? He tried a new method. He took the little rebel, after school, into a small class-room, and begged him to kneel by his side. The boy knelt; the teacher prayed; and the heart of the boy was touched. The teacher arose, and, taking the hand of the pupil, told him how Jesus loved his soul, and died to save it. The boy's heart melted. The tears poured down his cheeks; and, between the intervals of his own sobs and his teacher's remarks, he said:—

“I never knew this before. I never thought of it before. I never believed any one loved me. I never thought I was wicked, and that Jesus saw me.”

That half hour of prayer and personal instruction did the work. The young rebel was subdued. His heart was won. Henceforth he became a quiet, industrious, faithful scholar. The seeds of a strong, healthy piety grew apace with him.

Years rolled on, and that wild boy became an upright man—a Christian sailor. He is now mate of a large merchant vessel; a distributor of tracts, Bibles, and religious books; the supporter of his mother and family; and the zealous friend of his former teacher. In a word, all that surplus vitality which, when guided by his self-will and fancy, made him so intractable, is now turned into channels of Christian activity, and he is as earnest for Christ as he was formerly for Satan.

Our Societies.

THE BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

At the time we write, the annual meetings of the Baptist Societies are being held in the metropolis. It is impossible that we should give any account of these meetings, the proceedings of which will be found reported at length in *The Freeman*. All we can do is to give our readers some extracts from the Annual Reports.

The Report of the Baptist Missionary Society is occupied chiefly, of course, with an account of the efforts which have been made to meet the anticipated deficiency in the funds. “In calling attention,” they say, “to the financial condition of the Society in 1863, and the prospects then before them, the Committee entered very fully into the whole question—supplying all the information which it was in their power to give, as to the cause of the diminution in the income, and strongly enforcing the necessity of increased efforts to meet the requirements of the present year. It will be remembered that the accounts closed with a debt of £1,176 10s. 5d. against the Society, and your Committee at once took steps to obtain donations to meet it. It was hoped, too, that the causes which had produced this

loss of income would soon pass away, and that the resources of the Society would again flow into their wonted channels. But this hope was not realised; for up to July last there was a continued falling off in the receipts, and the Executive deemed it right, thus early in the year, to call the attention of the Finance Committee to the subject. They at once directed an estimate of receipts and expenditure, based on the balance-sheet of 1863, to be prepared; from which it was seen that, if no improvement took place, there would, in all probability, be a debt of £8,000 on the 31st of March. They felt it to be their duty at once to report the fact to the Committee, who, after most prayerful consideration, directed the Secretaries to prepare a statement, to be placed in the hands of the Committee prior to their Quarterly Meeting in October. Thus furnished with full information as to the liabilities of the year, and its financial prospects, they met, and, as godly men, they first sought, in prayer to God, for wisdom to guide them in their proceedings, and courage and zeal to carry out the plans on which they might resolve. Two courses were plainly open to them—to reduce the expenditure by recalling some of the missionaries, or to appeal to the

churches to make an effort to meet the expected deficiency, and raise the annual income to an amount sufficient to maintain the Society's operations. With one heart and voice the brethren declined to discuss the first alternative at all. They very justly said, 'All recent extensions of the mission have been undertaken mainly at the expressed wish of the churches. They have a right to be consulted. Let us go to them first, and hear what they have to say in this crisis.' To carry out this unanimous resolve, the Secretaries were requested to supply the fullest information possible, through the Society's periodicals and other publications; and the pastors and members of Committee present, with the kindest consideration for the Executive, resolved to do the work in their several districts themselves; and engagements were speedily made for a series of public meetings, and a thorough canvass of the subscribers. In the good work Yorkshire took the lead, followed from time to time by the County Auxiliaries. Meanwhile, Conferences, consisting of pastors, deacons, and members of churches, were called in London, Bristol, Northampton, Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, Cambridge, Accrington, Huddersfield, Norwich, and Glasgow; and the committees of several Associations also met, and, with scarcely an exception, resolutions were passed at these gatherings expressing cordial sympathy with the Committee in their anxieties, of thorough confidence in their direction of the Society's affairs, and of a determination to help them to the utmost of their power. These resolutions embraced two objects—an effort to meet the present emergency, and to prevent, if possible, a recurrence of it, by raising the annual income to a much higher standard. Without attempting to record minutely what has been done by the churches, it is worthy of note that the first who sent up contributions were two small, and it may be truly said, poor churches,—one in Camberwell, the other near Preston. From the first was received, as the result of a 'tea meeting,' over £14; and from the other, as the product of an active canvass, the members not numbering more than forty-three, £50, which was afterwards raised to £65. In neither of these cases could such amounts have been realized, but for an enlarged spirit of liberality, zeal, and self-denial. As the work began in this spirit, so it has gone on. The plans adopted have been various, adapted to the circumstances of each community and district; but the aim has been one, and the effort general. The result has not been secured by the large gifts of a few who possessed

large means, but by the hearty union of all classes,—not by a spasmodic effort, but by a continuous giving,—the young in our churches and congregations shewing the same hearty zeal and liberality as their elders. The incidents which have come to the knowledge of your Committee have often been striking. The proofs that love for the Mission is both deep and strong have been abundant. It seemed as if it only needed the pressure of some such an emergency to bring into play the devout and earnest feeling of olden times; and now that it has been evoked, may it be kept alive by fervent prayer, and animated to enlarged enterprise by unwonted success in the fields of labour! The result of these combined efforts has been a gross income for the current year of £34,419 11s. 2d., the largest which has been received since the Jubilee in 1842. The total expenditure has been £31,695 15s. 8d. So that, not only is the old debt paid off and the expected deficit fully met, but there remains a balance in the Treasurer's hands of £2,723 15s. 6d. It will be seen that there is the very large increase in the General Purpose Fund of £5,284 11s. 2d. Without doubt a considerable portion of this is *Special*; but from want of accurate information, the Committee are not able to say how much. Though the expenditure is not quite so large as was estimated, owing mainly to the care which the missionaries as well as the Executive have taken to check it, without impairing the efficiency of the Society's operations; on the other hand, the Press has not been called on to advance so largely, and a grant of £500 from the Committee of the Bible Translation Society came too late to be entered in the present accounts. The balance-sheet, which the Treasurer will submit, is therefore a tolerably exact representation of the actual financial position."

With much gratification and thankfulness to God, our readers will peruse this part of the Report. The rest of it is devoted to detailed accounts of the labours of the missionaries; and is, on the whole, very gratifying. We have room for only one quotation:—"Although additions to the churches of Christ by baptism have taken place, with few exceptions, in all the districts occupied by the Society's missionaries, they have not been by any means large. As compared with earlier periods, the converts of each five or ten years show a constantly increasing rate; but not one that can as yet be said to correspond with the magnitude of the population, or perhaps with the agency employed. Although many of the reports of the missionaries especially refer to the

small number of open adhesions to the cause of Christ with sorrow, yet the Committee do not remember any year in which the missionaries have expressed themselves with so much confidence as to the result, or have so emphatically called attention to the great revolution in progress in public sentiment. It has long been evident that all past labours in India must be regarded in the light of preparation, a sowing of seed for a harvest yet to appear. Observant men have indeed noted the gradual breaking up of the icy indifference so characteristic of the native mind. The most sacred institutions have from time to time exhibited the signs of decay; and they were assured that under the apparent immobility of the mass there were forces at work that would eventually prevail. But the past year has been remarkably fruitful in proof that this expectation is no blind hope, that the superstitions of the people have verily received a blow from the Spirit of Truth under which they are staggering to their fall. Of the general bearing of the people, Mr. Morgan remarks, after an experience of nearly a quarter of a century:—"The Hindoos, generally, are well disposed to hear, and there is great difference between their conduct now and twenty-four years ago. Then, respectable young men used to force tracts out of my hand, and tear them to bits before my face. Another man would take a handful of dust, and throw it in my eyes. Brahmins were outrageously violent, and made use of the most violent and abusive language. No one would dare to do such a thing now." Our aged and revered missionary, the Rev. J. Williamson, possessing a still longer knowledge of India, says:—"Though not many of the surrounding heathen have yet come into the kingdom of heaven, they seem to be gradually advancing towards it. The preachers of the Gospel are now regarded more as friends than foes. Instead of hatred and abusive language, together with sometimes more tangible weapons of opposition, they are generally welcomed, provided with seats, and sometimes asked to come again. Many believe that the Christian religion is true, and their own false, especially idolatry, which is less practised than formerly, and by some given up altogether." The narratives of itineraries through the southern and eastern districts of Bengal, and in the provinces of the North-West, all bear the same testimony."

THE BAPTIST IRISH SOCIETY.

THE Committee of the Baptist Irish Society state in their report that, while

the financial affairs of the Society had occasioned considerable anxiety as to the maintenance of the income by ordinary contributions, an unusually large bequest had, happily, prevented any fear of a deficiency of funds to meet the expenditure of the present year. A portion of this bequest has been very prudently reserved for future use. The operations of the Society in Ireland have been of an unusually encouraging nature. Four new stations have been adopted, and four new agents have been appointed. The new stations are—Carrickfergus, occupied by Mr. Hamilton, late of Belfast; Grange, occupied by Mr. Bourn, formerly at Portadown; Tandragee, where Mr. Taylor, a member of the church at Portadown, has been stationed; and Closkelt, where a very interesting church has been gathered by Mr. Macrory, formerly a Presbyterian elder. Mr. Douglas, who had been formerly employed by the Irish Evangelical Society, has been stationed at Portadown; and Mr. O'Dell, of Hull, has taken charge of the cause at Rathmines, Dublin. The Committee report with great satisfaction that three of these brethren are natives of Ireland, and very properly add:—"A native ministry must have peculiar advantages. It is, therefore, highly satisfactory to be able to report that ten of the agents now labouring in Ireland are Irishmen. It will be well to keep attention directed to the employment of such in future years." The following are the statements relative to the agency employed and the amount of population reached:—"It is cause for gratitude and hope that, in a country like Ireland, where Popery shuts out so large a portion of the people, and where other denominational prejudices prevail so strongly, the operations of the Society should be as widely extended as they are. Sixteen ministerial agents occupy seventeen principal stations, and carry the Gospel periodically or occasionally to nearly one hundred out stations; so that five thousand persons in Ireland hear from their lips of the sole sacrifice and priesthood of the Lord Jesus Christ, and of the necessity of being born again by the Holy Ghost. Upwards of eight hundred children are also taught in the schools, which are conducted under the superintendence of these brethren; and many families, Romanist as well as Protestant, are visited by the readers employed in the counties Sligo and Westmeath. It is also to be remembered that many of the ministerial agents of the Society are constantly engaged in the unostentatious but important work of household visitations. One of these brethren reports nine hundred and sixty visits as having been paid

by him during the last year. The whole amount of agency in constant operation will thus be seen to be very large in proportion to the means entrusted to the Society."

The *spiritual results* of the Mission are very encouraging. The Committee advert to these with great pleasure. They are, indeed, such as may well be recognized with much gratification by all friends of evangelical truth; and must go very far to shew that the Irish Mission is doing a work well worthy of the liberal support of British Christians:—"The spiritual results of the Mission during the last year demand special notice. Including the new churches now reported, one hundred and eighty-eight members have been received into Christian fellowship. During the years 1861-2-3, which period does not include the year of the revival, five hundred and forty-nine persons have been united in church membership. The total number now in church fellowship is one thousand. It is also worthy of distinct and devout acknowledgment that the honour has been conferred on an infant church, gathered by this Society, of sending forth two missionaries for foreign service, one of whom is now labouring in Ceylon, and the other in China. Ireland has thus been privileged to render service of the highest form to the great and glorious cause of missions to the heathen."

The report closes with some appropriate remarks on the JUBILEE of the Society. After quoting from the statements on this subject made last year, the Committee add:—"The special effort in behalf of the Foreign Mission, which has already been referred to, has rendered it unadvisable at present to prosecute the appeal for special contributions towards the Jubilee Fund of the Baptist Irish Society. Nor would it be prudent to do so immediately after the necessities of the Foreign Mission have been so generously supplied. It is hoped, however, that in the autumn and winter of the present year the appeal from the Irish Society may be fairly presented, and that the friends of Christian missions in general will then exercise the greater liberality, because of the temporary diminution of its ordinary income, and the postponement of its special appeal for a Jubilee Fund. It will be for the incoming Committee to determine the objects to which such fund shall be devoted. They may probably divide these objects into three classes—viz., the extension of the Society's operations in general; the erection of new chapels; and the education in IRELAND of young men for the Christian ministry in that country." We congratulate the

Committee on having such a report to present; and trust that the energy which so evidently characterises the operations of the Society, and the happy results which have been obtained, will secure for the Irish Mission a large increase of hearty and liberal support.

THE BAPTIST BUILDING FUND.

THE Thirty-ninth Report of the Baptist Building Fund shows that the system of helping the churches to pay their chapel debts by loans, repayable by instalments without interest, is still working successfully. The loans are received with much satisfaction, and the required repayments are punctually made. The income of the Society from contributions, which in 1859-60 and 1861 averaged less than £500, was increased to £850 in the following year, and to £1600 in the year now under review. Very valuable statistics of chapel building and chapel debts have been collected, by which it appears that during the year 1863, in England only, 24 new chapels were opened, and 14 old ones were enlarged or improved, and 19 others were in course of erection at the end of the year. These chapels provided sittings for 12,735 worshippers, being an increase of 10,025 sittings, which is equal to 50 per 1,000 of the increased population in the year. This is a gratifying result, as the census of 1851 shows only an accommodation, in Baptist chapels, of 37 per 1,000 of population. It further appears that the denomination in England raised during the year 1863 the sum of £66,000 for chapel building, debt, and interest; and that the existing debt on these new chapels, and on 187 older ones, now amounts to upwards of £100,000,—at which figure it seems likely to remain, because, as old debts are reduced, new debts are incurred. These statistics have been collected with a view to ascertain the extent of operations open to the Fund; and the Committee therefore boldly ask the Christian public that the loan fund, now amounting to somewhat over £10,000, may be increased to £100,000, and vigorous measures are to be adopted to secure this amount by a denominational subscription. Much stress is laid on the fact, that the burden of *interest* to pay on chapel debts is one great cause of trouble, and is usually a direct charge on the slender incomes of our ministerial brethren. If the proposed loan fund could be raised, it would have the effect of adding £5,000 a year to the incomes of pastors, and would most materially assist in building new chapels wherever they are required. An appendix to the Report exhibits the

several cases assisted by the Fund to the number of fifteen—amongst them we observe four in Lancashire, which were taken out of rotation on account of the prevailing distress in the district. We notice also that Sir S. M. Peto's generous offer to erect four metropolitan chapels, and pay half the expense himself on condition that

half the amount should be raised by special contributions to the building fund, has met with only a partial response. £1,750 is required for the first chapel, but as yet only about £700 has been received; while there are promises for £477 towards the other three. Will each of our readers send 10s. or £1 towards each chapel?

Intelligence.

FOREIGN.

FURTHER PERSECUTION OF MR. ALF IN POLAND.—Our readers have already been informed, through our pages, of the imprisonment of our brother Mr. Alf, and of his release from prison,—also of the gratifying results of his labours while in confinement for the good of his fellow-prisoners. In a recent letter, Mr. Alf gives particulars of further persecutions he has been called to undergo. His letter will be read with deep interest:—

“Kiening, February 11, 1864.

“Dear Brother Oncken,—It is written that ‘through much tribulation we must enter into the kingdom of God.’ The truth of this I am daily made to experience. I have again to inform you of fresh trials encountered in Poland. There are two things which I have recently been taught in a very explicit manner, namely:—first, that there is a God who watches over and protects his people; and, secondly, that there is a devil, who, as liar, murderer, and deceiver, goes about seeking whom he may devour, and who uses the unconverted as instruments in persecuting the church, and in seeking to hinder the progress of Christ's kingdom.

“I have already informed you that only recently I obtained my dismissal from the prison at Pultusk, where I, along with the brethren there, had to endure great hardships. In prison I had a diversity of ills to struggle against—hunger, cold, vermin, and (not least) the temptations of Satan. At present it seems as if he were intent on having my life. There was but a step between me and death. On the 26th January I left Adamow, and went with my family to Kiening, where I had made up my mind to live, because I have here the greatest amount of work to perform. I had also in prospect the formidable journey to Russia, for which I had four months ago obtained a pass. Owing to the distance, and because I had loads of books to take with me, I found it impossible to accomplish this journey on foot; I therefore bought a horse, for which I paid 55 Russian roubles. Just before setting out this horse broke loose and ran away, and I have not seen or heard anything of him since. I then bought a second, for which I paid 50 roubles,

and shall set out (God willing) on this difficult journey in the course of next week. Before my departure, however, I felt anxious to visit all our stations in Poland, in order to make a hurried round among the brethren. In the beginning of January I visited the stations behind Warsaw, Padolle, Wadislau, Meroze, Lousik, and Mcnsow. I found everywhere hereabout only a remnant of our members, many having migrated to Russia during the disturbance, others we had been obliged to exclude. In Meroze they were all excluded except five souls, and these were also in a not very healthy condition. Nine had been excluded on account of drinking brandy. Although I had had externally many difficulties to contend with, still no danger to my life presented itself, and after a few days I returned in safety to Adamow. On the day fixed for my departure I baptized two converts, on which account I had to remain a day longer. On the 30th January I made a journey up the Vistula to Bogasin, which nearly cost me my life. In this district there had been, a short time before, a great awakening, which had now somewhat, although not entirely, subsided. Here in the beautiful river Vistula I baptized twenty-two converts. As the unconverted cherished an intense hatred against them, there arose consequently a persecution. This gratified our opponents, who accused us to the wandering insurgents. One of the ringleaders happened to be in the neighbourhood; they went to him, gave him money, and entreated him to make an end of the Baptists, or at least so to persecute them that they might not increase in number. They propagated the most wretched calumnies against us; for example,—said that the Baptists hewed down crucifixes, burnt or otherwise destroyed sacred pictures, and called the other churches by the name of ‘Harlot’; said, in regard to other churches, that their prayers and ordinances were pure idolatry, and that, as to themselves, they alone were holy and acceptable to God. All these lies were at once believed, and they lost no time in seeking to vent their rage upon us. The natives they did not meddle with, but as soon as a stranger, and particularly a missionary, should appear, they resolved immediately to hang him. Consequently, during the sum-

mer, three of the brethren had already been put in confinement and threatened with death. Again, in January, about fourteen days before my arrival, another attack was made upon our mission in the person of Brother Rafulski, whom they would have killed, if he had not succeeded in breaking loose and making off from them. This occurred about ten miles from Bogasin, in Bulkow. Oftener than once were the brethren taken before a magistrate, who only ordered them to be sent home to their own district, and that they should not again come within his boundaries; the second time he admitted that they were right, but added that on account of the excitement among the people, he dared not venture to take them under his protection, adding that if they wished to kill them it would not be in his power to prevent it. This persecution extended immediately to Bogasin, Bulkow, and Cierwiesk, where about thirty of the brethren live. On the 30th Jan. I met the two brethren Boskowski and Sculz here, where on the same day we held a meeting which was much blessed. On the Sabbath the brethren from the stations came together in Bogasin, with great fear and trembling, it is true; still the most were of opinion that nobody would disturb us. In the forenoon I preached from Acts ii. 42, on the right kind of steadfastness. And in the afternoon from John vi. 67, "Will ye also go away?" After which we held a church-meeting, when, with the help of God, we sought to put all in order again, and then proceeded to the ordinance of the Supper. About ten o'clock we had finished: it had been a blessed day to us: it had only come too soon to an end. We could have wished the enjoyment prolonged. The younger members rejoiced, singing hymns, whilst those who lived at a distance prepared themselves for their journey. The meeting was protracted till half-past eleven. Many of the brethren had already departed, when all at once five armed men burst into the room in search of Brother Rafulski, who had run away not long before. They came in front of me, holding pistols in their hands, and asked what sort of a man I was; and when I told my name they did not more wish for Rafulski; on the contrary, they were much better pleased with Alf. They requested me to go with them. 'To where?' I asked. 'You already know,' they replied; and then they told me I must go to the preacher at Wiszogood. 'It is night,' I rejoined; 'we can wait; it will be time enough to-morrow.' 'You must come immediately.' Two of them seized hold of me by the arms and began to drag me towards the door. A few of the brethren then sprang forwards and would not allow me to be taken, because when once they get one into their clutches, they seldom let him away in life. I tore myself from them and ran into another room, and through this one into a small apartment at the other end, out of which, however, I could find no egress. I then perceived a cellar, into which I quickly sprang in the utmost fright. They followed with a light, sought in all directions, but could not

find me. All at once they discovered the cellar, opened the door and pointed the pistols within, calling out that if I did not immediately come forth they would shoot me dead. I came out to face death. They seized hold of me by the arm, and carried me off with all possible speed. The brethren sprang again between us, and entreated for me, but in vain. The struggle became every moment more violent; the enemy would have me out, and the brethren resisted. At last it came between death and life. My coat and vest were already in tatters, and lay upon the ground. The coat which I got from Hamburg hung in shreds down to my feet, and I had nothing left on me but my trousers and shirt, the latter covered over with blood. Brother Bankoski had received two wounds in the head; another brother had been shot in the shoulder, the ball having carried away part of his coat, without having inflicted any further injury. Another shot was fired: it lodged in the bed without hurting any one. I became quite faint, could scarcely move, and felt as if my joints were dislocated. I thought there was nothing for me but to die. A sister had gone into the village to seek help, but nobody troubled themselves about us. I called to my enemies, 'If I am to die by your hands I had rather die here;' and whilst they pointed the loaded pistols at my breast and forehead, I said, 'Do as you like; shoot me dead if you will.' Nobody fired, but they proceeded to drag me out, some seizing hold of my feet, others of my head and shoulders; and thus they went with me as so many wolves with a sheep. In this manner they dragged me about one hundred yards towards the conveyance which they had brought, and then threw me into it. Two fellows threw themselves upon me, muffing my eyes and stopping my ears, and thus I was hunted forth with wild cries of delight. The brethren were in the utmost distress, and shed many tears, but could do nothing to save me further than committing me to God in prayer. He alone can help where human aid is unavailing. Every moment I expected to die. In my heart was perfect peace and quiet, and even joy. All at once my fears had been stilled. After they had driven me about a mile, amid shouting and crying, they proposed to turn into the next wood, and then began to ask one another, 'Where shall we hang him up?' To which the leader replied, 'Drive to the Vistula, and throw him into the water into which he himself has recently thrown and tormented so many people,' referring to the twenty-two converts whom I had there recently baptized. The following questions were then put to me:—1st. Whether I came from God? 2nd. Whether I could speak to God? 3rd. In what manner I baptized, and for what reason did I baptize an individual for the second time, seeing that everyone was baptized in infancy by the parish minister? After I had answered all those questions, and they could find nothing further whereof to accuse me, they asked me to perform a miracle; some suggested that I should walk upon the water like Jesus;

others mocked and said, 'Speak to God, and we shall hear if he will answer. You have no God, otherwise he should not have permitted you to fall into our hands. Where is now thy God? Call upon him, and he will help thee. See, we can do with you just what we like—hang you, or drown you, or beat you to death; who will hinder us?' I replied, 'What good can it do you, although you should kill me? I am quite innocent, have done nothing to deserve death at your hands, and were you to kill me you must be answerable to God for my life. My people are also innocent; they have done you no injury. You yourselves hewed down the crucifixes, and threw out the pictures.' 'And you,' they retorted, 'deserve to be hanged upon a cross.' We were nearing the Vistula, the waggon was drawn up, and they accompanied me on foot towards the river. We had already come so near that we could see the ice. They halted, and the leader asked, 'How much will you give us if we let you go? For a hundred roubles we will set you free.' The others said, 'Lay him down rather, and we will give him a hundred blows.' I replied that I had no money to give, but that I wished with all my heart that they might be led to believe in Jesus, and so become children of God, and escape everlasting condemnation. 'Do you think, then, we shall be lost, and that you only will be saved?' " "Except ye repent and believe on the Lord Jesus, ye cannot be saved," so it is written.' 'Go, go, you are a stupid man. How can you know who shall be saved or lost? You would perhaps also return here if we spared your life this time?' 'To be sure; I must return to visit our members, and in order that others may be converted.' 'You don't convert the people, you only mislead them.' 'I do not lead anybody to lie, steal, or do injury to their fellow-creatures; on the contrary, that they should love and pray for all men.' 'Do you pray, then, for us?' 'To be sure, also for you.' 'Why don't you pray, then, that we may gain the victory over the Russians?' 'Turn to God first, and with his help you shall gain all, and heaven also, the true fatherland.' I was then cast into a dungeon, and after an hour two of them returned, wrenched the lock with force, and let me out. Two brethren had come after me; they had begged for my life, and given twenty-one roubles as a ransom. In the morning, when the others came and wished to know where I was, these two said that the Baptists had come and stolen me away in the night whilst they slept: 'See, the lock has been broken up.'

"Dear brother, all this I have recently undergone. You and all believers must feel how necessary it is to pray for Poland at this time. Lately, I baptized in Ricini nineteen other souls, and about ten more are ready to be baptized. Our meetings are so largely attended that we can hardly find room for all who come. We must really try to build a house, but the poverty is so great I know not where the money is to come from.

"I am, your brother in the Lord,
"G. F. ALF."

DOMESTIC.

BLENHEIM CHAPEL, LEEDS.—On Friday, March 25, services in connection with the opening of this chapel were held, and attracted numerous gatherings of friends from the neighbourhood. The new buildings consist of a chapel capable of accommodating 600 persons, a school-room in the rear 53 feet by 30 feet, a lecture-room, infants' class-room, and three other classrooms beneath the school-room, vestries, a tea-room, and various other apartments and conveniences. The site is a commanding one, occupying a prominent angle at the corner of Blackman Lane, in Woodhouse Lane. At present the front of the building is set back considerably from Woodhouse Lane, but it is contemplated eventually to bring it forward about 15 feet. The existing building is, therefore, shortened in its intended proportions, and will, doubtless, present a very handsome appearance when extended. The extension of the chapel will increase the accommodation to upwards of 900 persons. The sermon on the Friday morning, by the Rev. H. S. Brown, of Liverpool, was preached to a crowded audience. A little before one o'clock about eighty ladies and gentlemen partook of a cold collation provided in the school-room. In addition to some of the gentlemen present at the sermon, were the Revs. H. S. Brown, W. Thomas, Dr. Crofts, R. Horsfield, &c. After ample justice had been done to the repast, the pastor, the Rev. Dr. Brewer, gave a short address, and called upon Mr. Arton Binns, the chairman of the building committee, to submit a statement of its proceedings. The total cost of the land, buildings, and furniture is little over £5,100, towards which about £4,500 is already paid or promised, leaving a balance of about £600 to be raised at the opening services and at a bazaar. Speeches were afterwards made by Mr. James Holroyd, Mr. Paull (architect), Mr. Thomas, Dr. Crofts, and Mr. Brown. At five o'clock, a very numerous company partook of tea. After introductory remarks by the chairman (Rev. Dr. Brewer), the Rev. J. Makepeace gave an address on "The Church of Christ in relation to individual effort;" and the Rev. W. Best, B.A., on "The Church of Christ in relation to the world." The opening services were continued on the following Sunday by the Rev. J. P. Chown preaching to crowded congregations; during the Easter week a bazaar was held in the school-rooms, which realised about £250; and on the Sunday following (April 3rd), the Rev. S. G. Green, B.A., President of Rawdon College, preached in the morning; and in the afternoon addressed the scholars of

the several Baptist schools in the town, when the chapel presented a dense mass of juvenile auditors that must have greatly cheered the preacher's heart. The interesting services were brought to a conclusion by a united communion service, presided over by the Rev. Dr. Acworth, at the close of which a collection was made on behalf of the widows and orphans of our Baptist missionaries. The sum realised by these several services, inclusive of that collected at the bazaar and the amount realised at the communion service, was about £370—thus leaving between £200 and £300 still to be raised.

SOUTH PARADE CHAPEL, LEEDS.—This building, which has been closed since the 1st of February, was again used for Divine service on Sunday, April 10th, when sermons were preached, in the morning by the Rev. J. Makepeace, of Bradford, and in the evening by the Rev. R. N. Young (Wesleyan), to large congregations. The alterations made include the re-pewing of the body of the chapel, a better system of lighting, the erection of a new organ, the improvement of the Sunday-school accommodation, and general decoration of the interior and painting of the exterior. The works have been executed under the superintendence of Mr. W. Hill, architect, of Albion Street, at a total cost of £1,100. To meet this the friends connected with the place have subscribed £847, and the sale of the small organ previously used and of the pewing, &c., has realised £79; leaving about £175 to be met by the opening services and further contributions. On Tuesday evening, April 12th, the new organ was formally opened, when Mr. Wm. Holt, of Leeds, the builder, presided at the instrument, and displayed its powers to great advantage. The selection of music included many favourite pieces, and was exceedingly well received. The services were continued on the following Thursday evening, when the Rev. W. Landels, of London, preached an able sermon: and on Sunday, April 17th, when sermons were preached by the Revs. W. Best, B.A. (pastor), and E. R. Conder, M.A. On Thursday evening, the 21st April, a public tea meeting was held in the school-room, when about 300 sat down to tea. A crowded meeting, presided over by the Rev. W. Best, B.A., was afterwards addressed by the Rev. J. P. Chown (who presented the pastor with a handsome pulpit bible and hymn-book, as a mark of affection and esteem from the young people), Revs. Dr. Brewer, J. Tunnicliffe, J. Compston (Barnsley), &c. In the course of the evening, a statement was read

showing a balance of about £112 remaining against the treasurer. A further subscription was immediately commenced in the room. In a very short time the chairman was enabled to announce, amidst much cheering, that over £100 had been promised.

SHIRLEY, HANTS.—On Tuesday evening, March 29th, a most interesting service was held in the Baptist chapel, Shirley, to celebrate the completion of a new school-room. This room has been erected at the back of the chapel, and is very spacious and commodious, being 30ft. by 30ft. 6in., and 14ft. in height, with open roof. There is in this nothing remarkable; but the feature which calls for special observation is the mode by which the work was done. It is a fact that every brick in that building was laid, every piece of timber squared and fitted, and every nail driven, by the freely-given labour of the handicraftsmen forming part of the church and congregation. They felt the want, and they set their hands to the work, and being unable to contribute to the payment of skilled workmen, they did contribute that which they had it in their power to give,—their own time and energy and skill. After the labours of the day were over, denying themselves the rest which they often sorely needed, they repaired to the work to which they had consecrated themselves, and far into the night might be heard the sound of axe and hammer, trowel and plane, as slowly but surely the walls were being reared. And now the work is done from roof to foundation, the building is complete, and the members who filled that room on March 29th, and sat down to a comfortable tea, could well appreciate the amount of self-denying labour which had been bestowed upon it. A meeting was held in the chapel after the tea, presided over by the Hon. James Price, of Yewberry House, and there were also present the Revs. R. Caven and J. Collins, of Southampton, J. B. Burt, of Beaulieu, J. Walters, of Freemantle, and Dr. Perrey, the pastor of the church. After a short address from the chairman, upon the necessity and benefits of religious education, the treasurer presented his report, from which it appeared that £97 3s. 7d. had been raised, and £101 17s. 1d. expended for materials, leaving a balance of £4 13s. 6d. due to the treasurer, and about £10 5s. outstanding bills, and further necessary outlay, being altogether £15, which he hoped would be raised by that meeting. The meeting was brought to a conclusion shortly after nine o'clock. We are happy to say that almost all the money needed was raised at the meeting.

NORLAND, NEAR HALIFAX.—On Friday, March 25th, a Baptist church was formed at this place. The circumstances connected with the rise of the new interest were somewhat unusual. The persons now constituting the Baptist church had for some time been in communion with a Reform Methodist Church in the neighbourhood, but recently, rigid terms of subscription having been presented as the ground of future fellowship, secession was determined upon. An upper room was furnished as the place of meeting *pro tem.*, and opened for Divine service about twelve months since by Mr. John Clay, a member of the First Baptist church, Halifax. At this time the question of Christian baptism engaged the attention of the new congregation, two of whom were already baptized. The result of inquiry and deliberation was that the remainder decided for baptism, and applied to the Rev. Thomas Michael, of Halifax, who accordingly immersed them on the 25th of February, at Pellon Lane chapel, in the presence of a large congregation. On Friday, the 25th of March, the following services were held by the Revs. T. Michael, of Halifax, and J. Green, of Hebden Bridge. In the morning, Mr. Green discoursed on the nature and objects of a Christian church, and Mr. Michael on the offices of a bishop and deacons; after which a statement of doctrine, in the words of Scripture, was read as that which the people generally maintained; and, on this basis, Mr. Michael formed them into a church. Subsequently to this ceremony deacons were elected, and the morning service concluded with the celebration of the Lord's Supper; many friends from Halifax and Hebden Bridge communing with the infant church. An early tea having been provided, a crowded evening meeting was held, the Rev. T. Michael taking the chair; Messrs. S. Fawcett, J. Clay, Ostler, and Magson, of Halifax; Rev. J. Green and Mr. William Clay, of Hebden Bridge, and other friends, addressing the assembly on the relations of church and congregation. These proceedings excited great interest, and attracted a large number of friends from Halifax and other places.

UPTON CHAPEL, LAMBETH ROAD, LONDON.—The public opening of Upton Chapel, erected in the Lambeth Road for the Baptist congregation formerly meeting in Church Street, Blackfriars Road, and called after the Rev. James Upton, who was during forty-eight years the pastor of the church, took place on Tuesday, March 22nd. In the morning the Rev. William Brock preached to a numerous audience. A company of more than 200 ladies and

gentlemen afterwards dined in the large hall of Taylor's Repository, Elephant and Castle, the arrangements having been superintended by Mr. T. Phillips, a deacon of the Metropolitan Tabernacle. The chair was taken by Edward B. Underhill, Esq. The toast of "The Queen" having been fully honoured, the sentiments, "Prosperity to the Pastor, Deacons, and Church of Upton Chapel," and "Long Life to the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, and Success to his College," became the subject of appropriate speeches. The interesting incident occurred of the presentation to the architect, Mr. J. E. Goodchild, by the Rev. G. D. Evans (pastor), of the English Hexapla, containing a suitable inscription on the fly-leaf. Thanks were cordially voted to Mr. Underhill, as chairman, and were acknowledged. The school-room of the new chapel was immediately after filled by a large tea-party, and at seven o'clock the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon preached to a congregation that crowded the edifice to the doors. The opening services were continued on the following Sunday. Upton Chapel, which faces Bethlehem Hospital, is a very handsome building, seating 732 persons, exclusive of children's gallery. There are connected with it a school-room for 500 children; minister's, deacons', and chapel vestries; a suite of rooms for chapel-keeper; three class-rooms and kitchen; besides minister's residence, with a large plot of garden-ground in the rear. The cost has not, we believe, exceeded £6,500.

LYDBROOK, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.—On Friday, March 25th, the foundation-stone of a new Baptist chapel was laid here by Dr. Batten, of Coleford. The day being so fine and so warm in this lovely valley of the Wye, a great number of persons assembled on the lofty hills and eminences around to witness the scene. The proceedings commenced at three o'clock, when Mr. Watkinson, the pastor, gave out the opening hymn, and the Rev. M. S. Ridley engaged in prayer. Then Dr. Batten laid the stone, and on it he stood and addressed the auditory with a few suitable preliminary remarks; and from the same stone the Rev. J. E. Cracknell, Cheltenham (successor to the late Rev. J. Smith), gave an excellent address, after which he closed with singing and prayer. Several sums having been laid upon the stone, the friends met to the number of 321 to tea in the assembly-room at the Anchor Inn. After tea, they reassembled and filled the spacious room, when Dr. Batten took the chair. After singing and prayer, the chairman called upon Mr. Watkinson to read the report, which included several items, such as buying

the old chapel for £108, the beautiful site for the new chapel and land for cemetery (which is enrolled for the Baptist denomination) for £80, and included funds of the day for upwards of £80. Two friends had also promised £50 towards the debt. The report having been read, excellent addresses were delivered by the Revs. P. Pree, Cinderford; M. S. Ridley, Lydney; W. Nicholson, Parkend; J. E. Cracknell, Cheltenham; and by Messrs. W. Rhodes, Cinderford, and C. Roberts, Ross. Mr. Tyndall, of Woodside (after thanks being recorded to Dr. Batten, Mr. Rudge, Mr. Hancorn, and the ladies), concluded the meeting with prayer.

HIGHGATE, MIDDLESEX.—On Thursday, April 7th, some interesting services were held at the Baptist chapel, Highgate, in connection with the settlement of the Rev. John H. Barnard, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College. In the morning, the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon preached to a crowded audience from Ezekiel xxxvi. 9, and in the afternoon addressed the friends assembled for dinner at the Highgate Working Men's Institute. At the recognition service, held in the chapel at six o'clock, the Rev. J. Corbin, of Hornsey, made the usual inquiries of the church and pastor respectively as to the reasons which had led to their present connection. Thomas Bousfield, Esq. (one of the deacons), replied on behalf of the church, and then the Rev. J. H. Barnard gave a simple and affecting account of the steps by which he had been led to personal dedication to the Gospel work, to the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, and eventually to Highgate. The Rev. George Rogers addressed some admirable counsels to the pastor, and the Rev. Josiah Viney offered some excellent and judicious advice to the church. The other parts of the service were conducted by the Rev. Samuel Manning, the Rev. S. S. Hatch (the former pastor of the church), Mr. Gracey, and the Rev. William Brock, jun. The services were well attended, and were to be followed during the ensuing week by meetings for special prayer.

GOODSHAW, LANCASHIRE.—Services in connection with the laying of the foundation-stone of a new Baptist chapel in this place were held on Friday, March 25th. In the afternoon a large concourse of persons assembled, when the stone was laid by H. Kelsall, Esq., of Rochdale, to whom a silver trowel was presented. The Rev. J. Jefferson, of Southport (formerly minister in the old chapel), offered the dedicatory prayer; after which the Rev. B. Evans, D.D., of Scarborough, delivered an interesting and appropriate address.

Tea was provided in the Assembly-room, Crawshaw-booth, and in the evening a public meeting was held in this place, presided over by L. Whitaker, jun., Esq., of Haslingden, and addressed by the Revs. B. Evans; D.D., J. Jefferson; C. Williams, Accrington; R. Evans and J. Stroyan, Burnley; P. Prout and W. J. Stuart, Haslingden. The chapel is to accommodate 750 persons, and will have side and end galleries. The style is Lombardo-Italian, treated in a distinctive manner, expressive of the purposes of the structure, and suited to the free and open situation it will occupy. The cost, exclusive of land, heating, architects' commission, &c., will be about £2,200. Considerable interest was felt in the services, and at the close it was announced that about £160 had been added to the building fund by the day's proceedings.

BETHEL CHAPEL, CARDIFF.—The friends of the above chapel held a tea-meeting on Easter Monday for the purpose of opening a new harmonium and of getting rid of the remainder of a floating debt on the premises. Some 300 to 400 friends sat down to tea in the school-room, which was decorated for the occasion. At the public meeting held in the chapel the chair was occupied by J. E. Billups, Esq. Mr. G. L. Stowe, one of the deacons, made a financial statement, from which it appeared that the chapel and premises were built about five years ago at a cost of £3,600, towards which £1,100 had been received from the sale of the old chapel; donations, collections, &c., £2,090; total, £3,190, leaving a debt upon the minister's house of £300; and a sum of £110 due to the Baptist Building Fund in London. Addresses were then delivered by the Rev. J. Bailey, on "Congregational worship," and by the Rev. N. Thomas, on the "Present claims of Cardiff on the exercise of godly zeal." The Rev. G. Howe, pastor, made some pleasing remarks on the kindness and hospitality of Christian friends who had contributed to the funds of the chapel. The meeting, which was of a pleasing, profitable character, concluded about ten o'clock.

STAFFORD.—The foundation-stone of a new Baptist chapel in this town was laid on Easter Monday. At half-past ten the ceremony was commenced by the Rev. W. H. Cornish, the pastor of the church. The Rev. W. Jackson, of Bilston, read the 84th Psalm, and conducted the devotional part of the services; after which J. H. Hopkins, Esq., of Birmingham, adjusted the stone into its proper place, and delivered a very interesting and appropriate address. The Rev. S. B. Brown,

B.A., of Salford, and Mr. J. Brown, the senior deacon, also delivered congratulatory addresses. The Doxology was then sung; and the friends retired to the school-room, in which luncheon had been provided; after which Mr. Hopkins and Mr. Brown again addressed the meeting. At five o'clock the tables were spread for tea. The room was soon crowded in every part. After tea Mr. J. Brown was called on to preside. Valuable and interesting addresses were delivered by the Revs. G. W. White (Wesleyan New Connexion); — Davis, of Smethwick (Independent); W. Jackson, of Bilston; W. H. Cornish; and Messrs. Rudge, E. Lovett, and J. T. Evans.

CORTON, WILTS.—The annual meeting of the Baptist church and congregation here, held every Good-Friday, was more than usually interesting this year, in consequence of its being made the occasion of the re-opening of the chapel on the completion of internal alterations and repairs. In the afternoon a sermon was preached by the Rev. J. Penny, of Clifton; and in the evening, after tea, a public meeting was held. The chapel was well filled on each occasion. The chair at the evening meeting was occupied by Mr. T. Hardwick, of Warminster; and addresses were delivered by the Revs. J. Penny and W. C. Jones; and by Messrs. J. V. Toone, the pastor of the church, Hardwick, Stent, and Llewellyn, of Warminster. From the financial statement made by Mr. Toone, it appeared that the total expenditure had amounted to about £73, of which, through the kind assistance of friends in the neighbouring towns and the efforts of the congregation, only some £13 remained unpaid. The chapel is considerably improved both as to appearance and comfort.

RAWDON COLLEGE, NEAR LEEDS.—The vacant Classical and Mathematical tutorship in this institution has been filled up by the appointment of the Rev. William Skae, M.A., of Edinburgh. Mr. Skae has long been honourably known in that city as a most accomplished scholar and a highly successful teacher; as well as an occasional preacher in connection with the Scottish Congregational body. For some years past, as we understand, his studies have been much directed to the points in dispute between the Baptists and Pædobaptists, and the result has been his deliberate adoption of Baptist principles. He has therefore been baptized by the Rev. Jonathan Watson, and, as above stated, is about to enter into official connection with our denomination in England. Mr. Skae has, we believe, become very favourably known to some of our best

scholars by his contributions to "The Scottish Educational Journal," "The Journal of Sacred Literature," and to the new edition of Kitto's Biblical Cyclopedia.

DISS, NORFOLK.—The twenty-sixth anniversary of the Baptist Sabbath school, and also of the settlement of the Rev. J. P. Lewis as pastor of the church, took place at Diss, on Friday, March 25th. A very large number assembled in the spacious school-rooms to tea; in fact, more than could be seated at first. The room was decorated in the most elegant manner with banners and devices, the handiwork of the pastor's wife and daughters. After tea a public meeting was held in the new chapel (now happily free from debt), when the interest of a large audience was sustained by addresses characterised by great earnestness and power, on "Sabbath school work and the workers;" "The social element of religious life;" and "The great ecclesiastical questions of the day," by the Revs. F. Basden, J. T. Wigner, J. Warren, G. Gould, and others. The pastor occupied the chair, and the meeting was one of deep interest and enjoyment.

BATH STREET, GLASGOW.—The annual *soirée* of this church was held on Tuesday, April 12th, in the Scottish Exhibition Rooms. Mr. Boulding, the pastor, occupied the chair, and was supported by the Rev. Messrs. Alex. Macleod, Medhurst, Glover, Field, Dr. H. Sinclair Fatterson, Dr. James Paterson, H. Batchelor, and several office-bearers of the church. After tea, the chairman gave a short sketch of the progress of the church from its formation two years ago. What had been done, however, he looked upon as only indications of greater things to be accomplished. In the course of the evening one of the office-bearers presented Mr. Boulding with "Dr. Smith's Dictionary of the Bible," in three large volumes, together with a purse of sovereigns. One of the volumes bore the following inscription:—"Presented to the Rev. J. W. Boulding by members of the Bath Street Baptist church and congregation, Glasgow, as a token of respect and appreciation of his ministry."

HARBORNE, NEAR BIRMINGHAM.—The want of proper chapel and school accommodation has long been felt by the Baptist friends in this populous and rising suburb, and on Easter Monday the foundation-stone of a new school-room was laid by Mr. John Phillips, an old and respected superintendent of the school. The Revs. Thomas McLean (pastor of the church), C. Vince, and J. J. Brown, took part in the service. Although the weather was most unpropitious there was a fair attendance.

At five o'clock a public tea was held in the old chapel, which was crowded. After tea the meeting was addressed by the Revs. Thomas M'Lean, W. L. Giles, C. Vince, J. J. Brown, and others. The choir performed several appropriate pieces of music. There were some additional sums promised to the building fund, which has already reached to half the contemplated outlay; and altogether the day's proceedings were most encouraging.

HOUGHTON REGIS, BEDS.—The new Baptist chapel at Houghton Regis was opened on Thursday, April 7th. In the morning the Rev. W. Robinson, of Cambridge, preached from Gen. xxii. 12. In the afternoon the Rev. C. Bailhache delivered a discourse upon Psalm cxviii. 25. In the evening the Rev. J. H. Hinton took for his text Heb. vi. 20, "Whither the Forerunner hath for us entered, even Jesus." The congregation was a crowded one; and the singing of the last hymn testified to the deep impression produced by the sermon. The Revs. D. Gould, H. Leonard, M.A., and T. Hands, took part in the services.

Bow.—Services in connection with the settlement of the Rev. J. H. Blake (late of Sandhurst) as pastor of the church meeting here, were held on Thursday, March 31st. The Rev. W. A. Blake, of Shouldham Street, opened the meeting with prayer; the Rev. C. Woollacott gave an address on "Protestant Nonconformity;" the Rev. J. A. Spurgeon on "Christian love;" the Rev. W. Stott on "The duty of the church to the world." The Rev. G. W. Fishbourne and other ministers took part in the service. The Rev. W. P. Balfern presided, and gave suitable advice to the church. On the following Wednesday evening a sermon was preached by the Rev. F. Tucker, B.A.

PETERBOROUGH.—Anniversary services were held in connection with the General Baptist chapel, Westgate, Peterborough, on April 10th and 11th, when sermons were preached with much acceptance by the Revs. B. O. Bendall, of Stamford, and F. Tucker, B.A., of London. On the 11th, a tea-meeting was held, when more than 200 persons were present. The amount raised, clear of all expenses, was £20 16s. 1d. This sum will be applied to the formation of a fund for the providing of increased accommodation for the congregation and school connected with the above chapel.

NEWPORT, MON.—On Friday, March 25, a social tea-meeting was held in the school-room of the Stow Hill Baptist Chapel (the Rev. J. Williams's); the object of which

was to start a vigorous effort to liquidate the debt on this new place of worship. A gentleman has liberally promised to give the handsome sum of £300, if the church and congregation will raise £700 between Good Friday of 1864 and Good Friday of 1865. The challenge was accepted, and the friends have set to work to raise the needed amount.

EDENBRIDGE.—At a quarterly social tea-meeting, held on Tuesday, April 12th, a purse of twelve guineas was presented to the pastor (the Rev. B. Dickens) by the church and congregation, as a token of their esteem and attachment.

MINISTERIAL CHANGES.—The Rev. F. Wills intends retiring from the ministerial duties of Kingsgate Chapel, Holborn, as soon as arrangements are made by the church to elect his successor.—The Rev. Richard Bayly, late of Newark, has accepted a unanimous invitation to succeed the Rev. Dr. Evans in the pastorate of the Baptist church, Scarborough.—The Rev. T. Lewis has resigned the pastorate of the church at Truro, and will leave at the beginning of the present month.—The Rev. Fitzherbert Bughy, late of Preston, has received and accepted a very cordial and unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the New Union Church, Stretford, Manchester.—Mr. J. Jackson, of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's College, has accepted a unanimous invitation to the pastorate from the church at Sevenoaks, Kent.—The Rev. J. Sella Martin has been obliged, on account of ill health, to resign the pastorate of the church at Bromley-by-Bow. He is about to return to America in the hope of being able to labour for the elevation of the coloured freed-men.—Mr. Joseph Joy, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, has accepted an invitation to become the pastor of the church at Hatfield, Herts.—The Rev. J. Lewis has resigned the pastorate of the church at Truro, and will leave at the beginning of the present month.—The Rev. J. Arnold, of Mr. Spurgeon's College, London, has accepted the unanimous invitation of the church and congregation connected with the Baptist chapel, Westgate, Rotherham, to become their pastor.—Mr. John Jackson, of Mr. Spurgeon's College, having supplied the pulpit at Sevenoaks, Kent, for six months, has accepted the unanimous invitation to the pastorate.—The Rev. C. Smith, of Langley, Essex, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church at Hadleigh, Suffolk.—The Rev. William Leach, late of Northampton, has accepted the pastorate of the church meeting at the Plumstead Tabernacle for twelve months.—The Rev. G. Whitehead

(late of Shotley Bridge) has accepted the unanimous invitation of the Mission Committee of Union Chapel (Rev. A. Mac-laren's), Manchester, to take charge of the new cause now opening out under their auspices in West Gorton, a rising suburb of that city. He intends commencing his labours there on the first Sunday in May.

GENERAL.

A NEW PICTURE OF THE BAPTISM OF OUR LORD.—The Rev. D. Rees (formerly of Braintree, now of Tasmania), writing to *The Freeman*, says:—"Will you kindly permit me to introduce to the attention of your readers a distinguished young artist from Tasmania, now residing in London, Mr. Robert Dowling. His father, the Rev. H. Dowling, of Launceston, is the oldest and one of the most honoured Baptist ministers in any of these colonies. He has laboured in the island of Tasmania about thirty years. Mr. Robert Dowling, his youngest son, was brought up to a mechanical business, which he relinquished at the end of his apprenticeship, for the purpose of devoting himself to the art of painting. His extraordinary genius in this department, which had been more or less developed already, under many discouragements, could no longer be repressed. For some time he employed himself chiefly in portrait-painting in Tasmania and Victoria; but an intense desire after high attainments prompted him to visit Europe, and he sailed for England in 1857. After close application in the London schools, he produced his first picture, which appeared in the Royal Academy

Exhibition of 1859,—'The Breakfasting Out,' being a scene at a breakfast stall in one of the streets of London. This was favourably noticed in *The Art Journal* of June, 1859. Since then he has, in addition to some minor productions, painted large pictures of 'The Presentation in the Temple,' 'The Raising of Lazarus,' and 'The Baptism of Christ.' Each of these has attracted much attention within a limited circle. The picture, 'The Baptism of Christ,' was suggested by an expression of regret which appeared in one of the English periodicals, that we did not possess any painting of the immersion in Jordan sufficiently correct and striking to furnish suitable illustrations for our juvenile books. It is right to state that Mr. Dowling has acquired such reputation for portrait-paintings that he has been honoured by the Prince and Princess of Wales with sittings. I understand that Mr. Dowling intends to ask permission to place his large painting, 'The Baptism of Christ,' in the Baptist Mission House before the next Annual Meetings. Our friends in England should know that Mr. Dowling is not only a distinguished artist, but also an earnest Christian man, and if he had only been as intent upon turning the fruits of genius to practical account as he has been in prosecuting the studies of his fascinating profession, this sort of introduction would have been needless."—[Since receiving Mr. Rees's letter, we have visited Mr. Dowling, and have seen his picture. It is a beautiful work of art. We understand that it will be engraved shortly, when we shall refer to it again.—Ed.]

Editorial Notes for the Month.

THE visit of General Garibaldi has been no doubt the event of the month. Coming to England almost unexpectedly, and avowedly without any political purpose, he has received such a welcome from the English people as any monarch might have envied,—nay, such a welcome as no monarch ever received. We never felt so proud of our country as after this welcome to Garibaldi. Had he come immediately after his march on Naples, or when he laid down his dictatorship of Southern Italy, it might have been supposed that England, like herself, was but bowing down before the majesty of Success: but he came rather as the victim of Aspromonte, as the voluntary hermit of Caprera; and never did the shouts of the people rise so high, never was their enthusiasm more lofty and unbounded, than when they saw their visitor wounded and feeble, and resting painfully on his staff. One thing has been remarkable about this

visit,—the enthusiasm with which the General was received by all classes of the population. It was not only by the working men and the democracy that Garibaldi—himself avowedly a working man and a democrat—was cordially received. He found his home with one of the proudest of our nobles. He was visited by the Prince of Wales. The highest of our aristocracy—of all parties—crowded to the assemblies which were collected in his honour. The city of London received him with acclamations to give him the honour of their freedom, and he was invited by all the great towns of the kingdom to accept their hospitality and their applause. In the Crystal Palace—the *People's* Palace—he was received twice by five-and-twenty thousand of the people.

If we are not mistaken, this visit will not be without important results. For one thing, it will have reminded our countrymen that there is something after all nobler than success: it will have called forth their enthusiasm in a cause and in a man, with whom no selfish interests are identified: for another thing, it will have shown to both monarchs and nations, that the heart of England beats as true as it ever did, and that “freedom’s battle” is not watched with “insular indifference” by the Englishmen of 1864. There is one other reason why we rejoice in this reception. It will be a source of strength and encouragement for many a day to one of the noblest men in Europe: a source of encouragement and hope while he shall still reside in the solitudes of Caprera,—a source of strength when he shall come to march with his heroes to Venetia and to Rome!

The day that witnessed the passage of Garibaldi, for the last time, through London, was the day on which the Danish Conference met for the first time in Downing Street. Before this page appears, that Conference may possibly be over: at the time we write, it has not been even hinted what its issue will be. We are told that a perfect harmony of view exists between France and England; and this, if true, is the best guarantee that the interests both of Denmark and of the Duchies will be conserved. Meantime, the Austrians and Prussians have urged on their armies, and Dybbøl has fallen before their attack. We can only hope now that German “honour” will be satisfied, and that we shall soon see the end of this most cruel and unnecessary war.

Ecclesiastical events, for this month, are less interesting than usual: though, to us Baptists, the annual meetings of our Denominational Societies have been interesting enough. The result of the appeal on behalf of the Baptist Missionary Society we have announced elsewhere. *Two thousand seven hundred pounds* in hand, instead of a debt of *eight thousand pounds*, is the result of the labours and prayers of our brethren during the last six months. Let us thank God, and take courage! The other Societies have been able to give, on the whole, satisfactory reports. It has been decided to effect a union between the Irish Society and the Home Missionary Society,—a union which will, we believe, be beneficial to both. We trust that the meetings of 1864 will prove to have been the beginning of better days for all our Societies, and that we shall all individually consecrate ourselves with fresh devotedness to the work appointed for us in the kingdom of our Lord and Master.

THE
BAPTIST REPORTER.

JUNE, 1864.

OUR ASSOCIATIONS: THEIR UNDEVELOPED POWER.*

I TAKE for granted in this paper that Baptists have a right to denominational existence; that the extension of the Baptist denomination is desirable; and that it is the duty of Baptists to consolidate their strength and to enlarge their boundaries. It is also taken for granted that this duty can be performed more efficiently with than without organization. Much has been accomplished among Baptists by individual action. The wonder is, not that so little has been done, but that such progress has been made. Relatively to other sections of the Christian church (the Methodists alone excepted), the Baptists are more numerous to-day than they were a quarter of a century ago. Few, however, will deny that, had more systematic efforts been put forth, the result would have been still more gratifying. Whether the obstacles to a closer practical union were insurmountable in the past, I do not stay to inquire. The present, at least, invites to a more thorough co-operation. And if greater good can be effected by combined than by separate endeavours,—and on this assumption the appeal of this paper is based,—it must be wise to attempt the establishment and the employment of a well-considered organization for denominational work.

The Baptists are as yet an unorganized body. Let any man open the “Baptist Hand-Book” for 1864, and turn to the list of churches. He will find, to begin at the beginning, that of the 48 churches in Bedfordshire, 33 are unassociated; that in Berkshire, 10 are connected, and 18 are unconnected, with an Association; that Buckinghamshire contains 58 churches, only six of which are associated; and that of the 53 churches in Cambridgeshire, 48 belong to no Association. We visit London, and the absence of organization becomes still more remarkable. There are 170 churches within twelve miles of St. Paul’s. Of these, 166 do not recognize in practice the connexional principle. Surrey and Middlesex are, in this respect, close imitators of the Metropolis. Kent is little better than its neighbours; for, out of its 75 churches, 61 are reported as unassociated. In other parts of

* A paper read before the Baptist Union, April 25th, 1864, by the Rev. CHARLES WILLIAMS, of Accrington.

the country it is different. Nearly all the churches in the Midland, the Western, and the North-Western counties, are members of some Association,—while there are only five unassociated churches in the whole of Wales.

It may here be asked, But of what value are these Associations? The conviction of their comparative uselessness has not a little to do with their unacceptability in certain quarters. A few, I know, refuse fellowship to such as preach or hold the doctrine of "duty faith"; but in the case of others, the utility of our Associations is doubted. Can any of us wonder at the doubt? Their annual meetings are deeply interesting and very pleasant, affording an opportunity for social intercourse as well as for Divine worship. They also assist in Home Mission work; though, in Lancashire and elsewhere, the County Mission exists alongside rather than as part of the Association. With all their short-comings, which are to be ascribed mainly to the jealousy of the churches, our Associations have rendered varied and important services to the Baptists; but I am not surprised that wise and able brethren, intensely practical in their aims, have come to the conclusion that they are not worth the energies and the time which are devoted to them. Could we make them more efficient, because more helpful to the denomination, the unassociated churches would not fail to appreciate their value; and England would soon be covered with a complete network of active and earnest Associations.

Is ecclesiastical confederation possible among Baptists? Dissenting from a church whose laws are made and whose chief officers are appointed by the State, and differing from other churches which place the supreme power in the hands of a General Assembly or a Conference, we have allowed ourselves to drift or to be driven into the opposite extreme. It has been forgotten that individuality is quite compatible with union. The free can combine; and their very freedom should impart a living reality to the combination.

Each church might continue to be the sole authority in matters which pertain to its own government, and yet associate with sister churches to give and to receive advice or assistance. There is need for this interchange of kindly offices. Disputes are perpetually ripening into disruptions; the process of decay, in other instances, is ever going on; unwise and therefore unsuccessful efforts to extend the denomination are repeatedly made. Meanwhile, our Associations stand by, not indifferent, but inactive, always lamenting these denominational excesses, but never interposing to prevent them. They fear to touch the liberty or the independence of the churches, as though the liberty to perish were a privilege of the dying, and independence of help a blessing to the helpless. We have in every Association experienced and influential brethren, to whom God has given the invaluable ability "to know what Israel ought to do." Wherefore should this power to avert or to remedy evil be withheld? If every Association had a small Committee, consisting of its sagest members; if this Committee were to undertake the duties of counsellors and arbitrators; and if the churches were to call this Committee to their aid in times of difficulty or of difference, much good would be done. The last appeal would still be to the

members of the church; but wise counsels would not be rejected, and friendly mediation might accomplish more than would be possible to judicial interference.

Our Associations should also become Home Missionary Societies. It is inexpedient and impolitic, I submit, to distinguish between the County Association and the County Mission. They ought to be one and the same body. If they uniformly were, we should presently see a deeper interest in the evangelization of our own country, which would be accompanied or followed by a revival of real religion in the churches. To open chapels and preaching-rooms, where places of worship are needed; to search out the intelligent and the gifted, and to employ them in the delivery of the Gospel message; and to plant and to watch the growth of churches; would afford an ample field for thought and toil. If our churches could be persuaded to commit themselves with diligence and zeal to this enterprise, our Associations would win the sympathies and obtain the support of every Baptist. In connection with Home Mission work, it would be found desirable to create local funds for the assistance of churches in building chapels and schools. Why cannot every Association be an auxiliary to the Baptist Building Fund? That Fund reflects discredit on the denomination. Its income (including re-payments) for the year 1862-3, was £2,201 15s. 10d. The Metropolis alone, or any one of our larger counties, might easily secure an equal annual income. And were all the Associations to unite in carrying out the objects of the Baptist Building Fund, we should soon be able to report its receipts at £20,000 a year.

Our Colleges and our Denominational Societies ought to be able to appeal with confidence to the Association for help. As an illustration of what might be effected in this direction, let us take the Foreign Mission. The leaders of our Associations are better acquainted than any other men can be with the state of the churches, and have readier and surer access to them. Let our foremost men undertake to form a band of collectors in every church which belongs to their Association, for gathering missionary subscriptions, and let them exert their personal influence in increasing the number of quarterly or annual subscribers, and there will be no difficulty in guaranteeing to the Committee that their income shall never again fall below £32,000, or in assuring them that in another ten years their income shall be doubled.

One other suggestion remains. *Our Associations and the Baptist Union are not so closely related as they should be.* Might not each Association send its officers, and two or three of its members, as representatives to the annual meeting of the Union? And might not the Union, while still caring for Parliamentary proceedings, Continental Baptists, and American slaves, direct its attention chiefly (as it is doing this session) to the internal affairs of the denomination? If this were done, the delegation which I venture to recommend would add considerable interest to the anniversary of the Union, and the meetings of the Union would re-act beneficially on the Associations. We Baptists are remarkable for our individuality,—“there is no king in our Israel; but every man does that which is right in his own eyes.” Without falling into the sin of desiring a king, and still insisting

on our personal accountability to God alone, we, nevertheless, may seek and find mutuality in our Associations and oneness in our Union.

It may be urged as an objection to these hints, that some of our Associations are too large to admit of their adoption. Nothing would be easier than to divide these into two or three districts. Each district could have its own Treasurer, Secretary, and Committee, whose duty it would be to transact all denominational business within its borders. And were the officers of the District Union to be the executive of the Association, the identity of the whole and its parts would be preserved. I allow that all this work could not be attended to at an annual meeting. But the Committee of the Association or the District Union could meet oftener than once a year. Periodical meetings might be held for the sole purpose of considering the claims of the world and of the churches; and at them the Committee could make its arrangements and appointments for a vigorous prosecution of its many-sided task. By some such provision as this, our Associations would be left untouched. The churches might still meet at an anniversary for fellowship with each other, and for communion with God. Union on the field of labour during the previous twelve months would sweeten and sanctify brotherhood in worship at our yearly festivals. We do not need any new organization. All that is required to make our denomination more useful than hitherto it has been, lies, waiting to be used, in the undeveloped power of our Associations.

There is a needs-be for this co-operation. Taking as my guides our "Hand-Book" for 1864, and the Census Returns for 1861, I look around me in the Lancashire and Cheshire Association, and I see twelve towns, not one of which has a population of less than 5,000, and whose united population is 131,312, entirely destitute of a Baptist place of worship. I step into the neighbouring county of York, and there I learn to my astonishment that there are thirteen towns, each of which has more than 5,000 inhabitants, and which altogether have in them upwards of 102,000 persons, in which the Baptists are unrepresented. In all England there are seventy towns, with a population of not less than 5,000 each, and which contain more than 754,000 souls, where there is no Baptist church. In many places, in which the Baptists have a local habitation and a name, they are few and weak. A Lancashire town, for example, of 102,449 inhabitants, reports only one Baptist church, with 129 members. London is as bad. Bethnal Green has four Baptist churches, whose united membership is about 450, while the inhabitants number 105,101. Islington has a population of 155,341, with four Baptist churches, in which there are some 600 members. If you cross the Thames you do not meet with better success in the search after Baptists. Bermondsey has 58,355 inhabitants; its Baptist churches number two, with a united membership of 220. Deptford is still worse; for it has but one Baptist church, with ninety-eight members, and a population of 45,973. "There remaineth yet very much land to be possessed."

Our churches, if all were associated, and our Associations, if all were well organized and efficiently worked, might possess much of this unoccupied land. It is a significant fact that in Wales, where the Association

principle is a realized power, the Baptists are far more numerous than in England, where the churches are so frequently unassociated, and where Associations exist for fraternal fellowship rather than for denominational work. The first four counties in the list of Welsh churches have a population of 300,277, and they rejoice in 147 churches, with 16,798 members. I compare these figures with our English statistics, and the result is highly favourable to the Principality. Take an agricultural district,—the first two counties in the list of English churches,—and you will find that its inhabitants are returned at 312,083, and its Baptist churches at seventy-six, with 6,169 members. The four Welsh counties, with a less population, report 10,629 more Baptists. We come nearer London, and select the county of Surrey (including Newington with its Tabernacle), and we are informed that this county of Surrey numbers 831,093 inhabitants, and eighty-four Baptist churches, with 9,304 members. Those four Welsh counties, with little more than one-third of the population of Surrey, report almost double the number of Baptists. Lancashire presents a still more painful contrast. Our county contains 2,429,440 inhabitants, and our ninety-five churches have 10,676 members. With eight times the population of the four Welsh counties, Lancashire has 6,000 fewer Baptists. I would not unduly press the comparison; but it is worthy of consideration whether the strictly federal character of the Welsh Associations has not aided the growth of the denomination in Wales. It is more than possible,—is it not probable?—that if the latent power of our Associations were fully developed, we should see a large increase in the number of Baptists in England.

Be this as it may, it is high time for Baptists to add denominational unity to individual liberty. This appears to me to be our peculiar task. Our fathers did other work—that which God gave them to do, and which their age required. It was theirs to resist the fast incoming corruptions of the first five centuries, and to protest against the spreading errors of priestism and worldlyism. It was theirs to hold forth the lamp of life amid the gross darkness of the middle ages, and to preach Christ crucified to those who heard from parish pulpits more about the crucifix than the cross. It was theirs to contend for the rights of conscience in the reigns of the Tudors and the Stuarts, and to purchase with their blood religious freedom for their descendants. It was theirs to win for the Baptists a place among the recognised churches of Christendom, and to make our denomination a power in the world. “Other men have laboured, and we have entered into their labours.” “Whereto we have already attained, let us walk by the same rule, let us mind the same thing.” Be it ours, then, to unite our counsels, our resources, and our activities, in denominational work for the extension of the kingdom of the Redeemer, ever seeking, alike in our personal exertions and in our combined efforts, to serve our Saviour-king, “even Christ, from whom the whole body fitly joined together and compacted by that which every joint supplieth, according to the effectual working in every part, maketh increase of the body unto the edifying of itself in love.”

THE MARTYR BRETHREN.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE INSURRECTION IN JAMAICA.*

" No!—think not I can ever be
 False to my Saviour's hallowed name
 For aught that *thou* could'st offer me,—
 A little life,—a little fame:
 'Twere weak, indeed, to lose for them
 A bright, unfading diadem.

 " And if one passing pang I feel,
 Deluded crowd! 'tis felt for you:
 Ev'n thus resolved the Truth to seal,
 I would that ye were martyrs too!
 Blest Saviour!—Lord of earth and heaven,—
 Oh! be their sins and mine forgiven."

THE period of insurrection in Jamaica called forth the utmost hostility of the planters and their partisans against all missionary instrumentalities. Various circumstances contributed to this; which, when fully known, diminish our surprise at the fact, although they fail to establish its justification. That a deacon of one of the Baptist churches should have confessedly originated the terrible convulsion, was one of these circumstances. The white population, in their alarm and indignation, cared not for the heavenliness of the elements from which the lightning's stroke had descended. Filled with madness, their only anxieties were for defence and retaliation. The innumerable meetings for devotional exercises naturally excited their most violent suspicion. Without doubt, opportunities for secret communication were thus afforded, upon which some *might* be ready to seize. Neither do we deny that many a slave would be ignorant enough to see no sin in accepting the motto, "We no work, if you no pay." They might even believe that God did not frown upon that purpose to be free, which to their minds was so simple, so peaceful, and so just. What wonder, then, if the planters had evidence that some Baptist, after holding a prayer-meeting on a certain estate, had afterwards spent two hours in secret conference with six principal men? And what wonder that, having such evidence, it should be widely diffused, and every day be more highly coloured with exaggerations, until the white people were unanimous in their resolve to suppress, by all means and at all costs, every semblance of religion which was not strictly conformed to the Established Church? Hence amongst the slaves the most pious and zealous were singled out for vengeance, at once most bloody, and furious, and blind. Hence, too, it was, that those to whom it fell to wreak this vengeance upon its hapless victims, were, as some have since confessed, wholly "beside themselves."

In the south-eastern part of the island, a striking illustration of these statements occurred. Amongst the multitudes to whom Mr. Phillippo's ministry was accompanied with saving efficacy, a poor slave, named Moses Hall, became a partaker of divine grace. The love of Christ glowed as a fire in his bones. It was soon impossible that he should hold his peace. The people around his place of abode, and far beyond, were sunk in ignorance and vice; but had never seen a missionary, and never heard the Gospel. To them he published all he had learned of the heavenly mystery. Upon the darkest of their sins he cast with tireless eagerness the flaming glory of the truth of God. Many were thus induced to journey with him, that they might hear more of these wondrous things from the missionary's lips. Nor was the faithful word without abundant fruit. Many

* By a Returned Missionary.

turned from sin to God. "The people which sat in darkness saw a great light, and to them that dwelt in the region of the shadow of death had light sprung up." Now the songs of Zion broke upon the evening's stillness. The music of many voices rang through the orange and pimento groves. Till now, those beauteous hills and glades, those sombre huts and sequestered villages, had never offered up such incense to their Lord. The balmy air had trembled beneath its burden of fragrance, but never had borne heavenward, as now it did, morning by morning, and evening by evening, the priceless tribute of praise and prayer. Now many a heart was contrite. Many a living spirit emerged from darkness into day. And new and thrilling were the joys which filled the breast, erst heaving only with woes for which no one cared, and which nothing could alleviate.

At length, in other and distant parts of the island, the insurrection had commenced. It mattered not that these poor people were far removed from the scenes of strife, and wholly ignorant of sedition. The dismay of the planters fancifully discovered in this calm and holy prayerfulness the unmistakable signs of coming revolt. Had barrels of gunpowder, hundreds of muskets, and stores of lead, been found secreted in the negro dwellings, not more satisfied had they been of criminal intent. Amongst themselves the subject was solemnly debated. No one doubted the natural relation between these meetings for prayer and the insurrectionary spirit. What were missionaries but social firebrands? What did these black brutes want with religion? It was denied they had "one soul amongst ten thousand." Should it prove otherwise, it was yet God's will they should be slaves. The Bible plainly said that. Then they were unfit to have religion. If they had souls, their ignorance would be their excuse; and so, in their slavery, without religion, they were in a better case for another world than those who were free! Besides, slavery and religion could never exist together. Everybody knew that! What, then, should they do? Could they not put an instant stop to this growing rage for religion? Could not the essential mischief be nipped in the bud? To do this, some means must be devised for seizing upon the chief man, and then, through him, the rest of the people must be terror-stricken before their plans for revolt were ripe.

Spirits and tobacco lent their mighty aid to this fiery discussion. The murderous purpose now arose from its rocky nest, and soared with terrible rapacity above its quarry. The little cluster of harmless and happy souls knew not what eagle eyes were fixed upon them; or dreamt what relentless talons were about to swoop upon the unresisting prey. It was now decided that Moses Hall should be seized at one of the meetings for prayer, and thence brought to trial and execution. The time, the place, the circumstances were all arranged. Thus satisfied, the party dissolved in comparative contentment; determined meanwhile never to retire to rest without seeing that their arms were duly prepared for every emergency.

The appointed time had soon arrived. The men who have to seize the victim warily advance to the humble cottage where prayer was wont to be made. Above such clusters of negro dwellings one was accustomed to see numerous cocoa-nut trees, whose long feathery leaves would lightly rustle in the evening air, whilst they gleamed like silver in the lustre of the moon. The clear sky, richly studded with glorious stars, would seem to speak aloud for God; since "there is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard." Amidst so beauteous a night these hardened men listen from afar to the sounds of praise which rise and fall in sweet accord with all the outward scene; but nothing checks their course, nor daunts their stern resolve. Now at the threshold they stand to listen; and explore, with searching eye, the unsuspecting throng. A doubt has seized them. The object of their search is *not* within. Now they have withdrawn a little, and are in eager converse, to this effect:—

"Ha! I see how it is. The black rascals in the great house have listened; and, finding what was up, have warned him out of the way. Now we're done."

"Well, so it seems! What shall we do now? Depend on it, he don't mean to be caught."

"I tell you what, though. The thing is getting serious. If he knows about it, nobody knows how soon we may be all burnt in our beds! It will never do to be done so."

"Oh, of course not! But, don't you see; one man is as good as another to make an example of. This fellow here that is speaking is just the same as the other. I know him. He goes about everywhere holding these meetings. I say, let's take him! As for this other fellow, we shan't catch him in the fact again."

So it came to pass, that whilst David's heart was yet glowing with holy joys, violent hands were laid upon him. Like his divine Master, "he was led as a lamb to the slaughter; and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth." In the dark damp dungeon, upon the cold hard stones, that night he was fain to lay his weary limbs. But call him "Rebel" if you will! Load him with ignominy and reproach! Let him stand unfriended whilst things are laid to his charge of which he knoweth not! When the Lord maketh inquisition for blood, the men who dabbled their obscene hands in his may envy him his lot!

David was hurried to the town of Black River, tried, found guilty, and sentenced to death. We have no mementoes of his last days. We may guess his helpless amaze. We may think with what prayers and tears he knelt at the throne of grace. We may suppose how he girded up his loins to die, *as very many did*, for daring to give himself to God. Nothing, however, came to save him from the scaffold. It was by "that death he glorified God."

By special request, his head was, after death, severed from the body, and sent back to the men who had been guilty of his blood. Now, see them complete their task! The mere death of David does not suffice. They must terrify the whole people of their several estates.

A suitable pole is selected from the woodland. The people of the district are all assembled where various roads meet. The head of the martyr is fixed upon this lofty pole, and the trophy of insane cruelty set up amidst this throng of sorrowing spectators. Around that centre some hundreds of every age are gathered. These with shuddering horror are now made to hear recitals of the rebellion, and its failure,—the wickedness of the impotent slaves,—the vengeance of the mighty masters, and the numbers who are sacrificed. These sorrows, they are told, have all arisen from the "prayer-meetings." With fiercest threatenings they are warned to abandon these at once, and to despise the teachings of all missionaries and their followers. The only safe and happy course is to think no more about religion; for, cost what it may, their owners are determined to put a stop to it. David has been *first* punished, just for an example. They have no wish to be unnecessarily severe; and so an opportunity is given them now to turn away from such foolishness, which will certainly, if continued, bring ruin on them all!

Such was the strain of threatening invective to which the assembled slaves were compelled to listen. To crown the scene with final and overwhelming effect, the name of Moses Hall was now loudly called upon. Answering from the distance, he pressed through the crowd into the ring. Here he is roughly seized and thrust backwards against the pole upon which, far above him, is the head of his companion and friend. Standing there, he is thus addressed:—

"Now, Moses Hall, you have heard what these gentlemen have said; so take warning from this time. Let us see that you understand all about it. Tell us, now, whose head is that above you?"

In a firm voice he answers,—

"Dat's David, massa."

"Ha!—Yes!—Do you know what he is up there for?"

"Yes, massa. For praying, sir."

"Very well. Listen to me now. Do you know that it was *your head we meant should have been on that pole?* And so it would have been, if you had had what you deserve. But David has got what was due to you, that's all. We know all about you, and your doings. Mark you, now. From this time we shall have no more of these goings on. We'll stop your religious nonsense for you. Mind! From this time let us have no more of your 'prayer-meetings;' for if we catch you at it we shall serve you as we have served David. You had better take warning. Aye, *all of ye*. Whoever we catch at such things again, —it matters not who it is,—we'll serve you all alike! Do you hear that, sir?"

Moses did hear it, indeed. His whole soul quivered with excitement at every syllable. What could he do? To bow in calm submission was equal to a sacrifice of his principles, and a denial of his Lord. He knew his entire innocence of even the thought of rebellion; but all his protestations would be counted worthless, if not accepted as aggravations of supposed guilt. So, suddenly raising and clapping his hands, he kneeled down upon the earth, immediately beneath the martyr's head, saying, in solemn voice,—

"LET US PRAY!"

Immediately the whole circle knelt in prayer. What though David had, so cruelly and causelessly, been put to death! What though the furious persecutors were all present there! What though their imprecations and threatenings were both loud and deep! The whole throng kneeled down in prayer. And now, before the masters could recover their surprise, the voice of the poor slave in the centre rose clearly over the scene of death-like silence. He prayed that God would "bless all the massa buckra,—and make them to know the Lord Jesus Christ,—how he came into the world to save poor sinner,—that they might wash all their sins away in 'him precious blood;' that so their souls might be saved at last," &c. With such fervour and unction did he pray *for them*, that they were all disarmed. They calmly listened. Defiance and love they had never seen in such firm fellowship before. What could men do who had never prayed for themselves? There was not one who could cast the first stone. The prayer ended, they turned away. Perhaps they were now satisfied that such religion was no sham. Perhaps they felt that men who could pray for them so, would rather die than injure a hair of their heads. Perhaps they were assured, by the dauntless unanimity they had seen, that blood-shedding would never repress Christianity. Or, the whole of such thoughts and feelings might at once pervade their minds. However that may be, the good man, the living martyr, who, though ready to die, they had not the heart to slay, continued his holy enterprise. The sounds of prayer and songs of praise still continue to abound; nor did those masters ever more attempt to stay the progress of that work of God.

The good man, ere I left the island, was grown old and greyheaded; but his succeeding years had developed the same fearless and pure consistency. I saw him last at the house of the pastor by whose voice he had at first been turned to God; and when soon afterwards the wings of the pestilence bore him home to heaven, none could more justly sing,—*"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 me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing."*

We hold, then, that there is a martyrdom which lives, having fellowship with that which dies: and that he who, in the spirit of Christ, could thus dare

to say, "Let us pray!" was brother to him who had really sealed the truth with his blood.

"We saw him (said th' ethereal throng),
 We saw his warm devotions rise,
 We heard the fervour of his cries,
 And mixed his praises with our song:
 We knew the secret flights of his retiring hours:
 Nightly he waked his inward powers;
 His spirit rose to wrestle with his God,
 And, with unconquered force, scaled the celestial towers,
 To reach the blessing down for those that sought his blood."

THE SACRAMENTS.*

BUT some one will say, "Surely it is possible for me to drink of the water of the river of life, though I do not stoop and sip at any narrow sectarian cistern; surely I may be a genuine Christian man, although I attach myself to no visible church!" Happily, you may: even this is possible to you, so great is the mercy of God. So much more valuable is a perfect heart than an observance of outward forms. Yet it will be well for you to consider that the visible church was founded by Christ himself; that he himself was baptized, and broke bread and drank wine with his disciples; that the apostles, with all who received the Gospel in primitive times, followed in his steps; that only of late years has it been known that a man should embrace the truth of Christ without at once entering the visible fellowship of Christ; that all the wisest and best, or nearly all of those whom you esteem wise and good, have believed, and do at this day believe, it a duty, a sacred and imperious duty, to enter into the open doors of the visible church. It is very true that that church is no longer one. It is our shame and weakness that we have multiplied divisions, broken up the great house which ought to have united us in a common service into separate rooms, some of which are narrow and ill-ventilated enough. But if you wish to enter "the house of the Lord," it is a little singular that because it has many rooms you will enter no one of them. It were surely wiser to enter the room which has the noblest proportions and the purest air, in which you see many of your friends already assembled, and may hope to lead the freest, holiest life. To decline the outward communion of the faith because it has taken on diverse forms, is very much as though a hungry man, because he saw many dishes on the table instead of only the one best dish he looked for, should refuse to dine. It would rather seem the part of a sensible man, a man who took hold of things by the right handle, to fall to and make the best meal he could.

Then, again, as to the Sacraments. It is beyond dispute that, without observing them, we may believe the truths which they are intended to convey. But unless we suppose ourselves wiser than Christ, unless we suppose that we could suggest a happier disposition of the arrangements of his house than he himself was able to make, we must sorrowfully admit

* Continued from page 203.

* that, by our neglect of these ordinances, we lose something, lose much, which he meant to be ours. He would not have bidden us observe them, if it does not matter whether we observe them or not. All his works praise him, and among them his ordinances, by filling up a place which else were vacant, by answering the end of love for which they were designed: each gives a teaching, carries a gift, special and peculiar to itself. In Baptism and in the Supper there is lodged a grace which we can make our own only by being baptized and coming to the Supper. Else why were they appointed? Unless we say they are wholly superfluous—and so unlike the other works of Christ, each of which plays its special but necessary part in the whole—we cannot escape the conclusion that, by neglecting them, we forfeit some gift of grace which Christ meant us to have. Now we are none of us so rich in the gifts and graces of the Spirit that we can afford to put away from us any one blessing which we may secure. If we do put away any teaching or succour which his love has provided, we may be quite sure that we shall suffer for it some day. His life in us will lose one kind of appropriate nutriment, the loss of which *must* disturb its health. We shall not be so wise or so strong as we might have been. Our growth will, in some measure and some direction, be stunted and dwarfed. The divine ideal will not be realised in us in its due proportions or to its full stature.

“*Can't we save our souls without?*” O yes: no doubt we may save our souls, although we omit some duties and forego some aids. But if you only care just barely to save your souls, to get into heaven with a whole skin, one does not envy you, or think it matters very much after all whether your soul be what you called saved or not. *That* soul is not worth much whose only care, or whose supreme care, is for bare safety and a whole skin. Such a soul, indeed, is in by no means a safe condition: its skin, one should say, is likely to be a good deal bruised and lacerated by the chastening scourge: Our aim, our ambition, should be that of all noble Christ-like souls—to become perfect and entire, lacking nothing. While we neglect sacraments which the wisdom of Christ has appointed for our teaching and good, we must lack something, lack much. We are not, and cannot be, “complete in him,” until we at least observe to do whatever he has commanded us to observe and do.

Nor is it quite fair, still less is it a sufficient excuse for our neglect of these ordinances, to allege that the Sacraments are sectarian. It is very true that divers sections of the visible church observe them in sundry manners. Still, Baptism and the Lord's Supper are recognised as Christian ordinances by every section. The *consensus* of the universal church may be adduced in their favour. And the only fair effect of the different modes in which these ordinances are administered is, that we should use the greater care in ascertaining which is the true, the appointed mode. All churches claim a common origin for their different methods of observance: all, in the last resort, appeal to the Inspired Documents. And these are in our hands. We can read them for ourselves: and if we read them honestly and with prayer, we shall come to a conclusion which, even though it be not absolutely accurate, should yet be the rule of our

conduct. He is not a wise man who, because the decision of a complex case is put into his hands, refuses to come to any decision at all. That is not a very intelligent or competent jury which, because on the evidence several verdicts are possible, declines to give any verdict. To say, "There are many Sects, therefore I will attach myself to none;" or, "The same sacrament is observed in different ways, therefore I will not observe it at all;"—this is about as bad logic as one could desire to meet, or to avoid. The true logic would rather be, "There are many modes of observing the same Sacrament, and therefore I will the more diligently seek to ascertain the true mode. There are many Sects, and therefore I will try the more earnestly to discover that which retains most of the freedom and purity of the primitive church, and in which I may most effectively labour to promote the union of all Christian men."

The Lord Jesus was very far from approving all the forms of piety which obtained in the Hebrew church; yet he entered its communion, was a consistent member of it to the day of his death, brought a new spirit into its observances, wrought an ennobling change on its laws; and thus, while in the Hebrew church, laid the foundations of that broader and more glorious temple which now embraces all the kindreds and tribes of men. It would be well for us to follow in his steps. It would be well if, instead of standing apart and carping at this form or that, we were to join the church which lies most open to us and ready to our hand, and to use any special gift of wisdom or grace which may be in us in labours to raise and broaden the tone of those who were in the church before us.

Finally,—The fact that the ordinances of the house of the Lord are *positive* commands, that they have an arbitrary meaning and value, suggests that our obedience of them should be as accurate, *as minutely accurate*, as we can make it. There is no natural and necessary connection between being cleansed from leprosy and bringing turtle-doves to a priest, or between letting go the mother-bird taken on the nest and length of days. The virtue of these commands lay in the fact that they were commands; and, therefore, the value of obedience to them lay in the exactness of the obedience. If, for instance, the leper took a brace of partridges instead of two turtle-doves to the priest, he could hardly hope that his offering would find acceptance with God. Or if a Hebrew lad out bird's-nesting let the young ones go, but took the mother-bird, *that* would not be at all likely to prolong his days in the land. Because these and the like precepts were tests of obedience, they must be accurately met, point for point, or their promise of good would not be fulfilled. Because the connection between obedience to them and the good things they promised was not a natural but an arbitrary one, it could not be expected that God should come out of his place to fulfil his promise unless men went out of their way to fulfil the conditions of the promise.

So with us. If Christ has said, "Believe and be baptized," we have no right to expect the special grace of baptism if the baptized do not believe, or the believer be not baptized. If he has said, "Do this in remembrance of me," we have no right to expect the blessing annexed to obedience, if, instead of doing "this," we do something else. Obedience to a moral com-

mand is in itself a blessing, and naturally leads on to other blessings. We cannot love our neighbours, for example, without being the better for it. But obedience to a positive command is not in itself a blessing, and may bring none. We may be plunged in water without being the better for it.

Hence we Baptists lay, and that very rightly, some stress even on *the mode* of the ordinance. We cheerfully admit that it is better to believe than to be baptized. But we contend both that, if we believe, we ought to be baptized, and that if we would secure the special teaching and grace of this positive ordinance, we must be baptized in the very mode observed and commanded by Christ. We do not say that, in itself, the bath has any advantage over the basin, or plunging over sprinkling. But we do say that we have no right to expect the full blessing of the ordinance unless we exactly fulfil its terms. So far as we can learn, the primitive believers were plunged and not sprinkled; and for fifteen centuries after Christ immersion was the prevalent, if not the only, mode of baptism practised by every section of the church. So far as we can see, the submergence beneath water and the emergence from it set forth more fitly than any other symbols the dying and rising again of the Lord Jesus, and that dying to sin and rising to holiness which are the chief effects of faith in him. And, therefore, as we desire to enter into the full fruition of his gracious promise, we observe, as exactly and scrupulously as we can, the very terms of his precept. Buried with him in baptism, therein also we rise with him, in the hope, in the full assurance, that as we have done *what* he bade us, *as* he bade us, we shall draw from his death the death of our transgressions, and find in his resurrection the power of our resurrection, first to righteousness, and then to an eternal glory.

FLOWERS.*

HAPPY is the man that loves flowers! Happy, even if it be a love adulterated with vanity and strife. For human passions nestle in flower-lovers too. Some employ their zeal chiefly in horticultural competitions, or in the ambition of floral shows. Others love flowers as curiosities, and search for novelties, for "sports," and vegetable monstrosities. We have been led through costly collections by men whose chief pleasure seemed to be in the effect which their treasures produced on others, not on themselves. Their love of flowers was only the love of being praised for having them. But there is a choice in vanities and ostentations. A contest of roses is better than of horses. We had rather be vain of the best tulip, dahlia, or ranunculus, than of the best shot. Of all fools, a floral fool deserves the eminence.

But these aside, blessed be the man that really loves flowers!—loves them for their own sake, for their beauty, their associations, the joy they have given, and always will give; so that he would sit down among them as friends and companions, if there were not another creature on earth to admire or praise them! But such men need no blessing of mine. They are blessed of God!

* The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.

Did he not make the world for such men? Are they not clearly the owners of the world, and the richest of all men?

He who only does not appreciate floral beauty is to be pitied like any other man who is born imperfect. It is a misfortune not unlike blindness. But men who contemptuously reject flowers as effeminate and unworthy of manhood, reveal a certain coarseness. Were flowers fit to eat or drink, were they stimulative of passions, or could they be gambled with like stocks and public consciences, they would take them up just where finer minds would drop them, who love them as revelations of God's sense of beauty, as addressed to the taste, and to something finer and deeper than taste, to that power within us which spiritualizes matter, and communes with God through his work, and not for their paltry market value.

Many persons lose all enjoyment of many flowers by indulging false associations. There be some who think that no *weed* can be of interest as a flower. But all flowers are weeds where they grow wildly and abundantly; and somewhere our rarest flowers are somebody's commonest. Flowers grown in noisome places, in desolate corners, upon rubbish, or rank desolation, become disagreeable by association. Roadside flowers, ineradicable, and hardy beyond all discouragement, lose themselves from our sense of delicacy and protection. And, generally, there is a disposition to undervalue *common* flowers. There are few that will trouble themselves to examine, minutely, a blossom that they have seen and neglected from their childhood; and yet if they would but question such flowers, and commune with them, they would often be surprised to find extreme beauty where it had long been overlooked.

If a plant be uncouth, it has no attractions to us simply because it has been brought from the ends of the earth and is a "great rarity;" if it has beauty, it is none the less, but a great deal more attractive to us, because it is common. A very common flower adds generosity to beauty. It gives joy to the poor, the rude, to the multitudes who could have no flowers were nature to charge a price for her blossoms. Is a cloud less beautiful, or a sea, or a mountain, because often seen, or seen by millions?

At any rate, while we lose no fondness for eminent and accomplished flowers, we are conscious of a growing respect for the floral democratic throng.

The buttercup is a flower of our childhood, and very brilliant in our eyes. Its strong colour, seen afar off, often provoked its fate; for through the mowing-lot we went after it, regardless of orchard-grass and herd-grass, plucking down its long slender stems, crowned with golden chalices, until the father, covetous of hay, shouted to us, "Out of that grass! out of that grass! you rogue!"

You cannot forget, if you would, those golden kisses all over the cheeks of the meadow, queerly called *dandelions*. There are many green-house blossoms less pleasing to us than these. And we have reached through many a fence, since we were incarcerated, like them, in a city, to pluck one of these yellow flower drops. Their passing away is more spiritual than their bloom. Nothing can be more airy and beautiful than the transparent seed-globe,—a fairy dome of splendid architecture.

As for marigolds, poppies, hollyhocks, and valorous sun-flowers, we shall never have a garden without them, both for their own sake, and for the sake of old-fashioned folks, who used to love them. Morning-glories,—or, to call them by their city name, the convolvulus,—need no praising. The vine, the leaf, the exquisite vase-formed flower, the delicate and various colours, will secure it from neglect while taste remains. Grape blossoms and mignonette do not appeal to the eye; and if they were selfish no man would care for them. Yet because they pour their life out in fragrance they are always loved, and, like homely people with noble hearts, they seem beautiful by association. Nothing that

produces constant pleasure in us can fail to seem beautiful. We do not need to speak for that universal favourite,—the rose! As a flower is the finest stroke of creation, so the rose is the happiest hit among flowers! Yet, in the feast of ever blooming roses, and of double roses, we are in danger of being perverted from a love of simplicity, as manifested in the wild, single rose. When a man can look upon the simple wild rose, and feel no pleasure, his taste has been corrupted.

But we must not neglect the blossoms of fruit-trees. What a great heart an apple-tree must have! What generous work it makes of blossoming! It is not content with a single bloom for each apple that is to be; but a profusion, a prodigality of blossom there must be. The tree is but a huge bouquet. It gives you twenty times as much as there is need for, and evidently because it loves to blossom. We will praise this virtuous tree. Not beautiful in form, often clumpy, cragged, and rude; but it is glorious in beauty when efflorescent. Nor is it a beauty only at a distance and in the mass. Pluck down a twig and examine as closely as you will; it will bear the nearest looking. The simplicity and purity of the white expanded flower, the half open buds slightly blushed, the little pink-tipped buds unopen, crowding up together like rosy children around an elder brother or sister,—can anything surpass it? Why, here is a cluster more beautiful than any you can make up artificially, even if you select from the whole garden! Wear this family of buds for my sake. It is all the better for being common. I love a flower that all may have; that belongs to the whole, and not to a select and exclusive few. Common, forsooth! a flower cannot be worn out by much looking at, as a road is by much travel.

How one exhales, and feels his childhood coming back to him, when, emerging from the hard and hateful city streets, he sees orchards and gardens in sheeted bloom,—plum, cherry, pear, peach, and apple, waves and billows of blossoms rolling over the hill sides, and down through the levels! My heart runs riot. This is a kingdom of glory. The bees know it. Are the blossoms singing? or is all this humming sound the music of bees? The frivolous flies, that never seem to be thinking of anything, are rather sober and solemn here. Such a sight is equal to a sunset, which is but a blossoming of the clouds.

We love to fancy that a flower is the point of transition at which a material thing touches the immaterial; it is the sentient vegetable soul. We ascribe dispositions to it; we treat it as we would an innocent child. A stem or root has no suggestion of life. A leaf advances toward it; and some leaves are as fine as flowers, and have, moreover, a grace of motion seldom had by flowers. Flowers have an expression of countenance as much as men or animals. Some seem to smile; some have a sad expression; some are pensive and diffident; others again are plain, honest, and upright, like the broad-faced sunflower and the hollyhock. We find ourselves speaking of them as laughing, as gay and coquettish, as nodding and dancing. No man of sensibility ever spoke of a flower as he would of a fungus, a pebble, or a sponge. Indeed, they are more life-like than many animals. We commune with flowers,—we go to them if we are sad or glad; but a toad, a worm, an insect, we repel, as if real life were not half so real as imaginary life. What a pity flowers can utter no sound! A singing rose, a whispering violet, a murmuring honeysuckle! Oh, what a rare and exquisite miracle would these be!

It is with flowers as with friends. Many may be loved, but few much loved. Wild honeysuckles in the wood, laurel bushes in the very regality of bloom, are very beautiful to you. But they are colour and form only. They seem strangers to you. You have no memory reposed in them. They bring back nothing from Time. They point to nothing in the future. But a wild-brier starts a genial feeling. It is the country cousin of the rose; and that has

always been your pet. You have nursed it, and defended it; you have had it for companionship as you wrote; it has stood by your pillow while sick; it has brought remembrance to you, and conveyed your kindest feelings to others. You remember it as a mother's favourite; it speaks to you of your own childhood,—that white rose-bush, that snowed in the corner by the door; that generous bush that blushed red in the garden with a thousand flowers, whose gorgeousness was among the first things that drew your childish eye, and which always comes up before you when you speak of childhood. You remember, too, that your mother loved roses. As you walked to church she plucked off a bud and gave you, which you carried because you were proud to do as she did. You remember how, in the listening hour of sermon, her roses fell neglected on her lap,—and how you slyly drew one and another of them; and how, when she came to, she looked for them under her handkerchief, and on the floor, until, spying the ill-repressed glee of your face, she smiled such a look of love upon you, as made a rose for ever after seem to you as if it smiled a mother's smile. And so a wild rose, a prairie rose, or a sweet-brier, that at evening fills the air with odour (a floral nightingale whose song is perfume), greets you as a dear and intimate friend. You almost wish to get out, as you travel, and inquire after their health, and ask if they wish to send any messages by you to their town friends.

But no flower can be so strange, or so new, that a friendliness does not spring up at once between you. You gather them up along your rambles: and sit down to make their acquaintance on some shaded bank with your feet over the brook, where your shoes feed their vanity as in a mirror. You assort them; you question their graces; you enjoy their odour; you range them on the grass in a row, and look from one to another; you gather them up, and study a fit gradation of colours, and search for new specimens to fill the degrees between two violent extremes. All the while, and it is a long while, if the day be gracious and leisure ample, various suggestions and analogies of life are darting in and out of your mind. This flower is like some friend; another reminds you of mignonette, and mignonette always makes you think of such a garden and mansion where it enacted some memorable part; and *that* flower conveys some strange and unexpected resemblance to certain events of society; this one is a bold soldier; that one is a sweet lady dear; the white flowering blood-root, trooping up by the side of a decaying log, recalls to your fancy a band of white-bannered knights; and so your pleased attention strays through a thousand vagaries of fancy, or memory, or vaticinating hope.

Yet, these are not home flowers. You did not plant them. You have not screened them. You have not watched their growth, plucked away voracious worms, or nibbling bugs; you have not seen them in the same places year after year, children of your care and love. Around such there is an artificial life, an associational beauty, a fragrance and grace of the affections, that no wild flowers can have.

It is a matter of gratitude that this finest gift of Providence is the most profusely given. Flowers cannot be monopolized. The poor can have them as much as the rich. It does not require such an education to love and appreciate them, as it would to admire a picture of Turner's, or a statue of Thorwaldsen's. And, as they are messengers of affection, tokens of remembrance, and presents of beauty, of universal acceptance, it is pleasant to think that all men recognize a brief brotherhood in them. It is not impertinent to offer flowers to a stranger. The poorest child can proffer them to the richest. A hundred persons turned together into a meadow full of flowers would be drawn together in a transient brotherhood.

It is affecting to see how serviceable flowers often are to the necessities of the

poor. If they bring their little floral gift to you, it cannot but touch your heart to think that their grateful affection longed to express itself as much as yours.

You have books, or gems, or services, that you can render as you will. The poor can give but little, and do but little. Were it not for flowers they would be shut out from those exquisite pleasures which spring from such gifts. I never take one from a child, or from the poor, that I do not thank God in their behalf for flowers!

And then, when death enters a poor man's house. It may be, the child was the only creature that loved the unbefriended father,—*really* loved him; loved him utterly. Or, it may be, it is an only son, and his mother a widow,—who, in all his sickness, felt the limitation of her poverty for her darling's sake as she never had for her own; and did what she could, but not what she would, had there been wealth. The coffin is pine. The undertaker sold it with a jerk of indifference and haste, lest he should lose the selling of a rosewood coffin, trimmed with splendid silver screws. The room is small. The attendant neighbours are few. The shroud is coarse. Oh, the darling child was fit for whatever was most excellent, and the heart aches to do for him whatever could be done that should speak love! It takes money for fine linen; money for costly sepulture. But flowers, thank God, the poorest may have. So, put white buds in the hair,—and honey-dew, and mignonette, and half-blown roses on the breast. If it be spring, a few white violets will do; and there is not a month till November that will not give you something. But if it is winter, and you have no single pot of roses, then I fear your darling must be buried without a flower; for flowers cost money in the winter!

And then, if you cannot give a stone to mark his burial place, a rose may stand there; and from it you may, every spring, pluck a bud for your bosom, as the child was broken off from you. And if it brings tears for the past, you will not see the flowers fade and come again, and fade and come again, year by year, and not learn a lesson of the resurrection,—when that which perished here shall revive again, never more to droop or to die!

Poetry.

HOLY SORROW.

OFF as memory's glance is ranging
Over scenes that cannot die,
Then I feel that all is changing,
Then I weep the Days gone by.

Yes, though Time has laid his finger
On them, still, with streaming eye,
There are spots where I can linger,
Sacred to the Days gone by.

Though we charge to-day with fleetness,
Though we dread to-morrow's sky,
There's a melancholy sweetness
In the name of Days gone by.

Cease, fond heart! to thee are given
Hopes of better things on high;
There is still a coming Heaven,
Better than the Days gone by.

Reviews.

Hidden Springs. By JOSEPH PARKER, D.D., of Cavendish Chapel, Manchester. London: Frederick Pitman.

WE own ourselves fairly at a loss to give an honest verdict upon this book of sermons, and sketches of sermons, which shall not seem almost ludicrously inconsistent with itself. We stand in doubt whether to approve or to condemn: whether the feeling we express should be one of admiration, or of something approaching to disgust. Or rather we are constrained to express both sentiments, and both to a very strong degree. The book bears on every page the trace and proof of power of no common order; it evinces considerable originality of mind; great reflectiveness; vivid imagination; much of that faculty for generalising which discerns the principles which underlie, and give significance to, facts and statements which an ordinary reader would deem commonplace; and, withal, a large share of the gift of forcible expression. The truths stated are important, and the mode of their statement often gives full weight to their importance. The expositions of Scripture are frequently clear, striking, and suggestive. The appeals are powerful and earnest, and the dealings with conscience, on the matter of every-day sins, bold, close, and outspoken.

All this and more of praise may be most sincerely given to the book; and we have no wish, by our after words, to bate one jot of the emphasis or the height of our commendation. And yet our feeling in reading the volume has not been one of unmixed, or even prevailing pleasure. There runs through it a tone of almost blustering assumption, and an air of egotism and affectation, to our mind nothing less than offensive. The author seems never to forget himself in his subject, and takes especial care that his readers shall not forget him either. This egotism appears with more or less prominence throughout the book, but culminates in such passages as the introduction to the sermon entitled "A Troubled Life." It peeps out rather amusingly, too, in

the significant allusion to the size of Cavendish Chapel, and the largeness of the congregation which assembles there, "this prodigious edifice," "so vast a multitude as I now address," &c. And, then, for assumption, what else is it that leads a preacher to account not only his finished sermons, but also his "outlines and hints"—the sketches he makes for the pulpit—worth printing just as they are? What else sounds in the ever-recurring "I pronounce," "I claim," &c., and in the oracular tone, as of one announcing a new discovery, in which many thoughts, just enough, but certainly not original, are set forth. The affectation we have charged upon the book begins with the title, and appears yet more conspicuously in the ridiculous sub-title, "Telegrams," prefixed to one section, which consists of brief thoughts culled, we suppose, from the author's sermons. The same vice taints the style almost throughout. Dr. Parker would seem to think simplicity the worst sin of a preacher. In his determination not to be commonplace, he strains and labours after unusual expressions till he loses himself in vagueness, or swells into bombast. Thus we have such wretched specimens of *false* writing as "the centralizing influence of God's redeeming and sanctifying idea"—which, being interpreted, we suppose means the uniting influence of the Gospel. The Cavendish Chapel hearers may be able to translate such a phrase as, "All blessing is with the Absolute;" but we are sure most people would have understood better some such statement as "God only can bless." And here is a choice bit of rant about the importance of accuracy in definition:—"Error in definition has set fire to nations, and roused idiot kings to arms. Deadlier still has been its result in moral considerations; it has flung brilliant minds off the *pivotal centres*, and sent them plunging through the darkness of despair."

We speak most sincerely when we say that it gives us pain to write thus, and especially of a book which has so much that is excellent in it. But we cannot honestly, or conscientiously, for-

bear to protest against a style of preaching so out of keeping with the overpowering grandeur of the theme of the Christian ministry, and so subtly harmful in its influence on the religious taste and intelligence of our congregations. We would give all scope for individuality in the style of a preacher's thought and speech. We could even be tolerant of dullness itself, if it be sincere and earnest. But anything like self-display in preaching passes our patience, and the vagueness which simulates profundity, and the pomposity of phrase which mimics eloquence, provoke our indignation. If it were a mere matter of literary taste, it would not be worth wasting words upon. But it is more than this: it is a question of the adaptation of preaching to instruct and edify. And the issues of that question are too solemn to allow us to keep silence at the bidding of complaisance, or even of regard to the feelings of any man. Dr. Parker has powers of thought and speech possessed by few. Let him learn the hard lesson of self-forgetfulness, and cherish more faith in naturalness and simplicity, and we shall be the first to receive his teachings with thankfulness ourselves, and to recommend them earnestly to others.

Memoir of Robert Alfred Vaughan. By ROBERT VAUGHAN, D.D. London: Macmillan & Co.

THE lamented author of "Hours with the Mystics," died on the 26th October, 1857, at the age of thirty-five years; and rarely has any man passed from the Christian literary circles whose loss to the cause of literature has been more deeply deplored. Never perhaps was a more tender tribute to affection more gracefully and more wisely made, than the Memoir of the son by the father. The feeling which pervades these pages, and the purpose which prompted their preparation, is thus expressed:—"It was not, I suppose, unnatural for me to have thought that, should anything in my own somewhat laborious life be deemed worthy of a record, the hand now cold and still, but which had so often guided the pen at my suggestion, would have been the hand to perform that piece of service. But the Supreme will has not so determined. It is left to the

father to tell the story of the son, and to do what may be done toward rendering a life once so rich in promise, but which has proved so brief, as influential as may be." No one but the father could have written the Memoir of the son, and there is through all the record a pensiveness which gives grace and tenderness to the narrative of a life in itself singularly interesting and instructive. The Memoir is to a large extent autobiographic, and is expanded from the original sketch which preceded the two volumes of the collected works of the deceased by extracts from his diary and letters.

It is assigned to some men to live for an unconscious work, to complete that work only as part of a conscious plan, and in its completion to terminate and glorify their life. Mr. Vaughan has done this. He contemplated a large work which should be the monument of his life. When that life was beginning to fade, he entered upon a series of studies which were intended to enable him the more perfectly to use his previously made acquisitions; and he wrote his "Hours with the Mystics," partly as an introduction to his greater work. He saw that book published, heard the applause which greeted him, and the hopes that were expressed on every side that the same pen might give the world a series of such valued and precious books, and then he died. If it were not that we should arraign the wisdom of Him who cannot err, we should say we could have better spared any hundred of the ordinary authors who retail the thoughts of other men in the form of volumes of letterpress.

This Memoir reveals to us much of the inner life of Mr. Vaughan, and we have rarely met with the Christian life under more tender and devout aspects than in him. As a preacher, he was not what is commonly called a popular man; but he possessed power in the pulpit which is of entirely a higher kind than that usually designated popular. He was an intensely spiritual thinker. All his sermons were pervaded by spirituality. They were not of the kind, therefore, to secure a sudden fame, but they made for him a position which, had health and vigour been spared him, must have raised him to the highest place as a Christian preacher. Respecting his vast and varied attain-

ments, we cannot do better than quote from Sir James Stephen's letter to the bereaved father:—"I have been reading the two volumes with more than usual deliberation; but I find it difficult to say to you exactly what is the impression upon my mind. Perhaps they have most moved me to wonder; to wonder, I mean, at my own failure in times past rightly to appreciate him: so that when I recall what passed at my interviews with him in his illness, I hardly know how he came to be so tolerant of my talk, or how I (even with all the apologies of age) could take upon me to discourse so copiously to such a man, and scarcely to exact of him an answer. It is little to say, that he had attained an intellectual stature to which it behoves me to be looking upward. Very few men, indeed, of his time stood on his level. His mind was so rich; his spirit so expanding to embrace whatever was praiseworthy, and so hearty to do battle with whatever was base and false; his range of thought so widely extended; and the play of his fancy, range where it might, so brilliant and so ceaseless, that I hardly know to what he might not have been equal, if it had been the good pleasure of God that his

services should have been rendered during a long life in this world."

Every Christian minister into whose hand this Memoir may come, will thank Dr. Vaughan for having written it.

Gleanings among the Sheaves. By the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON. London: Passmore & Alabaster.

THE short dedication prefixed to this little book tells us all about it:—"To the numerous hearers, and to the innumerable readers, of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's sermons, this unpretentious little volume is respectfully dedicated by the publishers. The stems grow up every week: the shocks appear once a month: the sheaves are bound together once a year. And it is thought that these samples gleaned from the sermons will be welcome to many, but chiefly to those who are most familiar with the ample fields from which they are gathered." This dedication is not much to our taste, but the book is. More recommendation it does not need from us, but an added testimony to its acceptance is, that more than eight thousand copies were sold on the day of publication.

Christian Cabinet.

THE LOOK TO HEAVEN.

IN a beautiful German fable, representing our progenitor as weeping over the first human victim of death, and exclaiming, "What now remains for me in my lamentation?" a bright cherub from the skies answers, "*Der Blick gen Himmel!*" *The Look to Heaven!* Yes, the look to heaven is all that remains to any of us in our lamentation. It was by listening to the voice of Satan rather than the voice of God, that man ceased from looking to heaven where angels soar and sing, and looked only to earth where serpents creep and hiss. Looking only to earth, what does he see? Momentary pleasures, convulsive delights, deceitful promises, vain anticipations, crushing fears and sorrows, thickening glooms, a dreaded future, the speedy loss of home and of all pos-

sessions, the last bud of hope withered, and the last wreath of honour faded, a cold rayless tomb, and an eternal night of death! But what does he see, looking to heaven? He sees God, in whose presence is fulness of joy, and at whose hand are pleasures for evermore. He sees the eternal throne, whose radiance floods heaven and the heaven of heavens with glory; the protection of all virtues, the security of all treasures, the fountain of all delights, and the assurance of eternal life. He sees the celestial gates opening upward and onward through the skies in endless perspective, the long vista of ages stretching eternally before him from glory to glory—the very gates through which he is soon to pass, and the way he is to mount with seraphic wing and vision.

Looking only to earth, like the beast that perisheth, he sees only the beast's portion. Strange and monstrous phenomenon! An immortal being seeking only the portion of the mortal brute! He has what the beast has not, eyes that can look up to heaven as well as down to earth; he can hold wide discourse with the over-arching universe, commune devoutly with the suns and stars that shine and twinkle on high; he can *also* soar, in thought, *beyond* the remotest star that twinkles on the brow of night, into those profounder depths of spiritual glory which no mortal eye hath seen; he may thus, if true to his high destiny, anticipate endless succession and accumulation of the riches of the inheritance awaiting the immortal child of God.

Let us repeat, then, heir of God, *Look to Heaven!* See what is before you. The sovereign remedy for all the sorrows of earth is found in looking to heaven. Are you oppressed with cares and anxieties? Do the anxious inquiries, What shall we eat, and wherewithal shall we be clothed, weigh heavily upon you, as you think of your dependant families? Are you borne down with sickness, infirmities, or the weight of years? Do you mourn the loss of beloved relatives by the stroke of death? Does the world look sad and desolate as you call to mind dear friends that you will never again see in the flesh, joys that will never return, hopes and pleasures that have vanished like the momentary hues of the rainbow? Let a passing stranger whisper in your ear, *Look to Heaven!* There, friends never die; there, joys and hopes never fail; there, the rainbow of the everlasting covenant, spanning the wide arch and encircling the throne, shines for ever and ever with all the radiance of the Godhead,—not one of its beauties ever dimmed, not one bright hue ever effaced,—but all glowing with ever brightening lustre, as the ceaseless ages roll on, in token of God's unchanging love. Looking thither with the eye of faith—*faith*, not fancy, *faith*, not speculation, *faith*, not presumption, faith in God's sure word of promise, that faith which is "the substance of things hoped for and the evidence of things not seen"—your soul shall repose in peace amidst earth's strifes, in abundance amidst earth's wants, in hope amidst earth's

losses, and in joy amidst earth's sorrows. This is that steady abiding under the shadow of the Almighty to which Henry Martyn aspired, and which he so richly enjoyed in the loss of all else.

Parent, is your heart burdened for a child, perhaps one wayward and dissolute, and perhaps also far from you; does your oppressed and anxious spirit cry, What can I do for him? *Look to Heaven!* Look, and doubt not. See that Almighty arm outstretched. Read that promise—"Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, I will give it you." Bind that promise to your heart, plead it in filial confidence, rest and rejoice in it.

Reader, think it not too trite and homely to say, "We shall soon see the end of all things earthly." This is not our home. And what is to remain for us when we stand on the verge of eternity, taking our last look at earth? When our worn heart-strings are breaking, and the crimson current runs feebly, and the pulse tires and halts, and the last sounds of earthly friendship die on our ears, and our mortal vision grows dim, and our mortal spirit, trembling between two worlds, reaches forth for a place of rest—what then remains? One thing, only one that avails—the *Look to Heaven*. If we can then see "the world of spirits bright," the golden gates uplifted, the open vista, and the long perspective, the shining throng awaiting us; if we can then, like Stephen, "See the heavens opened, and the Son of God standing on the right hand of God,"—we shall have bravely fought life's great battle, and won the victory; all our future career on the vast eternal ocean of being will be one of "glory, and honour, and immortality." Again and again, then, be it repeated; let it be inscribed in flaming words upon every guide-post on life's journey—*Look to Heaven!*—*The Rev. Dr. Winslow.*

ANSWERING OUR OWN PRAYERS.

A WEALTHY farmer knelt one morning before his family altar. Among other petitions, he prayed, with great apparent earnestness, that God would clothe the naked, feed the hungry, relieve the distressed, and comfort all mourners.

A neighbour sat on the door-stone

listening to that prayer. He was one of those in distress, and had come to obtain relief. He was an industrious, hard-working man, supporting his family by the fruit of his daily toil. This means of support had of late been cut off. His wife was sick, and as he was not able to hire a nurse, his time was necessarily devoted to nursing and family cares. Finding himself in want, he had resolved to come to his wealthy Christian neighbour, and ask him for two bushels of wheat, promising to pay him with his first earnings.

As soon as the prayer was ended, he went in and proffered his request. It was met with a polite refusal. The wealthy farmer was very sorry that he could not accommodate, but he needed all his wheat to enable him to lend a large sum of money. The poor man left the house, sad and disappointed. As soon as the door was closed, the farmer's little son stepped up to him and said,—

"Father, did you not ask God to clothe the naked, feed the hungry, relieve the distressed, and comfort all mourners?"

"Yes, my son; but why do you ask the question?"

"Because, father, if I had your wheat I would answer that prayer."

The man was called back and received what he had asked for. Doubtless the

farmer found a blessing that day which would not have been his if he had not done what he could to answer his own prayers. He could not relieve all in distress, but he could relieve *one*.

Many petitions remain unanswered because the petitioner does not do what he can to answer his own prayers. A man of irascible temper prays in the morning that God will make him meek and gentle that day. He leaves his closet and commences his routine of daily duties. Soon some cause of vexation arises. The man flies into a passion without one effort to control his temper. Will that man receive an answer to his prayer that God will help him that day to be meek and gentle? Assuredly not, for he is not doing what he can to answer his own prayer.

Again, a Christian, in his morning devotions, prays for a spiritual and heavenly mind that day; but having left his closet and the family altar, he never once during the day lifts his thoughts toward God and heaven. Will that man obtain an answer to the petition of the morning? Certainly he will not, for he is not doing what he can to answer his own prayer. God's grace is indeed a royal gift, which he alone can bestow; but as he feeds the hungry through human instrumentality, so does he bestow his grace in connection with human efforts.

Christian Activity.

THE BAPTISTS IN FRANCE.

WE propose to furnish this month a short sketch of the origin and growth of the existing Baptist churches in France. We shall not refer to the labours of the Baptist Missionary Society in Brittany, as continual mention is made of them in "The Missionary Herald," a publication with which we presume all our readers are familiar. Our notice will be confined to the movement with which our brother M. Dez, who has recently been in this country collecting for the erection of a Baptist chapel in Paris, is more particularly identified. We shall see, as we trace its progress, how mys-

teriously God oftentimes works—how he chooses the weakest instruments for the accomplishment of his purposes—and how he watches over his people, and, in spite of all opposition, conducts forward his "sacramental host" to final victory.

At a meeting of the American Baptist Missionary Union in 1832, a resolution was adopted, instructing the Board of Managers to inquire into the expediency of establishing a mission in France. The revolution which two years before had taken place in that country, and which had resulted in placing Louis Philippe upon the throne, had also done much, it was believed, to

loosen the hold of the Roman Catholic church upon the minds of the people, and to prepare the way for the extension of evangelical truth. The special objects proposed for such a mission were the revival and increase of the Baptist churches there, and the general dissemination of the Gospel among the people. The Board, after suitable inquiries, determined to send an agent to France, in order to ascertain the condition of the churches, and the opportunities which the country presented for the spread of Christian truth.

The Rev. Ira Chase, D.D., Professor in the Theological Seminary at Newton, was appointed to this work, and sailed for Europe in October, 1832. After spending a little time in Paris, he repaired to the *Département du Nord*, where the Baptist churches of France were said to be the most numerous. He found them here in a scattered and dilapidated condition,—cherishing the principles of uncorrupted Christianity, but defective in organization, and subject to the inroads of every species of error. He inquired particularly concerning the condition of Protestantism in France, and on his return to the United States submitted to the Board a full report of his observations and the conclusions to which they led him, and recommended the establishment of a permanent mission in the country.

In June, 1834, the Rev. Isaac Wilmarth was sent by the Board to commence the mission. The next year he was joined by the Revs. E. Willard and D. W. Sheldon. For some time they all resided in Paris, preaching in English, distributing tracts and religious books, and writing for the press, and at the same time perfecting their acquaintance with the French language. In the spring of 1836, Messrs. Wilmarth and Willard removed to Douai, a large and celebrated town in the north of France, for the purpose of establishing near there a mission school for the instruction of candidates for the ministry, and others who might desire to study the doctrines of the Gospel. The place ultimately selected for the school was Nomain, a village about twelve miles from Douai, in which was a Baptist church. This church, together with those at Lannoy, Bertry, and Orchies, were at their own request adopted by the mission. From these central points

the missionaries and their French assistants went forth into the surrounding country, and subordinate stations were soon established in other villages for the regular preaching of the Gospel. Several other persons were employed as colporteurs, who traversed the districts of the north distributing tracts, books, and Bibles, and in this way calling the attention of the people to the truth of Christianity.

The mission thus commenced was carried on for many years with some degree of success; though from various causes it never was attended by those prosperous results which we have witnessed in Germany, Sweden, and other parts of Continental Europe. Its efforts at length began to grow feeble—the agents, one by one, were withdrawn, and the French brethren are now left entirely to themselves. And we are not sure that this, instead of being a calamity, will not prove for the Baptist cause in France a great blessing.

There are now five Baptist churches in France, besides those in Brittany, and one at Mühlhausen in connection with the German Baptist Union. Let us glance at these five churches in the order of their formation.

At Chauny (Aisne), where M. Cadot laboured as an evangelist, there is a church of one hundred members. It may be said that a monk laid the first stone of this spiritual edifice. About 1794, this monk, who was one of the sufferers in the Revolution, gathered several persons into a congregation in a small village called Villiquier-au-Mont, not far from Chauny, and began to teach them what he considered the way of life. He got them to procure copies of the Bible, and urged upon them their duty and privilege to read it for themselves. He pointed out some of the errors of Popery, such as the worship of images, and the use of prayers in an unknown tongue. He also enforced the sacredness of the Lord's day. But, ignorant of the doctrine of justification through faith himself, he did not explain it to his hearers. Consequent upon his labours many persons were awakened to seriousness; they committed portions of the Gospels and Psalms to memory, and repeated them night and morning, instead of the prayers of the Romish Church; and they were fully prepared for clearer

light. No further fruit appeared, however, till 1830, when a faithful Christian, who was a member of the Protestant church at Argicourt, in the Department du Nord, but resident at Villiquier-au-Mont, began to preach Christ to his neighbours. He was regarded at first with suspicion, because he was a Protestant, and the tracts he offered were refused; but a gentleman called Hersigny, whose mind had been partially enlightened through the teaching of the monk, and who loved the Scriptures much, seeing this Protestant's reverence for the Word of God, listened to his instructions, and received from his hands a tract, entitled "Le Fils Aîné" ("The Eldest Son"), and thus saw more distinctly the method of pardon and Divine acceptance. Shortly after, a Christian woman exhibited her light in this village, and an evangelist was sent to preach in the neighbourhood. These entered upon the labours of their predecessors, and were the means of bringing Hersigny and others to Christ, in whom they found peace. They now saw it their duty to obey Christ in baptism; and, in 1832, Madame Hersigny and her sister were baptized by M. Thieffry, pastor of one of the churches founded by Henri Pyt; and the year after her husband followed her example. The Romish priests soon set themselves to crush the infant community. A little chapel which Hersigny had erected at his own cost was closed; and the work went slowly on till 1837. In the summer of that year, the Rev. E. Willard visited Villiquier-au-Mont, in company with Pastor Dussard. As the result of this visit, several persons were converted and baptized. In 1838, M. Cretin became pastor of the little flock; and through his instrumentality and that of Esther Charpentier, the sister to whom we have already alluded, many were brought into the fold. In 1840, M. Lepoids, a young man who had been converted from Popery three years before, was sent to labour with this church; and the work continued to prosper till 1846. An order was issued in that year by the Prefet of Laon, instigated by the Bishop of Soissons, forbidding M. Lepoids to preach or administer religious ordinances, and authorising all Government officials in the department of Aisne to prosecute

him if he dared to act against the prohibition thus issued. Imprisonment and fines immediately followed. For a year and a half the brethren had to endure sharp persecution. The Lord, however, enabled them to continue steadfast through all. In 1848, when the last French Revolution took place, all the fines they had paid were returned, and the chapel at Villiquier-au-Mont was re-opened. Under the *régime* of liberty the cause gained strength; and, in 1850, it was judged necessary to build a chapel at Chauny. For two years the Gospel was preached in this house to many souls. But in 1853 it was closed by order of the Government; and, in spite of all the efforts that have been made to open it again, it remains shut to this day. Still the heaven has spread. There is, as we have previously stated, a church of a hundred members in Chauny and the neighbourhood; and every year some are added to the Lord.

At Verberie (Oise), between Chauny and Paris, there is a Baptist church that was formed in 1838. In that year Madame Charpentier was called to visit Le Meux, a village near Verberie. She found several persons there prepared to receive the Gospel, and urged them to invite M. Cretin, who was then labouring at Villiquier-au-Mont, to visit them. They did so, and he complied with their request. A lady was converted at his first visit: others followed. They were baptized, and formed into a church immediately after. Subsequently, M. Foulbœuf, who, like all the other converts, had been a Roman Catholic, went to labour at Le Meux; and God blessed him greatly. In 1845, twenty persons were brought to embrace the truth. The work of this devoted man was, however, soon interrupted by death. Consequently, M. Cretin was obliged to leave Chauny to superintend this part of the vineyard. The liberty of 1848 was the occasion of a wider diffusion of the truth here, as elsewhere; and several were converted. But since that time this church has had to pass through severe trials. Many members have emigrated to America; some have been excluded; some have died. At present there is no pastor. There are thirty-five members; there are six places of worship, and thirteen preaching stations. Hundreds of persons are accessible to the Gospel; and it is of

the utmost importance that a faithful man should be sent among them.

The church of La Fère and Athies (Aisne) formerly existed in two churches. The Word of Life was conveyed to Athies in 1840 by a colporteur of Lille, and after that by a Baptist colporteur sent there by Mr. Willard. A small church was formed, and continued to grow. At the time the Gospel was introduced to Athies, it was also proclaimed for the first time at Le Fère. A church of ten members was formed at this latter place in 1848. The same year the church at Athies united with it, and M. Foulon became pastor of the united flock. From 1848 to 1856 the believers have suffered severe persecution. Their two chapels were shut up, and all meetings were forbidden. They continued to assemble, however, in private houses and in the woods. They grew bold through trial. Many attended their meetings and joined the church. In 1857 Pastor Foulon emigrated to America, and several of his members followed him. He was succeeded in the pastorate by M. Boileau, under whose care the church has prospered much. There has been no persecution for the last three years. The chapel at La Fère has been opened, though not by authority, and the brethren worship in it every Lord's day. The church numbers a hundred members, many of whom live in the surrounding villages, and some of whom have to travel far to the house of God. One old woman, seventy-five years of age, walks several miles to be in her place every Sabbath. If the brethren enjoyed full religious liberty, greater good might be done.

"Denain, in the Department du Nord, is a little industrial town, which has increased considerably in the last thirty years, on account of the manufactories, distilleries, and iron-foundries that have been built, and principally on account of its coal mines. The workmen are very numerous. They live in brick houses, generally but of one storey, which belong to their employers, who let them out at four and a half francs per month. These miners are not usually of the best character; on the contrary, they are gross in their conversation and habits. Very many of them are addicted to drink, and when in drink are turbulent and vicious." The Baptist church here was

established only a few years ago. Its origin was very humble. A poor man (poor, but rich in his possession of the pearl of great price) was the first to scatter the seed. He traded in poultry and eggs, and when selling his goods to his customers, offered them the milk and wine of salvation, without money and without price. Some accepted the blessings so freely offered, and in their turn spoke of them to others. One poor woman, thus converted, endured great persecution, and was honoured in saving many. Another person, a miner, having found Christ, began to preach him at the bottom of the mine. The power of the Lord was displayed, and many remarkable trophies of Divine grace were raised up. This was the beginning of the church at Denain. M. Boileau was appointed pastor of the flock, and laboured there for some years; till, to the great grief of all who knew him, and among whom he had wrought, he was obliged to leave to take charge of the larger church La Fère. There are forty members in church-fellowship. The friends meet in a small and inconvenient house. It would not cost much to erect a suitable chapel, but the poverty of the church prevents their engaging in such a work. The members are for the most part converted miners and labouring men, of rough exterior, but who, after having been touched by grace, have become noble champions of the truth. M. Cretin now labours there, with many tokens of the Divine blessing.

In 1839, and perhaps before that, a few Baptists used to assemble in the Rue St. Etienne du Mont, in Paris, for worship. But the present Baptist church in Paris, worshipping in the Rue St. Roch, was not formed till the 28th of May, 1850; when four persons, who had been previously baptized by Pastor Cretin, united in fellowship. The following year several members were added to this church. In 1852, an evangelist was sent to labour in Paris; but for nearly two years subsequent to this the church had no pastor, and was dependent on the visits of ministers from a distance for the administration of baptism and the Lord's Supper. At length Mr. Willard removed from Douai to Paris in October, 1853, and continued to labour there till the end of August, 1856, when, in consequence of the dimi-

nution of their income caused by the commercial crisis then felt in the United States, the American Baptist Missionary Union were compelled to recall him. Mr. Willard, at his departure, entrusted the Paris church to the care of M. Dez, the present pastor, who is assisted in his ministry by two evangelists and a colporteur. There are now seventy members in the church, and about a hundred persons attend every Sabbath to hear the Word of Life. In addition to these there are above a hundred Roman Catholics, whom the pastor and his fellow-labourers visit to expound the Scriptures to them, and aid them in their private search for the truth. There is a Sunday school in connection with this church, as there is in connection with all the others.

Such is our present position in France. The progress made may seem small, and it is small compared with that which has been made elsewhere. Still we must take into account all the circumstances. In every church the beginning was insignificant. All the converts have been turned from the superstitions of Popery. Most of them have had to suffer domestic, if not public persecution. The priests do their utmost to oppose the progress of the truth. The Government, while it winks at the meetings of our brethren in some places, forbids them in others, and retains its persecuting laws on its statute-books. The Baptists have no periodical or newspaper in France, so that they cannot reply to the attacks made on them by other Protestant churches. The American Baptist Missionary Union not being able to pay the salaries of the agents, their number has been from time to time diminished. The churches are too feeble to support their pastors without foreign aid. We Baptists of England must therefore hold out towards them a helping hand.

The appeal of M. Dez, for a chapel in Paris, deserves our most earnest attention. The room in which he and his friends worship is inconveniently situated in a back street, difficult of access, and is too small. Our readers will perhaps remember Mr. Spurgeon's graphic description of it in "A Sabbath in Paris." He says, "We gained from a Christian friend the information that the Baptists met somewhere near the

Romish Church of St. Roch. By searching the Directory we found that there was a school-room in one of the streets near the church, and, rightly guessing that this would be the appointed spot, away we hastened. No board or placard gave us assistance. We entered a little yard, and followed a couple who were going upstairs. The upper room in Jerusalem flashed before our eyes. We mounted, saw a little notice on the door, entered, and found ourselves in the humble room. A brother at the other end was instructing a few lads; a few poor people were sitting upon chairs waiting for service. Meanwhile the congregation gathered, until about eighty or one hundred occupied the chairs. They were a company in which most classes were represented,—the well-attired French lady, the tradesman, soldier, and workman. To our great joy, we soon perceived that the working-class predominated. We think we saw in that stone-paved, whitewashed school-room, the battle-axe and weapons of war with which God shall do great exploits."

We ought to have in Paris a neat and commodious chapel, as much in the centre of the city as possible. This is evident, whether we regard the relation of the Paris church to the other Baptist churches in France, or consider the importance of having a suitable home for English Baptists during their stay in the French metropolis. Our brethren purpose, when their house is erected,—and we sincerely hope that may be before long,—appropriating one part of the day for an English service. The Episcopalians, the Presbyterians, the Methodists, the Independents, all have their English service. It is high time the Baptists had theirs. Let us, then, heartily come to the help of our Paris brethren in their great undertaking. It is pleasant to see the names of some of our most liberal and earnest friends in the subscription list of M. Dez. May many more be added to it till the necessary sum is obtained; and when the contemplated structure is erected, may it prove, under God's blessing, a place of rest and refreshment to many a Christian far from his usual sanctuary, and the birthplace of many souls! And may the little leaven of Baptist doctrine in France spread itself throughout the entire nation till the whole is leavened!

Words of Wisdom for Christian People.

A MINISTER WANTED.

Thriftyville wants a minister. They are looking far and near to find one; but they want the "right man." Thriftyville is not one of your old, effete, worn-out places. It is a place grown up quickly on Rapid River, in the beautiful valley of Eureka. It is a very important place—standing directly over the centre of the earth, so that if a hole were dug, and a stone dropped into it, it would pass through the very centre of this great world. It has a growing population, and boasts of "a circle of very intelligent people." Moreover, it seems to be "the centre of a great moral influence," and it now wants a minister second to none. They want to get the society out of debt, to repair the old wastes which time has already made in their half-built sanctuary, to gather in the young, to "draw" a full house, and to make the concern every way prosperous and respectable, and easy to support.

Now for the qualifications desired. They are so few and simple, that "the right man" probably stands at your elbow.

Item. He must be a man mature in intellect, and ripe in experience;—and yet, so young that all the young people will rush after him.

Item. He must be quick, ardent, flashing, nervous in temperament, so that he may kindle quick and burn bright, prompt, ready, and wide-awake;—and yet, a man of the most consummate prudence, whose nerves shall never be unstrung, nor out of tune.

Item. He must be a man of great, burning zeal, so that he can startle, arouse, and kindle, and move the congregation;—and yet, so cautious, so cool, that he is always safe, calm, self-possessed, unperturbed.

Item. He must have the power to awaken and arouse the church;—and yet, must let them be quiet, and look on while he does all that is done for Christ.

Item. He must urge and move men, and lead the whole people to salvation, and get them all into the church;—and yet, so judicious that he can make a difference between the chaff and the

wheat, and let none but real converts into the fold.

Item. He must be strong and original in the pulpit, and bring none but beaten oil there;—and yet, be at leisure to receive any call, any interruption, be prepared for every occasion, and like the town-pump, never sucking for water, or giving out dry.

Item. He must be a workman who shall go down deep into the mines of truth, and quarry out its pillars, and set them up, and make men come and wrestle around them;—and yet, the most gifted man in light conversation, and on all that floats in the every-day world around him.

Item. He must have health, so that his body never wearies, his nerves never quiver—a real specimen of muscular Christianity;—and yet, a hard, severe thinker, a close reasoner, and a most diligent student; getting his books from any quarter.

Item. He must be poor in this world's goods, to show that money is not his object, and so that he can sympathize with the poor, and so that he can't help feeling humble and dependent;—and yet, his family must be the most hospitable, and entertain more company than any other in town; his children must be second to none in education and training; they must be respectably dressed; he must give away more, and more cheerfully, than any man in the place, not even excepting Esquire Rich himself: and his family must all be models, in all respects, for the community.

Item. He must be a man who can be permanent;—(though vastly superior to Dr. Solid, of the next town, who has been with his flock over thirty years!)—and his congregation must hear the same voice, on the same subject, several times every week;—and yet, he must come every time, as original, as fresh, as glowing, as if it were done but once a year.

Item. He must be able to live in a glass-house, always acting in public, coming in contact with all sorts of men and of prejudices, so original that all will respect and fear him;—and yet,

never odd, eccentric, morose, repulsive, or awing in manners. He should have the lofty attributes of an angel, with the sympathies, the gentleness and softness of the little child.

Item. He must be always ready, lofty, keyed-up to do the best possible;—and yet, so calm in spirit, and word, and look, that nothing can disturb the repose.

Item. He must never preach so that the people are not proud of him when they have a stranger in their pew, or so that the echo of his sermon shall not come back when he goes abroad;—and yet, every sermon must be so beautiful that all the young people will admire it, and wonder over it, and the little child can carry it all home, and repeat it to her grandmother.

Item. His wife must be the model of all models. She must be young and handsome, but not indiscreet or vain. She must be worthy of the admiration of all the people, and yet think she is the humblest of all. She must watch, and discipline, and prune, and lead, and make her husband the embodiment of all excellence, but she must never be aware of her power, lest she become overbearing. She must be the model of a lady, have a fair face and white hands, though compelled to do all the work of her family. She must be ready to meet everybody with a smile, take her hands from the flour at any moment, wear a checked apron, and still be dressed like a lady. Her face must never be otherwise than cheerful, her head must do its aching in secret, and she must give none occasion to call her extravagant, or to call her mean. She must be able to alter the same dress four times, turning it thrice, and fitting

it to a smaller child each time. She will be expected to be the very life of the Dorcas Society, the most zealous member of the All-Labour Society, the very back-bone of the Maternal Association, the warm leader in the Female Prayer-meeting, the head and mover in the Reading Circle, and the visitor-general of the poor. She will be expected to be at all the prayer-meetings, and, let how many soever brethren be present, she will be looked to to set the tune for each hymn. As she receives no salary, of course her qualifications are not so important, *though the above are essential!*

Item. The minister must be sound in doctrine, able to lay his hands on the naked foundations of truth, to fortify and defend the hill of Zion;—and yet, must never preach the old fashioned doctrines. They are not spicy. They are not taking. They will never “draw” a full house.

Item. It is rather *desirable* that he should be a pious man, and one who loves his Master;—and yet, as this article, *piety*, has not acquired great value in Thriftyville, it would be well for him not to make that too obtrusive.

Such, in few words, is the man they want for Thriftyville. If they can light on him they will pay him *One Hundred Pounds* annually, and not let it run behind unreasonably. This is not, to be sure, half what their clerks receive; but they think that the minister, if he be only the “right” man, can “manage” to live on it. Who is ready? N.B. All applicants must put an extra postage stamp in the letter, or it will receive no attention.—*The Rev. John Todd, D.D.*

Narratives, Anecdotes, &c.

THE POWER OF A BURNT BIBLE.

“I AM going the round of my district,” said Miss Lawton, “to look after the wants of my people, and particularly to inquire whether they are well supplied with Bibles.”

At the mention of Bibles Tom scowled, and Jane turned pale, for she

knew how her husband disliked them, and, indeed, he would not allow one to be in the house.

No one spoke, so Miss Lawton said again, “How are you supplied with Bibles in your house, Mrs. Evans?”

Jane was just faltering out an answer, when her husband relieved her by saying gruffly at once, “We haven’t no

Bible in our house; and I don't mean to have one, either."

"No Bible at all!" answered Miss Lawton. "Well, I am sorry to hear this; because I think no house can be really happy without the reading of God's Book. But why is it that you have an objection to the Bible, Mr. Evans? I never heard of its doing any one harm, and I am sure it has done a great many people much good."

"I say what I say," answered Tom. "I haven't a Bible in my house, and don't mean to have one."

"Perhaps," said Miss Lawton, "you don't like to spend money upon one. Now, I will tell you what, Mr. Evans, I don't want you to spend a penny upon what you don't like, but I will make you a present of one. There," said she, putting upon the table a nice little roan Bible, "I will leave this with you; you will take it as a present from me, will you not?"

"Leave it or not, as you please, ma'am," answered Tom; "I have said there won't be a Bible in my house, and there shan't, either."

"Well, but surely you'll let me leave it?"

"Oh yes, leave it if you choose; but mark you, you see that fire. As sure as you cross the threshold of my door, that book goes into the fire. I'm a man of my word, and I'll do it."

"Mr. Evans," said Miss Lawton, looking calmly at him, while his wife trembled with emotion, "I *will* leave the book; and you may do with it what you like; but may God yet use that despised book for the salvation of your soul!" And she offered up a silent prayer that He, in whose hand is all power, might have mercy upon the poor infidel, and use his own Word as his instrument.

Miss Lawton rose up and took her leave. She crossed the threshold, and closed the door. Tom Evans immediately moved to the table and seized the Bible. "There," said he, holding it out at arm's-length, "I'm a man of my word; this book shall *not* stay in my house to trouble me," and he flung it on the top of the fire.

A column of smoke then rose from the volume; then the flames caught it, and it blazed with a bright glare up the chimney. Jane went out of the room, silently weeping, to a neighbour's cot-

tage. As she opened the door, a gust of wind rushed in, and fanned about the burning leaves. The infidel stood over the fire till all appeared to be consumed, and then sat down to his work.

The short day was soon over, and evening stole on. Tom left his work, and desired his wife to light the candle; then they sat over the fire together.

"I fancy," he said to his wife, "that ere district lady, as she calls herself, didn't expect I would keep my word about that book. But I'm a man of my word, and I hate the book, and that's the fittest place for it," pointing to the blackened leaves underneath the grate. "The fire has done its work well; but there's a bit here which hasn't been touched," and he took up a small piece which had been blown to one side, and so had escaped entire destruction. It was brown, and scarcely told what it had been, but the print seemed to have been burnt out into bolder relief by the action of the fire.

"I did say that I would not read the book, but I will just see what the fire has left." He took it in his hand, and, holding it up to the candle, read these words: "*Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my Word shall not pass away.*"

These words were not read by Tom Evans without effect. The Spirit of God worked by them. He could not lose remembrance of them. He rested not till he found the Saviour and peace to his soul. The lady's prayer was answered. God was true to his promise, "My Word shall not return to me void, but it shall accomplish the thing whereunto I sent it."

THE VISITATION SERMON.

SOME forty years have elapsed since a curious circumstance occurred at Norwich, in connection with the Rev. Joseph Kinghorn, of that city, the well-known opponent of Robert Hall on Terms of Communion. The facts will afford amusement to our readers, and will show the clergy that if they ever choose to preach another man's sermon, it is important to read it beforehand, at least while there is yet time to procure another. It is a fact well-known, that many of the Episcopalian clergy of England, even some of those

who are reputed as evangelical, purchase their sermons in manuscript; and that not a few of them are written by Dissenting ministers. It happened that, at the period we have already indicated, a visitation was about to be held by the bishop, and a certain reverend of the city, probably because he was a sprig of nobility, was appointed to preach the sermon. His reverence, utterly unable to compose a suitable discourse, applied to different persons famed for pulpit eloquence to assist him, but met with a series of disappointments. At length some one recommended an application to Mr. Kinghorn. He heard the request of his neighbour, and knew precisely what was wanted; but unfortunately his engagements were so numerous that he could not possibly write the sermon till the evening before the day when it was to be delivered. This was no difficulty whatever to the clergyman, who, indeed, did not call for it till he was on his way to deliver it. On receiving it from Mr. Kinghorn, with the assurance that it was "the best sermon he could write for the occasion," and having handed over "the fee," about one pound, he proceeded to the crowded church. A few minutes before entering the pulpit, after being fully robed in the vestry, and having also put on his "Master's scarf," he took out his sermon case to see whether the manuscript was fairly and boldly written. This being "all right," his eye first caught the text, which was scarcely satisfactory; but at this moment, the rector and beadle came to conduct him to the pulpit, where, in a few moments, he read as the foundation of his discourse, Isaiah xlv. 10, 11,—*"His watchmen are blind; they are all ignorant, they are all dumb dogs, they cannot bark; sleeping, lying down, loving to slumber, yea, they are greedy dogs which can never have enough, and they are shepherds that cannot understand; they all look to their own way, every one for gain from his quarter."* The sermon was, as the reader has already anticipated, a severe philippic on the imbecility and vices of the clergy. The preacher had wit enough to see that all was wrong, but he had no other sermon provided, and had not sense sufficient to alter the one before him. The commotion in the church during its delivery was terrific;

the bishop frowned, the clergy bit their lips with chagrin, and the congregation fairly laughed outright. The service at length closed, and the bishop angrily asked the preacher why he had given them such a sermon. The answer was at least true. "Indeed, my lord, I am very sorry; but I assure your lordship I did not write the sermon, and did not know what was in it till your lordship heard it." "Who wrote it for you?" "Why, my lord, it was written by Mr. Kinghorn, a very eloquent Baptist minister of the city, from whom I had it this morning." His lordship now said that he was talking to a most incorrigible dolt, and dismissed him with the wise counsel, that if he ever again was called to preach on a public occasion, he would do well to compose his own sermon.

SAVED BY A GRANDFATHER'S PRAYER.

FIVE years ago the village of N. was visited with a powerful work of grace. Christians were greatly revived, and many sinners were led to Jesus. Among the most interesting of the latter, was one who had long been a constant attendant upon the means of grace, and was now deeply wrought upon by the Spirit. Having found peace in believing, he arose one evening in meeting, and, in touching language, gave account of his early religious impressions, his recent deep impression that he was now having *his last call*, and of his final submission of every power of soul and body to Christ. It was a moment of solemn stillness. Every heart was moved, every eye was filled with tears, and all felt that God was there and had performed a most wonderful work.

At the close of the meeting one said, *"That was in answer to his grandfather's prayer!"* and added, "How joyful would he have been had he heard that experience to-night! Possibly his sainted spirit may have been hovering over us; possibly he is now rejoicing with the angels of God over this returning prodigal!"

On inquiry I learned this interesting fact in regard to the man's history. On the day of his birth his aged grandfather offered a prayer at the family altar for the health and life, and especially for the *salvation*, of the child,

and so fervent and importunate was it, that one who heard it remarked, "*That prayer will surely be answered.*" Years had passed. The grandfather had died. The babe had grown to be a man; and, though during his childhood and youth he had frequently been the subject of deep religious impressions, these had passed away. So that prayer had seemingly been offered in vain. But not so to the pious mother's faith; not so, doubtless, to that grandfather's sainted vision; and not so to God, who had not forgotten the supplication and tears offered in that child's behalf. Prayer was now answered after so long a time, and so signally that none could doubt it.

Let this example be an encouragement to pious parents. Pray for your children and persevere in prayer, though the answer be delayed. The prayer of faith will not be in vain. "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." And should the eye of any unconverted parent rest on this sketch, let him seriously reflect on the necessity of prayer both to himself and to those committed to his charge.

"Happy the home where prayer is heard,
And praise is wont to rise,
Where parents love the sacred word,
And live but for the skies."

THE BIBLE IN THE BARN.

A SOLDIER'S WIFE, with her three children, was passing through Essex on her way to Chelmsford. It was a fine summer's evening, when she saw a young man standing at a farmyard gate; she asked him if his master would allow her and her children to sleep in his barn; he said he thought he would, and went and asked; the farmer gave his consent, and told the young man to unbind two trusses of straw for them to sleep upon. The woman asked him where she could get a little water, and he went to fetch her some, and brought her a small can of milk, for which she was very thankful. She then took some bread from her bundle, but before she began to eat she asked God to bless what she and her children were about to partake of, though it was only dry bread and milk. The youth felt interested, and sitting down near the barn door, watched them at their humble meal. After finishing their repast, the soldier's wife

took from her bundle a New Testament, and said to the young man, "We are going to read and pray before we go to rest; if you will join us I shall be pleased." He did so; and after reading a few verses from the gospel by Luke, she earnestly prayed for the blessing of the Lord to rest upon the farmer, his family, his servants, and the young man, for the kindness she had received from them. The simplicity of the prayer struck the young man, and the words sunk deep into his heart. He could not sleep; he rose early in the morning, and went to the barn to ask the soldier's wife the way of salvation, but she was gone. He told one of the servant girls what had passed, and she related it to her young mistress, who was pleased to relate the simple tale to the rest of the family. It led the whole of them to reflect; they looked for the verses read by the soldier's wife the previous night. They sent for the young man to have the tale confirmed, who wept as he told the simple story, and closed by saying, "Salvation has come to my heart. I feel as I have never done before." The farmer, his family, and the young man became constant hearers of the Gospel, and a great change was evident in their subsequent lives and conduct.

THE GOOD DEACON.

JOHN COTMAN, of London, was a respectable mechanic and the deacon of a Congregational church. Both he and his wife were eminent for simple piety, fervent devotion, and quiet, untiring zeal. They had very small talents, but much religion. In their family boarded a young man, also a mechanic, of foreign birth, but pursuing his calling in London. He knew nothing of religion, but was amiable and obliging, and greatly devoted to pleasure as the source of his happiness.

For some time after he began to live with them, when the Bible, morning and evening, was laid on the table, indicative of family worship, it was a signal for his leaving the room; but after a short time, influenced by the amiable spirit and manners of the worthy John Cotman and his wife, he occasionally stayed to observe this solemnity. One evening, he came home to dress, that he might visit a place of

amusement; when the good deacon said,—

"I think you had better go with me, and enjoy pleasure greater than that which you are going to."

"Where are you going?" was the inquiry of the young man.

"To the prayer-meeting at our church," replied the deacon.

"A prayer-meeting; what is that?"

"Why, we meet to sing hymns, read the Scriptures, and ask God to bless us."

The young man hesitated.

"You had much better go," said the good old lady, in her usual kind tone.

"So I will," was the reply.

He went, and in that meeting of some dozen persons, held in the vestry of the Congregational church, Maize Hill, Greenwich, did God open and soften his heart, and excited feelings which led him to the Saviour of sinners for pardon. That young man's name was JOHN GERHARD ONCKEN.

A Page for the Young.

LITTLE ROBERT THE TRAPPER.

COAL, you know, my reader, is dug out of the earth. Should you like to visit a coal-mine? We come to a great hole in the ground, and jump into a big basket hung by stout chains to a windlass. Down, down we go. It grows blacker and blacker, and is pitch dark by the time we touch the bottom. Here passage-ways run off in every direction, often crossing each other like the streets of a town. On each side of these are caves, where the coal is dug out. Thick pillars are left between to hold up the roof. The men who hew out the coal are called *hevers*. The coal is put into tubs running on wooden wheels, and dragged to the mouth of the pit. Those who do this are called *putters*. It is hard work pulling these heavy loads through the long, low, dark passages. Besides these are the *trappers*, whose business is to sit scooped up in little black holes, to open and shut the trap-doors which lead out of the passages. This is boys' work. Often little boys of nine or ten are employed. It is not hard, but very dismal and tiresome. And to stay all day long! How should you like it, children, who go to school and play out in the grass and sunshine?

Then, you know, there are dangers down in the mine which do not happen to folks above it. Foul air sometimes chokes the men to death; water sometimes spouts up and drowns them; and sometimes a part of a mine caves in. This is called a *crush*.

One morning, while the pitmen were

at work in a mine in the north of England, they heard a noise louder than the loudest thunder. In a moment every lamp was out, for the men work by lamps; there is not a spark of daylight there. "A crush! a crush!" cry the men; and men and boys throw down their tools and run.

It was Tuesday morning. The men gather at the mouth of the pit and count their number. Five are missing—two hewers, two putters, and one little trapper, Robert Lester. People above hear the noise, and rush to the pit's mouth. The workmen are taken up. Oh, the agony of the wives and mothers of those who are left behind! Brave men go back to their rescue. They light their candles and reach the crush. There is nothing but a heap of ruins. Were the poor fellows instantly killed, or are they hemmed in to die of starvation? It is a dreadful thought. They called and shouted, but no answer. Up go pickaxes and shovels to clear the way. It is great labour and great risk. The news of the accident brings help from far and near. Men flock from all quarters to offer their services. How they work! Towards night they hear something. Stop! hark! listen! It is not a voice, but a tapping. It can just be heard! *Clink, clink, clink, clink, clink!* five times, and then it stopped. Five more, and then a stop. What does it mean? One man guessed. There were five missing, and the five clinks showed all five were alive waiting for deliverance. A shout of joy went up in and above the pit.

Among the foremost was the father of little Robert the trapper. Night and day he never left the mine, and hardly quitted work. "You'll kill yourself, Lester," said a fellow-workman; "go take a little rest, and trust the work to us." "No, no, Tom," cried the poor father; "I promised Robert's mother we'd come up together; and so we will, if it please God," he said, wiping the tears from his rough cheek; and he hewed away with all his might.

How does it fare with the poor prisoners? They were frightened, like the rest, by that sudden and awful noise. Little Robert left his door and ran to the men, who well knew what it meant. Waiting till everything was quiet, they went forward to examine the passage-way Robert left. It was blocked up. They tried another; that was blocked up. Oh, fearful thought, they were *buried alive!* The men went back to the boy. "I want to go home; please, do let me go home," said little Robert. "Yes, yes, as soon as we find a way out, my little man," said Truman, in a kind yet husky voice. The air grew close and suffocating, and they took their oil-cans and food-bags to one of the galleries where it was better.

The two hewers, Truman and Logan, were pious men. "Well, James, what shall we do next?" asked Truman. "There is but one thing we can do," said Logan. "God says, 'Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.'" They told the boys their danger. "But we must keep up a good heart," said these believing men; "and the way to do so is to put our trust in the Almighty God more than in man. He heard Jonah cry to him from the whale's belly, and he can hear us from the bottom of a coal-pit. Let us pray to him." They all knelt down. Poor little Robert cried bitterly. But as the pious pitmen prayed, first one and then the other, their hearts grew lighter, and even the little trapper dried his tears.

When it was time for dinner they ate sparingly, in order to make the food they had last at least three days, for it might be full that time before they could be dug out. Meanwhile, what should they do for *water*? A trickling noise was heard. Water, water! Yes, it was water dripping from the rock. "It seems," said Logan, "as if this

water was sent on purpose to put us in mind that God won't forsake us; for don't you know the good book says, 'When the poor and needy seek water, and there is none, I the Lord will hear them, I the God of Israel will not forsake them?'"

Pretty soon the men got their pick-axes; but what a hopeless task it seemed to cut through the terrible mass of earth and stones to daylight. Their hearts beat with hope and joy when they first heard the sound of their friends working on the other side. It was then they made the *clink, clink*, with their pickaxes, which was heard, and so encouraged their deliverers.

Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and no rescue. What dark and dreadful days! Worse than all, the sounds beyond did not appear to draw nearer. And yet prayer and *songs of praise* might have been heard in that dismal cavern. By Friday morning their food was gone, and by Friday night their oil gave out. "Our food is gone, our light is gone, but our God is not gone," said Truman. "He says, I will never leave you, nor forsake you. Can you trust him still, mate?" "Yes, I can," said his pious comrade. "Let us try and sing that blessed hymn,

"The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
He'll *never*, no, *never*, no, *never* forsake."

They tried to sing it, but their strength gave out long before they got through. As for little Robert, he was so weak he could not sit up. His mind wandered; he talked about the sun and the grass as if he saw them; and once he broke out, repeating what he learned at Sunday school:

"Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green."

Saturday came. Five days, and the men outside knew there was not an instant to lose. They were too anxious even to speak. It was only work, work, for dear life. For hours they had heard no signals. Were their poor comrades *dead*? Suddenly the wall was pierced; a hole was made through; feeble voices were heard. "Truman, are you there?" "Yes, all here." "All living?" "Yes, thank God, all living." "Yes, thank God, all living." "All living, all living!" shouted the men; and the shout went up to the top of the pit. When Robert's father heard his

little son was alive, the good news was too much for him, and he fell down senseless.

One hour more, and the rescuers reached their comrades. Who can describe the meeting? I can't, or the joy

and gratitude of wives, mothers, and friends, as one and another were brought up to light. Then came Mr. Lester with Robert in his arms. What a huzza rent the air as they hove in sight! Safe, safe! God be praised!

Our Sunday Schools.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER'S PRAYER.

NINETEEN years ago, in one of the principal streets of lower New York, where at present scarce anything else is heard but the din and bustle of commerce, stood a little church. Connected with it was a flourishing Sunday school; and Sabbath after Sabbath might be seen the little children, neatly attired, and with their Bibles in their hands, pursuing their way to this place of divine instruction.

In one corner of the school-room sat a faithful teacher. Sabbath after Sabbath, through rain and sunshine, punctual and regular, he might be seen at his post, surrounded by his little flock. But though so faithful in attendance and instruction, he perceived no fruit of his labours, and began to feel sad and discouraged. "Why would not the Lord bless him? He had been faithful. Why could he not have one of those infant souls so eagerly sought for the Saviour? Was God untrue to his promise? Had Jesus Christ ceased to love the little child?"

It was thus the teacher reasoned with himself, as one day he slowly paced his way homeward from that Sabbath school. He retired to his room, and sitting down alone, again thought of his infant souls, and how he might awaken them to a sense of their peril and a Saviour's love. His instruction, he thought, had perhaps been too general; he had not pressed the Gospel truth individually enough upon the minds of his dear children. True, he had spoken to them of their souls' salvation and the love of Christ, but it had been only in a general way; and being taken in a general way, it seemed to produce little or no effect. "I have not," said he, "perhaps been sufficiently

pointed in my remonstrances and entreaties with them to come to Christ."

Thinking thus within himself, he determined henceforth to make his instructions more direct and personal to the minds of his little flock. In that teacher's class was a little boy, whose attendance was almost as regular as that of his instructor. He loved his teacher, and his teacher loved him, and he never met him but the face of little Theodore became radiant with delight.

Now, in this determination to individualize his instruction, the teacher had selected that little boy as the one with whom he should first commence his new method. He thought within himself, "How can I best accomplish it? It would hardly do to make him the principal subject and point of instruction and remark before the whole class, and yet the time would hardly allow for such instruction to every other member. If he could see little Theodore alone, during the week, he might perhaps more effectually succeed in impressing his youthful mind, and so, in turn, the minds of the other children."

On the following Sabbath, therefore, after the completion of the lesson, he turned to the little boy, who always sat at his right, and told him to call at his room, on such an afternoon of the week. Theodore retired to his home, thinking all the way what it could be the teacher wanted of him. "Perhaps he has some little present to give me—some little memorial of his friendship and love."

Wednesday afternoon came round, and at the appointed hour was heard the rap at the door. He entered, and found his teacher sitting all alone in one corner of the room, serious and

thoughtful. The little boy laid down his hat, and seated himself by his side.

"Theodore," said the teacher, "do you know why I have asked you here this afternoon? I want to speak to you on a very solemn and important subject, and that subject is your soul's salvation."

The little boy's heart was moved, as his teacher proceeded to tell him of a Saviour's love (and yet it was nothing more or less than had been reiterated to him Sabbath after Sabbath); and still more moved and melted to tears, as side by side he knelt with that teacher before the throne of grace. Oh, with what earnestness did he there plead for the soul of his little scholar! It pierced the boy's heart. It fell like seed like seed imperishable into broken soil.

Years passed on. That teacher and scholar had been separated, perhaps for ever. That little boy had grown up to manhood. He was still unregenerate and worldly. Oh, where was that teacher's prayer? Had it been poured out for naught? Had that private remonstrance been of no avail? Ah, no! It had sent a thrill through that little child's heart which was enduring. It had touched a chord which continued to vibrate long after all other of that teacher's remarks and instructions had been forgotten. It had penetrated deep into his soul, and there it lay imperishable—engraved as with a pen of iron. That earnest, supplicating voice still resounded in the dark chambers of his heart. The earnest, agonizing look of that praying teacher's countenance seemed interwoven in the very texture of his soul.

There as a sentinel it stood, amid the encroachments of temptation, and amid the follies and delinquencies of youth, gently remonstrating and chiding by its presence. How often, when about to yield to sin, had the thought of that prayer suddenly risen up, as a spirit of the past, to restrain him from the intended evil!

But that was not all. That prayer produced its impression not only on earth;—it had impressed the throne of

God. From the lone corner of that Sabbath school teacher's chamber, it had penetrated heaven, and before God's mercy-seat it lay, as yet unanswered, but not forgotten, by the God of grace. In time he sent his Spirit to work upon that young man's heart. Heavy and dark were the struggles in that soul, as grace fought for the mastery there. But successful it could not but be, and successful it was; for the prayer of faith had been offered for that soul, and we know that "the prayer of faith availeth much."

Nineteen long years have sped away since scholar and teacher bent together before the mercy-seat. The teacher's name has long since been forgotten. The countenances of those classmates, of the superintendent, and minister, of that Sunday school and church, have long since faded from the memory of the past, and sunk into deep oblivion. But that last prayer will never—can never be forgotten. Like an oasis, it stands forth amid the desert of youthful folly and sin, a beacon light on the dark shore of the past—a monument upon which is inscribed, "*A Sabbath School Teacher's faithfulness and love.*"

Sabbath school instructor! Do you wish for success in your labours? Do you seek to sow imperishable seeds of truth, and create enduring impressions upon the youthful minds of your little flock? Let your instructions, and warnings, and entreaties, to the members of your little class, be more personal and direct. The common method of instruction is not enough. It is too general. Each one applies it to the other—no one to himself. Endeavour to individualize your instructions and remarks. Heat and light, concentrated, are tenfold more powerful than diffused. And if God sees not fit immediately to reward your efforts, be not discouraged. You may be sowing seed which, after you are dead and gone—after your name and countenance have long since been forgotten upon earth—may spring up a glorious harvest to your Redeemer's praise.

Our Societies.

THE ANNUAL MEETINGS.

THIS is the age of religious and benevolent Societies. We have before us a list of public anniversaries to be held this season in London, extending from the middle of April to the middle of July. The institutions represented at these annual gatherings embrace every form of Christian and philanthropic effort, and cover with their operations all lands. In spite of all their defects, they are the glory of our time.

We purpose giving, in the present paper, a brief but comprehensive sketch of the anniversaries held this year in connection with our own denomination. They commenced on the evening of Wednesday, April the 20th, when two meetings were convened—the annual meeting of the Baptist Building Fund—and the Jubilee meeting of the Baptist Irish Society.

The Baptist Building Fund is one of the most useful of our institutions, and deserves a much larger measure of support than has ever yet been rendered it. Last year it advanced in loans, to be repaid in annual instalments of ten per cent. free of interest, no less a sum than £2,200. The total capital of the Fund is £10,600; but the Committee have boldly determined to raise it, if possible, during the next five years, to £100,000. May the Baptists of this country come to the help of the Committee, in seeking to accomplish so noble an object! The annual meeting was held in the Library of the Mission House, and was presided over by the Rev. C. M. Birrell, of Liverpool. After prayer by the Rev. T. C. Page, of Plymouth; the Secretary, Mr. A. T. Bowser, read the report; and Mr. J. Benham the Treasurer's account. The meeting was then addressed by the Chairman; Drs. Underhill and Angus; and Messrs. Walters, of Newcastle; Burchell, of Blackpool; Millard, of Huntingdon; Woollacott, and Bowser, sen.

The Jubilee meeting of the Baptist Irish Society was held at Upton Chapel, Lambeth. This is a new place of worship built for the church and congregation worshipping for many years in Church Street Chapel, Blackfriars. There was a counter-attraction in the same locality, in the opening services of Mr. Howieson's new chapel, in Walworth Road. Therefore, though it was the Jubilee of the Society, though Mr. Spurgeon was announced as Chairman, and though Mr. Stovel and Mr.

Brown, of Liverpool, were among the speakers, the attendance was yet small. After devotional services, the meeting was opened by the Chairman in an able speech; from which we cannot forbear making two extracts—one having reference to State-Churchism—the other to Plymouth Brethrenism. Speaking of the State-Church in Ireland, Mr. Spurgeon said:—

“Then there is the State-Church. A State-Church anywhere I should look upon as a nuisance. If it were perfect in other respects, yet as a State-Church we must always look upon it as an obstacle to the Gospel. But the State-Church in Ireland is a crying abomination. It is an infinitesimal minority, and Irishmen need never look abroad for some object of popular outcry and grievance while they have the Church like an abscess feeding upon them. I honour and respect many brethren in the Irish Church; some of them are most faithful ministers of God—but the Church as a Church I abhor. What right has it to abstract its substance from Romanists—to live and fatten upon what is nothing better than plunder taken from those who do not believe what it teaches? The Popish mind is not very discriminating, it looks upon all Protestants as alike, and the Irishman says, ‘Here I have your Protestantism rammed down my throat, and though I never go to the heretical schism-shop I am obliged to maintain it. A pretty religion yours, which cannot support itself, but has to take my ‘praties’ to support your priest! I won’t believe in you. You are a set of thieves, and it is not likely that we should thrive when you, though not thieves in one sense, yet subsist upon the thievish principle, which is living on the support of people who don’t believe in you.’”

We fancy the Plymouth Brethren will not have much love for this faithful brother, when they read the following testimony. After speaking of Romanism, State-Churchism, and the Regium Donum of the Presbyterians, as evils, and hindrances to the spread of the truth in Ireland, Mr. Spurgeon said:—

“Perhaps Plymouth Brethrenism is as bad as all these put together. Wherever our churches have been established there are always Plymouth Brethren who have come out from the Established Church or from Presbyterianism. They agree with us to a great extent, but they are sure, as soon as ever the Church has risen to a state of something like stability, to create a schism amongst us. Of all the sects, they are the most sectarian; of all Christians, the most unchristian in their spirit; of all separatists,

they are the most separated from others: and yet of all men I will say personally they are the best of men. I am on terms of personal intimacy with very many among the Plymouth Brethren, and I respect them as men, but whenever they enter into our churches they cause divisions, for their spirit is division. Without a minister the churches never grow and never will grow. I believe the ministry is God's agency, and where that is despised we shall never see the power of God's Spirit poured forth to any great extent. But these people will not hear ministers, and consequently, though the services may be profitable to a few believers, they never will be attractive to the outside world. I would prefer above all things to spend my Sabbaths with Christian people, in breaking bread and prayer. It would just suit my flesh. It is just what my carnality pants for, for I can tell you I do not always find it easy to go into the pulpit and face the mass of people. I have a considerable lazy bump in my head, and should be glad to have the opportunity of sitting still sometimes. But a church will not last without a minister; it would soon go to pieces. These friends have a perfect right to secede from us and hold their own views and principles, but inasmuch as they have always amalgamated with our churches, and then seceded, causing heartburnings and bitterness and I know not what, I can but look upon them as hindrances to the spread of the Gospel. I would ten times rather have to contend with the error and bitterness and darkness of Romanism, because I know then what I have to contend with, than with the sectarianism of those who pretend to be so evangelical as not to bear any name so Christless as 'denomination,' and who are yet more denominational than the most bigoted, and more sectarian than sectarianism ever was at its worst."

These are forcible and right words. The Rev. C. J. Middleditch, the Secretary of the Society, stated that during the past year 188 persons had been added to Christian fellowship in connection with the churches in Ireland—that 16 ministerial brethren were employed at 17 principal stations—that the number of church-members was about 1,000, and the number of stated hearers about 5,000. Addresses were subsequently delivered by Messrs. Gray, Stovel, Stock, and Evans, minister of the chapel. By an unwise arrangement the Rev. H. S. Brown was appointed to speak at the close of the meeting; but, as the time had been occupied by the previous speakers, he very properly declined speaking at all. Through this mistake the assembly lost a good speech, and the Society some words of powerful advocacy and support.

At the prayer-meeting of the Baptist Foreign Missionary Society, which was held at the Mission House on the following morning, there was a large attendance.

The Rev. Dr. Steane presided, and delivered a most appropriate address. Several brethren led the devotions of the worshippers; and it was felt to be a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord.

In the evening we went to Kingsgate Chapel, Holborn, to attend the twenty-fourth anniversary of the Bible Translation Society. It was encouraging to see a much larger gathering than at previous anniversaries. The chair was occupied by J. C. Marshman, Esq., and the speakers announced were all missionaries,—men who, from personal experience and observation, could testify to the good resulting from the Society's operations. Two of the number, however, Mr. Evans, of Delhi, and Mr. Saker, were unable to speak through illness. After prayer by the Rev. G. Isaac, of Brighton, the Chairman introduced the business of the evening in his usual sensible and earnest way. From his long residence in India, and his intimate acquaintance with missionary work there, he spoke with authority; and this was his testimony:—

"I do not say it to the disparagement of any other society, but it is the Baptist missionaries who have circulated the Word of God throughout the Gangetic valley, peopled by 70,000,000 of inhabitants. Besides, it is the Bengalee translation of Yates, improved by Wenger, that is read in all the missionary schools, and by all the converts among the 40,000,000 of inhabitants of Bengal. It is the Hindue version that has been made by Mr. Parsons, the excellence of which is admitted by the missionaries of all denominations, that is now circulated amongst the 30,000,000 of Hindoos in the North-West Provinces. Coming down still further to the Bay of Bengal, you will find that the 70,000,000 of inhabitants on the one side have been entirely dependent upon the Baptist versions; and if you look across the Bay to the great empire of Burmah, you have before you 100,000 converts who look to the American Baptist missionaries for the oracles of Divine truth. Thus we are placed in a position which, in the language of the world, would be called a proud one; but in the language of Christianity, a position of great honour."

After the Secretary, the Rev. W. W. Evans, had read the report, the meeting was addressed by the Revs. C. Carter, of Ceylon; J. Parsons, of Meerut; G. H. Rouse, of Calcutta; and Dr. Underhill. The speech of the evening was that of Mr. Parsons. Mr. Carter and Mr. Rouse spoke well; but people do not expect from a missionary abstract reasonings, statements of principle, or logical defences; they look for a narrative of what he has seen and done, and of what God has done through him. Mr. Parsons hit the nail

on the head. A more interesting missionary speech was never delivered. A few more like it would soon make the anniversary of the Bible Translation Society one of the most attractive of our solemn feasts. The following extracts may induce our readers to look into *The Freeman* for the whole speech, if they have not already seen it:—

"I had been on one occasion circulating the Bible as far as the Sub-Himalayas, when a man said to me that he had a book like that which he saw in my hand, and that he read from it every morning at prayer-time. He brought it out, and I found it to be a copy of John's gospel. The man said it seemed to him very good; it spoke much about God, was spiritual, and he thought it a little mystical, and so had adopted it as a devotional reading-book. It is my conviction that at the present time there are not less than five thousand persons in and about Delhi who are reading the Scriptures daily—(cheers)—but who do not profess to be Christians—Mahomedans and Hindoos. I do not doubt that my brethren in India would say that this calculation is much below the mark. I have had the pleasure of distributing not only entire copies of the Scriptures, for at one time I carried on a system of lending out the gospels and tracts every week. Amongst those who received these were six noblemen, four of them related to the royal family of Delhi; and some short time before I left, one of these told me that he hoped by-and-by to meet me in heaven. I replied, 'I hope you will recollect that you must believe on the Lord Jesus Christ: otherwise you can rightly indulge no such expectation.' 'I know that, Sahib,' he answered; 'but I do believe, and I am encouraged when I read the account of Nicodemus. I feel it so difficult to avow myself a Christian, and I think God will pardon me if I remain a secret Christian in my own house.' I had seen this man often, and when he came to me on this occasion he seemed anxious and troubled. After he had spoken to me as I have said, he was much more cheerful, and added, 'I have long wanted to mention this to you, Sahib, but I never had the courage to do it before.' I believe there are many men in this state in Northern India at the present time."

Again:—

"I have also met with several native Christians and native preachers who were brought to a knowledge of the truth by reading the Bible only, apart from all other help. I believe there are multitudes who, when hidden things shall be revealed, will be seen to have been brought to God in this manner. In one of the places before referred to, I went with a man who possessed a copy of the New Testament, and he told me that he intended to keep it in order to be ready for a great occasion. Asking what that was, he said: 'I feel sure that before long Christianity must prevail universally, and I think

I had better keep this book to be prepared for that time.' I have heard from natives remarks of this kind:—'These books of yours are very dangerous indeed. I have taken particular notice that all persons who persevere in reading them become Christians at some time or other, and, therefore, I am determined not to read them.' Another person, who had received a New Testament from me, said, 'This, Sahib, is an excellent book. I consider it the best in the world.' Another person remarked, 'It is a book of deep meaning, and its signification is of the most weighty kind.' Another said, 'This book contains enough in itself to show any one the way to paradise.' Another, 'I am determined that I will read no other book but this; it is sufficient for me.' Another, 'The truth in this book is as clear as the light.' Another, still more expressively, 'God's truth in this book sparkles like crystals.' Another, 'This book contains heavenly food for the mind.' And still another, 'I consider that person alone happy who every day walks in this book.'"

Dr. Underhill put the case between the Bible Translation Society and the British and Foreign Bible Society forcibly when he said,—

"The most gratifying information had of late been received, showing that a desire to study the Scriptures extensively prevailed amongst the young men of India. To meet the evident want of the people, a gentleman had suggested to the British and Foreign Bible Society that a copy of the New Testament should be given to every native school-master in India, and of one of the gospels to every scholar capable of reading it. The Committee seemed pleased with the idea, but it could not be fully carried out without including in the distribution the versions of the Baptist missionaries. Thus the old difficulty had come up, and the Committee declined to solve it, saying they would refer the matter to their Calcutta auxiliary, which simply meant that nothing would be done. This refusal to circulate the Baptist versions, even where no others existed, was the more inexplicable, seeing that the Bible Society circulated at the present moment Romish versions, wherein Christ is dishonoured and the Virgin elevated into an object of worship, and which puts penance in the place of repentance. To say the least, the Baptist versions are not heretical in any such sense as these Romish versions are; and he asked whether this was not a vivid illustration of rejecting the gnat and swallowing the camel?"

On Friday morning, the annual business meeting of the Baptist Irish Society was held at Moorgate Street, Thomas Pewtress, Esq., the Treasurer, presiding. The most important matter discussed was the union of this Society with the Baptist Home Missionary Society. The following resolution, moved by Mr. Heaton, and seconded by the Rev. W. Walters, was,

after a free expression of opinion, adopted by a large majority :—

“That in the opinion of this meeting, a union between the Baptist Home Missionary Society and the Baptist Irish Society is both practicable and desirable, and the present is an appropriate time for effecting such a union; and that it be therefore an instruction to the Committee to be this day appointed, to take such measures as may be adapted to promote such a union on the most desirable basis, and to call a special general meeting of this Society for a decision of the question on the earliest possible day.”

In the afternoon, the business meeting of the Home Missionary Society was held in the same place. The Rev. W. F. Burchell presided. The Rev. S. J. Davis announced that he had resigned the office of Secretary, which he had filled for twenty-five years; and a resolution of gratitude for all Mr. Davis's services, and esteem for his character, was unanimously adopted. Messrs. Heaton and Walters introduced the resolution which had been adopted in the morning at the meeting of the Irish Society, and, after a long discussion, it was again carried. We hope, therefore, that the amalgamation will soon take place, and that we shall have a strong Baptist British Mission. In the meantime, the Rev. S. Green has been invited to succeed Mr. Davis as Secretary.

At seven in the evening, the Rev. T. F. Newman, of Shortwood, preached the Jubilee Sermon of the Irish Society, in Kingsgate Chapel. The discourse was one of great excellence; but the congregation was meagre in the extreme.

On Sunday, the 24th, Sermons were preached in the various Baptist chapels of the metropolis and its vicinity, and collections made on behalf of the Baptist Missionary Society.

Monday, the 25th, was a red-letter day in the history of the Baptist Union. On that day was held the most interesting and important session of its existence. The correspondence which had been carried on for some time past in the columns of *The Freeman*, together with the announcement that grave questions would be introduced for discussion, had excited, on the part of those interested in the proceedings, great expectations. The expectations of the most sanguine must have been more than realized. There was a numerous company; the Mission Library being quite full. It was matter of regret, however, that nearly the whole of the leading pastors and laymen of our London churches were absent,—a fact for which they ought to take to themselves shame, and a fact which appears in striking and sad contrast with the conduct of the

ministers and members of other religious communities on similar occasions. The chair was filled by our esteemed and honoured brother, the Rev. J. P. Mursell, of Leicester,—a man of presence as well as a man of power. Our friend's head, if it had *only half* the quantity of brains it now holds, would be a fortune for any man. After devotional exercises, conducted by Dr. Hoby and Messrs. Stokes and Walters, the Chairman proceeded to deliver his opening address. Several subjects of great moment, affecting the religious interests of the day, were embraced in that address, and were discussed with the fulness and eloquence which mark all Mr. Mursell's productions. We have space for only two or three short extracts. This is Mr. Mursell's opinion of the *Essayists and Reviewers* :—

“Like all other innovators, these gentlemen give us nothing in return for that which they take away. Treading in the footsteps of their school, they follow the path of negative theology,—a course which, when once entered, it is not usual to forsake, and which opens out into wide but most dreary wastes. They quietly, moreover, ignore the thinkers and writers who have preceded them. Grocius, Lardner, Warburton, Whithy, Howe, Owen, with the galaxy to which they belong, are left in the oblivion which awaits all who reject the philosophy of a progressive Christianity, who believe that as a scheme of truth it is perfect, sufficient, and divine. Yet, strange to say, these enlightened instructors, who would be the guides of others, do not agree among themselves, but indicate varying attainments in their new researches, so that it is difficult to choose among them, or to decide at whose feet to sit. They agree only in removing the ancient landmarks, and indulging in conjectures of their own.”

Adverting to the possibility of our cherishing too much sympathy with the æsthetic spirit of the times, our mentor thus set before us our danger and our duty :—

“Is it altogether certain that we may not adapt our religious houses and services to the cravings of novelty, until we appeal through them to the imagination rather than to the understanding, and render them channels of agreeable excitement, rather than sanctifying means of grace? Is there no danger of the sword of the Spirit itself losing its edge while brandished amidst so much that is incidental and artistic? While giving all proper attention to the tastefulness and commodiousness of our places of worship, and to the order, impressiveness, and decorum of their sacred engagements, we will not forget, brethren, that we have nothing to do with an age when all was typical,—whether buildings or ceremonies or sacrifices, from the golden bell and the pomegranate that adorned the robe of the priest, to the Urim and Thummim which glistened

on his breast—from the altar before which Solomon stood, spreading forth his hands towards heaven, to the gorgeous temple itself, beneath whose vaulted roof he poured forth his sublime prayer;—but the rather we will bear in mind that, whether we convene in the lowly cottage or in the well-appointed sanctuary, we ‘come to Mount Zion, to the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, to the innumerable company of angels, to God the judge of all, to the spirits of just men made perfect, to Jesus, the Mediator of the new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling which speaketh better things than the blood of Abel.’”

Hearken to this trumpet-call to renewed loyalty to God's Word:—

“Though a scratch or a flyspeck here or there may slightly deface the productions of a Raphael or a Titian, the genius of the great masters will gleam through notwithstanding; and, after all its avowed enemies or false friends may do, the inspiration of the sacred Scriptures will shine through all, with matchless and unabated splendour; the faithful guide from heaven will still remain with us, ‘fair as the moon, clear as the sun, majestic as an army with banners.’ Let us, brethren, as aforetime, give its leaves broadcast to the winds; let us tell its simple story to the child, and propound its deep philosophy to the sage; let its beams penetrate the hovel, and give an unwonted radiance to the palace; let us commission it to every clime, and render it into every tongue; let us fearlessly invite towards it scrutiny and research, and confidently laugh at the pestilential breath of malignity and hate, for ‘not one jot or tittle of my Word shall fail.’ If it would not savour of arrogance or presumption, I would appeal to the denomination to which I belong to rise as one man, and, amidst the times which are passing around us, swear renewed allegiance at the shrine of inspired truth!”

Every Baptist throughout the land will endorse the following expression of loyalty to the queen, with its accompanying testimony against the connection between the Church and the State in these realms:—

“We, as a body, in conjunction with other sections of the Dissenting community, yield to none in loyalty to the queen, and in attachment to her dynasty, and shall not cease to offer our prayers at the throne of the heavenly grace for her prolonged happiness, and for the continuance of her line. We honour and obey her as the head of the civil authority of the empire. But we repudiate with renewed determination the connection which subsists between the Church and the State, and conscientiously believe it to be dishonouring to God and to be fraught with manifold and grievous mischiefs to men; so that its dissolution would conduce to the promotion of pure religion, and to the honour and progress of the commonwealth. The connection which subsists between cause and effect must be strangely disturbed, and

the laws which imperceptibly determine the processes of decay have been mysteriously suspended, if recent events do not hasten this issue. It is contrary to the reports of all history, and utterly discordant with the experience of ages, that prolonged internal contentions should not unsettle and weaken the communities or institutions they disturb,—that contending policies and conflicting interests should not engender incongruities and consuming animosities, which are the forerunners of decay. Beside the fatal disease they feed and influence within, they inspire, by degrees, distaste and aversion from without, so that spectators stand prepared for their overthrow. The hour may be delayed, and the process be apparently slow, but the catastrophe is inevitable, and such as no human strategy can avert. In the meantime, it is for us to hold fast the liberties we have won, to use all peaceful means to sweep away the petty tyrannies that remain, to substitute equality for toleration in all that relates to conscience and to right; and while labouring in the vineyard of the Great Master with increasing solicitude and care, and wishing ‘grace, mercy, and peace to all that in every place call upon the name of Jesus Christ our Lord, both theirs and ours,’ serenely to await the day, when, emancipated from all worldly policies, an unfettered Christianity shall summon the nations to liberty and life.”

The address was listened to throughout with the deepest attention; many parts of it eliciting loud applause. The thanks of the meeting were given to Mr. Mursell, accompanied by a request that he would allow the address to be printed with the proceedings of the session. The same course was pursued with respect to all the subsequent papers. The Rev. J. H. Millard, the Secretary, then read the annual report, from which it appeared that during the past year “Seven Associations, comprising 160 churches not previously connected with the Union, had resolved on their adhesion. The Associations which already belonged to the Union had also received a clear increase of 28 churches. The entire addition of churches was 190, and the total number now constituting the Union was 1,279. Large, however, as this aggregate was, it was little more than half of the denomination. Returns had been obtained from 1,701 churches, 600 more than had ever reported before. They reported a total membership of 176,232 persons, or an average of 104 members to each church. The total number of Baptists in Great Britain, on that basis, might be estimated at 246,120. The churches belonging to the Associations had made returns as to membership, but the average increase during the year was only at the rate of 1½ per church, the lowest average for eight years.”

After the adoption of the report, the Hon. and Rev. Baptist W. Noel addressed the Union on the state of the churches. It is impossible to convey any adequate conception of the fervour and unction with which he appealed to the brethren. His words were like those of an apostle. There was never a finer illustration of the marvellous power of truth and goodness. No extract that we might give would do justice to the address. There was a charm in the speaker's appearance, in the tones of his voice, in the spirit of deep and solemn conviction with which he spoke, that cannot be seen or felt by those who merely read his words. We supply, however, the following, because it illustrates what may be done by thorough consecration to Christ:—

"I know that the churches lose members as well as gain others, and that that reduces the average. But what we want is to see men working, and of whom we can say that God works with them. You may have heard of that good man Carter, who has preached to working-men. It shows how he has got hold of their consciences, that there are two or three hundred working-men who have been led to Christ by his preaching. They had no baptistery, and they were Baptists from conviction. It was proposed to borrow the use of a chapel for the ceremony, but that was thought to be inconsistent. They had no money, but they had hands, and so they set to work and dug a baptistery in the room they had hired for their chapel; they laid on the pipes; and by the time the evening came the baptistery was ready, and fifty were baptized together. Mr. Carter has been living among them, a brother among brethren, and he is now their pastor. There is another instance of individual zeal, which I do not think we ought to ascribe altogether to the sovereignty of God. Mr. Barnie was a young boy in my Sunday school. He was a butcher's apprentice. He went to Australia, got a little money, came back and married his master's daughter, and has set up as a butcher at Notting Hill. He is an intelligent young man, and very earnest. He has a good business, but he has also been preaching Christ to his neighbours. A brother minister told me lately that this young man had brought ninety men to Christ, and that those persons had asked him to become their pastor, so that he is now carrying on his business as a butcher, and is also pastor of some two or three hundred working-people. He has a great deal of faith, and expects God to work every time he preaches. He does not pretend to know much, but he knows Christ has saved him, and he brings the truth before the consciences of men, and they fall down before the power of the Spirit. Now, if we have the same sort of faith, hope, and love, do not we believe the Lord will bless us?"

At the close of Mr. Noel's address

the Rev. C. Williams, of Accrington, read the excellent paper on "Associations," which appears in our pages this month. A short discussion followed the paper, in the course of which the Rev. W. Robinson, of Cambridge, took occasion to say, that "it was his deep and deepening impression, as in the sight of the Master, that all denominationalism was sin." Mr. A. T. Bowser then read a very valuable paper on "Chapel-building Finance," which gave rise to considerable debate. The paper shewed that Mr. Bowser had thoroughly studied the subject; and suggested plans of action which, if carried out, cannot fail to be of great use.

The report of the Sub-Committee appointed to confer with the Committee of the National Aged Ministers' Society, on the subject of Ministerial Provident Societies, was then adopted. A draft reply to the fraternal letter received from the Baptist ministers in Philadelphia on the subject of their missionary jubilee was read; but after some discussion as to the proper way of wording that portion of it relating to slavery, it was referred to the committee to answer the letter. A resolution in favour of holding autumnal meetings in leading provincial towns was adopted. A petition to Parliament in favour of abolishing the present ecclesiastical tests for degrees and fellowships in the University of Oxford was also adopted and signed. A congratulatory resolution on the accession of so many churches and Associations to the ranks of the Union was passed. The Rev. C. Stovel read a characteristic paper on ecclesiastical relations with the civil government. A vote of thanks was then passed to the Chairman, and the proceedings were terminated in the usual manner.

Thus closed a session of the Baptist Union on which we reflect with devout gratitude; and which warrants us to expect great things in time to come. To the Secretary we offer our warmest congratulations.

In the evening the annual public meeting of the Baptist Home Missionary Society was held in the Poultry Chapel. There was a very respectable attendance. H. Wright, Esq., presided. After prayer by the Rev. J. H. Hinton, the Rev. S. Green, the newly-appointed Secretary, read the report, from which it appeared that four churches connected with the Society had become self-supporting during the past year. The meeting was afterwards addressed by the Chairman; and by Messrs. Walters, of Newcastle; Barnett, of Birmingham; Dennett, of Blackheath; Lance, of Newport; and Collings, of

Gloucester. Speaking of the progress of the Society in the north of England, Mr. Walters said:—

"There were two towns, he might mention, in the north of England, where they were endeavouring to do the thing that the Society indicated as necessary to be done. One was the town of West Hartlepool, one of the most thriving and flourishing ports on the eastern coast. That town was fast out-rivalling Hull as a port for trade with the Baltic, and with the whole of northern Europe. The population was increasing at a very rapid rate, and they had, within the last year or two, established a church there. The friends received a small amount of aid from the Society; a large hall had been taken, but they were now negotiating for a piece of land on which to erect a suitable chapel, and then they would have to come to that Society to ask for more extended help for the minister, and they would have to come to the Baptist Building Society to ask for a loan towards the erection of a new chapel. The town of Middlesborough, also a port on the eastern coast, was another illustration of what he meant. Thirty years ago there was only one house there, but on the census of that town being taken a year ago for ecclesiastical purposes, the result showed a population of between 22,000 and 23,000 souls. All other denominations, excepting the Baptists, had a chapel there or a church; but their friends now had purchased a piece of ground in a most eligible part of the town, and the owners (Quakers) had most handsomely given back one-third of the purchase-money as their donation towards the erection of the edifice."

The next morning found us again at Moorgate Street. It was the annual members' meeting of the Baptist Foreign Missionary Society. Never did the friends of the Society muster in greater numbers. The floor of the library and the gallery were crowded to overflowing. In the absence of Sir S. M. Peto, M.P., the Treasurer of the institution, who was prevented from taking part in any of the meetings by illness, the Rev. J. H. Hinton was called to the chair. The usual routine business was attended to—notice of motion for effecting certain changes in the Society's constitution were given, to be considered at the next annual meeting—but the most interesting and encouraging part of the transactions was the announcement that the churches had given unmistakable proof of their continued confidence in the Society by their liberal response to the appeal which had been made during the year. As the result of the special efforts which had been put forth, not only had the financial year closed without debt, there was actually a balance in hand of £2700.

Bloomsbury Chapel was the place of

attraction in the evening. The annual meeting of the Baptist Irish Society was to be held there; and Messrs. Aldis, Mursell, of Leicester, and Noel, were to be among the speakers. The chair was taken by H. Kelsall, Esq., of Rochdale. The report was read by the Secretary, and the meeting was subsequently addressed by Messrs. Aldis, Pattison, Tarbotton (Secretary of the Irish Evangelical Society), Mursell, Noel, Brock, and Gould, of Norwich. We have no room for extracts from any of these speeches, and must therefore content ourselves by saying that Mr. Aldis spoke with great power and beauty, and that the addresses of the other gentlemen were distinguished by various kinds and degrees of excellence.

The next day was full of engagements. At nine in the morning there was a meeting at the Mission House for the purpose of considering how the circulation of the *Baptist Magazine* might be increased. We were glad to hear that various improvements were intended; and shall be yet more glad to see them carried into effect. The denomination cannot well do without such an organ. May its future success be equal to its merits! At eleven, there was a large and respectable congregation at Bloomsbury Chapel, to hear the Rev. D. Katterns preach on behalf of the Baptist Missionary Society. The sermon was distinguished by all those excellences for which Mr. Katterns is, as a preacher, so justly esteemed. In the evening we went to Surrey Chapel to hear the Rev. A. M'Laren, of Manchester. The spacious house was crowded to excess by a respectable congregation, drawn from all parts of the metropolis, to hear this eloquent and far-famed preacher. After devotional services conducted by the Rev. W. Walters, Mr. M'Laren ascended the pulpit, and delivered the most powerful and impressive sermon we have ever heard. For nearly an hour and a half the immense audience was spell-bound. The originality of conception, the beautiful imagery, the fresh and sometimes delightfully quaint style, the intense earnestness with which the sermon was delivered, all contributed to the preacher's success. We quite agree with a friend whom we heard exclaim as we left the chapel, "That is the prince of preachers!" The same evening the twenty-third annual meeting of the Baptist Tract Society was held in Keppel Street Chapel, Russell Square. John Thwaites, Esq., presided. After the Chairman's speech and the reading of the report, the meeting was addressed by Messrs. Stock, Collins, of Grundisburgh, Dr. Eaton (President of the Madison

University, United States), Norton, Dickerson, Woodard, and Pells.

Thursday was the last day, and the great day of the feast. The seventy-second annual meeting of the Baptist Missionary Society was held in Exeter Hall. The large room was well filled, and the platform was crowded with the leading supporters of the Society, both of London and the provinces. Lord Radstock took the chair at eleven o'clock, and called on the Rev. Dr. Thomas (President of Pontypool College), to open the meeting with devotional exercises. An abstract of the report, as published in *The Missionary Herald*, was read by Dr. Underhill, and the Rev. F. Trestrail, in the absence, through illness, of Sir S. Morton Peto, Bart., M.P., read the balance-sheet, from which it appeared that the total income for the year was £34,419 4s. 2d., which included special donations to meet the debt of last year and the apprehended deficiency this year, amounting to £5,934 7s. 7d. The General Purposes Fund had also increased by £5,284 11s. 2d. Thus both the real and prospective debt had been fully met, and there remained £2,723 15s. 6d. in the Treasurer's hands. But Sir Morton Peto wished the meeting very distinctly to understand that when current bills had been met there would remain a balance of only £40. The friends of the Mission must not, therefore, in the least degree, relax their efforts, but combine more earnestly than ever to strengthen and extend the operations of the Society. The noble Chairman then delivered a speech full of the finest Christian sentiment and feeling. The first resolution was moved by the Rev. T. Evans (from Delhi), who delivered one of the most elaborate and powerful missionary speeches that ever was heard in Exeter Hall. The difficulties and encouragements of missionary life in India were exhibited in a most striking manner; the audience listened with great delight, and Mr. Evans fairly established himself, before he sat down, as a successful platform orator. He was followed in a neat speech by the Rev. S. Coley, who represented the Wesleyan Connexion. After him came Dr. Angus, with a loving, sensible, able address. Then Mr. Spurgeon spoke with great ability, advocating some views of missionary organization which he deems important. Just as the meeting was about to close with the doxology, some person at the back of the platform caused a disturbance by endeavouring to speak, and as he persisted in his effort to be heard, the Rev. W. Brock said: "The person who has caused this interruption is a dismissed

missionary of this Society. We have gone into the whole matter that he desires to bring before you, and have pronounced against him. He has received from our hands the full discharge of his claim upon us, and we hold his receipt, and yet he has actually had the impertinence to demand his salary up to the present time, and hold us bound to pay him. Furthermore, he has sent a letter to one of our Secretaries, claiming £1,000 for damage to his reputation, and a second letter to the other Secretary, claiming from him by return £10,000 as compensation. (Laughter.) This is not the man to get the ear of an Exeter Hall audience. He has gone further, and has declared that 'as for Frederick Trestrail, he would not believe a word he might say—not even take his oath on any matter.' (Cries of 'Shame,' and 'Turn him out.') Now, we would. (Loud cheers.) Furthermore, he has written of one of the brethren who was to have been here to-day, but could not because of illness, 'as that worthless scoundrel, Saker.' (Loud cries of 'Shame.') And of the directors of the Society he dares to assert that 'they are a set of impostors, and that lying and slander have been their weapons.' ('Shame.') That is my case in moving a distinct and definite resolution that this man be not heard. (Loud cheers.) A man who can first calumniate your Secretary, then go further and defame one of the best missionaries we have ever had, and further consummate his rancour by traducing the whole body of your directors, is not the man to be heard by you even for a single moment. (Loud cheers.) I beg, therefore, to move that Mr. Alexander Innes be not heard." The Rev. C. Stovel, in seconding the resolution, said: "I beg to state that Mr. Innes himself supplied the facts on which his further services were declined." The resolution was then put to the meeting, and carried unanimously. A cordial vote of thanks to Lord Radstock for presiding, moved by the Rev. F. Trestrail, and seconded by H. Kelsall, Esq., of Rochdale, having been passed, the doxology was sung, the benediction pronounced, and the meeting separated.

In the evening there were two gatherings—the annual meeting of the Young Men's Missionary Association, and that of the Baptist Evangelical Society. The first of these was held in the Metropolitan Tabernacle—John Easty, Esq., in the chair. Mr. Tresidder read the report, and Dr. Edmond (Presbyterian), Mr. Landels, Dr. Hoole, and Mr. Jenner addressed the assembly. The second was held in Little Alie Street Chapel, under

the presidency of the Rev. P. Dickerson. Messrs. Frith, Howe, Wassell, Stock, Pells, and Woodard advocated the Society's claims.

Thus ended the Baptist Anniversaries of 1864. May all our Societies enjoy, during

the year on which we have entered, a double portion of the divine blessing; so that if their friends and supporters are permitted to assemble in 1865, they may be able to rejoice together over richer results than at any past time!

Intelligence.

FOREIGN.

BAPTISTS IN SWEDEN.—The *German Baptist Reporter* gives the following interesting account of the progress of the Baptist churches in Sweden during the past year:—"To the praise of the Lord we can say that the past year has been marked by an increase of vitality and zeal in our churches in Sweden, and by the spread of the truth into many new districts. The church at Stockholm during the year increased largely in the number of its members. A 'Young Men's Society' has been formed, also a similar society among the female members of the church: both having as their aim the promotion of Christian holiness in the church. The church at Stora Mellosa, now numbering between 200 and 300 members, will soon have completed the fifth year of its existence without having ever been under the necessity of excluding a single member. A spirit of love reigns among the members, both towards each other and towards the Christians in the Lutheran Church, although the clergyman is a staunch opponent of the Baptists. Scarcely a Sabbath passes without some soul being converted to Christ, and the truth with respect to baptism also spreads rapidly. Without influence from without, simply by searching the Scriptures for themselves, the converts almost without exception become candidates for Scriptural baptism. Once in the year all the poor people in the parish (this year more than 300) are invited to a plentiful dinner, and in the afternoon the Gospel is preached to them. All the members of the church take part in the Sunday school: for those who are not required as teachers form themselves into classes for the study of the Scriptures. The churches in Askersund, Orebro, and Asker, have also enjoyed much blessing this year: in the former especially through the evangelistic labours of a very simple but earnest man named Malm, under whose preaching many have been awakened and converted to God. Great blessing attends the ser-

vices in the new chapel at Gothenburg, and the church has been doubled in numbers during the past year. In Warberg Brother Truve has been privileged to lift up the standard of the Cross. At first he found much difficulty in obtaining a room for a meeting, but was allowed to speak of Christ to some poor people in the workhouse; this he considered a great concession, and his faith was strengthened, so that he prayed more earnestly for further help. The next day a large dancing saloon was offered to him, in which for fourteen days he preached regularly; the people came in crowds to the services, and the public-houses were left empty. At his next visit, in December, he found the former services had not been without good results; he now preached daily for a month in the dancing saloon, and one day the burgomaster came in and threatened to turn the preacher out of the town. But the consequence of this was that the next evening such a crowd came to the meeting that not more than half could get into the room, and on this same evening the Lord gave such power to his word that the room was filled with sounds of sighing and weeping. One solitary brother who had long prayed for his fellow-townsmen, was so filled with surprise and joy that for days he could scarcely eat or drink; he has since been much engaged in conversing with those who are awakened from the sleep of sin and are seeking Christ. Brother Backmann, whose labours in Northern Sweden have been greatly blessed, writes from Söderhamn:—"In the village of Lund I was joyfully welcomed by thirty persons who had been converted through my feeble instrumentality last year. At S— also, I had the joy of finding that some had been brought to a knowledge of the truth during my visit last spring. At — I preached in the house of a poor widow, whose daughter had been confined to her bed three years, and is now blind. Last time I was there I spoke to and prayed with her; now I found her re-

joining in Christ with exceeding joy. In Dalecarlia, where so much harm has during the last two years been done by the prevalence of the doctrine of sinless perfection, the views are now becoming more Scriptural; there is now a great desire for the "sincere milk of the word," and the Holy Spirit witnesses to his own truth. In the benighted provinces of Södermanland, Westmanland, and Östergötland, in Central Sweden, our colporteurs report that many new doors are opening for the preaching of the Gospel, and many souls are converted to God. All our associations support colporteurs to visit the churches, and for the spread of the Gospel. The Norrland Association supports three; the Stockholm, Nerike, Gotland, Smoland, and Skane Associations, each two. The "Missionary Union," at Stockholm, has supported eleven during the past year; and three others are supported by individual Christians. In several churches there are also brethren who labour gratuitously on the Lord's days in preaching his word, and also spend as much other time as they can spare in spreading the knowledge of his name. The school, held by Brother Palmquist, in the winter months, for the better instruction of the colporteurs, has been of very great use. The circulation of tracts and Christian books during the year has been very large, and resulted in much blessing. Twenty-two of our churches have now chapels of their own. The church at Stockholm has bought a plot of ground in an excellent situation, and hopes soon to begin to build a chapel to seat 1,000 persons. For this they want additional funds; and the pastor, Mr. Wiberg, is now in America, where his wife's relatives reside, collecting with good success for this object. Persecution has not yet entirely ceased; but *this year in every case which has been represented to his Majesty the King, the sentence has been remitted.* This, however, cannot be done till the case has passed successively through all the lower and higher courts of appeal; and the costs incurred, which of course are very considerable, *have in no case been remitted.* A petition for full religious liberty, signed by 4,116 Baptists, has been presented to his royal Majesty, but met with a flat refusal, declaring that the liberty offered by the new law of religious liberty, enacted 1860, was enough. This law prohibits Dissenters from holding religious services anywhere but in their own chapels or graveyards, teaching schools for any children but their own, or receiving members under eighteen years of age, and excludes Dissenters from all civil offices, &c. The

petition has been printed as a fly-leaf, and circulated with one of the first of our Swedish newspapers, and will, we hope, do much to remove the prejudices felt by many of our leading men against the Baptists, although at present it has not proved successful."

DOMESTIC.

WALWORTH ROAD, LONDON.—In consequence of the expiry of the lease of the chapel in Lion Street, New Kent Road, the Baptist church worshipping there, under the pastoral care of the Rev. W. Howieson, have been compelled to seek another place, and so long since as 1855 a fund was commenced among the church and members of the congregation for the purpose of erecting another place of worship. It was felt by those interested that it was desirable in the selection of a new site that the chapel should be situate in an open road if possible, and the site selected was in the Walworth Road, on the estate belonging to the Fishmongers' Company. The foundation-stone was laid on the 3rd of June last by Sir Samuel Morton Peto. The new chapel is a commodious structure, and the designers and those who have had the management of the building operations, have hit upon the happy medium, it not being distinguished by any superfluous ornamentation, while, on the other hand, it is not in any way characterised by meanness. Accommodation has been made for 850, and in addition there are seats at the back for the children belonging to the school. The closing services in the old chapel were held on Sunday, April 17th, when the Rev. S. Green, the former pastor, preached in the morning, and the Rev. W. Howieson, the present one, in the evening. The new chapel was opened by a series of services, commencing on Tuesday, April 19th, and terminating on the following Friday. The first service in the new chapel was a devotional meeting, commenced at half-past eight on the Tuesday morning, and presided over by the pastor. At twelve o'clock at noon the same day, Divine service was performed, the sermon being preached by the Rev. Francis Tucker, B.A., of Camden Road Chapel. The friends adjourned after the sermon to the Clayton school-room, York Street, to partake of a cold collation. W. M'Arthur, Esq., presided at this gathering, and Mr. J. E. Tresidder, secretary to the building committee, Mr. J. Burgess, Mr. W. H. Watson, Mr. G. Bayley, and other friends, addressed the assembly. A large number of friends then partook of tea in the chapel at Lion Street, after

which a sermon was preached in the new chapel in the evening, by the Rev. J. P. Chown, of Bradford. On the Wednesday evening a public meeting was held, which, in the absence of Sir Morton Peto through illness, was presided over by W. H. Watson, Esq. Mr. J. E. Tresidder, the honorary secretary, read an interesting account of the progress of the effort which had led to the building of the new chapel. The Revs. R. Robinson, H. S. Brown, S. G. Green, B.A., C. Vince, N. Haycroft, M.A., C. H. Spurgeon, and P. J. Turquand, also delivered addresses. On the Thursday evening, the Rev. J. Stoughton, of Kensington, preached; and on the Friday evening a communion service, presided over by the Rev. Dr. Steane, was held, when above five hundred members of Christian churches were present. We are glad to add that through the Christian liberality of the friends, the whole cost of the erection, amounting to £5,900, has been entirely defrayed.

BROMSGROVE.—On Monday evening, May 9th, an important public meeting was held in the Baptist chapel here. For some time past a congregational committee has been at work devising the best means for accommodating the increasing numbers who regularly frequent the chapel, and the children who attend the Sunday schools, the present means having been for some time past inadequate. The friends who form the committee invited the members of the church and congregation to meet them at tea, that they might lay before them the plans they had adopted, and obtain their support and co-operation in carrying them out. A goodly number responded. The Rev. Charles Vince, of Birmingham, occupied the chair. Mr. John H. Scropton gave an interesting *résumé* of the history of the church, extending over two eventful centuries, the period which the records still preserved treat of, showing that besides giving to the world many ministers of the Gospel, the honour of baptizing the members who formed Cannon Street, the mother church of Birmingham, belonged to Bromsgrove. It was stated by the chairman further, that to the strict views inculcated at Bromsgrove, was due the formation of Carr's Lane church about the same time. Mr. S. Yates, deacon of the church, and secretary of the building committee, whose statement was supplemented by the minister, showed the present position of the church, congregation, and schools. A year ago, the congregation was a very poor one; many of the members were alienated and indifferent; from twenty to thirty only attending the monthly observance of the Lord's Supper. Since then the congregation has

increased greatly, filling to overflowing the chapel and aisles, and on many occasions persons have retired from the over-crowding and heat. The church has doubled its membership during the last seven months. In October, last year, the number was seventy-one,—they have now increased to 147. The schools during the year have increased from 136 to 250. The imperative necessity for providing more ample space having become apparent, it has been decided to build a new chapel and to convert the present one into schools. One capable of accommodating 700 persons has been designed by Mr. Bidlake, of Wolverhampton, and approved of by the committee. Though substantial, it is in a simple and unpretending style, suitable for the plain people who shall use it, and will cost from £1,500 to £1,800. Towards this sum, the friends present promised £750, and in addition, a gentleman who had already given £100, promised another £100, if five others gave £20 each, and ten others £10 each. The Rev. R. Tuck, B.A. (Independent), Mr. Wilmot, of Birmingham (who kindly gave £50), and the chairman, warmly advocated the course recommended by the committee, and as the majority of the members of the church are nailers, and not very rich—though they give up to, and even beyond their ability—the burden of this work falls on a few families who have given so freely themselves that they can with confidence appeal for help to friends elsewhere.

STRETTFORD, MANCHESTER.—On Wednesday evening, May 4th, a meeting was held in the Town Hall, to welcome the Rev. Fitzherbert Bugby, as pastor of the new Union Church. About 300 persons sat down to tea at six o'clock: a number which would have been much larger but for a thunderstorm which broke over Manchester at that hour. After devotional exercises, conducted by the Rev. W. F. Burchell, John Ryland, Esq., of Longford Hall, took the chair, and expressed his pleasure in the attempt that was being made in Stretford to show how possible it was for Independents and Baptists to unite together in one congregation, and his confidence in the successful result under the pastorship of the Rev. F. Bugby. Mr. Reuben Spencer stated the way in which the movement originated, and the steps taken to secure the services of Mr. Bugby, and then read an address of welcome on behalf of the congregation. Mr. Bugby, in responding, thanked the friends for their kind expressions, and intimated the fervent hope that the desire of all might be more than realised. He was prepared to minister, according to his ability, to their highest interests, and soli-

cited the prayerful assistance and co-operation of the friends who were gathered around him. His remarks were listened to with deep attention, and he resumed his seat amidst loud applause. The chairman then called upon the following gentlemen in order:—The Revs. A. M'Laren, B.A., of Manchester; G. W. Clapham, of Preston; W. F. Burchell, of Blackpool; and A. Mursell, of Manchester; all of whom referred to their long and intimate friendship with the newly-elected pastor, and their gratification at the selection the people had made, some dwelling at considerable length on the union of Baptists and Independents, the rapidly-increasing population around them, the necessity there was for enlarged religious efforts in Streteford, and the need of a deeper-toned piety in the church. All the speakers were most cordially received by the assembly. Letters were read from the Rev. H. S. Brown, of Liverpool, and the Rev. D. Hay (Wesleyan), of Manchester, formerly of Preston, deeply regretting their unavoidable absence. Votes of thanks were passed to the ministers, and to Mr. M'Laren in particular, for his advice and assistance in the earlier stages of the movement, and for having introduced Mr. Bugby to them; also to the chairman, and to Mrs. Ryland, for the beautiful flowers which decorated the room. The doxology and the benediction closed a very delightful meeting.

SOUTH MOLTON, DEVON.—An interesting meeting was held on Tuesday, May 17th, in connection with the Baptist friends at South Molton, Devon. The object of it was to raise a fund for the purpose of building a house as a residence for the minister. A piece of freehold land adjoining the chapel was purchased some years ago, and is properly placed in trust for the object stated. The ground, as well as the chapel and school-rooms, are entirely free from debt. The church and congregation, however, have, from various causes, been reduced to a very low state, and consequently are quite unable to support a minister, or to raise funds for the house. About three years since, Mr. Saunders, of Brixham, having resigned his pastorate there, came to reside in this town; then, at the urgent request of the church, seconded by the late venerable Mr. Winter, of Bristol, and some other minister, Mr. Saunders was induced to occupy the pulpit (till some other and better arrangement might be made); this he has continued to do up to the present time. But feeling, from his age and its concomitants, that he cannot long go on with his present labours, he felt anxious to attempt something for the permanent

benefit of the Baptist cause in the town; hence the project of the house. On Whit-Sunday, May 15th, the Rev. J. Teall, of Woolwich (formerly minister at South Molton), preached morning and evening, when the subject was brought before the people, and also at a tea-meeting on the Tuesday evening following, when addresses were delivered by the Revs. Messrs. Teall, J. R. Wood, of Barnstaple, M. Saunders, J. Darracott, Esq., of Appledore, and Mr. Blackwell. The Rev. W. Cutcliffe, of Brayford, and Andrew, of South Molton (Independent), took part in the services. The meetings were numerous attended, and much kindness of feeling was manifested. Collections were made on the occasion; a subscription has been entered into; and it is hoped that in the course of the next twelve months, a sufficient amount may be raised to justify a contract for the building, which it is thought may be concluded for £200.

LOUTH, LINCOLNSHIRE.—The church and congregation gathered under the ministry of the late Rev. J. Kiddall, and which has hitherto worshipped in a rented chapel in Walker Gate, opened their new and very comfortable place of worship on Thursday, April 21st. The Rev. W. Brock, of London, preached a most effective sermon in the morning from Matt. xxvi. 7. The afternoon service was conducted by the Rev. R. Ingham, of the Vale, near Todmorden, who preached in his usually earnest and impressive manner from Acts xx. 24. A choice selection of articles was offered for sale in the school-room after the morning service, the sale of which was resumed at noon on the Friday, and continued during the evening. A very elegant collation was served in the school-room. The chair was taken by Mr. W. Newman, and short addresses were delivered by the Rev. W. Brock and the pastor of the church. The public tea was numerous attended, probably about 400 persons being present. The evening meeting was presided over by John Crossley, Esq., of Halifax. The meeting was addressed by the chairman, by the Revs. W. Herbert, W. Orton, R. Ingham, H. Richardson, W. T. Symons, G. Shaw, J. Taylor, and by Mr. W. Newman. The collections during the day amounted to £147. This amount was increased to £215 by a donation of £50 from the chairman, and £20 from a Wesleyan friend from Bacup. The neat and comfortable chapel, and spacious school-room and class-rooms, have cost, including the land, about £1,700, and have been built from plans and specifications made by the minister. The opening services were continued

on Lord's day, April 24th, when the Rev. W. R. Stevenson, M.A., of Nottingham, preached morning and evening with great simplicity and fervour. On Lord's day, May 1st, the Rev. J. T. Barker, of Harwich, preached two very excellent sermons. The total proceeds of the opening services, including bazaar, &c., will be nearly £400.

STANSBATCH, HERTFORDSHIRE. — The Baptist church at Presteign has for some years past had a branch at Stansbatch. Of late, the little one has become strong, and the room in which the worship of God was carried on was found too small for the congregations. They then determined to build a chapel, the foundation-stone of which was laid in October last. A neat and convenient chapel is now erected, with sittings for about 150, the cost with incidentals being about £200. On Sunday, April 17th, the opening services were held. A prayer-meeting, conducted by the pastor, the Rev. W. H. Payne, inaugurated the services, after which the Rev. W. B. Bliss, of Pembroke Dock (who commenced the interest in this village), preached an admirable sermon from Rev. ii. 1. In the afternoon, the Rev. S. Blackman, of Eardisland, preached from Psalm xxxvi. 5, 6. Numbers being unable to obtain admission into the chapel, the Rev. W. B. Bliss preached at the same time in the old meeting-room, from Acts v. 19, 20, and in the evening to a crowded audience in the chapel, from Matt. ix. 20-22. The collections amounted to £15 16s. 3d. On the following day a public tea was held in the old meeting-room and farmhouse adjoining, when upwards of 300 sat down. In the evening, a public meeting was held in a beautiful orchard, the Rev. W. H. Payne presiding; and forcible addresses were delivered by the Revs. C. W. Smith, of Kingston; W. Gwillim, Primitive Methodist; W. Reading, Wesleyan; G. Phillips, Evenjobb; and W. B. Bliss. The donations received by the treasurer amounted to £143 2s. 10d.; the proceeds of the tea, which was generously given by the friends, were £24 10s. 6d.; and the gratifying announcement was made that the chapel would be entered upon free of debt.

SCARBOROUGH. — Services in connection with the settlement of the Rev. Richard Bayly (late of Newark) as pastor of the Baptist church here, were held on Tuesday and Wednesday, May 10 and 11, as follows. A social tea-meeting was held in the Town Hall on the Tuesday afternoon, when upwards of 300 persons took tea, after which followed a public meeting, presided over by the Rev. R. Bayly. After singing and

prayer, the Rev. T. Whitehead (Primitive Methodist) congratulated the new pastor and his flock on their recent union. The Rev. H. Dowson, of Bradford, delivered an address full of hope for the future prosperity of the church at Scarborough, and paid a high tribute of esteem to the public labours of the late pastor, Dr. Evans. The Rev. W. C. Upton, of Beverley, followed with an appropriate address, and was succeeded by the venerable Dr. Godwin, of Rawdon, who wished increasing prosperity to the church and comfort and success to the new pastor. The Revs. J. Clough, of Malton; A. Bowden, of Driffield; D. Jones, of Brixton; G. Warne (Wesleyan Free Church); Dr. Acworth; and Dr. Evans, each severally addressed the audience. On the following morning (Wednesday), a public prayer-meeting was held in Ebenezer chapel, presided over by Dr. Acworth. In the afternoon, a most sumptuous dinner was provided at the George Hotel, when about forty of the friends, lay and ministerial, were partakers of the hospitality of Mr. Alderman Wheldon. In the evening, the recognition service was held in the chapel, when the address to the pastor by the Rev. D. Jones, the prayer by Dr. Evans, and an address to the church by the Rev. H. Dowson, terminated the proceedings.

ABBEY ROAD CHAPEL, ST. JOHN'S WOOD, LONDON. — A most interesting series of opening services have been held in the new Baptist chapel, St. John's Wood. Eighteen months ago no Baptist cause existed in that suburban locality. Since that time, not only has a church been established, and a minister chosen, but a very handsome range of buildings has been erected, consisting of a large and handsome chapel, to hold 1,100 persons, with extensive school-rooms and baptistery, fully adequate to the wants of the church. The first stone was laid April 27th, 1863. Already the outlay has been, or will not be less than, £7,800, towards which about £2,000 has been given or promised, leaving a debt of £6,000; but, as £2,000 of that sum is in part covered by holding the freehold and by residences on the ground, £4,000 has yet to be raised. The opening services commenced by a united communion on Thursday evening, May 5th, which was well attended, and was conducted by Dr. Angus. On Friday morning, May 6th, the Hon. and Rev. Baptist W. Noel preached to a large and respectable audience. After the service some 250 friends sat down to a cold collation, at the close of which a very interesting report was read, by Mr. J. C. Bowser, the hon. secretary, followed by instructive and eloquent addresses from the

Revs. Newman Hall, Mr. Stratten, Dr. Angus, F. Trestrail, W. Stott, and Mr. Nicholson, of Bristol. During the afternoon, about £130 was given or promised by those present. At half-past five, about 500 persons sat down to tea; and at seven, the Rev. Newman Hall preached to an overflowing audience.

WINSLOW, BUCKS.—The foundation-stone of a new Baptist chapel was laid at Winslow on Tuesday, May 3rd. A large and commodious tent was erected on the chapel ground, and in this tent the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon preached to large congregations, in the morning from Romans i. 16, and in the evening from Mark vii. 32. At half-past one o'clock a cold collation was provided at the Bell Assembly-room. At a quarter-past three the tent was crowded. The service was commenced by singing. A psalm was read by the Rev. E. L. Foster, of Stony Stratford. Prayer for the blessing of God to rest upon the building about to be erected for the worship of His great and holy Name was offered by Mr. Spurgeon; after which John Neal, Esq., of London, exhibited the bottle about to be deposited under the foundation-stone, and described the contents thereof, which were a copy of *The Freeman*, *The Christian World*, *The Baptist Messenger*, and some local papers, as well as a paper giving the history of the church and an account of its present position. Henry Kelsall, Esq., of Rochdale, then laid the stone, and delivered a suitable address. Addresses were also delivered by J. Olney, Esq., of London, and by the Revs. C. H. Spurgeon, and H. Killen, of Bedford. At five o'clock 400 persons partook of tea. The donations and collections during the day amounted to £227, in addition to which the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, who had already given £20, promised to give the last £20 required. It was stated during the proceedings that the well-known Benjamin Keach was formerly pastor of a church in Winslow. He was afterwards pastor of the church over which Mr. Spurgeon now presides.

CHIPPENHAM.—The Rev. J. J. Joplin is about to remove from this town to Halifax, Nova Scotia. His ministry at Chippenham has been attended by much that is truly gratifying. During Mr. Joplin's pastorate, upwards of seven years, a good congregation has been raised, a church of seventy members has been gathered, a Sunday school well established and efficiently conducted. At the time of his settlement there was a debt of nearly £800 on the building. By a vigorous effort, aided by neighbouring ministers, especially the Rev. T. E. Fuller,

then of Melksham, this has been entirely removed. An admirable school-room has been erected by the people at a cost of £200. The ground on which the chapel and school-room stand was held on lease, with the right of purchase for £400, towards which £350 have been raised, chiefly by Mr. Joplin's own exertions. He has, therefore, the pleasure of knowing that the pecuniary burden on his beloved people has been almost entirely removed. Mr. Joplin enjoys the respect of his fellow-townsmen, the sympathy of Christians of all denominations, and the most affectionate regard of his own flock. His removal is, therefore, the occasion of much regret. Mr. Joplin is about to take charge of the new Baptist church meeting in the Tabernacle, Halifax, Nova Scotia. The negotiation on the part of the church has been conducted in the most frank and honourable manner, and it is sincerely hoped that Mr. Joplin's settlement in that important city will be the means of extensive and permanent good. Mr. and Mrs. Joplin, with their family, will sail early in June.

DUNCAN STREET, NEWINGTON, EDINBURGH.—The church under the pastoral care of the Rev. William Tulloch has suffered much inconvenience, and has been seriously obstructed in its progress, by the want of a suitable place of worship. They have now concluded the purchase and entered upon possession of a neat, comfortable, and commodious chapel in Duncan Street, Newington, built about twenty-four years ago, by two ladies—at an expense, including ground-rent, of £3,000—for the late Rev. James Clark, and capable of accommodating nearly 700 persons. The opening services commenced on Lord's day, April 10th, when the Rev. James Paterson, D.D., of Glasgow, preached morning and evening, and the Rev. William Lindsay Alexander, D.D., in the afternoon. On Lord's day, April 17th, the Rev. T. W. Medhurst, of Glasgow, preached morning and evening, and the Rev. James Robertson, of Newington United Presbyterian Church, in the afternoon. On the following evening a social meeting was held in the chapel, presided over by the pastor; when the Revs. T. W. Medhurst and James Robertson; the Rev. James Pirie, Free Church; the Rev. Ninian Wright, Congregational; the Revs. James E. Dovey, Francis Johnston, and Daniel Kemp, Baptist; Frederick Naylor, Esq., &c., delivered able, interesting, and appropriate addresses. The price at which the chapel has been acquired, with the adjoining spacious premises, in which a flourishing school is conducted, is £1,700.

GOSPEL OAK FIELDS, LONDON.—The services of this church were removed on Sunday, April 17th, from the temporary chapel to the New Temperance Hall lately erected in Winchester Street, Malden Road, and designated Albert Hall. The Rev. W. Trotman, of Blackmore, Essex, preached in the morning and evening, and the Rev. J. Pells, of Soho chapel, Oxford Street, in the afternoon. On Tuesday evening, the 19th, a public meeting was held to commemorate the entrance of the church and congregation into their new place of worship. Tea was provided in the school-room attached to the hall. The meeting, which was held in the body of the hall, was commenced by singing and prayer. Mr. Wilkin, who occupied the chair, briefly traced the rise and progress of the cause, showing the great necessity there was for the promulgation of the Gospel in the large and rapidly increasing neighbourhood. The report of the Sunday school was presented by Mr. Coles. Interesting and encouraging addresses were delivered by the Revs. Dr. Price, of Aberdare; E. Parker, of Farsley, Yorkshire; J. Stock, of Devonport; W. Norton, of Egham; C. Woollacott, and W. Trotman. On Sunday, April 24th, two admirable sermons were preached by the Rev. David Wassell, of Bath. The attendance at all the services was good, and a strong sense of obligation was felt to the various friends who had gratuitously, and in some instances at considerable inconvenience, helped this little cause in this new stage of its history.

PORTADOWN, IRELAND.—Opening services in connection with the Baptist church at Portadown, were conducted on Sunday, April 24, by the Rev. R. H. Carson, Tubbermore, and the Rev. W. Eccles, Banbridge. Owing to a sudden and unexpected attack of indisposition, Mr. Carson was only able to conduct the introductory exercises. Mr. Eccles preached two powerful sermons, characterized by all the force of former years. The attendance at both services were so large that many were unable to obtain admission. Since the settlement of the present pastor—the Rev. John Douglas—in August last, the church, assisted by Christian friends of other denominations, has fitted up most tastefully a comfortable meeting-house. On Monday evening, April 25th, a *soirée*, in compliment to the pastor, was held, at which about 200 persons were present. The Rev. R. H. Carson presided. Mr. Wilson, as the representative of the church, gave a statement of the history and progress of the Baptist cause in Portadown. Able and interesting addresses were delivered by Master Eccles, the Rev. John Taylor, of Tandragee, and the Rev. Mr.

Young. Mr. J. H. Mulligan, on behalf of the church, read a highly complimentary address to Mr. Douglas, accompanied with the gift of six volumes of the works of the late celebrated Dr. Alexander Carson, of Tubbermore.

CINDERFORD, FOREST OF DEAN.—The anniversary services of the Baptist chapel, Cinderford, were held May 15th and 16th. On Lord's day, the 15th, two sermons were preached by the Rev. T. Reeves, of Risca, Monmouthshire. The chapel was well filled, and the collections amounted to £21. On Monday afternoon upwards of three hundred persons took tea in the school-room. In the evening a public meeting was held in the chapel, the Rev. P. Prees, pastor of the church, in the chair. A financial statement was presented by Mr. W. Rhodes, one of the deacons of the church, and treasurer of the chapel fund, and addresses were delivered by the chairman; the Revs. T. French, of Hereford; H. Phillips, of Longhope; B. Stephens, of Ryeford; T. Reeves, of Risca; T. Clark, of Wesley Chapel, Cinderford; M. S. Ridley, of Lydney; and Mr. Thomas Nicholson, of Lydney. The contributions received during the year in aid of the fund for liquidating the chapel debt, including the collections at the anniversary services, and the produce of the tea-meeting, amounted to the sum of £325. A similar effort will be made in the next twelve months, and it is hoped that friends at a distance will assist in clearing off another £300 by Whitsuntide, 1865.

TRURO.—On Friday evening, April 22nd, the church and congregation meeting at River Street, Truro, under the pastoral care of the Rev. J. Lewis, invited him to a public tea-meeting previous to his departure from them, in order to testify their esteem and regard for him and their appreciation of his ministry by presenting him with a purse of gold accompanied with an affectionate address. The school-room was well filled on the occasion, many connected with other congregations in the town being present. The Rev. J. Bonser, B.A. (Independent), was requested to preside over the meeting and present the testimonial, which he very kindly consented to do, and took the opportunity at the beginning to express his own feelings of very warm attachment to Mr. Lewis, and his deep regret that the fraternal intercourse which had been so pleasant was now to be interrupted. Kindred feelings and sentiments were expressed by the Rev. J. Hocken (Bible Christian), and the Rev. J. Ambler (Methodist Free Church). Other friends

having addressed the meeting, it was brought to a close by the pastor, who acknowledged the kindness and sympathy shown him in appropriate and feeling words.

ANSTRUTHER, FIFESHIRE.—The services in connection with the settlement of the Rev. James Stuart as pastor of the Baptist church in this place, were held on Wednesday, May 4. In the morning, the devotional exercises were conducted by the former minister of the church, the Rev. J. C. Brown, of Perth. The Rev. Richard Glover, of Glasgow, preached an appropriate sermon on "The Everlasting Gospel." An impressive charge to minister and people was delivered by the Rev. Jonathan Watson, of Edinburgh. Mr. James Fowler, the senior deacon of the church, then stated that the call to Mr. Stuart was cordial and unanimous, and in reply Mr. Stuart declared his hearty acceptance of it. The Rev. J. Watson offered the ordination prayer, and the service was closed by singing and the benediction. In the evening, a fruit *soirée* was held, at which Mr. Stuart presided. Suitable addresses were delivered by the Revs. Messrs. Brown, Glover, Watson; Haig, of Kirkcaldy; Longwell, of Elie; Mr. Williams, of Glasgow University College; and Mr. Patterson, of St. Andrews. The services throughout were of an impressive and instructive character, and were well attended.

EWIAS HAROLD, HEREFORDSHIRE.—On Monday, April 11th, the foundation-stone of the Baptist chapel which is about to be built in this village was laid. At eleven o'clock the friends gathered to hear a powerful discourse by the Rev. J. Bullock, M.A., of Abergavenny. Mr. T. Pearce, of Snodhill Farm, then in a most suitable manner laid the foundation-stone. An address was afterwards delivered by the Rev. R. Johns, of Llanwenarth. A tea-meeting was held in the evening. Between 200 and 300 were present at the public meeting. The Rev. C. Burleigh, of Orcop, was called to occupy the chair. The Rev. T. French, of Hereford, was called upon to address the meeting on "Christian sympathy"; the Rev. E. Sinclair, of Peterchurch, on "Christ as the Christian's model"; the Rev. E. Compton, of Llanvihangel, on "Earnestness in the church"; the Rev. J. Beard, of Garway, on "The importance of yielding at once the heart to Christ." The Rev. T. Williams also spoke.

MANORBIER, PEMBROKESHIRE.—On Tuesday, April 19th, Mr. T. Pryce, of Haverfordwest College, was publicly recognised as pastor of the churches at Manor-

bier and Cold Inn, in the neighbourhood of Tenby. A large number of ministers and friends assembled on the occasion. The service was introduced by the Rev. J. Griffiths (Independent), St. Florence; a discourse on the nature of a Christian church was delivered by the Rev. E. Davies, of Pembroke-dock; the Rev. M. Morgan, of New Wells, Montgomeryshire, asked the questions; and the Rev. H. J. Morgan, Pembroke Dock, offered the ordination prayer. The charges to the pastor and the churches were delivered by the Revs. T. Davies, D.D., and T. Burditt, M.A., of Haverfordwest. The Revs. D. Davies, Pembroke; B. Havard, Saundersfoot; J. Williams, B.A., Narberth; and M. Morgan, New Wells, preached at the other services. The proceedings were altogether of a highly interesting character.

THETFORD, NORFOLK.—A new Baptist chapel was opened in this town, on Tuesday, April 5th, when the Revs. George Gould, of Norwich, and John Keed, of Cambridge, preached suitable and effective sermons. The Revs. J. Sage, of Kenninghall; J. P. Lewis, of Diss; and W. Lloyd, of Barton Mills, united in the services, which were interesting and well attended. On the following Sabbath, April 10th, the Rev. C. Elven, of Bury, continued the opening services by preaching thrice. The Baptist denomination had been unrepresented in this borough till some five years ago, when the Suffolk Union commenced an effort to extend the kingdom of Christ there. The chapel at Thetford is the fourth which the Suffolk Mission has been the means of erecting during its brief existence, and it assists in sustaining the ministry in seven important stations.

LYDNEY, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.—During the last few weeks increased accommodation has been made in the Baptist chapel, Lydney, by the erection of a substantial and commodious gallery. The alterations having been completed, the re-opening of the chapel took place on Sunday, May 8th, when the Rev. G. P. Evans, of Swansea, preached morning and evening. On Monday, the 9th, a public tea-meeting was held, when upwards of 260 friends partook of tea. After the tea, a public meeting was held, when addresses were delivered by the Revs. M. S. Ridley, pastor; Thos. Jones, of Chepstow; — Stanbury, Primitive Methodist; Mr. Thomas Nicholson, of Lydney; Revs. P. Frees, of Cinderford; — Stratford, of St. Briavels; and William Nicholson, of Park End. Through the liberal contributions of many friends, the cost of the alterations has been entirely defrayed.

LONG EATON, DERBYSHIRE.—On Monday, May 2nd, the foundation-stone of a new Baptist chapel was laid about a mile from the Trent Station, by R. Birkin, Esq., Nottingham, one of the directors of the Midland Railway. In addition to the villagers, many friends from the neighbourhood were present. Prayers were offered by the Revs. E. Stevenson, Loughborough, and H. Hunter, Nottingham, and a brief address was delivered by the Rev. W. Underwood, president of Chilwell College. In the evening, after a public tea, a meeting was held in the room hitherto used for worship, at which R. Birkin, Esq., presided, when addresses were delivered by the Revs. H. Hunter, E. Stevenson, J. Lewitt, W. Underwood, and several of the students at Chilwell College.

BEDLINGTON.—On Saturday evening, April 30th, the members of the Baptist church and other friends met to take tea together in the Wesleyan chapel, and hold a public meeting for the purpose of presenting Mr. Samuel Briggs, pastor of the Baptist church, with a gold watch and appendages of the value of £20, on his leaving Bedlington, to testify their appreciation of his gratuitous services amongst them for many years. The presentation on behalf of the church was made by the Rev. E. G. Call, Presbyterian minister, to which Mr. Briggs responded in a very feeling manner. Addresses were delivered by Messrs. Hudson and Postgate, and after a very interesting meeting, the assembly separated, highly gratified with the proceedings.

PUTNEY.—On Tuesday evening, April 19th, a social tea-meeting was given by the friends connected with the above church, for the purpose of welcoming their newly-elected pastor, the Rev. J. T. Gale. At the public meeting, held after tea, the chair was taken by J. Hardcastle, Esq., and interesting and appropriate addresses were delivered by the pastor, the Revs. Dr. Angus, J. M. Soule, J. Burns, of Kingston, J. W. Genders, of Wandsworth, D. Jones, B.A., of Brixton, S. G. Green, B.A., W. H. Tetley, of Rawdon College, J. Gurney, Esq., and D. King, Esq.

HARROW.—The foundation-stone of the new Baptist chapel, Harrow, was laid on Saturday, April 16th, by Sir S. Morton Peto, Bart., M.P. After the Rev. C. Bailhache had read the Scriptures and prayed, the pastor gave a deeply-interesting sketch of the history of the church, and the Rev. J. A. Spurgeon delivered an excellent address, as did also the Rev. Dr. Steane. The Rev. W. W. Evans, the Rev. Joseph Simpson, of Edgeware, the Rev. W. Fisk, of Chipperfield, and other

ministers and friends, took part in the service.

MINISTERIAL CHANGES.—The Rev. R. Davies has resigned the pastorate of the English Baptist church, Bethel Chapel, Maesteg, Glamorganshire, and terminated his labours there the second week in May.—Mr. W. H. Knight, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, has accepted the pastorate of the Baptist church, Madeley, Salop.—Mr. T. G. Hughes, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, has accepted the unanimous invitation of the Baptist church, Woodstock, Oxon, to become its pastor.—Mr. B. D. John, of Haverfordwest College, has accepted a cordial invitation to become the pastor of the church at St. Mellons, Monmouthshire. He purposes entering upon his pastoral labours the first Sunday in June.—Mr. John Harris, student from Haverfordwest College, has accepted a unanimous invitation to become the pastor of the Baptist churches at Mollleston and Myrtletwy, Pembrokeshire, and commenced his labours the third Sunday in May.—Mr. Seth V. Lewis has resigned his ministry at Cothill and Fyfield after twenty-three years' service, having accepted an invitation to be minister of Drayton Chapel, and afternoon preacher at the Baptist chapel, Ock Street, Abingdon.—The Rev. J. Dore has resigned the pastorate of the Baptist church, Pontesbury, and removed from the neighbourhood. The church is in too low a state to support another pastor for some time to come.—The Rev. T. E. Fuller has resigned his pastorate of the church at Wellington Street, Luton, to the great regret of the people of his charge; the state of Mrs. Fuller's health rendering a change of climate imperative. Mr. Fuller has accepted an appointment to the editorship of *The Cape Argus*, and will embark by the mail-steamer early in June.—The Rev. W. G. Lewis has resigned the pastorate of the church meeting in Salem Chapel, Clemence Parade, Cheltenham.—The Rev. John R. S. Harrington (late of Bristol College) has resigned the pastorate of the Baptist church in Ross. Mr. Harrington, having embraced Pædobaptist views, is about to seek the charge of a Congregational church.—The Rev. Charles White, Long Buckby, Northamptonshire (late of Haverfordwest Baptist College), has accepted an invitation to become the minister of the English Baptist church, High Street, Merthyr Tydvil, and will commence his labours there on the second Sunday in July.—The Rev. Ebenezer Edwards, late of Pillgwenlly, Newport, having accepted the pastoral charge of the promising church recently organised at New Milford, Pembrokeshire, entered upon his

duties on the third Lord's day in May.—The Rev. John Harper, of Rawdon College, having accepted a unanimous invitation from the Baptist church, Horsforth, Leeds, will commence his labours there at the close of the present college session.—Mr. G. Stevens, having received a unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the church in Church Street, Stoke Newington, has accepted the invitation, and commenced his labours on Sunday, May 1st.—The Rev. W. Jeffrey has resigned the pastorate of the Baptist church, Great Torrington, Devon, and has accepted the unanimous and very cordial invitation to the pastorate of the church and congregation assembling in the Baptist chapel, Penknapp, Westbury, Wilts, intending to commence his labours there at Midsummer.—The Rev. S. C. Burn, of the Baptist College, Bristol, has accepted the unanimous invitation of the church meeting at Hope Chapel, Canton, Cardiff.—The Rev. J. Mountford, late of Sevenoaks, has accepted a unanimous call to the pastorate of the church worshipping in Ebenezer Chapel, Leighton Buzzard, with encouraging prospects of usefulness.

GENERAL.

THE LATE J. KERSHAW, ESQ., M.P., AND SUNDAY SCHOOL INSTRUCTION.—At the meeting of the Sunday School Union, in London, last month, the Rev. F. Tucker said:—"The other day Mr. Watson told me of the departure of an old friend of Sunday schools, James Kershaw, Esq., M.P. for Stockport. When I tell you," said Mr. Tucker, "he was an old friend of Sunday schools, my story is very incomplete. Everything, under God, did James Kershaw owe to Sunday schools. He has told the story, I believe, in this hall; but Mr. Watson, whom Dr. Hugh Allen has inducted into episcopal orders this evening, wishes me to tell it again. Most of you, I dare say, have not heard it. When this gentleman was a lad of ten years of age he was in a class in a Sunday school in Manchester. The name of the president, or superintendent, of that school was Steele, a name very fragrant in the history of that great manufacturing and commercial town. James was a very troublesome boy in his class. The teacher came up with his name to the superintendent, and again and again said, 'I cannot do anything with him.' 'But,' said Mr. Steele, 'I am sure there is something in James, if one knew how to develop it.' Again and again came the complaint, and again and again did this kind-hearted superintendent set it aside. At last this little boy broke through one of the most stringent rules

of the school, which involved exclusion; and when the next Sunday came the inquiry was, I believe, somewhat in this form, 'Who of you has been to the races during the past week?' None in this class, none in the next, none in the other, none in the fourth, none anywhere but James. 'Well,' said the teacher, 'you see the boy must go, Mr. Steele; it is no use; a diseased sheep will infect the flock.' 'But,' said the superintendent, 'I cannot part with that boy; let us have him up here in the presence of the whole school.' Up he came, a fine, daring, defiant, handsome little fellow, of ten years of age. All the school looked on, and the superintendent said, 'Now, James, I am sure, when you come to think of it, you are very sorry that you went to the races.' The little fellow shrugged his shoulders; he was not at all sorry. Then, just as one of you ladies would touch the keys of a piano, did the superintendent in his address try to touch the keys of that boy's heart, till at length he had produced some effect. Turning to the hundreds of boys in his presence, he said, 'My lads, if we turn James out of the school he will go to the bad, and become worse. Shall he go?' 'No, no, no,' shouted 300 voices, and James burst into tears, fairly conquered by affection, fairly won by love. What he became afterwards there are Manchester gentlemen on this platform who can tell you better than I. He became a member of Parliament; he became a deacon of a Christian church. His £100 a-year was always carefully paid into the London Missionary Society, and sixty guineas, as I know, to the Manchester City Mission; and I may also say, as I happened to have some pleasant acquaintance with him, that there were many things which his right hand did, which his left hand was not allowed to know. Now, he has gone; one of the brightest trophies of Sunday school instruction."

THE MAY MEETINGS.—At the meetings which have just been held the Church Missionary Society reported its year's income at £154,247, including about £20,000 raised in the missions themselves; the Wesleyan Missionary Society had received £134,258 in the year; the London (Congregationalist), £81,072; the Baptist, £34,419. The British and Foreign Bible Society received in the past year £89,897 for general purposes, in addition to £79,007 from sales of Bibles; the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, £32,680. These societies are entitled to the credit of having stood the test of time; the youngest of them, the Wesleyan Missionary Society, is now raising its jubilee special fund, which already amounts

to £170,000. Any one who could slide back some five-and-forty years would find these societies holding their meetings, Wilberforce a speaker, and a Prince of the Blood coming down to Freemasons' Hall on a May morning to a meeting of the Bible Society, which was a great favourite. At that time the society system had not been much applied to home objects; but since that day domestic "missions" and societies have sprung up, and some of them having hit a flagrant evil have risen to great prosperity. This May the Church Pastoral Aid Society has reported its year's income as £44,605; the London City Mission, £42,476; the Scripture Readers' Society, £11,193; the Army Scripture Readers', £9,477; the Home Missionary Society, £6,508. The Irish Church Missions, a society which adopts a plural title, has fought its way to an income of £26,672. This enumeration by no means exhausts the long list of "May Meetings." Indeed, there is a host of minor societies; the object of some is to undertake some special enterprise or cultivate some special field abroad or at home, and of others to cultivate it in a special manner; some have been established in aid of an idea, and some, perhaps, rather in aid of a person. There has also not been named in this list the venerable mother society—the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, whose income for the year is reported at £87,832, nor the Additional Curates Society, which has not yet held its meeting, but is stated to have received £26,119 in the year 1863.—*The Times*.

"CHURCH DISCIPLINE" IN IRELAND.—The following striking instance of extemporaneous church discipline is given in *The Cork Constitution*:—"On Ascension Thursday, which is a holy day with the Roman Catholics, a priest, on his way to say mass, met some of his flock with carts conveying three loads of copper from the wreck of the *Magpie* in the county Clare. He immediately jumped off his car or gig and collared the first driver, striking him in the throat with his clenched fist, and fiercely crying, 'Don't you know this is a holy day? Paddy, you ruffian, I have given you up as a bad case long ago.' The priest then turned to the second driver, and delivered a violent blow upon the nose. This man deprecatingly observed that he did not think it was a holy day of obligation, to which the pastor replied, 'D—d well you knew it was!' The third offender escaped the blow that was aimed at him by nimbly stooping and getting out of the way. He insisted that they should leave the carts, which were escorted by police, and go back with him to the chapel,

shaking his fist at them, and stating that it would be a sore day's work for them. Two of the men obeyed the priest, and ran after him to mass. To the one that remained a gentleman present said, 'Paddy, I would advise you to summon the priest for assault.' To which Paddy answered, 'It would be as much as my life is worth if I did so; but I would do it if my passage was paid to America.'

SEIZING BEDS FOR CHURCH-RATES.—The following extract from a private letter has been forwarded to us, as an illustration of the system which the Church Defence Associations have been called into existence to defend:—"Mr. Joseph Hulston, a small farmer in the parish of Hagley, the seat of Lord Lyttelton, who is very prominent in Church Defence Associations and whose brother is the rector, has just had two beds and a table taken from his house for a rate. What makes the thing more cruel is, two children were lying on one of the beds. Mrs. Hulston entreated that the children might not be disturbed, and that something else might be taken, either a cart or a cow, but not the beds. Her entreaties, however, were useless, and the beds, with the table, were carried off to a public-house, where, on the 25th ult., the beds were sold to the landlady,—not by auction, nor was any public notice given of the sale, except that on the Sunday the policeman told Hulston the sale would take place to-morrow. These beds were worth about £5; the landlady bought them for £2 15s. The rate was 15s., and the table and 6s. 9d. were returned to the man, two of whose children had their beds taken from under them early on the morning of April 19th. Mr. Hulston is a Primitive Methodist, and a local preacher. He is zealously devoted to his Master's work, and before the world blameless."

THE HON. AND REV. BAPTIST W. NOEL AND THE AMERICAN BAPTISTS.—At a recent meeting of the Executive Committee of the Missionary Union in New York, on the motion of the Rev. Dr. Stow, it was unanimously voted:—"That the corresponding secretary do address a letter to the Hon. and Rev. Baptist W. Noel, of London, expressive of the special satisfaction the executive committee would feel in seeing him at the approaching annual meeting, and assuring him of their conviction that his presence in this country would be greeted with pleasure by the many thousands here who have long admired his Christian character and labours, and also the intelligent interest he has manifested in the history and

bearings of our national struggle." The following is Mr. Noel's reply:—"Dear Sir,—Thanks for your kind invitation, which I am not able to accept. I am too old to travel. May your missions, your churches, and your country prosper! Give my thanks to the brethren who have been good enough to express the wish that I should come and see them. Not being able to have that pleasure, may I soon hear of another work of grace among you, which may convince the world that God is with you in your great national struggle, and that he will lead you on to greater prosperity. Believe me, dear sir, your affectionate brother in Christ, BAPTIST W. NOEL."

LORD BROUGHAM.—The venerable law reformer, Lord Brougham, has not yet taken his place in the House of Lords this session. I am in a position to state, on excellent authority, that his lordship's absence is occasioned by the fact that he is engaged upon an autobiography. I trust it will be long before it reaches the public eye. The noble lord is a frequent attendant at the Temple Church when in London, and I may mention a characteristic trait, which will hereafter be remembered by his friends with pleasure. He almost invariably makes a special request of the gentleman who has the arranging of the musical portion of the service that the hymn to be sung by the choir and the congregation shall be "Crown Him Lord of all." "Do let us have that hymn again, 'Crown Him Lord of all!'"—"Crown Him Lord of all!" We shall hear it better sung one day, but it does one's heart good now." Here is

greatness acknowledging the source of greatness—the mental giant, full of years and laden with honours, becoming as a little child.—*London Correspondent of The Dublin Express.*

THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON.—A report has been very extensively circulated that Mr. Spurgeon will shortly leave his church and congregation for several months, to enable him to visit the Holy Land and various other places. On Sunday evening, May 22nd, the rev. gentleman, after alluding to the rumour, in the most unqualified manner contradicted the truth of it. He said that the time would come, perhaps, when he should require two or three months' relaxation, but certainly not this year. His object in thus publicly alluding to the subject just now was, that as there were many visitors to London at this season of the year who came to worship with his people, this announcement would set aside all doubt. He intended to be absent not more than one Sabbath at a time for some time to come.

SERMONS BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.—We shall probably render a service to many of our readers by directing their attention to an advertisement which appears in our columns, announcing the publication of a series of sermons by the distinguished American preacher who recently visited this country. We all know how he can fulminate from the platform; many will desire to know how he "fills" the pulpit. Messrs. Heaton and Son, the publishers of the series now announced, have responded to a general want in a way which cannot fail to command success.—*Manchester Examiner.*

Editorial Notes for the Month.

THE event of the month is, doubtless, the speech of Mr. Gladstone on Parliamentary Reform. Coming almost unexpectedly, and in a debate on a Bill which nobody expected would be carried, it has, we are told, caused the utmost consternation in the camp of both the Tory and the so-called Liberal foe; and, if we are not mistaken, it will exert a greater influence on the future political life of England, than anything that has occurred in the present Parliament. There is no wonder that the speech should have been a surprise to the adversaries of Reform. "Every man not permanently incapacitated by some consideration of personal unfitness or political danger, is entitled to come within the pale of the Constitution." Such words from a Chancellor of the Exchequer, and from *such* a Chancellor as Mr. Gladstone, could not fail to cause both surprise and

alarm. The worst of all about Mr. Gladstone's words is, that *they are true*. "Ay, there's the rub!" It is plain that "the man" has come: he will not have to wait long for "the hour."

At the time we write, the Attorney-General's Bill for the Consolidation and Amendment of the Church-building and New Parishes Acts still stands for a second reading. We trust that the attention of our readers has been directed to this insidious measure. Its effect, if it be passed in its present form, will be to authorise the levying of a Church-rate in every one of the New Parishes already created, as well as in all those which may be formed in future years. Will the Dissenters of England submit to this? It is in direct opposition to the declared intention of Sir Robert Peel, when introducing the Church-building Act of 1828—to the action of the House of Commons in amending another Bill in 1850—and to the assurance of the present Home Secretary (whose name is on the back of the present Bill), that the Act, known as the Marquis of Blandford's, would not give the right of levying Church-rates. We can scarcely understand how honourable men can persist in such a measure under such circumstances. Perhaps, before this page appears, the Bill may have been modified by its authors. If not, we entreat our readers to be prepared for a struggle, than which there has been none more important for many years.

The Conference on the affairs of Denmark continues to sit. That is, it sits—*occasionally*. It met on the 17th of May,—it was not to meet again till the 28th. Little hope of an arrangement seems to be entertained. The views of Austria and Prussia are said to be entirely opposed to the views of Denmark and of the neutral powers. Meantime, the German powers are said to continue, notwithstanding the armistice, their depredations in Jutland; and everything points, only too plainly, to the probability of a further appeal to arms. If the war be resumed, will England be a party to it? From all that appears, the only thing that has prevented the English Government from going to war in favour of Denmark sooner, has been the determination of the Queen.

We have given, on another page, a fuller account than has ever appeared in any *monthly* periodical of the Annual Meetings. It will be seen that all the meetings were more than usually successful. The attendances were larger than in any former year. The speeches and the sermons were good, and the spirit which pervaded the meetings was more than ordinarily earnest and devout. If any of the meetings were more gratifying than others, they were those of the Baptist Union and of the Baptist Foreign Mission. The meetings of the latter were of course rendered all the more important by the severe struggle through which the Society has passed. *Nearly three thousand pounds* in hand, instead of eight thousand pounds in debt, is surely a result to call for both gratitude and gratification. The Baptist Union never had a meeting to be compared with that of the present year. We trust that the union which was manifested at the meeting, is only a promise of that union in the denomination which many of us so ardently desire.

THE
BAPTIST REPORTER.

JULY, 1864.

THE WANTS OF THE BAPTIST DENOMINATION.

IN our January number, we invited our readers to consider our "position and capabilities" as a denomination, and attempted to show that our position was strong and our capabilities great, but that we were failing to take advantage of the one, and to use to the utmost the other. We have a deep conviction that, as a body, we are approaching a crisis in our history the issue of which it is not easy to see. If we arouse ourselves from our present lethargy, we shall be able to hold our own and take our place in the aggressive movement of the age; but our present policy, or want of policy, will place us still further in the background of other religious bodies, and consign us to obscurity and contempt. Let us not, through a vain self-love, refuse to probe our weak places, and ascertain the reformations indispensable to our growth and strength.

Even a limited acquaintance with the working of our church system will reveal the lamentable tendency there is to the sub-division of our strength and the multiplication of small churches. Almost in every town, and indeed in every village, instances could be cited of petty quarrels breaking up a church, not over strong, into two, and a seceding party going off to build its *Zoar* or *Cave of Adullam*. They may be only a score of people, of little intelligence; they build a chapel, for which they have no means of paying; a cheap minister is appointed, at a salary of fifty pounds a year; a ministry and worship are instituted acceptable neither to God nor man; and the place becomes a scandal to the denomination, and a byword to the neighbourhood. The parent church has been weakened by the secession in its financial resources and crippled in its operations; and the spectacle is presented of two weak churches instead of one strong one; un-Christian jealousies are fostered between them, and a long injury is inflicted upon the cause of Christianity in the town. *Can* this be right? Can the system that produces and permits it be Christian? Ought there not to be some judicial court of appeal where disputes might be settled and divisions prevented? This license of division and sub-division is self-destructive. A worm cut into two still lives in its separate

parts; but if we go on dividing it into still smaller sections it will perish. Modern Presbyterianism may not be the remedy; but the Presbyterianism of the primitive church, which affiliated all the congregations of one town, under the government of one body known as *the Church*, is a remedy obvious, authoritative, and scriptural. One radical, indispensable want, therefore, is *a reform in church organisation*. We want agglomeration, not division; union, and not separation.

The Independents are complaining of the same evil as that which we lament, and are beginning to ask for some modification of Congregationalism which shall not curtail the true liberties of the church. Let us not be afraid boldly to look into this question: the interests of the church are imperiled if we refuse to entertain it. The circumstances of the times loudly call for a thorough consideration of it. The present constitution of our churches sprang out of our history; was dictated by the circumstances of the past in times of persecution; but now that we no longer worship in fear of the civil power, it is high time to inquire whether we cannot bring our church system into a more entire agreement with the primitive and scriptural model, so as to make it work with a diviner harmony and a more beneficent influence. *At least*, the question needs discussion, and for that purpose we have raised it here.

Church economics, or the financial system of our churches, is another question which indicates one of our great wants. We have discussed the deepest questions in theology; we have protested against infant baptism; we have denounced the practice of State endowment of religion, and have contended earnestly for the voluntary principle; but we have never explained what the voluntary principle is, nor got it adopted by the bulk of our people. The minister is delicate in speaking of the law of Christian giving, for fear of being suspected of a sinister purpose; and the laity have been quite content to let the topic lie neglected. The consequence is that, *as a rule*, our ministers are worse paid than any other class of the community except curates; our societies are crippled in their work, and a vast amount of money consumed in that anomalous agency known as *deputation work*. Now, the voluntary principle does not mean, as too many people think, the liberty to give or not to give, according to the option of each person; nor does it mean capricious or niggardly giving, according to the varying impulse of a covetous heart. The New Testament exposition of the idea is that a Christian man is to give, not by the compulsion of an outward human law, but from the inward power of a divine love shed abroad in the heart, and that this love is to interpret the extent of his ability to support the work of Christ in the world.

We have but to look at the present method of finance amongst us, to feel assured that before we can greatly prosper a more uniform, constant, business-like, and Christian plan must be adopted. Pew rents, in so far as they are a tax levied at a uniform rate upon the man of one hundred and upon the man of six hundred a year, are a blunder equally irrational and un-Christian; but if each pew-holder were asked, as he is in some places, to tax himself for the rent of his seat according to his ability, the income of a church would be largely increased, and the plan of seat-letting would

be brought into strict harmony with Christian voluntarism. If this method were found insufficient to meet the demands of the church for its necessary funds, the plan of *weekly offering* might be added. But the weekly offering breaks down mostly for want of system. If it be left to the caprice of the contributors, most likely the offering will not be weekly, but only as often as they attend upon public worship, and the sum at which they tax themselves is almost sure to be far beneath their ability. But if every person who joins a church were kindly asked how much he could with a clear conscience give weekly to the funds of the church, and envelopes for the quarter put into his hands, a regular and usually a plentiful source of income would be established, which in most cases would suffice for minister's salary, current expenses, and the claims of philanthropy. As it is—with our present want of system—what is given is insufficient to supply the treasury of the church, and the deficiency has to be made up by incessant appeals for subscriptions and collections. "The penny a week and shilling a quarter" of the Wesleyans answers, we believe, admirably, and entitles them to the praise of being clever financiers; but there is this slight drawback to the system, that it is not *Christian*. It is an inexorable law, which the poorest cannot escape; whereas the Christian plan is to train the conscience and heart of every one "to give according as God has prospered him." Let us, then, get the weekly offering adopted in all our churches, and we shall become suddenly rich and prosperous—financially and spiritually.

It must be admitted, again, that another *great* want of our body is some true theory worked into practice of *Church oversight and superintendence*. Many ministers of large churches in our great cities are only preachers, and not pastors. And, remembering how much work is claimed from them extra to the work of preaching, we do not see what time is left them for the exercise of the pastoral function. In very large churches—such, for instance, as Mr. Spurgeon's—the difficulty is overcome by the appointment of a body of lay members to take the oversight of districts assigned to one or more of the elders and deacons. In this manner a superintendence is exercised, more or less efficiently, over a body of some two thousand members. But this is an exceptional case. There are many ministers, with churches varying from three to five hundred members, who, from various causes, find it impossible to keep up habits of pastoral oversight, and who have no organization of lay visitors as the substitute for their personal supervision. The clergy of the Church of England are able mostly to command a staff of curates, Scripture readers, and district visitors, which secures constant communication not only with the members of their congregations, but with a promiscuous multitude of Dissenters as well. The Wesleyans have their class-leaders, who perform analogous functions. The people are seen to and looked after in some manner or other. But our ministers have to go from home for various societies amongst us, to preach anniversary sermons, to deliver lectures, to attend no end of committee meetings, to make speeches upon platforms in their own towns for all manner of benevolent and philanthropic societies, and to write articles for magazines and religious periodicals. Others, again,

in more retired spheres, have no taste for pastoral visitation, and denounce the idea of it as a mere round of gossiping which answers no spiritual end, and leaves insufficient time for study and pulpit preparation.

The success of those churches where pastoral oversight is exercised to any extent, is so marked as to convince us that it is not a question for debate. If we are to have a large increase of prosperity, one contributing cause will be the closer contact of the minister with the church and congregation. Amongst all men of serious purpose bent upon the salvation of those who hear them, it is quite time that the fallacies on this subject were exploded. Here are some plain matters of fact, which no dislike of the drudgery of pastoral visitation will ever be able to set aside: that it is a perfectly natural and reasonable thing that he who preaches to a congregation should know something of their characters and peculiar circumstances as necessary to the *adaptedness* of his ministry; that it is necessary there should be an affectionate relation between him and those to whom he preaches, and that this is brought about by kindly intercourse; that a word privately spoken in reference to some special case has a thousandfold the power of a general utterance in the pulpit; that many persons needing advice and consolation can be reached only by means of the kindly relation of pastor and people; and that this friendly intimacy is of especial value to the younger members of families. Many other things of this kind might be adduced as illustrations of the service to be rendered to the church by the cordial intercourse of ministers and their congregations; and we are satisfied that it would greatly help to give reality, earnestness, and practical power to a man's ministry; and, if he knows how to husband and appropriate his time, would leave him plenty of space for diligent preparation for the pulpit. The preacher is undoubtedly first, and the pastor second; but the model minister is he who can blend the two in happy proportions. If any part of a minister's work is to be given up, rather let a few committees, or anniversary sermons and lectures, be sacrificed, than the work of caring for his own church.

We might lengthen the catalogue of our "Wants." Every intelligent observer laments the "want" of *a greater number of thoroughly-educated and well-disciplined men in our ministry*. As *The Times* truly said the other day, in speaking of the training given by the Theological Colleges of the Church of England, that the study of theology required a good previous training in philology and philosophy—which is the University method. But the majority by far of the ministers who leave our colleges have had a four years' course, in which the study of classics, philosophy, and theology has been pursued simultaneously; and consequently each branch has been mastered imperfectly, for want of sufficient time and the natural order of study. But this is too extensive a question to be unfolded here and now. But it leads us to ask how many amongst us understand the sceptical arguments and criticisms of the day, and are competent to grapple with and refute them? How many see the extent to which science is parting company with faith? and how many, by their understanding of the rupture, are entitled to rebuke the hasty inductions of the one, and to state with intelligence the grounds and claims of the other?

It is pitiful to hear the ignorant denunciations launched by raw college lads against the learning and science of those who have left the ranks of the orthodox. This must be altered, or we shall be laughed to scorn.

Much might also be said in regard to our "Wants" in the work of education. *Our Sunday schools are still very defective.* We want more intelligence, a better knowledge of the Bible, and greater skill in teaching. We want to support British and Dissenting schools more extensively, and to emulate the zeal of the clergy in the work of moulding the minds of the young. But we have exhausted our space, and can say no more.

THE CHRISTIAN HERO.

ANOTHER REMINISCENCE OF THE INSURRECTION IN JAMAICA.*

"Stand on the pile, immortal fame,
Broad stars adorn thy brightest robe;
Thy thousand voices sound his name
In silver accents round the globe.

"Flattery shall faint beneath the sound,
While hoary truth inspires the song;
Envy grow pale and bite the ground,
And slander gnaw her forked tongue."

WHILST Slavery triumphed in imaginary security, certain insignificant events succeeded each other, which, unnoticed and unknown, were secretly sapping the very fortress of her power. A negro boy obtained employment in a printing-office in Montego Bay; and when his naked and noiseless feet first pressed those boards, the doom of slavery was sealed. This lad had an uncle, a deacon in the Baptist church, who, being able to read, watched for opportunities of adding to his little store of information. Some English newspapers were there from time to time carelessly thrown away, some of which were carried by the lad to his uncle. Though a Christian man and a down-trodden slave, the eyes of Sam Sharp flashed as with lightning when first he read "anti-slavery" intelligence from England. "Hi!" he exclaimed, "we hab friend in England!" Now his thoughts took wing. His spirit panted for a glorious flight, but there were cruel ties which bound it down. The precious paper was stored away, to be read again and yet again. To his eager mind this was a lens to enlarge the outlines and develop the beauties of a truth scarce known before. As time rolled on, and other papers came with those talismanic words therein, he seems with these to have framed a telescope with which to scan the unknown heavens. Even the thoughts and passions of the British senate crossed the Atlantic to thrill the heart of that poor slave. Tidings followed tidings; but softly through the channels of his thought the mystery stole along. Wonder crowded upon wonder. The dungeon of his soul had now become roofless, and there were dark but starry heavens above. The surrounding walls were immeasurably high,—immensely thick,—impregnable. Sam called a council of his friends and committed to them his thoughts. Now he was oft in reverie by day, and oft in dreams by night. Secret converse began amongst the people. Now there were low whispers,—then eager gesticulations,—then all was still.

* By a Returned Missionary.

But the stone which dropped so noiselessly from on high into the quiet lake threw abroad upon its bosom those concentric rings which were destined to increase at once in multitude and in power. A secret society was formed, with both "the power" and the passion "to add to its number." The main idea was innocent enough. No conscience was stung. Few hearts quailed. "Look!" said they, "black is more than white. If we say *We no work* if you *no pay*, that is right; and white people is not enough to make we." Soon this thought ran like wildfire. Every act of cruelty and wrong, every real or imaginary grievance, blew upon it to speed its way. But the Christian man, with intensely Christian principles and thoughts, could not limit his plans to Christian minds. The consequences of this he had not calculated. All characters gathered round the standard which fluttered such magnificent thoughts, and fanned the scattered embers of affection into renovated fire. Come they must, and come they would. Electric sparks travelled far and wide, and minds long paralysed caught life and power.

At length it happened that one rose to differ from all his brethren. Reasoning that if the whites were few, they had guns to fight, he cried, "Oonoo, all fool! Buckra no make we go free so! Me say we is to hab *sword* and *gun*, and fight for we free!" "Hear him, hear him!" exclaimed a number of voices all at once. But Sam Sharp listened with dismay. Afresh he asserted the principle with which he began. "No, my dear broder; me no 'gree to dat word. We no want for fight. De Bible say we is no to fight. Beside, dare is no 'casion. We hab no more nor for all to say, We no work if you no pay, and dem can't make we."

It was, however, of little avail. An evil spirit was raised. He who had designed only good, now beheld the horrors of overwhelming ill. Some, indeed, clung to him; but the turmoil of thought soon gathered black and threatening storm-clouds in that starry concave of anticipated liberty which had filled him with such bliss. He had watched for a calm and glittering dawn of day; but instead of this a deeper blackness piled itself up into the eastern sky. Think not his was a coward heart! He could do far more than fight,—he could suffer for liberty, for liberty could die. The passion burned only in the fire of holy principles, and on God's altar. You cannot sever them. They brighten and burn in equal brilliancy and in immortal flames. Lo, there they blend in such unison, that although perplexed, Sam cannot recede. He knows not what to do. To abandon his position would be utterly to let loose the passion for bloodshed which he beholds arising. He may yet, by calm reasoning, overcome; and so resolves to remain, although for the present he cannot command.

The plan declared was instinct with life and power which no one could now control. The parishes of St. James, Trelawney, St. Elizabeth's, Westmoreland, and Hanover, were quivering with repressed excitement. Multitudes had taken the secret oath. Multitudes more were anxious to do so. Yet, strange to say, the secret was well kept.

Whilst affairs thus progressed, having been in actual operation from the month of September, 1831, it was about the 24th of December when a negress at Salt Spring Estate was seized and flogged for some real or fancied fault. Her infuriated husband rushed upon her assailant with a blow, exclaiming that "his wife should never be flogged any more." In a moment all was uproar,—panic,—confusion. No one would seize the rebel. Then it was reported that a messenger was sent to Montego Bay for armed assistance. At once the people fled. That night upon the hill a flame arose. Soon it burned more and yet more high. The red light seemed to mingle with the skies. The concerted signal received, ere long, an answer. Yonder a similar beacon-light

was flaming. Then another rose; and farther yet, behold another. The insurrection was precipitated. Few, if any, were really ready. Nevertheless on the following day many hundreds had espoused the revolt. Now began scenes of violence and wrong. Devastation, robbery, fire, bloodshed, and most brutal violence, succeeded in all their forms. The ignorant and ungovernable had no idea of Sam Sharp's peaceful and holy protest. In their ignorance and debasement they dreamed of success only through the aid of terrible and most iniquitous deeds. Some, therefore, remained faithful to their masters, and disdained to accept of a freedom so obtained. Many were mere cowards, in whose breasts no generous thought could live.

Yet many there were bent upon securing liberty at whatever cost, though their resources were sadly deficient, and their inexperience and simplicity sometimes grossly ridiculous. "Minister," said my attendant when I was riding on one occasion in the parish of St. James, long after these events had passed, "it is very true what you say. We all know it tro' de Gospel we get free, and we always tank God for it; but same time, if we no fight for it we no get it dough."

"Pretty fighting," I answered; "by all accounts you made as much noise as you could, and both sides took great care to keep out of harm's way. But most of the mischief was done in this neighbourhood, was it not?"

"Yes, minister," said he; "*Reading Hill* was de place. Dem fight dere for true. Many poor fellow get kill in de wood. Ah! 'twas dreadful work dere. You see de 'rebel,' as dey call dem, no know noting, only dem always generally hab plenty courage sometimes. De *white* men all de coward, minister. Why, dere is Mr. H——, now, in Montego Bay, him was officer in de militia; when him hear de 'rebels' is coming, him run away into de estate and *hide in de Stoke-hole*. Don't dem call him now, '*SANDY STROKE-HOLE*'? Till him dead dey neber forget dat word!" After indulging a hearty laugh at this gentleman's expense, he proceeded, "It very true—black man no know for fight, but same time de buckra is all de coward. One time, you see, minister, de soldier is all for come to dis estate. Well, de rebel hear 'bout it; so hundreds come down here to dis same place. Den half go *dis* side, and half go *dis* side. All along *here* dem lay down softly, softly, behind de wall. De rest do de same behind *dat* wall. Dem wait long time. By and bye de soldier is come—march! march!—march! Dey all keep down 'pon de ground, so let dem come in between. Den de rebel dem all jump up and halloo, and fire, and *so!*" (slapping his hands sharply together) "all de buckra soldier run away!—run! neber stop till dem come into de estate!"

"What!" I exclaimed, "ran away and left all the killed and wounded behind?"

"No, minister, because you see dere wasn't any."

"What! caught between two fires, and no one killed?"

"No, sir, none at all! No blood on de ground—not a drop! No more nor dem all frighten and *run!* You see dem poor foolish bwoy neber know 'bout gun. Gun is gun—dat is all. Ha! why de moreset part of dem neber load gun in dem life, and dey tink say, 'If de ball for *come out first*, why, in course, de ball for *go in first*. So dey put in de ball, and den de powder 'pon top of it; so de guns no go off at all! But de soldier neber know 'bout dat. Dem is all frighten and run away!"

Still, allowing the uselessness of the conflict in other respects, his firm conviction was, that it had drawn the sympathies of British Christians around them, inasmuch as it had served to arouse their attention; and he concluded as he had begun, "De Gospel give we de free; but if we didn't fight we neber get it dough."

Another illustration of far different character proved how strong was the hold which the idea of liberty had taken upon the common mind. In the yard of one of the estates in the same parish the military were drawn out, probably but for exercise, or because their presence was thought necessary to repress symptoms of revolt; when a woman rushed past them in the direction of the Trash House,* waving frantically above her head a flaming brand, crying as she ran, "*I know I shall die for it!—I know I shall die for it!—but my children shall be free!*" She succeeded in igniting the inflammable mass, but the soldiers were ordered to fire, and she fell LIFELESS.

But where was the holy man? What part now could the Christian play? Does he still hold fast his integrity? Can his garments be always white? Who would wonder if even Sharp were betrayed to an erroneous course? But is it so? Come and see.

He has gathered the adherents to his own principle around him. They have conceded this, that they "will not fight nor do any harm, unless they are first attacked, and then they must defend themselves." Sam, too, has apparently conceded thus much to them, under the mere force of present circumstances, feeling that his aim has been frustrated by foolish and wicked men. But mark! he can take no part *with* them. He will take no arms of any kind. He simply dwells in their midst to counsel, to restrain, and to bless. Every morning and evening the whole are assembled, as he terms it, for "family prayer." So well-known were all his motions amongst the white party, that with them he had the honourable nickname of "The High-priest in the camp."

Whilst thus striving at Greenwich Hill to have always a conscience void of offence toward God and toward man, a report reaches the hero that the missionaries are imprisoned, and are about to be put to death for inciting the revolt. Great pains, indeed, were taken to satisfy the people that some of them had already been executed. Alas, now, for Sam's peace of mind! None but God can tell his grief. None but God bears witness to his tears and prayers. How many hours of soul-harrowing suspense he suffers we cannot say; but ere nightfall his resolution is taken, though deeply buried in the secrecy of his breast. If any of the missionaries live, he will yet save their lives. If any are dead, he will save their reputation. Alone he walks the long and winding ways to Montego Bay. The darkness favours him. Undiscovered he reaches his brother's cottage. Softly rapping on the shutter, William Sharp cries out, "Who dat?" In suppressed voice the answer comes, "Me!—Sam!—me want you." Vainly now does William urge his flight, and assure him he will be *killed*. Sam is immovable. William must precede him to his old master, and obtain for him an introduction. Thus they go: "the brother delivers up the brother to death." Look down, ye angels from above! Rejoice, ye martyr-spirits, at a saint bright like yourselves! Sam sees his master and declares, "Massa, me is come to give up myself; because dey say, de ministers make up de rebellion, and dey never did,—but only me, Sam Sharp; me do it all." His heart, thus far relieved, he has more peace in his dungeon that night than he had known for many weeks. The sweet calm of heaven, the smile of God, the dear consciousness of right, sanctify to him those hard boards and heavy bonds.

On the morrow, the town and country too were filled with wonder. Knibb, in confinement, heard the astounding tale. As soon as possible he demanded permission to confront Sam Sharp in the presence of witnesses. Securing this, these nobles of humanity and of God, with all the ensigns of earth's dishonour round them, stood face to face. And they were true lovers to the death.

* A building open at the sides, in which the dried cane, after the sugar has been expressed, is reserved for fuel until the next crop.

"Sam," said Knibb, "it is currently reported that the missionaries have caused this rebellion. I am now come to ask you solemnly, in the sight of God, and I charge you to answer truly, as you shall give an account at the judgment-seat of Christ, have I, or Mr. Burchell, or any other missionary, ever, in any way, induced you to think you ought to be free; or done any one thing which has led you, or any that you have known, to join in this rebellion?"

"No, minister," the grand prisoner replied; "you never did. And Mr. Burchell never did. No one minister say such a word. Not one, Sir. But me read it in my Bible."

Thence he had drawn all the great inspirations of his heart. The man of peace, the hero of liberty, the unspotted man of God, as a deacon of the church at Montego Bay, his worst enemies could never prove one word or act of his high-souled life which compromised, for one moment, the Christian name.

Of course, without difficulty Sam was condemned to die. No one tried to save him. He succeeded every day in communicating with his relatives. They sent to him the chapters and the hymns they read and sung at their domestic worship. He returned to them similar information of his soul's sources of secret life. This was all. But, oh, to each, how much was this!

The day came at length for Sam to die. A gentleman at Montego Bay, who had thoroughly sympathised with the slaves in their effort for liberty, but who then had no sympathy with Christianity, was extremely curious about the effect of religion in reference to such a death. Sam had, indeed, done nobly. He was thus far confessed a hero. But how would it end? His religiousness was well known. But would he *die like a man*? This was the question.

Taking his stand at the entrance to the gaol, Mr. Lewin reports:—I saw him come with his face as bright, and his form as erect, as if he had achieved some glorious victory. His firm foot kept the regular tread of the escort who led him to execution. His calm and peaceful eye singled out his old friends and acquaintances as he passed along, to many of whom he bowed his recognition. In front of the house where many of the family who had called him their "*slave*" watched him from the windows, he paused and bowed his last farewell. At the scaffold he ascended with that quick, light step, which was natural to him in the capacity of a butler, in which he had served. Nor did his self-possession once forsake him. Seeing the drop, before stepping on it to speak to the assembled throng, he tried its firmness with a single foot. Then advancing, with a clear voice he told them he was going to die because he had thought they had a right to be free. He protested his innocence of every outrage and wrong. He professed his firm faith in the atoning blood of Jesus, and his hope of eternal life; whilst his closing words about "the coming rain from heaven" were interpreted by many as prophetic of the freedom soon to come; and so he, doubtless, meant them.

"Ah! my broder," said he, "you see now de heaben is like brass, and de eart' is like iron. You all know what great trial we hab to pass troo. But God is good. You will see, no sooner is me gone dan God will open heaben, and send down plenty o' rain, and so you will all rejoice."

Then the barbarous rope was adjusted round his neck. The ever-revolting, and more than savage abomination, twined disgustingly and with hellish hideousness around that Christian throat, which had breathed naught but love,—which had been consecrated to praise and prayer,—and which, with no stain of dishonour, gladly bared itself to death, for *liberty*, for *truth*, for *Christ*, and to avert the sacrifice of Christian missionaries! Oh, tell us not of William Tell! Say nothing more for ever of Touissant L'Ouverture! Let silence bury in oblivion together every ancient and modern hero and martyr, unless Sam Sharp also be confessed a star,—a star of first magnitude,—amongst the truly great!

Ah, see, the drop has fallen! How horrifying are those convulsive throes of a *Christian man*, who had done no moral wrong. Others who have *succeeded* in the self-same strife, who without a conscientious scruple have seized on victory, are immortalized with their fellows, whilst *he* dies a malefactor's death. Yet ere that body has ceased its swinging to and fro, whilst life is scarce extinct, huge drops of *rain* fall with heavy blows amidst the gathered crowd. These drops are quickly succeeded by torrents, though not a cloud is seen in the heavens, which had been indeed "like brass." The throng were all driven by this rain from the square, but as they fled the people whispered—"Didn't *God* tell him to say dat word? See, no sooner is him gone dan God open heaben, and send down plenty o' rain. Hi! what is dis mean?"

They who had sacrificed him buried him in the sands by the sea-shore, as one too vile to sleep with the common human race. But the pure waves long sang his requiem. The unbroken sunbeams long bathed with lustre his lowly place of rest. At last, at midnight, a band of missionaries, and that friend who saw him "*die like a man*" and like a saint, went to those sands and took away his bones. A beautiful coffin of mahogany was prepared. The skeleton complete was laid therein. A vault was made ready beneath the pulpit in the noble chapel. Sam Sharp was solemnly interred at a midnight hour, in the presence and amidst the loud sobs of those who had admired and loved him. There now those bones are lying. For five years and upwards I stood to preach the Word of God immediately above them, whilst to my soul they seemed to whisper a tribute to the glory of my work, and an inspiration to its pursuit even unto death.

For the brief statements here made I am indebted to those who personally knew this Christian hero, some of whom were united with him in his efforts. Alas, that hitherto "no marble marks his couch of lowly sleep!" No token of any kind records how Sam Sharp has lived and died. Yet, if ever human being deserved esteem, or admiration, or love,—if ever human deed deserved a bright memorial,—Sam Sharp should not be forgotten, nor should his bones lie still unhonoured. The mission cause owes him much. His black brethren in Jamaica are exalted and enriched through his voluntary death. But wherever throughout the world "Freedom's battle" is pressed on to victory, the happy issue has unquestionably been aided by the self-sacrifice of this truly Christian hero.

ON MINOR ERRORS.

To err is human. And unfortunately it is too human to allow the error, and to pass it by as a matter of little importance. This is especially the case if the error be a small one, or have reference to a point of confessedly no great weight as to the interests of truth or duty. Such errors are like little sins, easily overlooked, easily winked at, easily apologised for; and yet not without a real influence on the character of those who hold them, and far from being easily eradicated when once they have obtained a lodgment in the intellect. Like the grass called "couch" in our fields, they shoot out a thousand roots, rootlets, and fibres, to lay hold of the soil, and when you think you have ploughed, and harrowed, and raked, and burnt them all up, you have but to wait a little while to see

them spring up again, and appearing in directions to which you never would have thought they could have extended.

All error is of two kinds,—error of the eye, and error of the sense. The one is the fruit of defective faculties, or of wrong training; the other of a faulty heart. Traced to their root, they will all be found to grow out of the latter. If the eye be diseased, the cause is in the constitution. The steams which darken the understanding are exhaled from the passions. If a man shies at the light of truth it is because his vision is imperfect; but his imperfect vision is a symptom only of a more radical imperfection to be looked for in the depths of his moral nature.

When errors are fundamental and gross we are apt to be on our guard against them; their danger is at once perceived, and their very precincts instinctively avoided. It is with them as it is with gross sins; to trifle with them would be to forfeit your reputation; to fall into them would be to jeopardise your soul. The greater the error the greater its power of attraction for other errors; but all errors being by necessity of their nature within the sphere of the influence of all others, the smaller have a direct tendency to gravitate towards the larger, so that he who begins by embracing the less can never be sure that he shall not end by espousing the greater.

All the errors into which men fall may be discriminated into two classes,—unbeliefs and misbeliefs. In the one case the truth is rejected; in the other it is misunderstood. Yet in both cases a falsehood is the result; the chief difference lying in this, that in the former the falsehood takes the form of a denial of a truth, or a negative; and with the latter that of a positive,—the affirmation as true of that which is untrue. This consideration alone is sufficiently grave to oblige us to bring all our beliefs under the strict supervision of conscience. The smallest error is a bypath out of the way of truth; and if you turn aside by a single step it is impossible to foresee how far you may wander before you find the right road again. Every error has in it the nature of a disease; and once the constitutional integrity is broken in upon and disturbed, in however slight a degree, no human sagacity can predict to what extent the malady may proceed, or in what consequences it may issue.

The most trifling error may put a man on the *wrong side* with respect to truth. In this way he does not only fall into bad company, but becomes the ally of falsehood, and has an intellectual and moral interest in fighting its battles and seeking to procure its adoption by others. Thus the smallest error, like the smallest sin, may be the introduction to a long series of errors, which shall go on propagating themselves with an ever accelerating ratio, till the whole mind, conscience, and heart, have become inextricably involved in their dangerous and pernicious influence.

But to descend from generalities. In what sphere of human interest or action can the slightest error be harmless? In that of politics? Why, errors here supposed to have been of no great consequence have inflicted some of the greatest wrongs and entailed some of the greatest sufferings on our country. To go no further than those connected with the science of political economy, who can compute the evils which have resulted from

mistaken views on the question of Free Trade and Protection, by which our legislature was misled and enslaved for whole generations? Whether foreign wheat, coming into our ports, should enter free or pay five shillings a quarter or any other amount of duty, might have appeared, as no doubt to thousands it did appear, a question of very minor importance, and one to be settled by mere regards to expediency and the interests of a class; and yet what do we find from experience? not only that that error was hanging like a nightmare on the energies of our commerce, and bringing starvation and death to thousands of homes, but that it was retarding the progress of civilisation and thereby postponing the development of the race. Again, ought every citizen, especially every Christian citizen, to acquaint himself with political questions and political parties sufficiently to enable him to take an intelligent and independent part in settling the great political problems of the age? will be regarded by some as an inquiry of no great moment, whether decided in one way or the other. Others, drivellers or interested sophists, will decide it at once in the negative, averring that Christianity is something altogether above and apart from politics, and that the believer in Christ is to stand aloof, and superciliously allow the "potsherds to strive with the potsherds of the earth." As if the Christian had no political rights to defend, and no political duties to discharge; or if he has, he must entrust the one to the statesman and submit the other to the dictation of the priest, rewarding the former by unbuttoning for him his one breeches pocket, and the latter by unbuttoning for him the other, and allowing them to divide the contents between them as they please. This may be a very convenient doctrine for rulers, whether in Church or State. But what would be the inevitable consequences of its adoption by the people at large? Social languor and prostration, the loss of our liberties, both civil and religious, and the forfeiture of every blessing for which it is worth while to live. The greatness or the littleness, the dignity or the degradation, the freedom or the slavery, nay, even the existence or destruction, of a whole people, will be found to be really bound up with this question of individual rights and obligations. No man can be a safe politician who is not a good Christian; and the best Christians must always make the best citizens. Woe to that country whose government is abandoned by the wisest and the holiest, and handed over to the tender mercies of professional politicians and a hireling clergy,—those two sisters of the horseleech, whose perpetual and insatiable cry has always been and is still, "Give, give."

If we ascend to a higher region, we shall find illustrations crowding on us from every side. In speculations on the subject of morals how many points are there which at first sight strike the inquirer as of very little practical account. Take, for instance, the disputes which long divided moralists, and divide some of them still, as to the ultimate standard of right and wrong. While all perhaps have been virtually agreed with respect to the great rules by which men ought to regulate their lives, one has contended for expediency, another for self-interest, another for the will of God, as the supreme authority under which we all ought to act; while another has coolly looked on, feeling, or affecting to feel, the profoundest

indifference as to the whole subject. Now surely this last cannot be right. For let one of those emergencies which are sure to arise in a man's life, and which may justly be called critical, occur, and in which the action he may take must decide definitively his true moral standing and ascertain his real character for the future, and will any one undertake to say that it will make no difference to him whether he refer for authoritative guidance to a false standard of duty or to the true one? Nay, will not all depend upon the moral criterion to which he submits his judgment and conscience? To act according to what appears to be expedient, apart from all regard to the supreme will, would be to act like an Atheist. To consult nothing but supposed self-interest would be to deify self and ignore both God and society. To act from a sovereign regard to the will of the Creator would be to act like a subject and a Christian, and so as to obtain the approbation of every good man, that is, of every man whose approbation is worth thinking of. As in the two previous cases all faith must be forsworn and all duty abandoned; so, on the other hand, in this case faith is evidently the root, and duty the tree, and the fruits are already dropping into heaven. But errors in speculation can hardly in any case be without their effects on the behaviour, and the most trifling ones may be productive of aberrations which reason cannot but censure and conscience condemn.

If now we mount to the highest sphere of all, that of religion, the matter becomes still more important and solemn. Discounting all confessedly vital questions, there yet remain over a number of others which all will acknowledge to be points of less momentous interest, but in reference to which none can truly hold that error would be either harmless or innocent. In matters of doctrine, for example, take the subjects of predestination, effectual calling, justification by faith, final perseverance, the ultimate condition of the lost. Now we apprehend that the stiffest maintainers of either side of these questions would shrink from demanding assent to their views as an essential condition of acceptance with God. All will agree that faith in the Redeemer is the one ground on which that acceptance is to be looked for. At the same time it would be a great mistake to suppose that error on either of these points can be wholly innocuous. The nature of the case utterly forbids it. All error has in it a reproductive energy; it must grow and disseminate itself; it is catching, and you cannot hold it without communicating it to others. He who errs, then, on either of these matters, is not only robbed of the truth in that matter, but has received an enemy to the truth into his heart; and it is only divine grace, rendering more active and powerful the truth on other and more vital questions, that can preserve him from more serious mischief, or prevent him from being altogether gained over to the wrong side. Take, again, the constitution, government, and discipline of the Christian Church. Of the three great systems now prevailing, the Episcopal, the Presbyterian, and the Congregational, none, we suppose, will affirm that either of them excludes its upholders from the true church, or from the hope of salvation by Christ. To err here, therefore, is not necessarily to endanger the soul. Nevertheless to err here cannot be without its influence for evil on the mind and life of him that errs. Be

the error where it may, to believe it as a truth involves the obligation to act upon and defend it, and that would be to act upon and defend a mistake. But this is not all. It would at the same time be to oppose the truth, and to weaken its power in the world. It would consequently be to place ones-self in opposition to Him who is the truth, and whose cause we have pledged ourselves to defend. We may instance, further, the vexed question of Christian baptism. Here again vital points are not at issue. If there be a Baptist who asserts that no unbaptized person can be saved, we are not arguing the point with him. As little are we disposed to argue at present with those who believe in baptismal regeneration. Our concern is with such as confess that true believers in the Son of God, whether Baptist or Pædobaptist, are safe. To such we need not apologise for putting error on the subject amongst "minor errors." Still we hope we shall not be understood as regarding the question as a trivial one. It cannot be so, look at it from which side you will. Are you a Baptist? Then you believe that your Pædobaptist brethren (not knowingly, you admit) have changed one of the ordinances of Christ, both in the subjects of it and in the manner of it; and have substituted for it what can hardly be recognised even as a caricature of the original rite. Are you a Pædobaptist? Then you must believe that the Baptist violates one of his most solemn duties as a parent, deprives his offspring of one of their most sacred and precious rights, and contravenes the will of the great Master on a point touching the very constitution of his kingdom, and affecting some of the objects of his tenderest love. We cannot see any logical grounds of compromise here. "Agreeing to differ" is mere twaddle. We must, indeed, agree, *although* we differ, our agreement resting on grounds far deeper than those on which we divide. But the two views are essentially antagonistic, and must continue in earnest collision till the one shall have finally overcome the other. We will only trouble the reader with one illustration more,—the question of Church and State. Here, again, all agree that good men are found in both ranks. Some of the brightest examples of Christian life and character in our own day are to be found in and out of the Establishment. The question, therefore, is one not affecting the fundamentals of our holy faith. Does it, however, follow from this that error with respect to it can be otherwise than criminal in itself and injurious in its operation? We think not. For if the Establishment be right, we Nonconformists are not only not helping to sustain that which is right, but doing much, if not all we can, towards overthrowing and destroying it. And not only so, but we are abetting and upholding systems founded in error, and intended to disseminate this error as widely as possible in the world. On the other hand, if Establishments are wrong, as we in our consciences believe them to be, their friends are not simply supporting the wrong and opposing the right and the true, but are compelling the friends of the truth to aid them in upholding the wrong in defiance of their own consciences, and in spite of their strongest objections and most earnest protests against such a course. Nor can a single member of the Establishment vindicate himself from this charge. It is an essential incident of his position. Whether he consider it or not,

he is every moment contributing his share towards the commission of this great national crime, and the infliction of this monstrous social injustice.

These illustrations all show, and a thousand more might be adduced to show, that no error is safe or harmless. The slightest error is a leak in the great reservoir of truth, and, if unattended to, may gradually wear larger and larger, till the whole embankment becomes undermined, and the entire accumulated mass be swept away in an hour. As the tendency of sin is to harden the heart, so the tendency of error is to darken the understanding and render it incompetent to discriminate between truth and its opposites. Hence a wise man will be as rigid in his belief as he is scrupulous in his morals, and will avoid with almost equal anxiety every cheat that is sought to be put on the one and every snare that is laid for the other.

What is the principle, then, that should guide us in this matter? *As to others*,—conscientiously to avoid interfering with their liberty. They are not responsible to us. Let them stand or fall to their own Master. Truth can only be served by freedom. It is not generosity but justice to refuse to condemn those who differ from us. *As to ourselves*,—to allow ourselves no license; to be thoroughly intolerant of all mistakes and misconceptions, subjecting every candidate for our belief to the most relentless scrutiny; taking nothing on trust and nothing for granted; but eagerly embracing and courageously holding whatever commends itself to us as true, even if we should have to hold it alone and defend it against universal opposition.

FUNERAL SERMONS.

"It is my intention, this evening, to improve the death of our respected brother, Mr. Brown." An announcement, the like of which has often been heard by those who are accustomed to attend Dissenting places of worship. The results of such a notice are, doubtless, well known to our readers. An accession of strangers increases the evening congregation. Attention is divided between the pulpit and the occupants of a certain pew which is filled with the deceased member's friends arrayed in deepest mourning. The hymns chosen for the occasion are those which arrange themselves under the head of "Heaven" or "Death" in *Watts* or the *Selection*. One can guess beforehand, with tolerable accuracy, the tunes which will be sung, strains of a dolorous character filling the sacred edifice. It is not needful to be "a prophet, or the son of a prophet," in order to prognosticate the class of passages from which the text will be taken. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord;" "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord;" "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his;" are universally favourite verses for meditation at such seasons. After a discourse based upon the portion of Scripture chosen, allusion is made to the departed. The mention of his name acts like magic on the hearers. Those who have been listening listlessly brighten up. Sleepers awake. Even restless, weary children settle down quietly, and open wide their eyes in eager expectation. Then follow various particulars touching the person under notice. When he joined the church, the

circumstances connected with his conversion, the length of time his final illness lasted, how he bore it, and a description of his character, occupy the last quarter of an hour of the preacher's homily.

When and where did this custom originate? This is an interesting question: and before we proceed to offer a few thoughts on funeral sermons, we take the opportunity of replying to it. Making the historical part of the Bible our authority, there is no evidence of the existence of the practice among the Jews. Elegies, like that of David over Saul and Jonathan, were sometimes composed and sung, and this is the nearest approach to our modern usage. It does not, however, appear that, when an eminent king, prophet, or priest died, public orations were delivered in special allusion to the event. We nowhere read of a large multitude being gathered together that they might listen to an address avowedly based on the circumstance of a certain person's decease, and containing special reference to his excellencies or defects. Neither have we been able to ascertain that this was done by the church in the first stages of its development. We are never told, in the Book of the Acts, that the martyrdom of Stephen, for instance, was "improved," or that the awful and fatal punishment which fell to the lot of Ananias and Sapphira formed the ground of apostolic or diaconal homilies.

Startling, even shocking, as the announcement may be to some, the truth seems to be that the usage was Pagan in its birth. While Christianity indirectly influenced other religions, it was, in its turn, eventually influenced by them, or, at least, the church was. Converted heathens not unfrequently retained old habits, infusing into them a higher spirit. Social customs, which in themselves were considered harmless, were engrafted on the tree of spiritual life. This was, no doubt, the case with funeral sermons. The Greeks and Romans were wont to have orations delivered at the pyre whereon the dead were burned, in which the name, titles, rank, offices, and general history of the departed one were recapitulated. The ceremony, thus hallowed by the example of their forefathers, was preserved by some who were brought to a knowledge of the truth; modifications of it were effected; the harangue gradually transformed itself into the sermon; the practice proved acceptable, extended itself, and resulted in what is now familiar to us all.

Thus much as regards the commencement of the ecclesiastical habit before us. Is that habit right and wise? Yes, and no. Like most other things of human invention, it has a dark and a light side. We will try to be honest in speaking of both. First, as to the evils associated with it. That there are such, we feel sure no candid and thoughtful observer will deny. They are often painfully palpable. Here, for example, is a danger incident to funeral sermons which is very obvious, *exaggeration*. "We speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen," when we say that the majority of these discourses are tainted with it. Defects are ignored, excellencies described and extolled. If the subject of the oral memoir had a grain of wisdom, it will be carefully secured and exhibited. If he possessed a particle of piety, it will certainly be found and shewn. No virtue is forgotten, no grace neglected. The classical maxim, *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*, is transformed into a mandate which is sacredly obeyed. Observe, we are simply stating a fact. The motive from which the action in question proceeds is quite another thing. In most cases, we believe the intention to be a good one. The very evil springs from one of the most beautiful relics of love left in our fallen nature. It arises from the generous desire to think as well, and, therefore, speak as well as possible, of those whom death has hallowed by removing into the solemn and mysterious unseen world. But we all know how easily an emotion, which in itself is most lawful and commendable, may take a wrong development, and grow into a most

obnoxious abuse. This, we take it, is the secret of the defect under notice. Ministers do not mean to be dishonest. They unconsciously lay themselves open to the charge of untruthfulness, under the influence of a feeling which, *per se*, is praiseworthy. Albeit, the results of this exaggeration are very pernicious. Its effects on irreligious and worldly hearers, more especially, are baneful to the last degree. They listen to the praises of "our departed brother" Mr. A. with a cynical smile, because, perhaps, they happen to know that he was always grumbling at the rich, and thinking himself martyred to selfishness for the reason that he was not relieved as much as he fancied he ought to have been. They are informed of Mr. B.'s zeal for the cause of Christ; but as they receive the various items which herald his earnestness, they call to mind the fact that he failed to order his own household well. Or, as they attend to the category of religious industries made out in favour of Mrs. C., they are unpleasantly reminded of one duty which she flagrantly neglected, namely, consideration and kindness to her domestics. Surely it were better to let a life be its own biographer, than by one-sided portrayal of it to create such ridicule and revulsion as is thus produced.

This leads us to remark another mischief, by no means uncommon in connexion with funeral sermons. We mean *unskilful delineation of character*. Of course mental and moral portraiture is not a necessary ingredient in homilies about the dead; but it is a frequent accompaniment of them. Most of us have heard it attempted. Yes, attempted is the right word, not accomplished. It is not every one that can scan his fellow-creatures aright. In nothing is there more grievous blundering. Here and there you find a man whose quick intellectual vision takes in, almost at a glance, human idiosyncrasies. Such, however, "are few and far between." Thackeray, Dickens, and Trollope photograph the great family called "Society" with marvellous accuracy. But we are not all gifted after their fashion. This is just what some pulpit artists appear to forget. Accordingly, they try to do what they cannot, and signally fail. They grind their colours, put the canvas on its stretcher, arrange the easel, make stroke after stroke with the brush, and at length succeed in producing a face and figure remarkably unlike the original. "I never had the pleasure of knowing him;" "The person described must be some one else who chanced to bear the same name as the one whom I once knew;" such are the inward comments that one is apt to make while submitting to divers of these delineations. All blunders are bad; but those which emanate from the rostrum of the divine are among the worst. The grandiloquent prose and limping rhyme which too often disfigure tombstones, rarely equal them.

A third injury done by the frequent preaching of funeral sermons is this, *people are made callous about death*. The repetition of "improvements" defeats its own end. The object of the preacher is to warn the living, to stimulate them to prepare for eternity, to show them the utter uncertainty of existence. The first few times his hearers listen to such discourses they are, most likely, touched, perhaps deeply affected. But when like occasions recur over and over again, a reaction takes place. The whole thing gets so hackneyed as to lose its effect. The attendants at the chapel know pretty well what will be said, and so the sermon becomes to them a hollow, noisy echo, instead of a powerful, invigorating voice. Hymns, passages read as lessons, phrases used in prayer, and the general tenor of thought and feeling in what is said, are all anticipated. The service becomes a stereotyped affair, known beforehand, and learned by heart. Is it not so? Cannot the reader bear testimony to the truth of what we say? And if so, it must be conceded that it is a most pernicious abuse. Nothing can be more undesirable than for men to grow callously familiar with death. There is a reverence for that dread mystery which ought to be

sedulously guarded. The tomb, inasmuch as it is the narrow entrance to immortality, is an unspeakably solemn place; therefore we ought not to bring it into contempt by commonplace and frequent talk about it. It was the wise proverb of an ancient philosopher, "Wear not the image of God on your ring."

Other evils arising from the custom might be specified, as, for instance, the fact that, from fear of producing ill-feeling among their relatives, funeral sermons are sometimes preached for persons who, though in the main consistent Christians, have obviously no claim on special and public attention. But we forbear. It affords us no pleasure to dwell on the dark, we, therefore, gladly turn, briefly, in concluding, to the brighter side of our theme. After the complaints made, it may be asked, "What, then, would you do? How remedy the defects of which you have spoken?" The matter, if we understand it rightly, is a simple one, though it requires firmness and courage in the carrying of it out. The remedy is this. Let ministers strive to be intelligent and conscientious in what they say on such occasions. Let them guard most sedulously against exaggeration, and be equally careful never to attempt spiritual photography or oil-painting, unless they know that they can do it efficiently. Let them never preach funeral sermons, excepting for persons of notable goodness, whose excellencies justify prominent reference. Let them take heed that, great as the temptation may be to draw an extra congregation together thereby, they do not do their fellow-men the lamentable injury of making them indifferent to death by too frequent expatiation thereon. Habitual and vigorous regard to such a course as this cannot fail in effecting a healthful reform. Sure we are, moreover, that those who adopt it will be the first to feel its benefits. Experience will speedily prove its worth.

Reverent and judicious remark touching the life and death of a really holy man is fitting and salutary. If it is true that

"The chamber where the good man meets his fate
Is privileged beyond the common walk
Of virtuous life,"

then the sanctuary in which the occurrences of that "chamber" are related is "privileged" too. "The memory of the just is for a blessing." Mighty are "the powers of the world to come" when associated with the recollection of a lately-departed friend and saint! If death's darts wound our hearts, they also wound our indifference to the sacred and the divine. Few bereavements are there which leave not some moral or spiritual blessing behind. And even if we cannot record any great religious boon as following such an event, we can, at least, usually say with Tennyson:

"The shade by which my life was crossed,
Which made a desert of the mind,
Has made me kindly with my kind,
And like to him whose sight is lost."

Hence, we repeat it, wise and earnest allusion, from the pulpit, to a really holy and useful Christian who has lately passed away, may be eminently appropriate, and fraught with happy issues to the living. Indeed, so far from abolishing the system of funeral sermons, we think it would be a positive wrong, and an irreparable loss, to do so entirely. There are private histories which ought not to pass into oblivion, and which the pulpit can most fittingly rescue therefrom. An old man dies. He has been an honest, a steadfast, simple-hearted Christian from his youth. Weak points sink into the shade before an examination of his good qualities. He is missed by every one. His family cannot, of course, replace him. But that is not all. His influence radiated far and wide. The result is, that the neighbourhood in which he dwelt is deprived, by his death, of a moral power long felt. His departure leaves a marked and lamented vacancy in the ranks of the church militant. Now, all must surely feel that

such an one as this may most appropriately be made the subject of ministerial remark, and that not thus to advert to so excellent a life would be to miss a golden opportunity of "pointing a moral."

But, after all, a quiet, trustful death is the best funeral sermon. No better homily than that. It is one of those acts which, verily, "speak louder than words," and are infinitely more eloquent. So that you and I, dear reader, need not mind much what may or may not be said about us when we are gone, provided we have gone rightly. We can be our own preachers. God help us, that such may be the case. Live a life for Christ, O my friend! live a life for Christ, O my soul! and the end shall not fail to be blessed.

"See that your lamps are burning,
Replenish them with oil;
Look now for your salvation,
The end of sin and toil.
The watchers on the mountain
Proclaim the Bridegroom near;
Go, meet him as he cometh,
With hallelujahs clear."

Poetry.

MY CROSS.

It is not heavy, agonizing woe,
Bearing me down with hopeless, crushing weight,
No ray of comfort in the gathering gloom,
A heart bereaved, a household desolate.

It is not sickness, with her withering hand,
Keeping me low upon a couch of pain,
Longing each morning for the weary night,
At night for weary day to come again.

It is not poverty, with chilling blast,
The sunken eye, the hunger-wasted form;
The dear ones perishing for lack of bread,
With no safe shelter from the winter's storm.

It is not slander, with her evil tongue;
'Tis no "presumptuous sin" against my God;
Not reputation lost, or friends betrayed:
That such is not my cross I thank my God.

Mine is a daily cross, of petty cares,
Of little duties pressing on my heart,
Of little troubles hard to reconcile,
Of inward struggles, overcome in part.

My feet are weary in their daily rounds,
My heart is weary of its daily care—
O, how my sinful nature doth rebel!
I pray for grace my daily cross to bear.

It is not heavy, Lord, yet oft I pine;
It is not heavy, yet 'tis everywhere;
By day and night each hour my cross I bear;
I dare not lay it down—Thou keep'st it there.

I dare not lay it down. I only ask,
That, taking up my daily cross, I may
Follow my Master humbly, step by step,
Through clouds and darkness, unto perfect day.

Reviews.

Biblical Commentary on the Old Testament. By C. F. KEIL, D.D., and F. DELITZSCH, D.D., Professors of Theology. Vol. I. The Pentateuch. Translated from the German by the Rev. JAMES MARTIN, B.A., Nottingham.

Theological and Homiletical Commentary on the Acts of the Apostles. Specially designed and adapted for the use of Ministers and Students. From the German of G. V. LECHLER, D.D., and K. GEROK. Edited by J. P. LANGE, D.D., Professor of Divinity in the University of Bonn. Translated by the Rev. PATON J. GLOAG, Minister of Blantyre. (Clark's Foreign Theological Library.)

The Life of the Lord Jesus Christ. A Complete Critical Examination of the Origin, Contents, and Connection of the Gospels. Translated from the German of J. P. LANGE, D.D. Edited, with additional notes, by the Rev. MARCUS DODS, A.M. In Six Vols. Vols. I., II., III. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. London: Hamilton.

MINISTERS and students have long been laid under heavy obligations to the Messrs. Clark for putting within their reach so many valuable English and foreign theological works. The enterprising publishers seem determined that there shall be no room for diminution in this obligation, for no books have ever issued from their house more valuable in themselves, or more timely in their appearance, than those the titles of which we have given above. The work on the Acts is one of that series of commentaries on the New Testament, edited by Dr. Lange, the special features of which have by this time become familiar to theological students. The separation of each department of commentary from the other greatly increases the usefulness of the book for purposes of consultation; while the "Homiletical hints," though sometimes a little fanciful and far-fetched, are often very suggestive, and likely to prove helpful to

the preacher, without in any degree superseding the necessity of thought and labour on his own part.

Nothing could well be more opportune than the publication, just at this juncture, of an English translation of Keil and Delitzsch's "Commentary on the Pentateuch." It is one of the completest and most satisfactory vindications of that part of Scripture which has appeared. We do not mean that the learned authors have cleared up every difficulty, nor that we regard their mode of meeting objections as, in all instances, the best that could be chosen; but assuredly there is more than enough here to attest the rashness and shallowness of such slap-dash, and almost amusingly-confident, destructive criticism as that of the Bishop of Natal.

Of Dr. Lange's "Life of Jesus," we hope to render a fuller account when the three volumes, still required to complete the translation, have been published. At present, we can do little more than announce its appearance in an English dress, and recommend it to the study of our readers as the most thorough and exhaustive work upon the subject which even German industry and learning have produced. It is certainly strange to find the erratic tendencies of English and French theologians met and corrected by German teachers; and rather humiliating to find Englishmen picking up, and parading as new discoveries, forms of thought and modes of criticism which German theologians have outgrown and left behind years ago. But we are none the less inclined to welcome such testimony to the truth as these books afford: a testimony all the more impressive, because it comes from a land whose leading thinkers have been the high-priests of sceptical philosophy. The task of editing Lange's work seems to have fallen into eminently able and judicious hands. And the translation of this and the other books (no unimportant matter in respect to German works), is, on the whole, very well done; far better than in some of the earlier volumes of the Foreign

Theological Library. To those familiar with that series, the names of Mr. Martin and Mr. Ryland will be their own vouchers; and the others, whose names are less known to us, seem not unworthy coadjutors of these practised translators. We thank the publishers heartily for these volumes, and wait eagerly the completion of Lange's work.

"Thy Poor Brother." *Letters to a Friend on helping the Poor.* By MRS. SEWELL. London: Jarrold & Sons.

THIS work is one not for the reviewer to criticise, but for the Christian worker to study. Mrs. Sewell acknowledges the "difficulty and delicacy" of the task she has undertaken; and for those very reasons she has done well to undertake it. Its "delicacy" demands a woman's tact, and its difficulties are such as can be solved only by the wise simplicity of Christian love. Many homely things will be found in this volume—in their right place because they are homely. Small details are given throughout, with the true feeling that it is in the harmony of small details that the completeness of life consists. The tone throughout is most winning; deeply serious, as befits the magnitude of the evils with which all true helpers of their fellow-men and fellow-women must struggle; genial withal, and tender, and loving. At the very outset, Mrs. Sewell protests, with an earnestness not too strong, against aught that would encourage the pauper spirit—"the most cruel and dangerous thing we can do;" yet one which "would seem to require all but the wisdom of an angel to avoid it." This promises well, and the rest of the book is pitched in the same key. The letters discuss all sorts of subjects—food and cooking, washing and cleaning, economy of time and money, domestic management, and especially the care of children, intellectual and religious teaching, the culture of the tastes and affections, with a hundred related topics, as regarded by one who, with a true sisterly sympathy, can look on them from the point of view of the poor themselves, and yet can bring to their examination fine intellect, tenderness, and taste. The Lady Bountifuls of our day might judge the style of

administering benevolence which our author recommends, to be quite too homely. Mrs. Pardiggle would find it culpably tolerant of little faults and weaknesses; but we are sure that those who understand the poor will recognise the counsels of true wisdom and charity. We had noted passages for quotation; but quotation is needless. The incidents narrated, too, would possibly appear unduly insignificant, if repeated here apart from their connexion. We content ourselves with a strong recommendation. Those young people especially who are beginning—perhaps with a little natural indecision and awkwardness—to interest themselves in works of mercy, will feel that they have, in this book, the companionship of an experienced and earnest fellow-worker, who, in its pages, *talks* to them in the homely, practical, loving fashion that its gifted authoress might employ were she by their side. An appendix contains three exquisite, heart-touching letters on the treatment of "The Fallen," by Mrs. G. W. Sheppard, of Frome.

The Restoration of Belief. By ISAAC TAYLOR. A New Edition, Revised. London and Cambridge: Macmillan & Co.

WE welcome with more than ordinary satisfaction this beautiful reprint of what has already become a classic work in the Library of Christian Evidence. Never has the ripe erudition and practised ability of its venerated author been more worthily employed than in preparing this tribute to the shrine of Christian truth. We were familiar with it while it yet remained anonymous; and now, after the lapse of years, have reviewed its arguments with new delight, more than ever convinced that they impreguably fortify the old *historical* position of the defenders of our faith. Perhaps the section to which readers will turn with the most eager interest is the concluding one, written for this edition, in which Mr. Taylor addresses himself to the work of M. Rénan, and, without any attempt to refute the brilliant Frenchman step by step, shews the utter futility of his too-celebrated romance as a contribution to the infidel cause. For M. Rénan upsets the con-

clusions in which unbelief has hitherto rested. As the German rationalists gave the *coup de grâce* to the heartless infidelity of the Voltairian era; as Dr. Strauss, in his turn, gibbeted rationalism; so now M. Rénan has demolished the mythic theory. The historic reality of the Founder of the Christian religion, with the antiquity and the *substantial* authenticity of the four Gospels, are now admitted. Thus far, therefore, the spirit of scepticism has travelled on its road to truth. But what of its present halting-place? In successive weighty paragraphs, which we regret not having room to quote, Mr. Taylor exposes, perhaps better than has been done by any one before, the manifest, grotesque, misconception of *admitted* facts which pervades M. Rénan's treatise: comparing very felicitously the picture drawn by the French *savant* with the account that some keen observant Oriental might be supposed to give of English customs and social life after a visit to our country. He is sharp-sighted, quick-witted, and veracious; but his entire want of sympathy with the moral atmosphere in which he finds himself, prevents his attaining the remotest conception of the truth of matters that lie before his own eyes. "Misconceptions of this species—bewilderments, in fact—do not admit of rectification. The book, therefore, is safe from refutation: it will continue to be devoured by uneasy disbelievers. It will never again be spoken of after the day when the next voice on that side shall have uttered its thunder."

Most cordially do we commend the treatise, in this its new form, to all who crave either satisfaction or confirmation on the greatest questions that can occupy the intellect of man.

The Story of Carey, Marshman, and Ward, the Serampore Missionaries.
By JOHN CLARK MARSHMAN.
(Bunyan Library, Vol. XIII.)
London: J. Heaton & Son.

WE have, ever since we read it, regarded Mr. Marshman's "Life and Times of Carey, Marshman, and Ward," as, independently of the imperishable interest of its subject, one of the best executed biographical works of recent years. But the size of that book put

it beyond the reach of many readers, and deterred some from perusing it. The narrative needed to be put in a more available form; while it well deserved popularizing, and admitted of abridgment with less injury than most works of the kind suffer in that process. We are heartily glad, therefore, to receive from the hands of the original biographer, this compressed edition of this glorious tale of Christian heroism and consecration. The difficult work of abridgment appears to us to have been performed with singular judgment and success. It has been accomplished, as the author informs us, by "the omission of those historical notices which were intended to illustrate the times and the scenes in which the Serampore Missionaries acted;" and, also, by passing over the details of the sad controversies which embittered the latter years of their life and labour. We have never been among those who thought that too much was said about those unhappy circumstances in the larger book. A vindication of the character of the noble trio was due from their biographer, and that vindication has always seemed to us triumphant in its success, and most moderate in its tone, considering the relation of the writer to the most heavily-assailed member of the Missionary band. But the reader will share the writer's "satisfaction" in finding these matters no further dwelt on here than was absolutely necessary to the completeness and fidelity of the narrative. The whole book, it will thus be seen, is more personal, and purely biographical in its character, than that of which it is an abridgment. It thus fills a place of its own, without destroying, or even diminishing, the value of the larger work.

Of the surpassing interest of the "Story" itself we need say nothing here. So long as we have hearts to feel the power of Christian devotion and enterprise, and souls to appreciate the highest style of heroism, so long such a record must stir and stimulate us to holy emulation. No healthier or more inspiring book could be put into the hands of the young; while Christians of all ages may linger over its pages with an interest which never flags, and a practical benefit which will increase with each perusal.

Christian Cabinet.

THE POWER OF GODLINESS.

THE *form of godliness* is very common in these days of ours; but the *power* of it is very rare. How few persons shall we find in the visible church who live and act in the strength of God! Generally, men do whatever they do in their own strength; and that not only in human things, but in divine. How seldom do we see in Christians, in the discharge of their several duties, more than the power of men,—the greatest part by far, not only of those who are called Christians, but also of forward professors, being ignorant what it is to be *strengthened with might in the inner man*. How little is there, among all our plenty, of that preaching which is not in the plausible words of man's wisdom, but in *demonstration of the Spirit, and of power*! How few congregations, among the many that are in this kingdom, are gathered together in the spirit and power of our Lord Jesus Christ! How few of those Christians are there in whom is the *exceeding greatness of God's power*, together with the effectual working of it! But the *form of godliness* is now become almost the covering of all flesh; and, in these days of light and knowledge, it is accounted by all that are not downright atheists a great shame not "*to seem to be religious*." And when men, and families, and congregations are gotten into this *form*, they think themselves both safe and happy, as being near the suburbs of the kingdom of God, and close neighbours to the saints. And this form of godliness—as it is of very easy compliance with flesh and blood in this particular, in that, according to this, men only make their actions new, retaining still their old natures—so it is also of great credit and esteem with carnal gossellers. "*But he that is spiritual judgeth all things, yet he himself is judged of no man*;" and he, being partaker of the power of God himself, can in some measure discern both the presence and the want of it in others; both which he knows in his own experience.

Now this *form of godliness* is, when

men are godly without God, and anointed without Christ, and regenerate not having the Spirit;—that is, when they have a semblance of holiness, but not the thing itself—a semblance of grace, retaining their old natures.

And such Christians as these perform spiritual duties with natural strength—heavenly duties with earthly strength—the works of God with the power of men. In the religion of these men there is the outward duty done, and it may be very speciously and plausibly; but there is none of Christ nor the Spirit in the duty. There is their own working towards God, which is faint and faithless; but not God's own working in them towards himself, which is lively and mighty. And all the religious acts they do, are only their own operations, and not the operations of God in them (John iii. 6; Rom. viii. 8).

This form of godliness, how pleasing soever it be to a man's self, and of what reckoning soever with others who are like himself, yet is indeed of very evil and woeful consequence, whether we regard the doings or the sufferings unto which this form necessarily engages.

For first, when men, by occasion of this form, are called forth to do the great works of God, and yet are destitute of the power of God, their duties are above their strength, and their strength bears no proportion to their duties; and so, sooner or later, meeting with difficulties, they faint and languish as a snail, their work being too high for their faculties; for nature, being strained above its power, by degrees grows weary, and returns to its old temper again; and he who sought that glory which was not his own, at last lies down in his own shame.

Again, the *form of godliness* exposes a man to those evils that are incident to the faithful because of godliness. Now, when a man hath the same evils with the faithful, and not the same power to support him under those evils; when men have the same evils in the flesh, but not the same power in the Spirit—the same burdens on their shoulders, but not the same everlasting arms under-

neath them—they fall sadly and desperately, to the great scandal of the ways of God (Matt. xiii. 20, 21).

However, if men be not called forth to such eminent doings and sufferings, and so escape such manifest discoveries and downfalls, yet the form of godliness hath this evil in it, that it brings a man only to the troublesome part of religion, but not to the comfortable; it engages a man with the same duties with the godly, but supplies him not with the same strength; it involves him in the same bitterness of flesh, but doth not furnish him with the same joy of Spirit. For, as such a man's religion doth not reach above flesh and blood, no more doth his strength and comforts. And so he performs duties at a low rate; yea, and his bare and empty form casts a black veil upon religion, and utterly obscures its beauty and glory, and makes the whole world judge meanly of it, and to think it a matter only of singularity and humour, and not of "power;" whereas, when a Christian walks in the strength of the Spirit, doing and suffering the will of God beyond all strength and abilities of flesh and blood, the world oftentimes gazes at him, and many are provoked "*to glorify God, who hath given such power to men.*"

For this *power of godliness*, among other things, hath these three advantages:—

1st. It makes a man do everything strongly and mightily; and whatever might take a man off from duty, or distract and disturb him in it, all falls to nothing before this power. There is that strength in each duty performed by the power of the anointing, which declares it to be the operation of God himself in man—nothing else but the very power of God, Jesus Christ himself, in action in us (1 Cor. ii. 4; Eph. i. 19; vi. 10).

2nd. It makes a man inflexible in the ways of God, that he shall neither turn to the right hand nor to the left, but take straight steps towards the mark set before him. No fears, nor favours, nor frowns, nor flatteries, nor temptations, nor insinuations, nor designs of others, nor ends of his own, can turn him aside. He carries such strength in his spirit, that he can never be bended; and, so far forth as he partakes of the power of God, he is as unmovable as God himself (Rom. xvi. 25).

3rd. It makes a man invincible by all evils and enemies, because all the power against him is but the power of the creature, but the power in him is the power of God; and the power of God easily overcomes the mightiest power of the creature, but is never overcome by it. And if this power in a Christian should be prevailed against, God himself, who is that power, should be conquered, which is impossible (2 Cor. xii. 9; Phil. iv. 13).

To conclude: the *power of godliness* is the doer of every duty in God's kingdom, the subduer of every sin, the conqueror of each tribulation and temptation, the life of every performance, the glory of each grace, the beauty of a Christian's life, the stability of his conversation, the lustre of his religion, his great honour and excellency both in doing and suffering; yea, it is the very glory of God himself in the church of God, for by faith the Lord arises on us, and by this power of godliness his glory is seen upon us.—*W. Dell*, A.D. 1645.

THE STARLESS CROWN.

WEARIED and worn with earthly cares,
I yielded to repose,
And soon before my raptured sight a
glorious vision rose;
I thought, whilst slumbering on my
couch in midnight's solemn gloom,
I heard an angel's silvery voice, and
radiance fill'd my room.

A gentle touch awakened me;—a gentle
whisper said,—
"Arise, O sleeper, follow me!" and
thro' the air we fled;
We left the earth so far away that like
a speck it seem'd,
And heavenly glory, calm and pure,
across our pathway stream'd.

Still on we went—my soul was wrapt
in silent ecstasy—
I wondered what the end would be—
what next should meet mine eye;
I knew not how we journey'd thro' the
pathless fields of light,
When suddenly a change was wrought,
and *I was clothed in white!*

We stood before a city's walls most
glorious to behold;
We pass'd thro' gates of glittering pearl,
o'er streets of purest gold;

It needed not the sun by day, the silver
moon by night;
The glory of the Lord was there, the
Lamb himself its light.

Bright angels paced the shining streets,
sweet music filled the air,
And white-robed saints, with glittering
crowns, from every clime were there;
And some that I had loved on earth
stood with them round the throne,
"All worthy is the Lamb!" they sang,
"the glory his alone."

But, fairer far than all beside, I saw
my Saviour's face;
And, as I gazed, he smiled on me with
wondrous love and grace.
Lowly I bow'd before his throne, o'er-
joy'd that I at last
Had gain'd the object of my hopes—
that earth at length was past.

And then, in solemn tones, he said,
"Where is the diadem
That ought to sparkle on thy brow—
adorned with many a gem?
I know thou hast believed in me, and
life through me is thine;
But where are all those radiant stars
that in thy crown should shine?"

"Yonder thou seest a glorious throng,
and stars on every brow;
*For every soul they led to me they wear
a jewel now;*
And such *thy* bright reward had been,
if such had been thy deed,

If thou hadst sought some wand'ring
feet in paths of peace to lead.

"I did not mean that thou shouldst
tread the way of life *alone*;
But that the clear and shining light
which round thy footsteps shone
Should guide some other weary feet to
my bright home of rest,
*And thus, in blessing those around, thou
hadst thyself been blessed.*"

The vision faded from my sight, the
voice no longer spake,
A spell seem'd brooding o'er my soul,
which long I feared to break;
And when at last I gazed around in
morning's glimmering light,
My spirit fell o'erwhelmed beneath that
vision's awful might.

I rose, and wept with chastened joy
that yet I dwelt below,
That yet another hour was mine my
faith by works to show;
That yet some sinner I might tell of
Jesus' dying love,
And help to lead some weary soul to
seek a home above.

And now, while on the earth I stay, my
motto this shall be,
"To live no longer to myself, but Him
who died for me!"
And graven on my inmost soul this
word of truth divine,
"*They that turn many to the Lord bright
as the stars shall shine!*"

Words of Wisdom for Christian People.

THE RIGHT END OF THE SKEIN.

MRS. MORRIS had passed a delightful Sabbath. It had closed a week, every day of which had been devoted to special religious offices by the church to which she belonged; and each day, by its prayers, its sermons, and its hymns, had lifted her as by successive wave on wave, to a higher and still serener height of religious enjoyment. Seated now in the calm twilight of the Sabbath, she reviewed the week, as from some serene height the traveller looks over an evening landscape. Never had she seemed to herself to have risen to

calmer regions of the spiritual life. The world of common interests and petty cares, all that ever had distracted or wearied her, seemed to lie far below her feet, as a faintly remembered dream. There seemed no longer to be any trouble she could not endure, any cross she could not easily carry. The year had been marked with disappointment and bereavement; but now the yearning of bereavement was still; a celestial light seemed to gild even that distant grave over which she had shed so many tears. "Yes," she said to herself, in a sort of inward rapture,

"at last the mystery of sorrow begins to explain itself, and God's will and my will have become one. This great peace is worth all it cost."

In the midst of all this peace she was conscious of a sort of shuddering aversion at the thought of Monday. Mother of a large family, pressed with a thousand daily and hourly calls, she felt the repugnance to pass from the serene spiritual regions of tranquil thought to the coarse commonplace of life. Then, too, she was a woman of sensitive nerves, quick to feel the jar and shock of aught that was jarring. Ah, she sighed, if it were only my duty to listen and to adore, if the worship and services of a holy week like this might be perpetual, if I could be in some serene, calm retreat, where selected souls worship perpetually, surely, I might almost live without sin for ever.

But Monday rose—bright, positive, sharp, worldly Monday—most Martha-like of all days of the week; and with it came burned toast and washy coffee for breakfast, to the manifest discomfort of the masculine head of the family; and when inquiry was made into causes, came back the message, "Cook says she is not going to get the breakfast washing-days, any more. Them as wants it must get it themselves."

The second girl in the staff, from whose unpractised hands originated the defective articles, was sure it wasn't her place to get it; and in general the week was ushered in in as uncomfortable a manner as possible; and Mrs. Morris, being thoroughly discomposed, lost patience, and spoke several sharp words all around;—the celestial peace was broken. The domestic trouble was, after a while, smoothed over and arranged; but she was vexed with herself, and somewhat vexed that she should be met in the very outset of the week by such a mortification.

In the course of the forenoon came in Miss Martha Bright Body, the general factotum of all the benevolent arrangements and sewing societies of the church, to hold a consultation with Mrs. Morris; and, as is very apt to be the case with those excellent people who gather a handful of seed out of everybody's vineyard, she dropped some grains of strife here and there among her good seed.

"Do you know, Mrs. Morris," she said, "Mrs. Brown said she thought you hadn't shown good judgment in buying those calicoes? She said you gave too much a yard by three cents. I stood up for you. For my part, I think Mrs. Brown always wants to have the lead in everything herself; and then Mrs. Simpkins said you didn't do your part in having the society meet at your house; and I put 'em in mind how you'd been afflicted, and all that. I always stand up well to 'em, I can tell you;" and then came another half-hour of talk, and the good soul went away, leaving the sting of two nettle strokes to inflame in her listener's heart.

"Why should I mind it?" she said to herself a dozen times that day; but she *did* mind it. It came between her and her peace, and often hung on her with a vague sense of something disagreeable, even when she put it out of her mind.

It would seem as if the week, so inauspiciously begun, was fated to poor Mrs. Morris. Her cook was in one of those surly periods to which the minds of most human beings are often subject, and nobody can say why cooks shouldn't be allowed their ill-humour sometimes, as well as their betters; at all events, Mrs. Morris's head-woman had such phases, which were only borne in peace because of her general honesty and ability. The second girl, a new hand, was well-meaning, but blundering, and succeeded on Tuesday in breaking an elegant cut-glass dish, which had come down as an heir-loom to Mrs. Morris, from her mother's family. Had it been the death of a child, Mrs. Morris would have borne the stroke like an angel; but as it was only her best glass dish, she thought she did well to be angry, and was angry accordingly. In short, so many mischances happened in this luckless week that, when Sunday came again, she seemed to herself like some chilled, shipwrecked mariner, who crawls, shivering, on to a rock to dry his wet garments, and look about him. What a difference between this Sunday and the last!

"How am I ever to make progress in religion?" she said to her old Aunt Martha, who had come to spend the day with her. "I really think if I

had nothing to do but attend on the means of grace; if we could have constant Sabbaths, and prayers, and hymns, I might endure; but each week's cares seem to wash out what Sunday does."

"*Daughter!*" said Aunt Martha, "you haven't got hold of the *right end of the skein*. It won't unwind as you are doing it."

"Do tell me, then, what is the right end."

"The right way is to *call your crosses and your cares your means of grace*. They are better than prayers, and psalms, and hymns, when you take them in that way. Your means of grace, this week, have been your servants' ill tempers; the breaking of your glass dish; your children's heedlessness; the little, unjust, provoking things people have said of you. Call these your means of grace, accept, value, use them as such, and you will grow faster in religion than if you went to church every day of the week."

Mrs. Morris was silent. A whole new vein of thought was awakened within her.

"Now," said Aunt Martha, "have you told your Father in heaven all these things you have been telling me?"

"These things! O, no! It has been my object to keep such trifles out of my mind in my prayers."

"Better let them in, and show them to him."

"These little foolish things?"

"It seems they are great enough to hinder your peace; to stand in the way of your Christian life; if they can do *that*, they are not little things. Call them your lessons; take them into your prayers; speak freely to your Father of them; look at them as the daily tasks he sets you; believe every one of them has an appointed meaning; and no church or sermon can do so much for you. My child, I had not been alive this day, if I had not learned to do this."

Mrs. Morris knew that her aunt had been through the long trial which only the wife of a drunkard knows, and yet the peace of God was written in every line of her face, and these few words showed the secret of that peace. She resolved that the next week she would try and begin the skein at the right end.

Good friend, if your life-skein will not wind smoothly, try the same experiment, and God will bless it to you.
—Mrs. H. B. Stowe.

Narratives, Anecdotes, &c.

A PUZZLE SOLVED.

"I don't see why there are no conversions in our Sabbath school," said Mr. Mills to his wife, as they sat with their little family around the tea-table one quiet Sabbath evening.

"I am sure the school has never been more prosperous than since you took the charge of it," she replied.

"Prosperity is not always spirituality," said Mr. Mills.

"It has nearly doubled its numbers, and you have secured a very capable set of teachers, and have given them the example of great punctuality in attendance," replied the wife.

"Yes, I have not been absent from my post one Sabbath during the year. The teachers and scholars are faithful and prompt in their attendance; the

lessons are well studied; and to a stranger the school would appear all that could be wished. But I cannot feel that we are realizing the results of our labour unless we see the dear children and youth coming to Christ. Good seed has been sown: but it does not spring up and bear fruit as I expected. I am puzzled to account for it."

"Papa," said little Charlie, who had listened only to the last sentence of the conversation, "hasn't your seed come up?"

"No, my child."

"Was the seed good, papa?"

"Yes, Charlie, the very best."

"Was it sowed in the spring, when the ground was tender, papa?"

"It certainly was, my son."

Charlie paused a moment and thought. He had a tiny garden which he called his own. His father had prepared the ground and given him a few choice seeds, and told him how to take care of them. The little boy had followed his father's directions, and was now rejoicing in the success of his labour. Hence his earnest questions and thoughtful brow. But he was not long in solving the question—to his own satisfaction, at least.

"Oh, papa," he at length said, "you have not watered it enough. When I planted my garden you told me my seed was good, and if I sowed it when the ground was tender, and watered it well, it would come up. And when we had that dry time, last June, you said I must water it every day, and I did. It must be, papa, that you have not watered yours enough."

"Charlie is right," said his father, to whom the artless words of his little boy had brought a needed reproof. "I have sown good seed in my moral garden, it is true; but I have relied too much upon the quality of the seed, and the favourable circumstances of the planting, and have sadly neglected to water it with the tears of supplication. Even the precious seed of divine truth, though sown in the spring-time of life and in the tender heart of childhood and youth, will not spring up unless watered by the Spirit in answer to fervent prayer. Henceforth, God helping me, I will not labour less, but I will pray more."

Is not here a lesson for the parent, the Sabbath school teacher, the minister of the Gospel, and every worker in the vineyard of the Lord?

GIVE THANKS.

A YOUNG lawyer had left his prosperous profession in a distant city, and gone home to die. A lingering disease, terrible to endure, was fastened upon him, and he knew that death was certain. No medical skill, no kind care, could save him; but he looked forward to the "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens;" and through the long summer months he lived and suffered patiently, shedding abroad the gentle influences of a meek and lowly spirit.

When the autumn came, and the

flowers faded before its chilling blasts, a group gathered about young C——'s bed, to see him die,—a *father*, going down life's hill-side, and yet far from the kingdom of heaven; a mother, toiling, praying, hoping on, whose heart was wrung with anguish by the sufferings of her youngest born; a dearly loved brother; and the pastor whose frequent presence had lighted the sick-room.

The time had come to say farewell; the "dark river" was just at hand. Turning to his brother, the dying one said, "Charles, with what joy shall I haste to meet you, when you come!" Then, raising his eyes to his father's face, he said solemnly, "Father, 'Marvel not that I say unto you, ye must be born again.'" Then to his precious mother, "Mother, when I am gone, you will close my eyes, won't you?—Farewell." Turning to his pastor, he said, "Mr. H——, when this is over, give *thanks*."

These words were his last on earth. The poor body, distorted with pain, no longer imprisoned his free spirit; for that had gone to meet Jesus.

Mourning one, look up and "give thanks." Your Christian friend is happier far than ever before; then give thanks. Weary one, oppressed by bitter trials, give thanks. Remember, the hotter the furnace in which the silver is purified, the more brightly it reflects the image of the refiner who watches beside it. Even so you, purified in the furnace of affliction, will reflect more perfectly the image of your Father which is in heaven, and when the time comes for you to lie down and die, you will be ready, like young C——, to cry, "Give thanks, oh, *give thanks*."

"NAE STRIFE UP HERE."

It is related that an old Scotch elder had once a serious dispute with his minister at an elders' meeting. He said some hard things, and almost broke the minister's heart. Afterwards he went home, and the minister went home too. The next morning the elder came down, and his wife said to him—"Ye look very sad, Jan; what is the matter with ye?" "Ah," he replied, "you would look sad, too, if you had had such a dream as I have. I dreamed I had been at the elders' meeting, and had

said some hard things, and grieved the minister; and when he went home I thought he died and went to heaven. And I thought afterwards that I died too, and went up to heaven; and when I got to the gates of heaven, out came the minister, and put out his hands to take me, saying, 'Come along, Jan! there's nae strife up here—I am happy to see ye.'"

The elder went to his minister directly to beg his pardon, and found he was dead. The elder was so stricken by the blow, that two weeks after he also de-

parted. "And I should not wonder," said he who related the incident, "if he did meet the minister at heaven's gate and hear him say, 'Come along, Jan! there's nae strife up here.'"

Ah, no, they never quarrel in heaven; and when we let our feelings get on fire here, and use harsh words, and bitterness and malice cling to our hearts, we have not got the Gospel spirit. The spirit that should belong to the church on earth is the same spirit of love that rules in heaven.

A Page for the Young.

THE HONEST BOY:

WHAT HE WAS, WHAT HE DID, AND WHAT HE BECAME.

A POOR BOY, about ten years of age, entered the warehouse of the rich merchant, Samuel Richter, in Dantzic, and asked the book-keeper for alms.

"You will get nothing here," grumbled the man, without raising his head from his book; "be off!"

Weeping bitterly, the boy glided towards the door, at the moment that Herr Richter entered.

"What is the matter here?" he asked, turning to the book-keeper.

"A worthless beggar boy," was the man's answer, and he scarcely looked up from his work.

In the meanwhile, Herr Richter glanced towards the boy, and remarked that, when close to the door, he picked something from the ground. "Ha! my little lad, what is that you picked up?" he cried. The weeping boy turned, and shewed him a needle.

"And what will you do with it?" asked the other.

"My jacket has holes in it," was the answer, "I will sew up the big ones."

Herr Richter was pleased with this reply, and still more with the boy's innocent, handsome face. "But are you not ashamed," he said, in a kind, though serious tone, "you so young and hearty, to beg? Can you not work?"

"Ah, my dear Sir," replied the boy, "I do not know how, and I am too little yet to thresh, or fell wood. My

father died three weeks ago, and my poor mother and little brothers have eaten nothing these two days. Then I ran out in anguish and begged for alms. But alas! a single peasant only gave me yesterday a piece of bread; since then I have not eaten a morsel."

It is quite customary for beggars by trade to contrive tales like this; and this hardens many a heart against the claims of genuine want. But this time, the merchant trusted the boy's honest face. He thrust his hand into his pocket, drew forth a piece of money, and said:—

"There is half a crown; go to the baker's, and with half the money buy bread for yourself, your mother, and your brothers, but bring back the other half to me."

The boy took the money, and ran joyfully away.

"Well," said the surly book-keeper, "he will laugh in his sleeve, and never come back again."

"Who knows?" replied Herr Richter. And, as he spoke, he beheld the boy returning, running quickly, with a large loaf of black bread in one hand, and some money in the other.

"There, good Sir!" he cried, almost breathless, "there is the rest of the money." Then, being very hungry, he begged at once for a knife, to cut off a piece of bread. The book-keeper reached him in silence his pocket-knife.

The lad cut off a slice in great haste, and was about to bite upon it. But

suddenly he bethought himself, laid the bread aside, and, folding his hands, rehearsed a silent prayer. Then he fell to his food with a hearty appetite.

The merchant was moved by the boy's unaffected piety. He inquired after his family and home, and learned from his simple narrative that his father had lived in a village about four miles distant from Dantzic, where he owned a small house and farm. But his house had been burned to the ground, and much sickness in his family had compelled him to sell his farm. He then hired himself out to a rich neighbour, but, before three weeks were at an end, he died, broken down by grief and excessive toil. And now, his mother, whom sorrow had thrown upon a bed of sickness, was, with her four young children, suffering the bitterest poverty. He, the eldest, had resolved to seek for assistance, and had gone at first from village to village, then had struck into the high road, and at last, having begged everywhere in vain, had come to Dantzic.

The merchant's heart was touched. He had but one child, and the boy appeared to him as a draft at sight, which Providence had drawn upon him as a test of his gratitude. "Listen, my son!" he began, "have you, then, really a wish to learn?"

"Oh yes; I have indeed," cried the boy; "I have read the Catechism already, and I should know a great deal more, but at home I had always my little brother to carry, for mother was sick in bed."

Herr Richter suddenly formed his resolution. "Well, then," he said, "if you are good, and honest, and industrious, I will take care of you. You shall learn, have meat and drink and clothing, and in time earn something besides. Then you can support your mother and brothers also."

The boy's eyes flashed with joy; but in a moment he cast them to the ground again, and said, sadly, "My mother all the while has nothing to eat."

At this instant, as if sent by Providence, an inhabitant of the boy's native village entered Herr Richter's house. This man confirmed the lad's story, and willingly consented to carry the mother tidings of her son Gottlieb, and food, and a small sum of money from the merchant. At the same time

Herr Richter directed his book-keeper to write a letter to the pastor of the village, commending the widow to his care, with an additional sum enclosed for the poor family, and promising further assistance.

As soon as this was done, Herr Richter at once furnished the boy with decent clothes, and at noon led him to his wife, whom he accurately informed of little Gottlieb's story, and of the plans which he had formed for him. The good woman readily promised her best assistance in the latter, and she faithfully kept her word.

During the next four years Gottlieb attended the schools of the great commercial city; then his faithful foster-father took him into his counting-room, in order to educate him for business. Here, as well as there, at the writing-desk, as on the school-bench, the ripening youth distinguished himself, not only by his natural capacity, but by the faithful industry with which he exercised it. With all this, his heart retained its native innocence. Of his weekly allowance, he sent the half regularly to his mother until she died, after having survived two of his brothers. She had passed the last years of her life, not in wealth, it is true, but, by the aid of the noble Richter, and of her faithful son, in a condition above want.

After the death of his beloved mother, there was no dear friend left to Gottlieb in the world except his benefactor. Out of love to him he became an active, zealous merchant. He began by applying the superfluity of his allowance, which he could now dispose of at his pleasure, to a trade in Hamburg quills. When, by care and prudence, he had gained about thirty pounds, it happened that he found in his native village a considerable quantity of hemp and flax, which was very good, and still to be had at a reasonable price. He asked his foster-father to advance him fifty pounds, which the latter did with great readiness. And the business prospered so well, that, in the third year of his clerkship, Gottlieb had already acquired the sum of one hundred and fifty pounds. Without giving up his trade in flax, he now trafficked in linen goods, and the two combined made him, in a couple of years, about three hundred pounds richer.

This happened during the customary

five years of clerkship. At the end of this period, Gottlieb continued to serve his benefactor five years more, with industry, skill, and fidelity; then he took the place of the book-keeper, who died about this time; and three years afterward he was taken by Herr Richter as a partner into his business, with a third part of the profits.

But it was not God's will that this pleasant partnership should be of long duration. An insidious disease cast Herr Richter upon a bed of sickness, and kept him for two years confined to his couch. All that love or gratitude could suggest, Gottlieb now did to repay his benefactor's kindness. Redoubling his exertions, he became the soul of the whole business, and still he watched long nights at the old man's bedside, with his grieving wife, until, in the sixty-fifth year of his life, Herr Richter closed his eyes in death.

Before his decease, he placed the hand of his only daughter, a sweet girl of only two-and-twenty, in that of his beloved foster-son. He had long looked upon them both as his children. They understood him; they loved each other; and, in silence, yet affectionately and earnestly, they solemnized their betrothal at the bedside of their dying father.

In the year 1828, ten years after Herr Richter's death, the house of Gottlieb Bern, late Samuel Richter, was one of the most respectable in all Dantzic. It owned three large ships, employed in navigating the Baltic and North Seas, and the care of Providence seemed especially to watch over the interests of their worthy owner; for worthy he remained in his prosperity. He honoured his mother-in-law like a son, and cherished her declining age with the tenderest affection, until, in her two-and-seventieth year, she died in his arms.

Having no children of his own he took the eldest son of each of his two remaining brothers, now substantial farmers, into his house, and destined them to be his heirs. But, in order to confirm them in their humility, he often shewed them the needle, which had proved such a source of blessing to him, and bequeathed it as a perpetual legacy to the eldest son in the family.

It is but a few years since this child of poverty, of honest industry, and of misfortune, passed in peace from this world. His death was an exemplification of the old text: "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace" (Ps. xxxvii. 37).—*From the German.*

Our Sunday Schools.

GOOD FOR NOTHING.

"GET away with ye, for an idle good-for-nothing thief!" exclaimed Mrs. Paton, as with an angry gesture she waved from her door a ragged, miserable lad who stood before it. "Never shall you be trusted with another errand by me! To take the biscuits out of the very bag! Don't tell me you were hungry; don't tell me you won't be after doing it again! I was ready, I was, to give you a chance, since I knew that you were a homeless orphan; but I'll not be taken in twice! Go, beg about the streets, or starve, or find your way to the workhouse or the jail! I wash my hands of you; I'll have nothing more to do with ye, I tell you; ungrateful and good for nothing as you

are!" and, as if to give force to her words, Mrs. Paton slammed the door in his face.

Rob Barker turned away from the house with the look of a beaten hound. He knew that the reproaches of the woman were not undeserved, that he had not been faithful to his trust. Deprived, when a child, of his parents' care, brought up in the midst of poverty and vice, growing even as the weeds grow, uncared-for and unnoticed, save as something worse than useless, he seemed as if born to be trampled upon; he appeared to be bound by no kindly ties to the fellow-creatures who despised him. A feeling of savage despair was creeping over his soul.

"Ay, I'm a good-for-nothing, am I?"

Rob muttered, as with slouching gait he sauntered down the street, not knowing where to go, for all the world was alike to him, a desert without a home. Almost fiercely he looked at the passers-by, some on foot, some in carriages, some upon prancing steeds. "They are good for something," thought Rob; "they have their homes and their friends, their kind parents, their merry children. They are loved while they live, and sorrowed for when they die. But I, I have no one left on earth either to love or care for me, or miss me when I'm gone. Life is just one tough hard struggle; there's none will help me through it!"

Rob stopped at the corner of a street, leant against an iron lamp-post, and moodily folded his arms. The bare brown elbows were seen through the holes in his tattered sleeves. His worn-out shoes would hardly hold together.

"I say, you, won't you come in there?" said a voice just behind him. Rob started, he so little expected to be addressed, and turning half round he saw a pale boy, in clothes that were poor but not tattered, who pointed to a door close by, over which was written "Ragged School."

"I'm not wanted there," muttered Rob.

"Every one's welcome," said the little boy, "and it's better to be in a warm room than standing out here in the cold! I'm late, very late to-day, for I've been sent on an errand, but I think I'm in time for the little address; teacher, she always gives us a bit of a story at the end. I can't wait, but you'd better come in;" and with the force of this simple invitation, Sandy Benne—for such was the young boy's name—drew the half unwilling Rob within the door of the place.

Rob did not venture to do more than enter the low white-washed room, in which he heard the hum of many voices. A poor-looking room it was; its only furniture, rough benches; its only ornaments, a few hymns and texts in large letters fastened on the wall. Rob stood close by the door, a shy, almost sullen, spectator, watching the scene before him. The room was thronged with children—such children as, but for the Ragged School, would have been playing about in the streets, —little rough-headed urchins, who once

had been foremost in mischief,—pale sickly boys who looked as if they had had no breakfast that morning. Seated, some on the benches, some on the floor, they were comming their tasks with a cheerful industry which might have shamed some of the children of the rich. But a few minutes after the entrance of Rob, at a signal given by the teacher, a tall fair lady in mourning entered, books and slates were put back in their places, the morning's lessons were ended, and the school looked like a bee-hive when the bees are about to swarm.

"Now we shall have the little address," whispered Sandy, who had kept an eye upon Rob; "the teacher is going to knock upon the floor with her parasol, and then won't we be quiet as mice!"

There was no need to call "silence;" two little raps, upon the floor were enough to make every rough scholar go back to his seat in a minute, and remain there as still as a statue. All the young eyes were fixed on the teacher, the gentle, loving lady, who daily left her comfortable home to trudge, sometimes through rain, and snow, and sleet, to spend her time, her strength, and her health in teaching ragged children. Her voice was a little faint, for the lady was weary with her work, though never weary of her work; but her smile was kindly and bright, as she began her short address.

"I have promised to give you a story, my dear young friends," she began; "and as I am speaking in a Ragged School, and to those who are called Ragged Scholars, you will not be shocked or surprised if I choose for my subject—a rag."

The teacher's cheerful smile was reflected on many a young sunburnt face; *rags* were a theme on which most of the company felt perfectly at home, though few present, except poor Rob, actually wore the articles in question.

"On a miry road," continued the lady, "trodden down by hoofs, rolled over by wheels, till it became almost of the colour of the mud on which it was lying, lay an old piece of linen rag, which had been dropped there by a beggar. Nothing could be more worthless, and long it lay unnoticed, till it caught the attention of a woman who, with a child at her side, was picking her way over the crossing.

"'I may as well pick that up for my bag,' said the woman.

"'Oh, mother, don't dirty your fingers by picking up that rag!' cried the boy with a look of disgust; 'such trash is not worth the trouble of washing! It's good for nothing—just good for nothing; it is better to leave it alone!'

"'Let me judge of that,' said the woman; and, stooping down, she picked up the miry rag, all torn and stained as it was, and carried it with her to her home. There she carefully washed it, and put it with other pieces of linen in a bag; and, after a while, it was sold for a trifle to a manufacturer of paper.

"If the rag had been a living creature, possessed of any feeling, much might it have complained of all that it had then to undergo. It was torn to pieces, reduced to shreds, beaten till it became quite a pulp; no one could have guessed who looked at it then that it had ever been linen at all. But what, my young friends, was the end of all this washing, and beating, and rending? At length, a pure, white, beautiful sheet of paper lay beneath the manufacturer's hands: into this fair form had passed the rag which a child had called *good for nothing*!

"But the sheet was not to lie useless. Not in vain had it been made so white and clean. It was next carried to the press of a printer. There it was once more damped, so as better to receive an impression; then it was laid over blackened type (that is, letters cast in metal), and pressed down with a heavy roller, until every letter was clearly marked upon the smooth white surface. God's Holy Word had been stamped upon it, the sheet was to form a leaf of a Bible; such honour was given to the once soiled rag, which a child had called good for nothing!

"And where was the Bible to be? to what home and what heart was it to carry its message of mercy? It was bound, and gilded, and bought, and carried to the royal palace of the queen. The Bible lay in the sovereign's chamber, it was opened by the sovereign's hand; her eye rested upon it as upon that which was more precious than her crown! What was it to her that a portion of the paper had once been a worn-out rag, dropped by one of the meanest of her subjects? It had been washed, purified, changed; the Word of

God had given it value; well might the queen prize and love it as her best possession upon earth.

"Dear friends," continued the lady, looking with loving interest on the listening groups before her, "can you not trace out now a little parable in my story? Need I explain its meaning? There have been some neglected ones in the world, as little cared for, as little regarded, as the rag which lay on the miry road. But who shall dare to say that even the soul most stained by sin, most sunk in evil, is *good for nothing*? Such souls may be raised from the dust; such souls *have* been raised from the dust. While God spares life we may yet have hope. I have just read of the case of James Stirling, a faithful servant of God. That man for twenty years was a drunkard, a grief to his wife, a disgrace to his family, an evil example to those around him. If he, by the power of God's Word, was raised from such a depth of sin, who now need despair that is brought to Jesus? What if our sins be many before God, *the blood of Jesus Christ his Son can cleanse from all sin*. The soiled may be made pure and clean. What did the Saviour say to the weeping penitent whom all the world despised? *Thy sins are forgiven thee, go in peace*. And thus speaks the merciful Lord to the lowly penitent still.

"And when a soul is washed from its guilt, it is not left to be idle and useless. When God gives to a sinner *a new heart*, it is that his Holy Word may be deeply stamped on that heart. Then those who have been cleansed, forgiven, and raised, bear to others the blessed message which they have received. *Come, hear what the Lord has done for my soul. O taste and see that the Lord is good*. Such are the Bible words, printed, as it were, on the heart of every pardoned sinner, who, having been forgiven much, loveth much.

"And once more, dear friends, let me refer to the leaf of the Bible described in my little story, as a picture of a soul redeemed. It, too, will one day be borne to a palace; not the dwelling of an earthly monarch, but the mansion of the King of kings! Precious will it be in his eyes, and counted among his treasures. Oh, what a joyful, glorious end may be reserved for some whom the world calls *good for nothing*,

when penitent, pardoned, purified spirits shine as stars in the kingdom of heaven!"

The lady ceased, but her words seemed to echo still in the ears of poor Rob. He stood fixed to the spot where he stood, scarcely conscious of the bustle around him as the scholars noisily quitted the room. A door of hope had been suddenly opened before the almost despairing lad, a gleam of light had fallen on his darkness. Rob Barker had read the history of his own past life in that of the trampled rag; could a like future be before him? could he ever be one of the "penitent, pardoned, purified" ones, who shall shine at last like the stars?

The teacher's attention had been attracted by the wretched appearance and earnest look of the stranger lad. A feeling of interest and pity made her watch him, as he lingered in that room in which he had first learned that it was possible for such as he to be saved. As Rob walked slowly from the place, the lady overtook him, asked his name, and inquired what had brought him to the ragged-school that morning.

"I believe that God brought me," murmured Rob, and his answer came from his heart.

"Where do you live?" said the lady.

"I have no home, no friends," replied the lad, in a tone of gloomy despair.

"You are young, you look strong and active, you must never give up hope," said the teacher; "God is able to help. Let us see if no way can be found by which you can earn your bread as an honest lad should do."

The lady herself did something, perhaps to some it may seem very little, to aid the poor homeless lad; she had many poor to think of, many claims on her purse. She gave but a stale roll, an old broom, and the means of procuring a single night's lodging, together with an invitation to come every day and learn at the ragged-school. This was but a small and humble beginning to Rob's new start in life. I am not going to trace his career through all its various stages. He was the crossing-sweeper, the errand-boy, the lad ready for any message or any work, cleaning boots, putting up shutters, carrying parcels to earn a few pence or some broken victuals. Life was a struggle to Rob, as it is a struggle to many who, when they rise in the morning scarcely know where they will lie down at night. He was learning to be honest and sober, and gradually the sky brightened over Rob; his character became known and trusted, and greater prosperity came. Rob entered service, and rose in it; he remained for nearly twenty years under the same kind master, then with his honest earnings set up in business, and prospered. Rob lived to be known and respected in the world as a good husband, father, and master. He lived to be useful in the station of comfort and honour to which God's mercy had raised him, and to look forward with humble hope and rejoicing to the changeless glories of heaven.

Such was the career of one who had once been deemed *good for nothing* by a fellow-sinner! Pity, and try to help the poor outcasts!—*The Little Gleaner.*

Our Associations.

OXFORDSHIRE ASSOCIATION.—The sixty-second meeting of this Association was held at Stow-on-the-Wold, on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, May 30th, 31st, and June 1st. There were present at the meetings sixteen ministers and twenty-five representatives from the twenty-five churches composing the Association. The first meeting for business was at three o'clock on the Monday, the Rev. F. F. Medcalf, acting as moderator. After singing, the Rev. T. Eden

offered prayer. The Revs. J. Allen, B.A., Hook Norton; S. Hodges, Stow-on-the-Wold; T. Hughes, Woodstock; J. J. Brown, Cirencester, having become pastors in the Association during the year, were very cordially welcomed by resolution; and another resolution was passed expressive of high esteem for the private and ministerial character of the Rev. W. T. Henderson, who has removed to Devonshire Square, and the Rev. J. Wassall, who has gone to the United States, and

of fervent wishes for their continued success. The Rev. William Allen, Oxford, was elected secretary, and W. Cubitt, Esq., Banbury, treasurer. The standing committee gave a report of their endeavours to revive the church at Lechlade, and arrangements were made for continuing the effort. The constitution of the standing committee was altered so that it will in future consist of three ministers and three not in the ministry. The Rev. B. Arthur, of Coate; the Rev. A. W. Heritage, of Naunton; the Rev. G. McMichael, B.A., of Bourton-on-the-Water; and Messrs. R. Comely, Cundicut; J. W. Comely, Oddington; and Belcher, Blockley, were chosen to constitute the committee. On the recommendation of the standing committee of the past year it was determined to divide the Association into three conferences, the present standing committee to meet each conference in the course of the year, and to report to the next Association. The Rev. G. McMichael was appointed to preach the Association sermon next year, and the Rev. H. J. Lambert to write the Letter. The Association will meet next year at Cirencester. On the Wednesday morning a prayer-meeting was held in the chapel. At half-past nine the Rev. F. F. Medcalf read the draft of a Letter, which was accepted with thanks to the writer, and ordered to be printed. At half-past ten the rotation sermon was preached by the Rev. B. Arthur, of Coate, followed by the Association sermon by the Rev. J. Davis, of Arlington. At three p.m. the letters from the churches were read, showing a decrease of twenty-seven members in the year, but of this number ten had withdrawn to form a separate church. Notwithstanding this decrease the churches appear to be active, vigorous, and hopeful. The Rev. A. W. Heritage addressed the meeting on the state of the churches. In the evening a public meeting was held, presided over by the pastor of the place. Devotional services were conducted by several brethren, and addresses were delivered by the Rev. W. Allen, on "Our forms of worship, and how they should be conducted"; by the Rev. G. McMichael, on "Hindrances to the prosperity of churches"; and the Rev. A. W. Heritage, on "Christian manliness." On Wednesday morning an open conference of the brethren was held, and the following subjects were discussed:—"The best mode of evangelising the neighbouring districts"; and, "The propriety of benefit clubs in connection with our chapels." The following resolution was unanimously passed:—"That this meet-

ing rejoices in the success attending the extra efforts put forth by the committee of the Baptist Missionary Society at the latter end of their financial year, to prevent what appeared to be almost inevitable, viz., a large deficiency and consequent heavy debt on the Society; they consider the liberal response made to the application a proof that the missionary spirit of the churches only requires to be called forth, to make such a permanent increase to the Society's funds as shall be worthy of the denomination and lead to the extension of the agency employed; and they urge all the members of the associated churches to let the cause of missions have a larger share of their contributions and prayers." The meetings were greatly affected by the extremely unfavourable weather, but were, nevertheless, well attended, and the meetings year by year grow in interest and usefulness. The arrangements of the friends for the entertainment of the Association were excellent, and cordial and unanimous thanks were given them.

MIDLAND ASSOCIATION.—The meetings of the Midland Association—an Association over whose history more than 200 years have passed—were held in Whitsun week at Dudley. Stirring subjects were mooted, and considerable interest was excited. Of course there were preaching services, and three excellent sermons were preached by Messrs. Chapman and W. L. Giles, of Birmingham, and by Mr. Bird, of Stourbridge. The Baptist Union, Associations, those prominent subjects now, with ministers' societies, and individual duties of Christians, all came under notice. There were evidently yearnings for a consolidated, strong, practical Baptist confederation. Perhaps the Baptist Union had not reached the ideal of some minds. But might it not?—had the churches fed it as they should?—might they not make it what they thought it ought to be? were questions elicited. Some glances too were made towards some connection between the Associations and the Union. Might not the Associations be in some way affiliated with the Baptist Union, so as that the influence of the churches should pass through the Associations to the Union, and make its acts representative? Our Associations were not considered too large for management; rather the question was asked, In these days of iron roads could not two or even three of them be united? So important was the question of the efficiency of Associations felt to be, and of the Midland in particular, that it was determined to omit one

of the sermons next year, that there may be time for a fuller discussion of the subject. Understanding that the Baptist Union have some thought of holding an autumnal meeting, the brethren were anxious that it should be held in their neighbourhood. Feeling themselves incompetent to decide for any town, they passed the following resolution: "That the Association cordially recommends that the Baptist Union be invited to hold an autumnal meeting at Birmingham, and promises to do what it can to make a meeting successful: that a consultation on the subject be held with the friends at Birmingham, and that the matter be referred to the committee of the Association." The Society for Aged and Infirm Baptist Ministers, their Widows and Orphans, came under notice. One of the secretaries of the Society stated that its rules had been examined by an eminent London actuary—that several interviews had taken place between a sub-committee appointed by the Baptist Union, and several gentlemen deputed by the committee of the Society—that certain modifications agreed upon at that conference had been accepted by the committee, and would no doubt be accepted by the membership—that the only thing needed to make the Society thoroughly efficient was that the public should liberally supplement the payments of the brethren who are the members of it, and that for this purpose the committee proposed to make a renewed and strenuous appeal. The feeling of the Association embodied itself in the following resolution:—"That the Association rejoices in the existence of the National Society for Aged and Infirm Baptist Ministers, and their Widows and Orphans, and in the comfort which it has already carried to several saddened homes; that it recommends the Society to the help of the churches, and would suggest that collections, as far as practicable, would be one advisable plan for increasing its funds." The Circular Letter, on "Individual Christians responsible for the spread of Christian truth," was written by Mr. Evans, of Dudley, and is a forcible and earnest appeal to the churches. The increase of the churches is a considerable advance upon last year; being upon the gross increase of that year fully 25, and upon the clear increase over 30 per cent. The meetings were marked by a strong desire for practical result, and were pervaded by a spirit of hopefulness.

WESTERN ASSOCIATION.—This Association held its forty-first annual meeting at Weymouth, on June 7th, 8th, and 9th.

The proceedings commenced on Tuesday, the 7th, with a sermon to the young by the Rev. C. O. Munns, of Bridgwater, who took as his text, "Is the young man Absalom safe?" (2 Samuel xviii. 29). Prayer-meetings were held the two following mornings at seven o'clock, which were well attended, and at which addresses were delivered by the Revs. J. Young, of Creech, and R. Stevens, of Bridport. The Rev. S. Pearce, of Crowkerne, preached on the Wednesday morning, at eleven o'clock, from the words, "The general assembly and church of the first-born, which are written in heaven" (Heb. xii. 23). In the afternoon the letters from the churches were read. These were almost all of a cheering character, and the clear increase reported was more than double that of the previous year, besides being more generally diffused. In the evening the Rev. H. V. H. Cowell, B.A., of Taunton, preached the Association sermon, on "Compassion for a perishing world," from Psalm cxix. 158, "I beheld the transgressors, and was grieved." The ordinance of the Lord's Supper was afterwards observed, the Rev. Joseph Price, of Montacute, presiding; and the Revs. E. Merriman, of Dorchester; R. James, of Yeovil; and E. Webb, of Tiverton, taking part. A collection was made for the Widows' Fund. A devotional service was held on the Thursday morning at eleven o'clock, when the Circular Letter was read by the Rev. E. Edwards, of Chard, on "The duty of our churches in relation to the unconverted of their respective districts." The Rev. E. Merriman afterwards read a report on the state of the churches, founded upon the letters. In the evening a Home Missionary meeting was held, at which J. B. Gifford, Esq., of Chard, presided. The report of the committee of the Baptist Western Home Mission was read by the Rev. E. Edwards; and addresses were delivered by the Revs. J. Price, G. W. Humphreys, B.A., of Wellington, R. James, and E. Webb. A collection was made at the close of the meeting. The ministers and messengers and other friends supped together as usual on the Thursday night, and held a social meeting afterwards, which was much enjoyed. At the business meetings, which were held at ten o'clock on the Wednesday, and at nine and three o'clock on the Thursday, a resolution was passed expressing sympathy with W. D. Horsey, Esq., of Wellington, whose unusual absence was caused by illness and domestic affliction. Another resolution expressed affectionate esteem for the

Rev. Joseph Price, who resigned his office of secretary to the Association for the Foreign Mission, but consented to hold it till after the ensuing missionary meetings. The Baptist Foreign Mission was earnestly commended to the support of the churches, and a protest was adopted against the Attorney-General's bill for the increase of parishes. Various other resolutions of a more local character were passed. The public services of the Association were well attended, and deeply interesting. It is worthy of remark that the meeting of the Associations in Weymouth coincided with the jubilee of the Baptist chapel. A great improvement had been effected in the interior of the chapel in commemoration of its anniversary, by an entire re-pewing of the place, the erection of a convenient and tasteful platform in front of the pulpit, and an improved system of lighting. The friends at Weymouth were repeatedly and warmly congratulated on the success with which the alterations had been carried out.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE ASSOCIATION.—On Tuesday and Wednesday, May 17th and 18th, the ninety-ninth annual meeting of the ministers and messengers of the above Association was held at Hackelton—a village about five miles from Northampton, and rendered interesting as being the residence of Dr. Carey during some of his early years, where he followed his calling of a shoemaker, and preached his first sermon. On the Tuesday afternoon the members of the Provident Society met for the transaction of their business. During the past year £225 has been distributed amongst six claimants. For the ensuing year there is a seventh applicant for a share of this fund. It is intended to make a special application to the churches for pecuniary assistance, which it is hoped will be liberally granted. In the evening, at six o'clock, the ministers and messengers met for the transaction of business, the Rev. F. Timmis, of Olney, being moderator. The statistics of the churches were laid before the meeting by the secretary, the Rev. T. T. Gough, of Clipstone, who at the same time gave a summary of the result, which was of a discouraging kind, a decrease in the number of members being reported. The Circular Letter of the Association was read by the writer, the Rev. J. T. Brown, of Northampton, upon "The best means of meeting some of the difficulties of our position—first, as Christians; second, as Nonconformists." The letter was cordially and unanimously

adopted by the meeting, and ordered to be printed. The subject for the next year's Circular Letter was decided to be, "The Centenary of the Association," the Rev. T. T. Gough being appointed to write it. On the Wednesday morning, at seven o'clock, a prayer-meeting was held, conducted by the moderator. At nine o'clock a meeting was held for the transaction of business and the distribution of the Association fund, when nearly £70 was distributed to twelve ministers requiring aid. At half-past ten the morning public services of the day were commenced, when the Rev. W. May, of Burton Latimer, preached an excellent sermon from Deut. i. 11. The Rev. C. White, of Long Buckby, also delivered a discourse founded on 1 John iii. 2. The ministers and messengers then retired for business (into the vestry), under the presidency of the moderator. The Rev. J. T. Brown brought before the meeting the desirableness of renewed efforts on behalf of the Baptist Missionary Society. As the result of Mr. Brown's address, and the conversation of others, it was resolved that Mr. Phillips, the agent of the Society, should be invited to visit the churches in the county, to reorganise and stimulate the various juvenile and other societies in this district. Application was made through Mr. Brown on behalf of the church assembling in Greyfriars-street, Northampton, for readmission into the Association, which application was unanimously granted. In the afternoon the letters from the churches were read, the great bulk of which were of a cheering and encouraging character, although the result in the admission of members showed a decrease of fifteen in the Association. The closing public service was held at six o'clock, the chapel being crowded. The Rev. J. T. Brown, of Northampton, delivered an eloquent and powerful discourse from Rev. v. 9—13. The meetings of the Association, although not quite so numerous as attended as usual, were characterised by a kindly feeling and warmth of love which has never been surpassed.

YORKSHIRE ASSOCIATION.—The meetings of this Association were held on the Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday in Whitsun week, at Port-Mahon Chapel, Sheffield. The ministers and messengers assembled at four o'clock on the Tuesday afternoon, and proceeded to the appointment of moderator and committees. After tea a fraternal conference was held, under the presidency of the Rev. J. P. Campbell, moderator, the sub-

ject being, "The Baptist Local Preacher; or how to bring out and efficiently employ the talent of the churches." The Rev. C. Larom gave the introductory address, and the Revs. D. Crumpton, Dr. Evans, S. G. Green, B.A., H. Watts, J. Hanson, W. Best, B.A., Messrs. Nicholls, Andrew, Ingham, and Whitaker, took part in the discussion. The early morning prayer-meeting on the Wednesday was conducted by the Rev. H. Watts, of Golcar, and was well sustained. At ten o'clock public worship was held, and the Rev. R. Holmes, of Rawdon, preached from Matt. v. 16, a discourse marked by great force and freshness, on "Practical Christianity." The sermon will probably be printed. The Circular Letter, on "Infant salvation," was read by the Rev. J. Hanson, of Huddersfield, and rarely has the annual epistle been received with more cordial approbation. A desire was expressed for its publication in a separate form, for general circulation. In the afternoon the letters from the churches were read, with the statistical returns, which showed that above 500 had been added by baptism during the year, and 200 by letter and restoration. The losses had, however, reduced the net increase apparently to 96; but in reality the clear gain was 271, as no fewer than 175 had been dismissed to form new churches, whose returns could not, according to the usages of the Association, be received till next year. On the Wednesday evening the annual meeting of the Itinerant Society was held, Dr. Acworth presiding. The Rev. J. Barker, secretary, read the report, and addresses were given by Messrs. A. J. Ashworth and W. C. Upton; and by Messrs. W. Stead and J. Cooke. On the Thursday morning the early prayer-meeting was conducted by the Rev. D. Crumpton, and at the public service in the forenoon the Rev. A. Bowden, of Driffield, preached an excellent sermon from Acts xiv. 3, on "The Gospel; its Divine attestation and its claims." This service was followed by the annual meeting of the Loan Fund Society. In the afternoon a very interesting business meeting was held, when it was agreed to hold an autumnal conference this year, at Driffield. The place appointed for the next Association is Halifax. Resolutions relating to denominational institutions and civil questions were adopted, and the churches at York and Salterforth were admitted into the Association. During the proceedings, Mr. Oncken, of Hamburg, entered the assembly, and was received with great cheering. He afterwards delivered a

thrilling address on the operations of our Baptist brethren in Germany. In the evening the concluding service was held in Townhead Street Chapel, when the Rev. W. Best, B.A., of Leeds, preached a sermon of much beauty and power, which helped to deepen the good impression previously made. The attendance at all the gatherings was very good, especially considering that the place of meeting this year was at the southern extremity of the county. Some brethren travelled as far as 80 miles to be present, and felt well repaid for their trouble.

NORTHERN ASSOCIATION.—The annual services of the above Association were held on Monday and Tuesday, May the 16th and 17th, at Middleton-in-Teesdale. On the Monday morning at eleven o'clock a prayer-meeting was conducted. At half-past two p.m., the letters from the churches were read; from these it appeared that the increase of members was less during the past year than for the last three or four years. In the evening, at half-past six, the Association sermon was preached by the Rev. P. W. Grant, of Darlington, from Dan. vii. 18. At seven o'clock on the Tuesday morning the brethren again assembled for prayer. At ten, the Rev. J. D. Carrick, of North Shields, preached from 1 Cor. ix. 27. At the close of the sermon, the Rev. W. Walters, of Newcastle, read the Circular Letter he had been requested to write on "The relation of the Sunday School to the Church." In the afternoon, at two, the ministers and messengers met for business, the Rev. J. D. Carrick acting as moderator. The Rev. W. Walters was requested to continue his services as secretary. Resolutions were adopted, thanking Messrs. Grant and Carrick for their excellent sermons, and Mr. Walters for his Letter, and wishing him to allow it to be printed, both with and without the minutes of the Association, for circulation among the churches; fixing the next Association at Hartlepool; appointing the Rev. W. Fawcett to write the Circular Letter on "The importance and best methods of securing the conversion of the young people in our congregations, especially such as are the children of godly parents"; commending the Rev. G. Whitehead, who has recently left the district, to the confidence and esteem of his new friends; expressing satisfaction with the efforts of the Baptist Union to promote a more hearty co-operation among Baptist churches; appointing an autumnal meeting of the Association to be held at Newcastle; rejoicing in the labours and

success of the German Baptist Mission; recommending the Baptist Building Fund to the support of the churches; urging increased efforts in aid of the Baptist Foreign Missionary Society; impressing on the attention of the churches the importance of purchasing and reading our denominational literature; commending the case of the new chapel at Middlesbrough to the sympathy and liberality of those whose pecuniary aid might be sought; setting apart the second Sabbath in June and the following day as days of humiliation and prayer throughout the Association, on account of the low state of religion in the churches; and thanking the moderator for his conduct in the chair, and the friends at Middleton for their Christian hospitality. At half-past six p.m., the annual meeting of the Northern Auxiliary to the Baptist Home Missionary Society was held. R. W. Bainbridge, Esq., of Middleton House, presided. The Rev. T. H. Pattison offered prayer. After the chairman had addressed the meeting, the secretary, the Rev. W. Walters, presented the annual report, and, in the absence of the treasurer, read also his account. The meeting was then addressed by the Revs. J. H. Lummis, W. Bontems, G. V. Barker, W. Fawcett, and W. McPhail, and Messrs. Peachey and H. Angus. The Rev. W. Fawcett closed the service with the benediction.

LANCASHIRE AND CHESHIRE ASSOCIATION.—The twenty-seventh anniversary of this Association was held on Wednesday and Thursday, May 18th and 19th, in West Street Chapel, Rochdale. The attendance at all the services, and especially on the second day, was unusually large, owing partly to the very fine weather with which the neighbourhood was favoured. On the Wednesday morning a public prayer-meeting was held, at which the Rev. C. Williams presided, and the Rev. J. G. Oncken gave an address. At the afternoon meeting the Rev. E. C. Pike, B.A., was elected moderator. The Rev. F. Bugby presented a brief statistical report of the state of the churches, from which it appeared that the gain during the past year had been about 8 per cent. After the secretary's statement, the Rev. F. Trestrail (who with great kindness had consented to supply the place of the Rev. C. M. Birrell, absent through illness) delivered a very interesting address on the Baptist Foreign Mission, for which he received the unanimous thanks of the assembly, and which will, no doubt, have the happiest effect on the missionary contributions from Lancashire this year. In

the evening the annual meeting of the County Home Mission was held, H. Kellsall, Esq., in the chair. Addresses were given by the Revs. C. Williams, J. G. Oncken, J. H. Gordon, of Astley Bridge, E. Morgan, of Crewe, and J. Paterson, of Salden. On the Thursday morning, at half-past six, a public prayer-meeting, very numerous attended, was held, under the presidency of the Rev. S. H. Booth. At half-past ten, after the reading of the Scriptures, and prayer by the Rev. A. M. Stalker, the Rev. A. MacLaren preached from Psa. cxxxii., and the Rev. H. S. Brown read the Circular Letter he had prepared, on "The employment of women as home missionaries." In the afternoon the business meeting was held. The Rev. F. Bugby was re-elected to the office of secretary, with thanks for his past services. The Rev. H. S. Brown's Circular Letter was adopted, and he was requested to allow it to be issued in a separate form for general circulation. The invitation to hold the next meeting at Birkenhead was accepted, the Rev. C. Williams being appointed preacher, and the Rev. C. M. Birrell moderator. "Tests for church-membership" was chosen as the subject of the next Circular Letter, to be written by the Rev. S. G. Green, B.A., President of Rawdon College. After a statement by the Rev. C. Vince, of Birmingham, it was resolved, "That this Association, recognising the importance and the desirableness of a provision for aged and infirm Baptist ministers, and believing that the National Society is well calculated to accomplish this object, cordially commends it to the pastors and churches which compose the Association." In the evening the Rev. C. Vince read the Scriptures and offered prayer, the Rev. A. Mursell preached from 1 Cor. i. 22—24, and the moderator concluded with prayer. This anniversary will long be remembered as one of the most successful and delightful the associated churches of Lancashire have ever enjoyed.

HUNTINGDONSHIRE ASSOCIATION.—The third annual meeting of the Huntingdonshire Association of Christian Churches was held at Huntingdon, on Wednesday, June 1st. The day was fine, and a large number of ministers and delegates from the twenty-two Nonconforming churches of Christ composing the Association, together with several ministers and visitors from churches in Bedfordshire, Northamptonshire, and Cambridgeshire, assembled on the occasion. The services commenced at half-past eleven o'clock, in the chapel, when devotional services were con-

ducted by the Revs. J. E. Simmons, Craig, Griffiths (Biggleswade), Wylie, Whiting, Grant, G. B. Thomas, and Manning, of Gamlingay; and a discourse was delivered by the Rev. J. H. Millard, B.A., on "The Divine authority of the Holy Scriptures." This discourse, distinguished for its eloquence, clearness, and the exhaustive treatment of the subject, was listened to by a large congregation, and in the course of the day an earnest desire was expressed for its publication. At two o'clock p.m., upwards of 200 ladies and gentlemen sat down to dinner in the Corn Exchange, Bateman Brown, Esq., president of the Association for the year, in the chair. A hearty vote of thanks was presented to Mr. Millard for his admirable sermon. At three o'clock p.m., a meeting for the transaction of business was held in Union chapel, at which reports from the churches were presented, and grants made to mission stations in the county, amounting to £95. The annual meeting for 1865 was appointed to be held at St. Ives; the annual sermon to be preached by the Rev. T. Lloyd, on "The voluntary principle as illustrated in the history of the Christian Church." T. Coote, Esq., of Fenstanton, was appointed president and treasurer, and the Revs. T. Lloyd and G. B. Thomas, secretaries, for the ensuing year. At five o'clock p.m., between 500 and 600 persons partook of tea under two marquees, kindly lent by P. Brown, Esq.; and at six o'clock the company adjourned to the Corn Exchange, where a public meeting was held, under the presidency of Bateman Brown, Esq. The well-proportioned room, which was elegantly decorated with flowers and flags, was completely filled with ladies and gentlemen from all parts of the county, and who, after singing and prayer by the Rev. S. Fordham, of Caxton, were addressed by the president, on "Truth, union, and progress," as the distinctive watchwords of Christian nonconformity; by the Rev. T. Lloyd, on "The scope which Huntingdonshire presents for evangelical effort"; by T. Coote, Esq., on "The duty and privilege of Christians to spread the Gospel"; and by the Rev. W. H. Wylie, on "The hindrances to the success of evangelising efforts." In its present form the Association now enters on the fourth year of its existence; it has just distributed £95 for the help of six stations, where great good is being done; and no doubt this fact will stimulate to greater effort those who are interested in the objects for which the Association was formed.

PEMBROKE ASSOCIATION.—The above Association held its meetings at Newport

on Wednesday and Thursday, the 8th and 9th of June. On the Wednesday, at ten, a conference was held in the chapel, when a large number of ministers and representatives from the churches of the district assembled, the Rev. T. Burditt, A.M., of Haverfordwest, in the chair. The secretary, the Rev. T. E. Thomas, of Blaenllyn, after reading the statistics for the year, said that the progress of the denomination in this district, compared with years past, presented a sad diminution, and urged on the conference the necessity of awakening into a spirit of earnest prayer for Divine influence in the churches. The appeal was received with profound interest by all who were present. The Rev. J. Jenkins, the minister of the place, then read a Circular Letter, which received the highest commendation. It was unanimously agreed that it be adopted by the conference, printed with the circular of the Association, and sent to all the churches of the district, with an earnest desire that it be prayerfully read and applied by all. An application from the church at Milford to be restored to the union, was cordially received. Several matters were further considered, and at one the conference was brought to a close. The public meeting commenced at two on Wednesday. The stage was erected in a commodious field by the sea shore. The weather was delightfully fine, the attendance very numerous, and all seemed intent upon hearing the Gospel. The service at two was introduced with reading and prayer, by the Rev. G. H. Roberts, of Tabor. The Revs. T. Jones, St. Dogmels, C. Price, of Blaenllyn, and T. Williams, of Langlofan, then addressed the audience. At six, the Rev. Mr. Havard, of Sandersfoot, engaged in prayer, and the Revs. E. Edwards, of Nayland, J. Rowe, of Fishguard, and T. E. Thomas, of Blaenllyn, preached. On the Thursday morning, at seven, prayer having been offered by the Rev. J. Thomas, of Newport, two sermons were delivered by Revs. D. Phillips, of Groesgoch, and W. Roberts, of Penpark. At ten a fervent prayer was offered up by Rev. W. Reynolds, of Middlemill, and the crowded assembly was addressed by the Revs. T. Evans, of Delhi, J. Owen, of Liverpool (in English), and H. W. Jones, of Carmarthen. The Rev. B. Thomas, at two, offered prayer, and the assembly was addressed by the Revs. W. Lewis, of Dowlais, T. Burditt, of Haverfordwest, and T. Jones, of Neath. At six, the Rev. J. Williams, of Llwyn-davydd, engaged in prayer, which was followed by three sermons, by the Revs. T. Griffiths, of Ebenezer, J. P. Davis, of Pancheston, and B. Thomas, of Newcastle

Emlyn. At the close, Mr. Jenkins, after presenting the thanks of the meeting to the various parties of all denominations that had rendered their kind assistance on the occasion, expressed an earnest wish to enjoy another such religious treat at Newport, and that in a short time.

HERTS AND BEDS ASSOCIATION.—The annual meetings of this Association were held at Rickmansworth, on the 8th and 9th of June; the Rev. W. Omant, moderator. Resolutions were passed thanking the Rev. W. Upton for his services as treasurer during a period of twenty-one years; electing J. Waller, Esq., of Luton, as his successor; re-electing the Rev. H. C. Leonard, M.A., as secretary; appointing that the next annual meetings shall be held at Wellington-street, Luton, the Rev. W. Fisk to preach the annual sermon, or in case of failure, the Rev. W. Omant, and that an autumnal meeting shall be held at Ridgmount; and inviting the church at Dunstable and the churches at Malden and Amptill to join the Association, &c. The following resolutions were also passed:—"That this Association cordially commends the National Society for Aged and Infirm Baptist Ministers, their Widows and Orphans, to the notice and support of pastors and churches." "That this Association rejoices in the extension and increased efficiency of the Baptist Union, and recommends the churches to contribute separately a small sum annually to its funds." "That this Association gratefully recognises the goodness of God in the success that has attended the efforts of the churches to avert from the Baptist Missionary Society the financial difficulty with which it was threatened; and, whilst it records its sense of the liberality of the churches in this matter, urges upon them to continue their efforts, and, if possible, to give them a more systematic character, so as not only to prevent all future difficulty, but also permanently to augment the regular income of the Society." "That the associated churches shall be urged to send one or two delegates as messengers to the annual meetings of the Association." The Circular Letter, prepared by the Rev. T. Owen, on "The Younger Members of our Churches," was read and adopted. In the evening a prayer-meeting was held, when addresses were given by the Revs. T. Penn and T. W. Wako. On Thursday, June 9th, Divine service was conducted by the Rev. W. W. Evans, and the annual sermon preached by the Rev. W. D. Ellison, from 1 John v. 4. The letters from the churches, which were read in the

afternoon, showed an increase somewhat smaller than usual, but there were many indications that the churches were active and hopeful. In the evening, addresses were delivered by several of the pastors of the associated churches.

NORTH-WESTERN ASSOCIATION.—The annual meetings of this Association were held on Wednesday and Thursday, May 18th and 19th, in the Baptist chapel, Millgate, a station connected with the first Baptist church, Bacup. On the Wednesday afternoon, at two o'clock, the Rev. J. Smith, of Bacup, was chosen moderator, and the letters from the churches were read. These churches—fourteen in number—reported a total increase of 148, and a total decrease of 81, being a clear increase for the year of 67 members. The Rev. J. Howe then read the Circular Letter he had prepared, on "The preparation and employment of lay agency." The letter was subsequently received and ordered to be circulated as the letter of the Association. In the evening, at half-past six, after devotional exercises, conducted by the Rev. R. Berry (Independent), of Hall Fold, the Association sermon was preached by the Rev. J. Harvey, of Little Leigh, from Ezekiel xxxiv. 11, 12, and a collection made at the close on behalf of the Association Fund for the assistance of poor and weak churches. On the Thursday morning, at half-past seven, a prayer-meeting was held, in which several ministers and other brethren took part, and an address was delivered by the Rev. W. Gatenby from the words, "Brethren, pray for us." At half-past ten a public meeting was held, under the presidency of the moderator, and addresses were delivered by the Revs. J. Wilkinson, S. Sykes, and T. Dawson. In the afternoon the usual business meeting of the Association was held; the moderator in the chair. The churches at Brunswick-road, Liverpool, and at Norley, Cheshire, were received. The next annual meeting to be held at Waterbarn; the Rev. T. Durant to be the Association preacher, and the Rev. H. Hall to write the Circular Letter, on "The Duty of Believers to give according to their ability to the cause of Christ." The Rev. J. Howe was thanked for his past services as secretary, and re-elected to the same office for the next three years. The usual votes of thanks were accorded to the friends entertaining the Association, and also to the moderator for his conduct in the chair. In the evening, after reading and prayer by the Rev. H. Hall, a sermon was preached by the Rev. E. Parker, of

Farsley, from Rev. xii. 11, and the interesting services of the occasion were concluded with prayer by the Rev. J. Smith, of Bacup.

OLD WELSH ASSOCIATION.—The annual meeting of the Association known as the "Old Association," comprising the counties of Montgomery, Radnor, and Brecon, was held on Wednesday and Thursday, June 1st and 2nd, in the Baptist chapel, Builth. At ten o'clock the first day, a large number of ministers and messengers of the respective churches met in conference at the chapel, when the Rev. E. Pryce, late of Crickhowell, was unanimously voted into the chair as moderator, and subjects of importance bearing upon the temporal and spiritual welfare of the denomination in these counties were discussed. The assembly adjourned at one o'clock, and all dined at the Temperance Hotel. The business of the meeting was resumed at two o'clock, and several resolutions connected with the future progress and good of the churches were mooted and passed. Breconshire was allowed to withdraw, and form a separate Association, &c. The public services were held in a field adjacent to the town, where a suitable platform was erected and rustic seats arranged for the occasion. At six p.m., the devotional part of the public service was conducted by the Rev. T. T. Phillips, Painscastle, when the Revs. G. Phillips, Evenjobb, and T. Evans, Newchapel (Welsh), preached. At seven o'clock on the Thursday morning, the service was held in the Independent chapel, when the Revs. Isaac Edwards, Llanidloes, and J. L. Evans, Soar, preached. A conference was held at the same time in the Baptist chapel. At ten a.m., in the field, the worship was introduced by the Rev. D. Evans, Knighton, after which the Revs. J. Jones, Rock; B. Watkins, Maesyrbrillan (Welsh); and E. Roberts, Newtown, preached. At two o'clock, the worship was commenced by reading and prayer by the Rev. D. Davies, Nantgwin; when the Revs. M. Morgan, Newwells; J. Vaughan, Staylittle (Welsh); and D. Davies, Dolan, preached. At six o'clock, the Rev. E. Owen, late of Sarn, read and prayed; the Revs. J. Jones, Maesyrhelem; W. H. Paine, Presteign; and J. W. Evans, Brecon, preached; and the Rev. D. Jarman, Newbridge, concluded by imploring the Divine blessing. The weather was all that could be desired, and the assemblage at the forenoon and afternoon services was immense. The preacher's voice, in its utmost strains, could scarcely reach the extremities of the multitude.

SHROPSHIRE ASSOCIATION.—The annual meetings of this Association were held at Wellington, on Tuesday and Wednesday, the 7th and 8th of June. At eleven a.m. on the Tuesday a goodly number of the ministers and messengers assembled in the new school-room belonging to the chapel, when upwards of an hour was spent in earnest supplication for the Divine presence in the ensuing meetings, and for peace and prosperity in the various churches composing the Association. The brethren again assembled at half-past two p.m., to receive the usual intelligence concerning the condition and prospects of the churches, and this intelligence was of such a character as to occasion general feelings of humiliation and sorrow, the additions to the churches being fewer than have been known for a great number of years. Pecuniary assistance was rendered to some of the smaller churches, and it was resolved to make an effort to secure collections next February in all the churches in the Association, and that the amount should be appropriated to the work of home missions in the county. A resolution was also passed to connect the Association with the Baptist Union. The preachers on the occasion were the Revs. J. E. Yeadon, of Whitchurch; F. Hemus, of Donnington; and B. C. Young, of Colesey, Staffordshire. The Circular Letter, on "Lay Agency," written by the Rev. J. E. Yeadon, was adopted, with the view of being printed and circulated among the churches. The Rev. E. Wilks, of Oswestry, was chosen preacher to the Association next year, and the Rev. T. How, of Shrewsbury, was requested to write the next Circular Letter, the subject to be, "The Duty of the Churches in reference to the Association." After listening to a statement from the Rev. B. C. Young, the brethren passed the following resolution, "That this Association recognises the value and importance to the denomination of the National Society for Aged and Infirm Baptist Ministers, their Widows and Orphans, and earnestly commends it to the kind and liberal aid of the churches and benevolent individuals." There was a good attendance at the various meetings; an excellent spirit pervaded them; and a general desire was manifest to work during the ensuing year in the service of the Redeemer with renewed energy and consecration.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE ASSOCIATION.—The annual meetings of this Association were held at Hereford on Tuesday and Wednesday, the 24th and 25th of May, the Rev. T. French, moderator. Meetings

for business were held on the Tuesday, at three p.m., and on the Wednesday, at a quarter past nine. Mr. Dangerfield was re-elected as treasurer, and the Rev. W. Collings as secretary, with thanks for past services. Meetings next year to be held at Chalford; Mr. French to preach, or, in case of failure, Mr. Hall. The Circular Letter to be written by Mr. Prees. The church at Ledbury applied for readmission into the Association, which was unanimously granted. The home missionary committee was reappointed for the coming year, Dr. Batten being added to it. It was resolved that the churches receiving aid should be visited by some member of the committee during the year. A portion of the funds was also to be devoted to the holding of special services (if desired) in connection with any of the weaker churches. It was resolved—"That the churches be requested to forward their statistical account to the secretary a clear week before the annual meetings, with a view to the facilitating of business." "Resolved,—That the churches devote a portion of the first Lord's day in October to special prayer for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit." Grants, amounting in the whole to £65, were made to some of the smaller churches. The Circular Letter, upon the right of private judgment, prepared by Mr. Jones, was read. The public meetings were as follow:—On the Tuesday evening, at seven, after the reading of the Scriptures and prayer by Mr. Tayler, Mr. Overbury preached from Rev. ii. 1. On the Wednesday morning, at seven, a prayer-meeting was held; Mr. Ayers presided, and brethren Tayler, Fisher, Nicholson, Hester, Ridley, and Collings prayed. Mr. Hall gave an address. At eleven, after singing, Mr. Webb read and prayed, and Mr. Bullock, of Abergavenny, preached from Phil. i. 6. In the afternoon Mr. Smith read and prayed; the letters from the churches were read, when it was found that the increase of members was smaller than for some years. In the evening, at seven, addresses were delivered by Mr. Prees and Mr. Mathews.

DEVON ASSOCIATION.—The annual services of this Association were held at Honiton on the 14th, 15th, and 16th ult. They were attended, as usual, by a large number of ministers and messengers and other friends from various parts of the county. On Tuesday evening a sermon to the young was preached by the Rev. J. Kings, of Torquay. The discourse, which was founded on Ruth i. 16, was listened to with marked interest and attention by a large number of young persons. This

service was followed by a prayer-meeting, at which the greater part of the congregation remained. On Wednesday morning, at seven o'clock, a prayer-meeting was held, when several very earnest prayers were offered, and an address given by the Rev. J. Taylor, of Ilfracombe. Perhaps the most important meeting was that which took place at eleven o'clock on Wednesday morning, when a paper on "Evangelistic Effort" was read by Mr. J. Holmden, of Plymouth. It is gratifying to report that as the result of this meeting and subsequent deliberations it was determined to employ an evangelist for the more destitute part of the county as soon as the right man for such a work can be found, and it is earnestly hoped the funds of the Association will soon be adequate to the employment of a large number of earnest men for home missionary work. On Wednesday evening a very eloquent sermon was preached by the Rev. T. Peters, of Kingsbridge; subject, "A deeper spirituality of mind the want of the churches." After this service the Lord's Supper was partaken of by a large number of communicants. On the Thursday morning the usual devotional service was held at seven o'clock, and at eleven o'clock the Circular Letter was read by the Rev. W. Foot, of Collumpton, subject, "The hearty co-operation of the members of our churches with their pastors essential to the prosperity of the Saviour's cause." The closing sermon was preached by the Rev. T. C. Page, of Plymouth, on Thursday evening, to a crowded congregation. It was truly gratifying to see the interest in these services sustained to the last, nor less so to observe the very harmonious and happy spirit which pervaded the brethren in all their public and social gatherings.

WORCESTERSHIRE ASSOCIATION.—The annual meetings of this Association were held at Upton-on-Severn on Tuesday and Wednesday, the 7th and 8th of June. On the Tuesday, at twelve o'clock, there was a meeting for prayer. At three o'clock the ministers and messengers assembled for business. The Rev. J. Parker was chosen moderator. The Rev. M. Philpin was re-elected secretary and treasurer. The claims of the Baptist Union were considered, and the churches warmly recommended to subscribe to its funds through the secretary. The Rev. J. Horne read the Circular Letter, subject, "Christian Marriage," which was adopted for circulation. The following resolutions were unanimously passed:—1. "That while this Association earnestly sympathises with the Baptist Mission, and expresses its confidence in its

committee and officers, it desires also to express its conviction that country churches are not sufficiently represented in its committee, and suggests that each Association of churches be allowed to elect one or more members to sit upon the committee, and that the travelling and other expenses be met by the constituency." 2. "That this Association recommends the Bible Translation Society to the sympathy and support of our churches, and the individual members." 3. "That this Association recommends to the members of the churches of this Association the importance of cultivating the principle of weekly storing for, and giving to, God according as he prospers them." On Wednesday, at seven o'clock, there was a public prayer-meeting, conducted by the Rev. S. Dunn. At eleven o'clock, the Rev. W. Symonds preached the Association sermon, from 1 John iii. 2. At three o'clock, the letters from the churches were read, and a very appropriate address was given by the Rev. W. Radburn. The letters, though not reporting a large increase, were of a very cheering character, and some of them very encouraging. At six o'clock, the Rev. N. Haycroft, of Bristol, preached from Matthew xxvii. 54, and closed a series of specially interesting services with prayer.

NOTTINGHAM, DERBY, AND LINCOLN ASSOCIATION.—The annual meeting of this Association was held in the Baptist chapel, Agard-street, Derby, on Whit-Tuesday, the 17th of May. Assembled at half-past ten a.m., devotional services were conducted by the brethren Pike and Waller; after which the Rev. J. Baxandall, minister of the place, was chosen moderator. The letters from the various churches were read, and the statistics reported. The Rev. D. B. Joseph, of Burton-on-Trent, concluded the service with prayer. Reassembled at three o'clock p.m., the minutes of the last meeting and the treasurer's account were read and confirmed. The following resolutions, among others, were passed:—"That the recently-formed church at Chesterfield be admitted into this Association." "That the usual sum of £2 2s. be voted to the Baptist Union." "That the sum of £10 be voted to the minister of the church at Sutton-in-Ashfield for the present year." "That a committee be formed of the ministers and messengers of the churches in this Association to canvass their respective districts for an increase of funds to aid the Association in promoting the more efficient spread of the Gospel." "That the next Circular Letter

be on 'The special purposes for which the Christian Church is formed,' and that the Rev. J. Baxandall be appointed to write it." "That the thanks of this meeting be presented to the Rev. J. Edwards, secretary, and to Mr. Turner, treasurer; and that they be requested to continue their services for the ensuing year." "That the autumnal meeting be held at Nottingham on the 11th of October next; and that the annual meeting be held at Burton-on-Trent on Whit-Tuesday, 1865." In the evening, at half-past six, a public meeting was held, when the Rev. J. Edwards read the Circular Letter he had prepared, on "The nature and constitution of the Christian church," and interesting addresses were delivered by the brethren Morton, Joseph, and Williams. The other devotional services were conducted by the brethren Morton, Wallis, Williams, &c.

SOUTHERN ASSOCIATION.—The annual meetings of this Association were held at Andover on the 7th and 8th of June. On Tuesday morning, at eleven o'clock, the ministers and messengers met, when the Rev. J. B. Brasted was chosen moderator; but before any business was transacted earnest prayer was offered by Messrs. Burt, Davis, Cooke, and Caven. A resolution was passed, in which the Association expressed its painful sense of the loss which they had sustained in the unexpected and premature death of their greatly beloved friend and brother the Rev. James Smedmore, and of sympathy with the church at Forton, and the sorrowing family. In the afternoon, at three o'clock, Mr. Chambers prayed, and the letters from the churches were read, many of which were of an encouraging character, altogether showing a clear increase of more than double what it was last year. The Rev. Philip Bailhache closed with a brief address. In the evening, at seven o'clock, a public meeting in connection with the district mission was held, the Rev. J. Brasted in the chair. The Rev. F. Wills prayed, Rev. J. B. Burt read the report, and addresses were delivered by Messrs. Collings, Caven, Green, of London, and Davis. On the Wednesday morning, at seven o'clock, Messrs. Fielder, Tanswell, Warne, and Burt prayed, and Mr. Gray gave an address. At eleven o'clock Mr. M'Owen (Independent) read and prayed, and Mr. Cooke preached the Association sermon from John xii. 24. In the afternoon at three o'clock a meeting for fraternal conference was held under the presidency of the Rev. J. Davis, at which Messrs. Tanswell, Horn, Godwin,

Hockin, Orchard, Hitching, Collier, Parsons, Pope, and Fielder took a part. In the evening, at seven o'clock, Mr. Collier read and prayed, and the Rev. J. Davis preached from 2 Tim. iv. 5. Afterwards a united communion service was held; the communicants and spectators were addressed by Messrs. Moses and Hitching. The Rev. Thomas Morris was re-elected secretary, and the Rev. J. B. Burt treasurer.

BRISTOL ASSOCIATION.—The meetings of the above Association were held at Cheddar, on Wednesday and Thursday, the 18th and 19th of May. On the Wednesday the services were chiefly devotional. The letters from the churches were read in the afternoon, and an address delivered by the Rev. E. Probert. The statistics showed an increase by baptism in twenty-five reporting churches of 143, and a clear increase of 50. No Circular Letter was prepared in consequence of the illness of the gentleman who had undertaken that duty. In the evening the Rev. D. Wassell read and prayed, the Rev. J. Penny preached (the Rev. N. Haycroft and Dr. Gotch having failed through illness), and the Rev. H. Clark closed with prayer. On the Thursday, at seven a.m., a prayer-meeting was held under the presidency of the moderator, the Rev. T. Davies, pastor of the church at Cheddar. The Rev. T. M. Ind gave an address, and brethren Nicholson, Pearce, Rolestone, Hall, and Shoel offered prayer. Brethren Gould, Penny, E. Clarke, and Drinkwater also took part in the devotional engagements. A resolution was passed thanking Mr. Haycroft for his services as secretary, regretting his inability to continue them, and appointing brethren Wm. Clark and Penny his successors—brother Pearce to continue as treasurer; and another urging the claims of the Bristol Baptist College. A plan was adopted for giving much greater efficiency to the Association as a home-missionary organisation, and an influential committee appointed to carry it out. Notwithstanding the lamented absence of several ministers from illness, the meetings were characterised by great earnestness and unanimity, while the glorious weather, the attendance at the public services, and the unwearied kindness of the friends in Cheddar and its neighbourhood, contributed to make it one of the most pleasant of such gatherings.

SUFFOLK AND NORFOLK HOME MISSIONARY UNION.—The annual meeting of this Association, comprising eighteen churches

and stations, was held at Botesdale, in Suffolk, on Thursday, June 9th. The ministers and messengers assembled for the transaction of the business of the Association in the morning. In the afternoon was held the public service for devotional exercises, and reading the letters, from which it appeared that 121 had been added by baptism. From the further statistics of those received from other churches, and by restoration, and, on the other hand, deductions by death, dismissions to other churches, and separations, the result was a clear gain of 87; averaging nearly five to each church. In the evening a public meeting was held, the Rev. J. P. Lewis, of Diss, in the chair, when addresses were delivered as follow:—1. "On the union of prayer and effort for the spread of the Gospel," by the Rev. C. Elven, of Bury. 2. "On Christian life; its nature and manifestation," by the Rev. T. M. Morris, of Ipswich. 3. "On the duty of churches to support their pastors, and the best means of accomplishing it," by the Rev. J. Webb, of Ipswich. It was a happy meeting; all the brethren seemed to be imbued with the sweet spirit of the apostolic injunction, "Let nothing be done through strife or vain glory; but in lowliness of mind let each esteem other better than himself." Brethren Bentley, Gissing, Sparham, Gallant, Oldring, Cobb, and Sage, engaged in the devotional exercises. The contributions for aiding the various churches and stations requiring it, amounted to £95, and at the close it was felt that there was reason to "thank God and take courage." During the meeting it was also stated that £177 15s. 10d. had been contributed by the churches in Suffolk for the Foreign Mission; and special contributions for the debt, £134 17s. 4d.

WILTS AND EAST SOMERSETSHIRE ASSOCIATION.—This Association held its general meetings at Westbury Leigh, on May 18th and 19th; the Rev. J. Sprigg, M.A., moderator. The church at Calne was admitted to the Association. The Circular Letter, prepared by the Rev. J. Sprigg, on "Christian Liberality," was read and approved. The Association sermon, on "Christian Influence," was preached by the Rev. S. S. Pugh, of Devizes. A meeting was held for prayer and conference, which was thrown open to Christian brethren of all denominations, at which the Rev. T. G. Rooke, of Frome, presided; and the Rev. W. Burton, of Frome, gave an address on "The best means of securing the results of our pulpit ministrations." The Revs.

T. King, J. J. Joplin, W. Jones, and T. Hind (Independent); and Messrs. J. Waylen and J. V. Toone, took part in the discussion. The secretary reported that a home missionary agent had been secured for the district occupied by the associated churches, and that he was prosecuting his work with every prospect of success. The letters from the churches were not on the whole of a very cheering character, several having received no additions during the past year, and the losses by death and removal having been very heavy. It is gratifying to be able to add that some of the churches are prosperous, and that others speak hopefully of future prospects. The contributions from all sources were £99 2s. 5d., the whole of which amount, after the deduction of the necessary expenses, is devoted to home missionary purposes in the district, in supporting a missionary, and in aiding the smaller churches which are doing home missionary work. Joshua Whitaker, Esq., Bratton, was reappointed treasurer, and the Rev. S. S. Pugh, Devises, secretary. —

LEICESTERSHIRE ASSOCIATION. — The annual meeting of this Association was held at Countesthorpe on Tuesday, 31st May. At the morning meeting, after singing and prayer, the Rev. J. P. Mur-

sell, of Leicester, took the chair as moderator. The minutes of the past year were confirmed, the treasurer's account presented, and the officers and committee appointed. It was resolved unanimously that a testimonial of esteem to the late Rev. James Blackburn, pastor of the church at Foxton, who died on 27th December, 1863, be inserted in the minutes. A contribution of £2 2s. to the funds of the Baptist Union was voted. The Rev. W. Bull, B.A., of Sutton-in-the-Elms, was requested to prepare a paper for the next anniversary, "On the origin and progress of the Baptist denomination in the county of Leicester." It was resolved that the next annual meeting be held at Monks Kirby, and that the preacher be the Rev. R. Evans, of Countesthorpe. In the afternoon the letters and reports were received. It appeared that the 13 churches in the Association contained 1,560 members, and the clear increase during the past year was 72. Addresses having been delivered by the Rev. H. Angus, of Rugby, Rev. T. Lomas, of Leicester, and the moderator, the meeting was concluded by singing and prayer. In the evening an excellent sermon was delivered by the Rev. T. Bumpus, of Loughborough, from Romans ix.—and a collection was made in aid of the funds.

Intelligence.

FOREIGN.

HOLLAND.—Mr. De Neui, co-pastor of the church at Ithren, writes to Mr. Braun, Secretary of the Baptist Union at Hamburg, as follows?—

"The Lord has so visited us with the showers of his blessing that we can only marvel and exclaim, 'It is the Lord's doing and marvellous in our eyes!' You probably remember that Brother Willms published, last year, a pamphlet in the Dutch language, in reply to a work by two clergymen of the Reformed Church in Holland, written with a view to support the doctrine of Infant Baptism, which was in a very tottering condition in that church. Brother Willms's reply, which set forth the untenable grounds on which the doctrine rests, was much read at Franeker, near Harlingen, a town containing 7,000 or 8,000 inhabitants, in West Friesland, in the kingdom of the Netherlands, where one of the clergymen residing who wrote the book.

"By reading the pamphlet and searching

the Scriptures, many of the people became convinced that the words 'He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved,' were not intended to be twisted as they were in the clergymen's book. They then entered into correspondence with Brother Willms, that the way of the Lord might be made more clear to them, and soon after sent an earnest request that some one might come over and preach the Gospel to them. Brother Eckhoff and I were appointed by the church to undertake this missionary journey. Just before we left we had the joy of seeing thirteen converts added to the church at Ithren by baptism. On the following day we set out, and on the morning of the third day's journey we reached Franeker, where we remained a week. It was no sooner known that we were there, than the people came to talk with us; often as many as thirty were in the house at one time, inquiring earnestly after the truth. My translation into Dutch of our 'Confession of Faith,' was very useful, and met with general approval, though the way in which a 'church' was represented

caused some astonishment, for they had always been accustomed to an ecclesiastical council acting and making laws—not the church itself. On the second day we made several visits, and often the sword came into use, though in all love and friendliness. We were astonished at the way these people used their weapons: every objection and difficulty must be set at rest. In the evening I preached in a house, and on the following day paid a visit by request to the preacher of the Mennonite church and its president, Dr. Van Beuren. They both gave me permission to preach on Sunday afternoon in the Mennonite church and also to make this known in the Franeker newspaper, which we accordingly did, and in the afternoon of the same day we went to Harlingen and saw the sea. We visited there a Christian fisherman, truly an 'Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile.' He had not allowed his children to be sprinkled, as he thought it unscriptural: another Christian man was with him, who had long been convinced of the fact that scriptural baptism was that of believers by immersion, but knew of no people holding these views. When he found we belonged to a church of baptized believers, the tears came in his eyes and he said, 'To these people I must belong.' We returned by train to Franeker, and on Saturday I entered into correspondence with the clergyman, because some of the people had resolved to be baptized, and as they had formerly been members of his church and had left its communion, I wished to be assured that he had no charges of un-Christian walk to make against them.

"The correspondence was carried on in quite a friendly way on both sides, and resulted in an appointment for us to call on him on Monday morning.

"At length the morning of the Sabbath dawned. We had already had many opportunities of preaching the truth to rich and poor, to old and young. Now we went in the morning to the Mennonite church and heard Dr. Van Delden preach from Eph. vi. 2., and in the afternoon had the joy of preaching to a crowded congregation of 600 or 700 people, in the Dutch language. Drs. Van Beuren and Van Delden, and the Mayor of the town were present.

"In the evening between 70 and 80 people came together again in a private house, and begged me to instruct them on the subject of believers' baptism; but as I knew better than these good people did, that Satan's kingdom is more injured by the conversion of a sinner than by the overthrow of infant baptism, I proposed to them first to hold a service in which I might speak to them more of Christ, that the bands of Christian love between us might not be loosened by controversy, and then afterwards to spend an hour in the consideration of the subject of scriptural baptism. To this all agreed, and we spent an hour or two in spiritual communion with our Lord, and I preached Christ to them, while many were melted to tears. Then I, in all love, begged such as might find the subject of baptism too strong

meat, to withdraw; but none went; and now a very dear Christian brother, a merchant, named Wardenburg, requested me in the name of the whole assembly, to give them the promised comparison between infant sprinkling and believers' immersion. I did so, and the Lord enabled me so to set forth the two systems and their fruits, that all present said they were convinced of the truth of my arguments and the scripturality of our views. I concluded with the words, 'Search the Scriptures.' Mr. Wardenburg then thanked me in the name of the meeting, and the people dispersed, leaving me in a state of intense fatigue from the labour, excitement, and happiness of the day.

"On Monday morning we went by appointment at ten o'clock to the clergyman. Another member of the church council was present. They were very friendly and polite, and gave a satisfactory report of our friends, but seemed studiously to avoid all points of controversy.

"In the afternoon we took leave of the friends—wrote an address of thanks to the president and preacher of the Mennonite church, and then met the four persons who wished to be at once baptized. In the presence of several witnesses they professed their faith in Christ and were immersed in the name of the Triune Jehovah: they were formed into a church, and we partook of the Lord's Supper together, and rejoiced greatly in the Lord. Two of these brethren returned with us to Ihren, and spent a week here.

"The Mennonites have just built themselves a new church, and their old one will now become the private property of Mr. Wardenburg. He is willing to let it to the Baptists, and they are willing at once to engage it, if I will promise to go over and preach to them two Sundays out of every five. The church at Ihren are willing to spare me for this purpose, and I only wait the approval of the committee of the Union, before entering on this new and deeply interesting field of labour."

Of course it is needless to say that the committee joyfully gave their approval.

DOMESTIC.

SALTER'S HALL CHAPEL, ISLINGTON.—This chapel, which has recently been secured for the church and congregation under the pastoral care of the Rev. Jesse Hobson, was opened for Divine worship on Tuesday, June 14th. In the morning, the Rev. G. M. Davis, of Maberley Chapel, opened the service. The Rev. J. H. Hinton, M.A., read the Scriptures and prayed; and the Hon. and Rev. B. W. Noel, M.A., preached. In the afternoon more than 200 ministers and friends sat down to an excellent luncheon, provided by Mr. Brown, of St. John's Wood; after which, in the absence of Sir S. M. Peto, Bart., who was confined to his house through illness, W. M. Arthur, Esq., presided; and

addresses were delivered by the Revs. J. H. Hinton, Dr. Campbell, A. M'Anslane, Mark Wilks, W. Miall, J. W. Todd, and John Vanner and Walker Griffith, Esqs. In the evening the Rev. A. Hannay opened the service, and the Rev. J. W. Todd, of Sydenham, read and prayed; after which the Rev. F. Tucker, B.A., preached. The spacious chapel was well filled, and the day one of congratulation and hope. The building, of which the following description will convey some idea, was subject of praise, and the architect and builders, who were present, were congratulated on the adaptation of the building to the purpose for which it was erected. The building is of the plain Gothic, and will accommodate more than 1,000 hearers, and the schools 500 children. The outside is faced with brick and Bath-stone dressings. The internal arrangements of the chapel consist of a nave and a transept. The roof is open-timbered, with a chamber formed to carry off vitiated air. The nave measures 61 feet by 40 feet 6 inches; each transept 30 feet by 16 feet 6 inches. The pews are fixed on an incline rising from the pulpit. The pulpit is in the form of a platform, 14 feet in length, 4 feet in breadth, and 5 feet in height, with a staircase at each end. The vestry, with lavatory, &c., is 17 feet 6 inches by 13 feet; is approached inward across the west transept, and outward by a private entrance. There is a gallery over each transept, which projects on cantalivers one pew beyond the main wall, and communicating with the gallery facing the pulpit, gives the appearance of a continuous gallery all round the chapel. The approaches to the galleries are by staircases in the tower, erected in each of the angles formed by the transepts; and in these angles are the staircases to the schools under the chapel. The school-rooms are 12 feet high. They are well ventilated by means of hoppers in all the windows, and air-flues all round the walls. The school-rooms consist of one large room, 61 feet by 25 feet; girls' school, 30 feet by 31 feet; infants' school, 30 feet by 15 feet; class-room, 21 feet by 16 feet; with every convenience required. There are two principal entrances in the front of the chapel—one through the base of the tower, and the other through the porch at the west corner. The entrance through the tower is deeply massed with moulded jambs. The tower, which is octagonal in shape, is 14 feet square, supported by bold buttresses and deep raking water-tables from springing of gable. The tower is reduced to 12 feet at the rise of the spire, which has an caves-moulded projection, each side being pierced with a trefoil window, and filled in with slate

louvres. The spire about to be erected is to be built with bricks and Bath-stone quoins, bands, and top-stone, surmounted with an iron finial of an ornamental pattern. The front of the chapel has a large fire-light tracery window, with two small windows at the springing, and single-light windows to light under each gallery. The front is also relieved by pickings and black bricks inserted in the arches. The cost of the chapel and schools is £4,250, of which only £150 remains to be collected. Mr. William Smith, jun., 12, Copthall Court, London, E.C., is the architect. On Sunday, the 19th ult., the Rev. J. Hobson commenced his ministry in the new chapel.

BARNSELY, YORKSHIRE.—The Baptist church at Barnsley has been engaged during some months past, in an effort for the extinction of its chapel debt, and the rebuilding of its schools; and, on Sunday and Monday, June 12th and 13th, interesting services were held in celebration of the opening of the new rooms—the Rev. Dr. Brewer, of Leeds, and the Rev. J. Oddy, Independent minister, of Barnsley, preaching on the Sunday, and the Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown, of Liverpool, on the Monday. In the evening, a public meeting was held in the chapel, when the chair was taken by Mr. W. Sissons, of Sheffield, who opened the proceedings with an appropriate address. The Rev. J. Compston, minister of the place, detailed the history of the movement, and spoke hopefully of the future. Mr. Wade, the architect, described the work which had been done,—the providing of space for 450 scholars; the construction of separate rooms for the senior scholars and adult classes, and also for the infants' department; the effective ventilation as well as the comfortable warming of each room; the erection of approved conveniences; and the arrangement of proper approaches to the schools and chapel, &c. The cost would be about £450, which, with the amount of debt to be defrayed, would make the total sum £850. Mr. Eugene Wood, one of the secretaries of the building committee, read a statement of the moneys obtained up to the last week, showing that £400 in cash had been received, and nearly £170 in promises, leaving £280 yet to be raised, which the committee are most anxious to secure by the 1st of August next. Votes of thanks were accorded to the preachers at the opening services, to the ladies who had provided tea, and to the chairman; and addresses were given by the Revs. H. S. Brown, A. Pitt (Rochdale), J. Arnold (Rotherham), J. P. Campbell (Sheffield), G. Smith and J. Oddy (Barnsley).

HEATH STREET CHAPEL, HAMPSHAD.—Services were held on Thursday, June 9th, in this place of worship, to commemorate at the same time the third anniversary of its opening and the extinction of the debt. The Rev. W. M. Punshon, M.A., preached in the afternoon to a large congregation from Acts i. 8; and in the evening a public meeting was held in the chapel, which was again filled. James Harvey, Esq., one of the deacons of the church, presided, and after a few opening remarks of congratulation, called on the treasurer of the building fund, S. Baylis, Esq., to present the financial statement. It appeared from this that the entire cost of the chapel and school-room had been upwards of £6,300, and that at its opening in July, 1861, there remained as a debt upon the building £4,000. Shortly after that a resolute effort had been set on foot to raise £3,000 as soon as possible, with the intention of leaving the last £1,000 to future years. By the munificent help of one individual in particular, the cordial co-operation of Christian friends in other churches, and the telling and repeated subscriptions of the members of the congregation itself, this object was happily achieved at the end of last year. The remaining £1,000 had then been privately attempted, and the generous kindness of a few friends had left the congregation no alternative but to complete its liquidation at once. This had now been done, and the treasurer was able to hand over to the trustees of the chapel the mortgage-deed, with a receipt in full for the entire amount. Mr. R. Ware, senior trustee, took possession of the deed, with a few appropriate remarks. The meeting was then addressed by the Rev. W. Brock, of Bloomsbury; the Rev. John Matheson, of the Presbyterian church, Hampstead; Hugh Rose, Esq., of Edinburgh; C. E. Mudie, Esq.; and the Rev. W. Brock, jun., the minister of the chapel.

BLOCKLEY, WORCESTERSHIRE.—On Friday, May 22nd, services were held in connection with the departure of the Rev. J. Wassall to Boston, United States. Tea was provided in the school-room, and afterwards a public meeting was held, and was numerously attended, the Rev. J. Wassall in the chair. After singing, the Rev. W. Cherry offered prayer. Mr. Wassall gave an address, referring to the circumstances which led to his emigration to America, and stating that during his eight years and a half spent in Blockley, he had been permitted to add nearly 100 members to the church, and had received uniform kindness from all parties. The Rev. A. W. Heritage spoke in high terms of Mr. Wassall's ministerial and fraternal ser-

vices. The Rev. William Allen, of Oxford, bore cheerful testimony to the Christian consistency and excellent business ability of Mr. Wassall, during an intimate acquaintance of nearly twenty years. Mr. George Smith, in an address referring to the usefulness of Mr. Wassall, and expressing the best wishes of all the church for his future prosperity, presented him with a purse of gold as a token of the affectionate regard of his congregation and the inhabitants of the town. Mr. Nicholls presented Mrs. Wassall with a tea and coffee service, presented by the Bible-class she had so long and so efficiently conducted. Several Independent ministers were present, and expressed their high esteem for Mr. Wassall. But one feeling was manifested—thankfulness for the enjoyment of his friendship and co-operation in the past, and earnest desire for his future success.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON.—The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon preached two sermons on the bowing-green belonging to the "Red Horse," on Tuesday, June 7th. The weather was favourable, and the congregations large and respectable. In the evening it is computed that about 2,000 were present. The collections amounted to £51 12s. 2d., which will be divided between Mr. Spurgeon's college and the school-room lately erected in Payton Street, Stratford-on-Avon. Riveted attention was paid to the preacher, whose afternoon subject was "The healing of the lame man at Lystra" (Acts xiv. 7-10), and in the evening, "The Lamb and his redeemed in glory" (Rev. xiv. 1-3). The services were at first announced to be held in the pavilion recently erected for the celebration of the Shakspeare tercentenary, which was kindly granted by Messrs. Branson, and Murray, of Birmingham, the proprietors. But, as it was on land belonging to another owner, the legal agent of this latter gentleman, being highly indignant that such a use should be made of such a building, addressed a letter to the contractors, stating that it *could not* be "used for such a purpose." This course of proceeding has been very far from securing popularity to the author, while it has increased the sympathy with the Baptist friends in this town.

AMERSHAM, BUCKS.—On Wednesday, June 1st, a social meeting was held at the Lower Chapel, Amersham, upon the occasion of the leaving of the Rev. John Price, who has just resigned the pastorate of this church. After tea the chair was taken by the senior deacon, Mr. J. H. Morten. The chairman made a few opening remarks, and then called upon Mr. Clarke and Mr.

Holt, the two other deacons, and Mr. G. Washington Morris, to address the meeting. Mr. Holt, in the course of his remarks, stated that if Mr. Price could only have heard the expressions of affection with which the subscriptions had been universally presented they would ring in his ears and gladden his heart throughout his entire life. Mr. J. H. Morten referred to the dealings of God in his wise dispensations to the church and congregation, and expressed the deep regret felt at the resignation of the pastor. The chairman then presented Mr. Price with a purse containing fifty guineas, as a token of affection and esteem. Mr. Price responded, expressing the deep affection he entertained towards the church and congregation, and acknowledging with much feeling the kindness he had constantly received. Mr. G. W. Morris gave a few words of encouragement to the church and congregation from a retrospect of the past.

WALWORTH ROAD, LONDON.—The foundation-stone of new school-buildings about to be erected at the rear of, and in connection with, Walworth Road Chapel, was laid on Wednesday, June 15, by W. H. Watson, Esq., senior deacon of the church, and secretary of the Sunday School Union. In the evening a public meeting was held, George Bayley, Esq., in the chair, when addresses were delivered by the Revs. W. Brock, S. Cowdy, S. Coley (Wesleyan), W. Groser, Esq., J. Corderoy, Esq., J. Easty, Esq., and the pastor, the Rev. W. Howieson. The schools are being erected to provide accommodation for the Sunday school which for fifty-five years has been conducted in Lion Street, Walworth. The estimated cost, including fittings and furniture, is £2,200, towards which a jubilee memorial fund was raised in 1862, which, with interest, now amounts to £850. Contributions were laid upon the stone amounting to £53 16s. 8d., the greater part of this sum being gifts subscribed or collected by the scholars; this, with a few donations and the collection, amounted to £122, as the result of the day's proceedings. The buildings are to be completed in September, and previous to being opened it is intended to hold a bazaar, in order to raise additional funds.

WALLINGFORD, BERKS.—The Baptist chapel in this place, which has recently undergone considerable alteration and repair, was reopened on Sunday, May 22nd, when two sermons were preached to numerous congregations by the pastor, the Rev. T. Brooks. On the Monday evening a tea-meeting was held in the school-room, which had been tastefully decorated for

the occasion. The Rev. T. Brooks presided, and gave a brief statement of the steps which had led to the improvement of the place. Mr. Hawkins gave an account of the pecuniary position of the undertaking. Addresses were then delivered by the Revs. P. Scorey, W. T. Rosevear, J. Aldis, of Reading, W. Allen, of Oxford, and other friends. The building presents a very marked improvement, and contrasts very favourably with the plain, old-fashioned aspect it for so many years wore. The cost of the restoration will be nearly £400. Towards this amount £112 has been already subscribed; £29 10s. was collected (including the proceeds of the tea-meeting on Monday) after the services; and sufficient is promised—the payment of which will extend over three years—to liquidate the whole debt, with the exception of about £65.

HARLINGTON, MIDDLESEX.—The Rev. T. C. Atkinson, who for several months past has ministered to the Baptist church, Harlington, was publicly recognised as the pastor of the church on Tuesday, June 7th. The ordination service commenced with praise, and prayer offered by the Rev. E. J. Evans. The usual questions were asked by the Rev. J. Gibson, and replied to by Mr. Atkinson in a lucid statement of his Christian experience, doctrinal opinions, views of the Christian ministry, and of the manner in which he proposed to discharge the duties of the pastoral office. The ordination prayer was offered by the Rev. J. Gibson. The charge was given by the Rev. R. P. Clarke, of Uxbridge, who took for his text the words, "A good minister of Jesus Christ," from which he discoursed on the duties, responsibilities, and resources of a good minister. The closing prayer was offered and the benediction pronounced by the Rev. W. Freeman. The Revs. G. Robbins and T. F. Penn also took part in the service. In the evening the Rev. W. Miall preached a sermon to the church and congregation, and the Revs. G. Robbins and A. Gliddon conducted the devotional exercises.

RAYLEIGH, ESSEX.—On Tuesday, May 17th, the large and handsome school just completed here was opened. A sermon was preached in the afternoon by the Rev. Daniel Katterns, of Hackney, from the text, "He went about doing good," after which upwards of 300 persons took tea in the new school-room. A public meeting was held in the chapel at night, when the Rev. Messrs. Cave, Wastell, and Lanthois, of London; and the Rev. Messrs. Hayward, Oliver, Richardson, Nugent, Taylor, and other ministers from the surrounding

towns and villages, delivered congratulatory addresses. Mr. J. Blomfield, the secretary, read the report, showing that the £430 required to meet the sum expended had entirely been made up by the money received that day, which, including a second cheque of £25 received from Samuel Morley, Esq., amounted to £49 11s. At the close of the meeting a cordial vote of thanks was passed to Mr. John Sudbury, of Halstead, for his kind gift of the design for the building, &c. In addition to the above work, the building of a room at the back of the school is contemplated, which can be used as a class-room and for other useful purposes—the cost of which will be about £30.

ROTHERHAM.—Public services were held in the Baptist chapel, Rotherham, on Friday, June 10th, to publicly recognise the Rev. J. Arnold, student of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's College, London, as pastor of the church in that place. The introductory portion of the service in the afternoon was conducted by the Rev. J. P. Campbell, of Sheffield, who also put the usual questions to the church and pastor, which were satisfactorily answered. Prayer was offered by the Rev. J. Vaughan (Independent), of Masbro'; after which the Rev. G. Rogers, theological tutor of Mr. Spurgeon's College, delivered the charge to the pastor, and the Rev. C. Larom, of Sheffield, to the church. The service was closed by the Rev. J. Compston, of Barnsley, offering prayer. The congregation then adjourned to the school-room to tea, when about 220 sat down, after which a public meeting was held in the chapel. James Yates, Esq., J.P., presided. Interesting addresses were delivered by the Revs. J. F. Falding, D.D., tutor of Rotherham College (Independent); J. P. Campbell, C. Larom, of Sheffield; G. Rogers, of London; J. Fisher, of Rawmarsh; J. Arnold, and several friends of the town.

YARMOUTH, NORFOLK.—On Thursday, June 2nd, the Baptist chapel which has been recently erected upon the ground formerly known as "The Bleach," facing Crown Road and St. George's Denes, was formally opened by special religious services. The chapel is a neat, unpretending structure of white brick, and is seated for the accommodation of about 400 persons. The total cost of the building, including the ground, was about £1,500. At the morning service, the Rev. Mr. Price, the pastor, gave out the hymns, the Rev. Mr. Green read the lessons, and the Rev. Mr. Robinson, of Cambridge, preached, and took for his text, Deut. xxxii. 3, 4,—*"Ascribe ye greatness unto our God. He is the rock, his work is perfect."* At two

o'clock, about 100 friends sat down to an excellent dinner at the Corn Hall, Mr. G. Blake in the chair. The company was addressed by the Rev. Mr. Price (who stated that the collection in the morning had been £67); the Revs. T. A. Wheeler and G. Gould, of Norwich; the Rev. W. Simpson (Wesleyan), Rev. W. Tritton, and other gentlemen.

PORTMADOC, CARNARVONSHIRE.—Very interesting services were held at the above place on Wednesday and Thursday, June 1st and 2nd, in connection with the ordination of Mr. David Charles, late of the Rev. G. P. Evans's College, Swansea, to the pastorate of the Baptist church. Sermons were preached on the Wednesday evening by the Revs. J. D. Williams, of Bangor, and T. E. James, of Glynneath. On the Thursday morning the Rev. T. E. James delivered an address on the constitution of a Christian church, asked the usual questions of the young minister, and offered up the ordination prayer. The Rev. J. D. Williams delivered an able address to the minister, and the Rev. Lewis Jones, of Pwllheli, to the church. In the afternoon and evening sermons were delivered by the Revs. Stephen Thomas, of Nevin, T. E. James, J. D. Williams, and L. Jones. Two of the brethren were also set apart to the deaconship of the church. The services throughout were well attended, and deeply interesting.

LLANGIAN, CARNARVONSHIRE.—Very interesting services in connection with the ordination of the Rev. G. B. Jones to the pastorate of the above Baptist church were held on the 30th and 31st of May. On the Monday evening the service was introduced by the Rev. J. Ll. Owens, of Llanhaiarn, and sermons were preached by the Revs. G. H. Roberts, of Tabor, and J. D. Williams, of Bangor. On the Tuesday morning the Rev. O. J. Roberts, of Lley, led the devotions. The Rev. L. Jones, of Pwllheli, explained the constitution of Christian churches, and the Rev. J. D. Williams offered the ordination prayer, and afterwards preached a very interesting sermon. In the afternoon the Revs. J. Ll. Owens, and L. Jones preached; and in the evening the Rev. S. Thomas, of Nevin, J. Ll. Owens, and J. D. Williams preached. The services throughout were well attended, and the Divine presence was evidently felt.

NEWRIDGE, RADNOR.—Services were held at this place May 30th and 31st, in connection with the ordination of Mr. John Nicholas, late student of Pontypool College, to be co-pastor with the Rev. D. Jarman, who has been the minister of the place upwards of fifty-one years, but is

now unable, owing to his advanced age, to retain the entire charge. The following ministers took part in the proceedings:—the Revs. D. Jarman, of Newbridge; D. Davies, of Dolau; D. Davies, of Nantgwyn; G. Phillips, of Gladestry; J. Jones, of Maesyrhelem; S. Thomas, of Dyffryn Cleirwen; J. Edwards, of Llanidloes; and E. Roberts, of Newtown. On Tuesday evening, the 31st, a meeting was also held at Pysgah, Breconshire—a branch cause—when the Revs. S. Thomas and D. Davies, of Nantgwyn, officiated. Mr. Nicholas has commenced his labours with cheering prospects.

CHIPPENHAM, WILTS.—The friends of the Rev. J. J. Joplin, who has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of a Baptist church at Halifax, Nova Scotia, presented him and Mrs. Joplin, on Thursday, June 9th, with testimonials of their affectionate regard. A tea-meeting was held in the school-room, and then a public meeting in the chapel, at which E. Anstie, Esq., of Devizes, presided. The presentation consisted of a gold watch and a purse of fifteen sovereigns. The Rev. Messrs. Burton, of Frome; Pugh, of Devizes; Hurlestone, of Calne; and Barnes, of Trowbridge, were present, and gave expression to their kindly wishes towards Mr. Joplin and his family, and counsel to the church whose pastor is thus removed from them. Mr. and Mrs. Joplin, with their four children, sailed from the Mersey, at midday on the 11th ult., in the *Africa*, for Halifax.

KNIGHTON, RADNORSHIRE.—The foundation-stone of a Baptist chapel in this important and rising Welsh town took place on Tuesday, the 7th of June. The ceremony was performed by Mr. D. J. Chapman, who generously placed on the stone £50; other offerings followed until the sum reached £78. The Rev. H. S. Brown, of Liverpool, delivered an appropriate address, and in the evening an admirable lecture on "Common Sense," in the assembly-room, to a crowded audience, W. W. Archibald, Esq., presiding. The profits amounted to about £15. The Revs. G. Phillips, Evenjobb, W. H. Payne, Presteign, J. Jones, and D. Evans (pastor), took part in the proceedings. The chapel is intended to seat 450; the estimated cost is about £500 (measure fifty-one feet by thirty-one), towards which £190 have now been realized.

LYDBROOK, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.—Monday, June 13th, the members and friends connected with the Baptist cause in the above place, met for the purpose of presenting to the Rev. T. Watkinson (their late pastor), a testimonial of their affectionate regard. About five o'clock the

friends sat down to tea, after which the public meeting commenced, when Mr. Roberts, of Ross, presided. The presentation was made by Mr. Rudge, which consisted of a very handsome silver teapot. Mr. Watkinson replied in a very touching and suitable manner. The meeting was then addressed by the Revs. P. Preece, T. H. Jones, J. Beard, and Messrs. Rhodes and Provis, all of whom gave expression to their kindly feelings and wishes towards Mr. Watkinson, whose labours have been very extensively blessed in this neighbourhood.

NEW MILFORD, PEMBROKESHIRE.—On Thursday, May 19th, an interesting recognition service was held at the Baptist chapel in this place, in connection with the settlement of the Rev. E. Edwards, Pillgwenlly, Newport. In the afternoon sermons were preached by the Revs. D. Davies, Pembroke, and J. R. Jenkins, Tenby. In the evening, addresses were delivered on given subjects by the Revs. J. Williams, B. A., Narberth; W. Owens, Solva; T. Burditt, M.A., and T. Davies, D.D., of the Baptist College, Haverfordwest. Several neighbouring ministers also took part in the services. The present aspect of this infant interest appears cheering, and promises well for future success.

WYLE COT CHAPEL, SHREWSBURY.—On Sunday, June 19th, the Rev. J. D. Alford, late minister of the Wednesbury Circuit of the United Methodist Free Church, preached in the above place from Acts ii. 38, 39, stating the views he had been led to embrace upon the subject of baptism, after which, he was baptized by the Rev. J. Smith, of Pontesbury. Mr. Skemp, a local preacher from the same body, was baptized at the same time. Mr. Alford is now open to supply vacant churches with a view to the pastorate. Communications addressed to him, care of Mr. Skemp, Bilston, will be immediately forwarded.

GARWAY, HEREFORD.—The Baptist chapel at the above place having undergone thorough repair, and considerable alterations and improvements, was reopened on Wednesday, June 1st, when three sermons were preached. The Rev. James Bullock, M.A., of Abergavenny, preached in the morning from Romans viii. 24. In the afternoon Youannah El Carey, an Arabian, and now a student for the ministry, delivered a discourse founded on Revelation xxii. 17. In the evening the Rev. J. Penny preached from 1 Kings xviii. 41-45. The collections during the day amounted to £21 3s. 0d.

MINISTERIAL CHANGES.—The Rev. Joseph Drew, nineteen years pastor of the Baptist church, Newbury, having accepted the unanimous invitation of the church meeting in Trinity Road Chapel, Halifax, to become their pastor, is expected to enter upon his duties on the 24th of July.—The Rev. C. Bailhache, of Watford, has accepted a cordial invitation to the pastorate from the church meeting in Cross Street, Islington, and hopes to commence his labours in his new sphere on Sunday, July 3rd.—The Rev. Joseph Price intends to resign the pastorate of the Baptist church, Montacute, Somerset, at Michaelmas next, after a connection of forty-three years; leaving, to the deep regret of a warmly attached people, on account of advancing age, and the need of relief from pastoral duties and responsibilities.—The Rev. T. R. Stevenson, of Harlow, has accepted the unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the church worshipping in Union Chapel, Luton, and intends commencing his labours there shortly.—The Rev. T. Rose (late of Pershore), wishes us to mention that his address for the present is—Kettering, Northamptonshire.—Mr. R. A. Shadieck, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, has accepted a cordial invitation to the pastorate of the Baptist church, Chipping Campden, Gloucestershire.—The Rev. J. Turner, of Mr. Spurgeon's College, has accepted a unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the congregation meeting in the Assembly Room, Old Swan, near Liverpool.—Mr. T. Cannon, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, has accepted the unanimous invitation of the Baptist church worshipping in East Street Chapel, Newton Abbot, to become its pastor.—The Rev. John Brooks, late of Ebenezer Chapel, South Shields, has accepted the unanimous invitation of the churches at Shotley and Rowley, to become their pastor. He entered on his labours the first Sunday in May.—The Rev. W. Hayward has resigned the pastorate of the Baptist church, King Street, Wigan, and has accepted the unanimous invitation of the church, at Redruth, Cornwall.—The Rev. E. Bott, of Barton Fabis, terminates his pastorate of that church in the middle of July.—The Rev. Harvey Phillips, of Rawdon College, having received a cordial and unanimous call to the pastorate of the church meeting in Scarisbrick Street Chapel, Wigan, has agreed to supply them for twelve months, and will commence his stated labours on the first Sunday in July.—Mr. T. Foston, of the Baptist College, Bristol, has accepted the cordial invitation of the church meeting at Salem Chapel, Clarence Parade, Cheltenham, to become its pastor, and hopes

to enter upon his labours on Sunday, July 3rd.—Mr. Parry, of the Baptist College, Bristol, has accepted the cordial invitation of the Baptist church at Wells to become its pastor, and will enter upon his labours on Sunday, July 3rd.

GENERAL.

THE BISHOP OF NATAL ON JUDICIAL OATHS.—The Right Rev. Dr. Colenso has forwarded to the Society for procuring the Abolition of Judicial Oaths a donation of two guineas, accompanying his remittance with the following letter:—"Sir,—I cannot doubt that it is my duty to lend what support I can to the association for procuring the abolition of the practice of taking oaths in a court of justice, for the following reasons:—1. The practice in question appears to me to be *demoralising*, as it teaches people to consider that a lie, deliberately told in common life, without an oath, is less wicked than a lie told under the sanction of an oath. 2. It is *superstitious*, as it implies that the Divine Judge will be more present when appealed to by an oath, than when a deliberate lie is told under ordinary circumstances. 3. It is *illiberal*, and contrary to the whole spirit of modern legislation, which recognises the principle that the State should make no distinction between the subjects of the Queen, on account of any difference in religious opinion, and above all should not *persecute* and lay under civil disabilities in order to encourage and enforce certain forms of religious opinion. 4. It is *unjust*, since the grossest idolator, and the savage who knows nothing of the being of a God, are yet, as subjects of the Queen, admitted to give their evidence, for what it is worth, in the colonial courts of justice. 5. It is *impolitic*, since a dishonest rogue may escape the necessity of giving evidence by pretending to be an atheist; while the ends of justice may be defeated, and a villain be turned loose to prey upon society, because the person injured by him, though professing to be an atheist, may be too upright and conscientious to hide his profession, and lie to his own soul and to his fellow-men, in order that his testimony may be received in court, and his person and goods find protection from the law. 6. It is altogether *unnecessary*, as the punishment due to false testimony may just as well be laid upon the false *assertor* as on the false *swearer*.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully, J. W. NATAL. P.S.—The best comment upon the practical value of the system of taking oaths, as a means of securing that the truth shall be told in a court of justice, is given by the statement of Mr. Baron Martin at

the late Devizes Assizes, March 28th, as reported in *The Times* of March 30th. Mr. Martin said :—"The offence of perjury was becoming exceedingly common; for he did not believe there was a single day in which perjury was not committed in courts of justice."

THE BURMESE MISSION AND MRS. MASON.—We have received a pamphlet of 132 closely-printed octavo pages from Burmah. The document is nothing less than the proceedings of a council, called from all the missions in Burmah, by the Rev. Messrs. Cross and Bixby, in the case of the troubles which Mrs. Mason has brought upon the Toungoo Mission by her silly and injurious hallucinations. The meeting of the council was held at Toungoo in October last, and subsequently in Rangoon. The missionaries present at the first meeting were Kincaid, Beecher, Stevens, Vinton, and Haswell; and at the second meeting, Bennett, Binney, Rose, and Carpenter, with the above-named brethren. The investigations appear to have been of the most thorough character, and the result of all was the unanimous adoption of a report declaring Mrs. Mason, in religious matters, to be labouring under hallucinations amounting to monomania, to which is to be added an "unscrupulous ambition and thirst for notoriety"; that the peace of the mission requires her removal from it; and that Dr. Mason is blameworthy for the part he has taken in sustaining her. The record of the council is a sorrowful illustration of what may be the baneful influence of a misguided woman, when substituting her own whims for the teachings of God.—*New York Examiner*.

LAY AND CLERICAL ADDRESS TO THE ARCHBISHOPS.—The following address to the Archbishops is being circulated for signature :—"To his Grace the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of all England and Metropolitan; to his Grace the Lord Archbishop of York, Primate of England and Metropolitan :—We, the undersigned clergymen and laymen of the several provinces of England and Ireland, hereby acknowledge with deep gratitude the pastorals lately issued by your graces to the two provinces of Canterbury and York. Our fervent prayer is that your graces may be richly endowed with wisdom from on high, and may be enabled, with the other primates and bishops of the United Church of England and Ireland, to take effectual counsel for upholding, amid the peculiar dangers of the present times, the Divine authority of Holy Scripture and the integrity of the faith, so that the Gospel of our Lord and

Saviour may be taught in all its purity amongst ourselves, and handed on, without diminution or addition, to our children's children." A large number of signatures to the address have been already received. Amongst them are those of the Duke of Marlborough, the Earl of Shaftesbury, Mr. Gladstone, Archdeacon Denison, Dr. Pusey, &c., &c.

A CHRISTIAN VICAR AT THE GRAVE OF A POOR NONCONFORMIST.—A very beautiful example of Christian liberality was witnessed recently at the funeral of an aged Christian, the late Mr. Lightwood, for some thirty years clerk of the Independent chapel in Bridge-street, Walsall. The worthy vicar of the parish, the Rev. J. H. Sharwood, who had been in the habit of visiting the deceased weekly for many years, walked with the Rev. Dr. Gordon, and the deacons of the church, at the head of the funeral procession to the cemetery. At the close of the portion of the service of the Church of England for the Burial of the Dead which is read in the chapel, which inimitable form the rev. doctor uses at his funerals, the vicar addressed the congregation at some length on the character of the deceased, and expressed the high estimate he entertained of the humble Christian about to be committed to the dust. He was not ashamed to acknowledge that the materials for many of his sermons had been gathered from conversations held with his poor friend. At the grave the excellent clergyman joined audibly in the responses connected with the service.—*Patriot*.

MR. GLADSTONE AND VOLUNTARIYISM.—Mr. Gladstone, while he has lately done so much to raise the hopes of political reformers, has not forgotten, whether consciously or unconsciously, to afford some of his powerful aid to Voluntaries. At the recent annual meeting of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, he repeated the story about the admirable results which have followed the withdrawal of the Queen's letter, spoke eloquently of the advantages of self-reliance, and bade his audience beware of Chancellors of the Exchequer. Mr. Gladstone may think it too soon to advocate an exclusive reliance on Voluntarism for home evangelization, but he has done everything he well could to suggest the idea. To us it is amazing that those who hope to Christianize the heathen world without the aid of State machinery should gravely insist that the use of such machinery is absolutely essential for the maintenance of Christianity in England.—*Liberator*.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND AND WESLEYAN MINISTERS.—A Wesleyan minister sends a copy of the following printed circular to *The Watchman*. He says it has been sent to him :—"Any Wesleyan minister wishing to become a clergyman of the Church of England, can be admitted to St. Aidan's College without the preparatory examination, and on advantageous terms, the particulars of which may be known on application to the principal.—St. Aidan's College, Birkenhead, May, 1864."

REFUSAL TO BURY A CHILD AT NETHERTON.—On Sunday, the 5th of June, a respectable inhabitant of Netherton—Mr. William Eley, a Baptist Protestant Dissenter—wished to bury a child of his, aged thirteen months, in the Church of England burying-ground, when he was informed by the rev. incumbent that the corpse would not be permitted to enter the church, and that neither himself nor his curate would read the burial service over the remains at the grave, inasmuch as the child had not been admitted into the Church of England by the rite of infant baptism. Under the circumstances, the father submitted to the child being buried without the service. But these facts becoming generally known, the pastor of the chapel where the parents attended, accompanied by a portion of his congregation, proceeded with the corpse to the church, where the Rev. Mr. Major had an interview with the

clergyman, and requested permission to sing a hymn at the grave, which request was rudely denied, and the Dissenting minister and his friends ordered to leave the churchyard, which they did. The Dissenting minister then addressed the people outside the gates, from the top of the mourning-coach, after which they sang a hymn, and quietly dispersed—the clergyman intimating to Mr. Major that whatever power the law invested him with he would assuredly use.—*Birmingham Daily Post*.

DISCIPLINE IN DISSENTING CHURCHES NOT HINDERED BY LAW.—A member of a Dissenting congregation in Wales, a woman, being charged by one of the brethren with unchastity, and turned out of the congregation in consequence, brought an action for slander; and the case, which came on in the shape of a demurrer to the declaration, was argued some days since before the Court of Queen's Bench. Counsel contended, on the part of the defendant, that refusal of communion and denial of association with the ministers and leaders of a religious congregation were not special temporal damage, and that, therefore, the action could not lie. The Lord Chief Justice held a similar opinion, but thought "the law was cruelly hard which prevented a married woman whose character had been wantonly assailed from vindicating it by action, unless she could show some substantial temporal damage."

Editorial Notes for the Month.

At the time we write the great question which is agitating England from one end to the other is the awful one of Peace or War. Probably the question will have been definitely settled before this page appears, so that it is useless to indulge conjectures or to venture on predictions; but at present the probabilities all point to an immediate resumption of hostilities between Germany and Denmark; in which case it is thought by many that England will sooner or later interfere. That the popular sympathy is largely with Denmark it were foolish to deny; though whether that sympathy will go the length of plunging us into a conflict with Austria and Prussia it is impossible yet to tell. France stands somewhat haughtily aside. Is the Emperor resenting the refusal of Lord Russell to unite in his European Congress, or is he looking with a longing eye to the provinces that border on the Rhine?

American affairs have caused much excitement during the month. The army of the Federals, under General Grant, has forced its way through

blood and slaughter to a position less than ten miles from Richmond ; but between General Grant and Richmond there stands the, as yet, unbroken line of General Lee. Meantime the too-notorious *Alabama* has finished her piratical career, and she now lies under the blue waves almost within sight of the British shore. Preparations are being made in the North for the election of President, and all the probabilities point to the re-election of President Lincoln.

Parliament has been busy about many things. The Opposition have done their best to "bother" Lord Palmerston with the vexed question of Denmark and the Duchies, and there have been rumours of a serious attempt to upset the Government by a vote of want of confidence in their foreign policy. The "Permissive Bill" and the Ballot have both been rejected by large majorities. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has carried through the Commons his valuable Bill for Government Assurances and Annuities ; and the Attorney-General has been compelled to withdraw his Church-building Acts Consolidation Bill, to which we referred last month, and by which he would have legalised Church-Rates in some two thousand additional parishes. Mr. Dodson's Bill for the Abolition of University Tests at Oxford, has been allowed to advance another stage.

A name that was once famous has disappeared from the list of the living. Mr. Smith O'Brien, the Irish agitator, died at Bangor on the 18th ult. He had long ceased to take any prominent part in political affairs—indeed to this he was virtually pledged by the merciful policy of the Government towards him. Now he disappears, almost without a record, from the world in which he had played so sad a part. We are told that he was a gentleman and a Christian : we hope that he lived long enough to see the folly and the sinfulness of his former career.

The Denominational history of the month centres almost wholly in the meetings of the Associations. We have given a brief account of those meetings elsewhere. The only thing to be regretted in regard to them is, that the statistical returns are so generally unfavourable. The rate of increase to the churches had fallen low enough in the *last* annual returns : this year, it is to be feared that the rate will be still lower. The fact suggests important inquiries to which we may draw attention another month : meantime there are many suggestions which are sufficiently obvious, to which we shall all do well to take heed. Certainly, if we all did our duty, the progress of our churches would be recorded at a much more satisfactory rate. What is our fault, and where ? Is it in our system, or in ourselves ? Do we fail to respond as we should to the gracious challenge of our Lord : "*Prove me now herewith*, and see whether I will not open the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room to contain it" ?

THE

BAPTIST REPORTER.

AUGUST, 1864.

THE ASSOCIATIONS REPORTING PROGRESS.

OUR readers will doubtless have read the summary which we gave in our last Number of the Annual Meetings of the Associations. These meetings have been largely attended, deeply interesting, very devotional, and highly encouraging. They demonstrate a fact, which many have questioned—that Baptists are united, that they hold fellowship with one another in the Gospel, that they are equally able and willing to co-operate in the extension of the kingdom of the Redeemer, and that they regard themselves as called to an aggressive enterprise as well as to a defence of the truth. The denomination has “the dew of its youth” upon it. There are no signs of decrepitude, no marks even of old age, visible in it. Grateful for a long past, reaching back to the age of the apostles, the Baptists rejoice with trustful hope in a longer future, reaching forward to the coming of Christ. Gazing round upon unoccupied fields of labour in professedly Christian lands, and looking abroad upon the dreary wastes of Heathendom, the Baptist denomination re-consecrates itself to the work of the Lord with all the fervour of a first love, and with all the buoyancy of youthful zeal. The recent Association meetings have inspired us with devout thankfulness to God for what he has accomplished in and by the Baptists, and with gladsome anticipations of brighter days to come for our denomination.

Those of our readers who are accustomed to attend Associational gatherings, will often have noted the eager curiosity which the brethren manifest to hear the reports from the churches, and the careful manner in which the gains and losses in membership are jotted down over against the name of each church in the last year’s *Circular Letter*. Such brethren must have been gratified at the meetings so lately held. The clear increase in the fourteen churches of the North-Western Association is sixty-seven, nearly five per church. The Midland Association reports an increase of thirty per cent. On the whole, though few Associations can tell of large accessions, the churches appear to be steadily progressing in numbers, the gains exceeding the losses, and the result justifying the confidence that the

preaching of the Cross is, as in the days of the apostles, the power of God unto salvation. Statistics have their value, and we should deprecate their suppression; but they must not be taken as an infallible criterion of the spiritual state of the churches. We have sometimes been surprised to observe that, when the additions to membership have been numerous, the Association has been jubilant and hopeful; and when few have been added, it has been sorrowfully self-accusing. It is forgotten that there is a time to sow as well as a time to reap, and that, while statistics tabulate for us the amount of work which is done by the reaper, they are silent respecting the sowing. Statistics are not a test of the value of the labour done, nor can they be made the gauge of the worth of the labourer. Judged by the number of converts, Elijah the Tishbite was an unsuccessful prophet. Notwithstanding all his sermons and his miracles, with the long famine and returning plenty to help him, the greatest of Hebrew preachers "laboured in vain and spent his strength for naught," so far as detaching worshippers from the false god was concerned. We do not read that Elijah's ministry won a single convert from Baalism for "the only living and true God." Had he reported year after year to an Association that he had received none into the church, a few of the brethren would have shaken their heads in doubt, and many others would have thought that Elijah had mistaken his vocation. As a man may deserve success and not secure it (or rather *seem* to secure it), so a man may appear to lose ground while he is really doing God's will. On one occasion, the Lord Jesus himself preached a sermon to the church of which he was visible Head and pastor. The discourse gave such great offence—it was too spiritual for carnal hearers—that "from that time many of his disciples went back, and walked no more with him." It is hinted in the Gospel history (sixth chapter of John) that only the twelve remained faithful. The announcement at a modern Association that some hundreds had withdrawn from a church, and that the membership had been reduced to twelve, would be listened to in astonishment, and the unhappy pastor would be regarded as unsuitable for his post. The subject of statistics has, we know, another side; and for ourselves we value them highly, and would on no account dispense with them. There are, however, other facts which cannot be tabulated, and which must be considered in estimating the work of a church or its minister. Statistics, we repeat, tell of the reaping: and it is generally the case that "one soweth and another reapeth." The apparently unprosperous are usually the sowers, while the reapers are evidently successful. Whether of the two is doing the greater work, God alone knows. If we were compelled to choose our own task, we should ask to be permitted to sow the seed; and though we never reaped, we should not lose the reward, for in the time of harvest sower and reaper will rejoice together. Go on with thy work, sower of the seed, content that for a time, if need be for all time, the precious seed shall be buried, and others remain ignorant of thy toil: "good and faithful," thou shalt "enter into the joy of thy Lord," whatever men below think of thee. And thou, reaper of the grain, see to it that thou despisest not the sower, without whose labour thou wouldest not reap, but as thou gatherest in the fruit,

and tellect the number of thy sheaves, remember that "other men have laboured, and thou hast entered into their labours." Would that the churches were more desirous to be faithful to Christ in their work than to appear successful! It may help us to this fidelity to bear in mind, that *statistics know nothing of the sowing, only report the reaping*, and thus leave one half, if not three-fourths, of the labour of the church unmentioned.

One feature of the Association meetings is especially promising—the prominence given to Home Mission effort. A stranger, who knew the Baptists only through the *Hand-Book*, would be apt to think that they are unmindful of the claims of their own country upon their Christian sympathies. He reads in last year's *Hand-Book* that they subscribe to the Foreign Missions some £30,000 a year, while the income of the Baptist Home Missionary Society is little more than £1,300. But this impression would be false. Our Associations are Home Missionary Societies. During the year 1863–4, for instance, Northamptonshire distributed £225 among six needy churches; Norfolk and Suffolk spent £95, and Huntingdonshire a like sum, in Home Mission work; Wilts and East Somersetshire expended nearly £100 in evangelizing places otherwise destitute of the Gospel; Yorkshire devoted £236 to this object; and Lancashire and Cheshire set aside as their Home Mission Fund, £277 5s. 9d. Other Associations join in the pious task of sending the Gospel to "the agricultural and manufacturing districts of Great Britain;" and the recent Association meetings show that the liveliest interest is taken by the churches in the performance of this duty. Most of the churches are Home Missionary Societies. The Yorkshire Circular Letter, for 1864, which has been forwarded to us, reports that there are in that county sixty-two preaching stations, besides the chapels in which the churches stately meet for worship. The Lancashire and Cheshire Letter, which also lies upon our table, informs us that in those two counties there are forty-eight places in which the Gospel is regularly preached. So that *in these two Associations we have no less than one hundred and ten Home Mission stations directly supported by the churches, and which are, therefore, not included in the reports of "County Missions," or the "Baptist Home Missionary Society."* Our Lancashire friends at their last anniversary made a contribution to the Home Mission Fund a condition of membership in their Association; and the tendency throughout the denomination is towards a more vigorous prosecution of the work of the Lord at home. This is a healthy feature in our Associations, a sign of robust life, and an earnest of yet greater usefulness.

The review of the Association meetings convinces us that our churches cherish large sympathies and a comprehensive charity. Their annual services were as varied as their claims upon them. Prayer abounded. We never remember to have noticed such conclusive evidence that the churches are looking to the Strong for strength, and realize that "God giveth the increase." The early prayer-meeting has become an established institution. This year, other services have been set apart for the supplicating of Divine help; and if a praying people must prosper, prosperity will attend our Associated churches. In several Associations there seems

to be a disposition to substitute addresses on special subjects for sermons. The Suffolk and Norfolk brethren appear to have had no preaching; but the Revs. C. Elven, T. M. Morris, and J. Webb, spoke "On the Union of Prayer and Effort for the Spread of the Gospel," "On Christian Life—its Nature and Manifestation," and "On the Duty of Churches to Support their Pastors, and the Best Means of Accomplishing it." Wales retains its partiality for preaching. After a double lecture in the evening of the first day, the "Old Welsh Association" listened to two sermons before breakfast the next morning, to three more at the morning service, to other three in the afternoon, and to a concluding three at night. In about twelve hours, the good people heard eleven sermons. Another fact in this connection is noteworthy: the practice of reading papers is extending. At the meeting of the Devon Association, Mr. J. Holmden, of Plymouth, read a paper on "Evangelistic Effort," which was followed by a resolution "to employ an evangelist for the more destitute parts of the county." Another Association (the Leicestershire) requested one of its ministers to prepare a paper for the next meeting, "On the Origin and Progress of the Baptist Denomination in the County of Leicester." It is difficult to determine the wisest and readiest mode of presenting doctrine and practice to the churches. Perhaps there are some in each Association who would be most benefited by one alone of these means of addressing them. Short speeches on special subjects, sermons, and papers, might succeed each other, and be made useful to all attendants. The reading of a paper, if accompanied by a conference, can be none other than productive of good. It has also occurred to some brethren, whether the Moderator might not with advantage to the Association begin the meetings by a carefully-prepared address, which should give tone and character to the entire series of services. The committee of the Baptist Missionary Society must be cheered by the undeniable and earnest interest which the churches take in the conversion of the heathen to Christ. With very few exceptions, and right heartily, the Associations have renewed their assurances of zealous co-operation with the executive of our honoured and beloved society in their labours. Other claims have not been forgotten. The Rev. J. G. Oncken has successfully pleaded before two or three county meetings in behalf of the German Mission, and has received practical proof that the Baptists of England wish him and his brethren "good speed" in their noble enterprise. He asked for funds to support six additional missionaries, and he obtained them, we understand, from Lancashire and Yorkshire. The business meetings of the Associations this year have been characterized by singular unanimity, a many-sided helpfulness, and a godly resolve to respond to every call which God makes upon the churches. In a few cases, the brethren have also united in celebrating the dying love of Jesus. Why not in all? This sacred service, designed to perpetuate the remembrance of Christ, would appropriately close every Association anniversary; and we would suggest to secretaries and committees, whether communion with each other and their common Lord in the holy ordinance of the Supper, would not crown and consummate the fellowship of the associated churches.

At several Association meetings, the claims of the Baptist Union were brought before the churches, and considerable interest was taken in its prospects. We are glad to observe that the Midland Association has invited the Union to meet at Birmingham in the autumn, and we hope to see the announcement that the invitation is accepted. Why should not our Union be as popular as our Associations? It is unquestionably a denominational anomaly, that a county Association anniversary should be more numerously attended than the annual meeting of The Baptist Union of Great Britain and Ireland. The fact that the Association secures the presence of nearly all the ministers and a fair proportion of the active deacons of a county, is sufficient evidence that there is no abstract or practical objection to union. Now that the Union has resolved on a more vigorous prosecution of its objects, may we not hope that it will become to the country what the Association is to a county? The autumnal meeting at Birmingham, should it be held, may be made helpful in attaining this much-desired end. We would respectfully suggest to the secretaries and the committee of the Union that, by providing devotional meetings, preaching services, papers and conferences, they would attract to their meetings the wisest and the best and the most earnest among the Baptists. Brethren will not travel fifty, much less more than a hundred miles, to hurry through a score of resolutions, without opportunity of deliberation, and to complete the business of a session at a single sitting. Let the autumnal meeting of the Union be made attractive by a programme that shall hold up before the denomination the certain prospect of holy fellowship, one or two good sermons, and mutual consultation on "the things concerning the kingdom of God," and we shall bring nearer the day when there shall be really and evidently, as well as nominally, "The Baptist Union of Great Britain and Ireland."

HENRY WARD BEECHER ON INFANT BAPTISM.

As most people know, Henry Ward Beecher is about the best-abused man of his age. We who have known him long by his sermons, writings, and speeches, can easily account for this, and continue to admire him as the greatest preacher of the American pulpit. Such an outspoken man; fearless even to daring, bold even to audacity; spurning the conventionalisms of theology, and teaching the Gospel of Christ according to his own conception,—such a man is sure to shock and terrify multitudes of precise and formal people. But there can be no question, on the other hand, that he believes what he teaches with the whole force of a sincere conviction; that he has a lion-like bravery to confront popular errors and vices; that he has great and vigorous faculties; and that he is a *good* man, in a very high sense, with a pure and tender heart. He may have said extravagant and unwise things; but, then, he has said great and glorious things, too; and if the people who carp at him would speak like him, we would forgive them more faults than we are called to pardon in Henry Ward Beecher.

We like this sermon of his on Infant Baptism more than we can express in moderate terms of eulogy. It is so like him—so charmingly candid and fearless.

There is no attempt to trim and tack—no effort to be at agreement with the current arguments for Infant Baptism—but the bold proclamation of an open rupture with all the traditions of the question. He abandons the old craft of the Pædobaptists as a stranded hulk, and puts to sea in a little coracle of his own, and says, in effect, that if he can't float with that he is willing to sink. The morning on which this sermon was preached he baptized some sixteen children, and he sets himself to justify the deed before the tribunal of the Baptist on the one hand, and on the other, to show the Pædobaptist that the practice cannot be justified either by the example of the apostles or by texts of Scripture. By analysis and extracts we will try and give our readers some account of the sermon; and we fancy it will interest them as showing where, in the view of a candid and intelligent man, the defence of Infant Baptism must lie.

The text is Mark x. 13-16: "And they brought young children to him, that he should touch them: and his disciples rebuked those that brought them. But when Jesus saw it, he was much displeased, and said unto them, Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God. Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein. And he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them." The theory of Baptism constructed from this passage is indicated by the following sentences: "He declared that infant children were already in that moral and salvable condition to which adults come by repentance and a renunciation of their habits and past life. . . . The state of mind which is natural to a little child is that state of mind which Christ holds up as evidence of a gracious condition in a converted adult." Then the next step of the argument is that the act of baptism, whether in the case of infants or of adults, is simply *declaratory*: "Baptism, in the case of an adult, is a sign that the subject of it has renounced his sin, and is living for heart-cleanliness; and in the case of a child, it is a declaration, made on behalf of the child, that it is clean. Besides, it means, in the case of the child, that the parent says, 'I am to bring it up so that, by the continual cleansing of the Holy Ghost, it shall grow up in Christian nurture and admonition.' But in either case it means the same thing,—namely, the work of God upon the heart."

Then come a defence and an assault: a defence of the position thus taken against the objections of the Baptists, and an assault upon the arguments by which Infant Baptism is usually upheld:—

1. "Sometimes people object to the baptism of children because children cannot take any vows on them. They do not need to. All that baptism means is a divine work. . . . But it is objected that the child cannot understand the act. It does not need to. The work of God's Spirit upon the heart is not conditioned upon our understanding it. . . . Baptism is the sign of a fact, and that fact may exist with or without our recognition."

2. "But it is objected again, that a man takes vows upon himself in baptism, while a child cannot do it, since it has no will by which to choose. I reply that a man may take vows, but that the taking of vows is no part of baptism in and of itself. It may be fitly joined to it, and is a proper accompaniment of it; but baptism is something else. It is a sign of what God has done, and not of human volition."

3. "It is objected, thirdly, that children, having received baptism, may grow up unconscious of any such act, and depart from Christian states, and become willingly wicked. So may adults. They often do. If an adult, being baptized, may yet fall away from that which baptism indicates, why should it be an objection to the baptism of children that they may outgrow the good that is in them?"

The preacher then goes on to say that "one parent, at least, must needs be a Christian, or else the baptism ought not to be administered to the child. What the parent says in the baptism of the child is this: 'I will bring up this child in the nurture and admonition of the Lord;' and no father or mother is prepared to make this promise who knows nothing of the nurture and admonition of the Lord."

He says those who refuse baptism to children are "doing again precisely the same thing which was rebuked by Christ in his disciples. Are we not having an overweening estimate of the importance of adult men, and a slighting faith of the spiritual worth and condition of childhood? And is it not a part of the training we have received, to put confidence in reason, and choice, and manly habits, so as to take it for granted that a man who is converted late has more chances of possessing the kingdom of God than the child that begins with purity in his heart? I think we over-estimate manhood, and undervalue childhood, as they did who denied children to Christ, and were rebuked for it."

But the most remarkable part of the sermon is that in which he repudiates the old arguments for Infant Baptism. In some parts of the sermon you seem to be reading Dr. Bushnell on *Christian Nurture*; but Mr. Beecher gives up much which Dr. Bushnell tenaciously holds and pleads for. Dr. Bushnell says that though baptism is not the *substitute* for circumcision, it is yet an analogical rite, as inclusive of all the members of the family; makes much of the baptism of households mentioned in the *Acts*; says, further, that as the children of the household were baptized in the case of the baptism of proselytes, so, as Christian baptism was adopted from the baptism of proselytes, children are to be included in the Christian rite; and, finally, he contends, from some passages of doubtful meaning in Justin Martyr and Irenæus, that the baptism of infants was very early practised in the apostolic church. Our readers shall read for themselves what Mr. Beecher thinks of these and other such arguments:—

"But it is still further objected that infant baptism is nowhere commanded in Scripture; that it is known to be of ecclesiastical origin; that it is founded on a theological doctrine which now all Protestant sects have repudiated; that the practice has become superstitious; and that it stands in the way of a scriptural manner of employing the ordinance. And it is claimed that for all these reasons it is not obligatory, and should be discontinued. I concede and I assert, first, that infant baptism is nowhere commanded in the New Testament. No man can find a passage that commands it; and if it can stand only on that ground, we may as well give it up first as last. Secondly, I affirm that the cases where it is employed, as in the baptism of whole households, are by no means conclusive and without doubt; and that, if there is no other basis for it than that, it is not safe to found it on the practice of the apostles in the baptism of Christian families. Therefore, I give up that which has been injudiciously used as an argument for infant baptism. And, thirdly, I assert that the doctrine that as a Christian ordinance it is a substitute for the circumcision of the Jews is a doctrine that is utterly untenable, to say nothing more. If there were no other argument than this for it, I should not blame those that rail at it, and set it at naught. It is not commanded by Scripture; there is no well-attested case of its administration in the New Testament; and it is not brought down as a substitute for circumcision.

"'Well,' say men, 'you have knocked the whole moral argument in favour of infant baptism from under your feet.' I beg your pardon; I stand more firmly in my advocacy of it than I should if I held to those views. Is there no liberty for a Christian assembly to do anything that experience shows to be beneficial? If you ask me, 'Where is your text?' I answer you by saying, I do not want a text. Show me a thing that experience proves to be good, and I fall back on the liberty which is vouchsafed to every Christian, and which is set forth in the New Testament, and say, 'By this liberty I do it. There is my warrant, and there is my authority.'"

In answer to any one who asks, Is it not a superstition? he says, Yes; but still pleads for it thus:—

"It is said further, by way of objection, that the origin of infant baptism was ecclesiastical; that it sprang up in the earlier periods of the Romish Church; and that it was made the ground of a theological dogma, which now all Protestant sects have repudiated. The Roman Catholic taught that everybody was culpable by reason of the sin of Adam, even before he became culpable of any sin of his own; but nobody now believes any such thing, except those that are in phantasmagorical dreams. We do not believe that anybody can be guilty for any sin that he has not committed himself. In the Roman Catholic Church, it was taught that the child was baptized to wash from him the sin which he got from Adam; and that when baptized he was quit of Adam; and it was thought that, if a child died without baptism, it was lost. But I baptize dying children, not because I believe they will be lost if they are not baptized, but because the parent feels better to have them baptized. It is a harmless act. 'But,' says one, 'is it not a superstition?' Yes, it is one of those innocent superstitions which, in such a case, I would not crush. There are many superstitions that I would not crush. I would rather turn them to advantage. In people of European countries, and in immigrants of our own, there is a feeling that a child may lose that dies without baptism. But do not be troubled on that score. It is not about your child that you need to be troubled, but about yourself. We do not believe that Adam's sin is entailed upon others, and that baptism takes it off; but we acknowledge that the baptism of infants sprang from that notion. And when men say that it originated from a dogma that all Protestant Christendom set aside, it is true.

"The practice, it is said, has become a superstition. I think it very likely; and for that reason it should be enlightened. What is a superstition? It is going in any direction from a supposed necessity when it is not necessary. It is a term implying feeling with an unenlightened intellect directing it. Infant baptism may be superstitiously administered, as though it did more than it ever does do; but the remedy for the evil is not to discontinue the ordinance: it is to instruct the parent.

"But it is said, 'It stands in the way of a scriptural employment of the ordinance.' Then there is all the more reason for defending it, and limiting it, and not doing it away entirely."

His general view of the necessity and benefit of Infant Baptism is thus frankly stated:—

"The objections raised to infant baptism on the ground that it is ecclesiastical are good to a certain extent, but they are not sufficient to condemn it; for the views which we hold of it are different from those which were held of it by those who originated it. What do I say to those who have children? Do I tell them that every child must be baptized? I tell them no such thing. Do I tell them that baptism is a practice of this church, and that they must conform to it or submit to discipline? I tell them no such thing. Many have grown up to years of discretion without being baptized, and I have known it and have not troubled them; and I would not trouble them if they and I lived to the age of Methuselah. There are many that go into the Christian church from such a side of instruction that their conscience is against the ordinance. I respect their conscience. But where the conscience is not against it, I recommend it, on the ground that there is, or may be, benefit in it. The child is not affected by it, but in presenting the child for baptism the parent says, 'I will bring up this child in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. I will be to it a Christian parent, and not merely a natural parent.' And it does the child good, and does the parent good, and does the church good.

"I never look upon a child that I have laid my hands upon in baptism, that I do not love it better. I never pray for my children that I do not pray for yours. And I believe you pray for mine. And when we have offered our children in baptism, and have promised before our brethren that we will bring them up for Christ, there is more likelihood that we will do it than there would be if we had not made the promise."

Such is the substance of the sermon. If any one say, Is not this trifling with ordinances fixed by divine authority? he must carry his objection elsewhere, for Mr. Beecher will not hear it. He cuts the knot of any difficulty of this kind by saying, Ordinances are not my masters, but my servants; they are not to bind, but to carry me into greater liberty. If he fancies a rite will help him, he will use and defend it; if he thinks it will not serve his advantage, he will decline to be bound by it. The Baptist may be able to demonstrate from Scripture by many converging lines of argument that Infant Baptism is unscriptural and unapostolical; but the demonstration will go for nothing with

Mr. Beecher. He carries the matter into another court, and determines it by another mode of argument. He will not be bound by texts of Scripture, nor will he wait for the sanction of a text, in ascertaining his obligation in relation to any given rite. But Christianity has given him the liberty to come to God in the way he thinks best: and he will use that liberty.

Such is Mr. Beecher's position in relation to this question of baptism. We have stated it, not so much for the purpose of controversy, as of exhibiting another specimen of the ingenuity which the exigencies of the question from time to time call forth. It is something like a flank movement in military strategy. Instead of attempting to dislodge the Baptists from their entrenchments, he sweeps round to a new position, and, by a kind of side attack, proclaims that the day is his. His argument is remarkable for what it ignores, and for what is so easily assumed. Our main positions are quietly passed by, and by a new definition of the import of baptism, which includes only one half of its significance—by setting aside the authority of Scripture texts and examples, he propounds a doctrine of what cannot be called *Christian*, but of what should be called *Beecher's* baptism. Let our readers put the two positions in close and direct contrast, and say which is Christian and which is Beecher. The one baptism says, "This child is clean by the power of the Holy Ghost, and I, its parent, will do all in my power to keep it clean;" the other says, "I, a sinful but penitent man, by this act profess my faith in Christ, renounce the old man, and put on the new man"—two very different statements: and we should think an unbiassed reader would have little difficulty in pronouncing which is the more like the baptism which the apostles administered and wrote about.

We have very great respect for Mr. Beecher: great respect for his honesty and general fairness; but we cannot help feeling that he is trying to throw dust into his own eyes, as well as into ours, when he says that he no more wants texts for Infant Baptism than he wants them for Sunday schools. For what sort of argument is this? Are there not plenty of texts on baptism? and if they do not suit his purpose—if they do not apply to the baptism of infants, and if there are none that do so apply—we, in our simplicity, should think him bound to go back to the texts he can find, and to deduce from them the true doctrine of baptism. Or is he willing to take believers' baptism for granted; and does he wish to superadd the institution of infant baptism, and to combine the two in the practice of the church? Scarcely that, we imagine. Does it not seem perverse and inconsistent to say, "There are no texts for infant baptism, and I practise it; there are texts for adult baptism, but I decline the use of adult baptism"?

But we are drifting into argument, when we only intended exposition. We shall be glad if our readers are induced, from what we have said, to get the sermon and read it through for themselves. If we were not writing for *The Baptist Reporter* we should feel tempted to stray from this particular sermon to speak of the series now being reprinted by the publishers of this Magazine. As it is, we will only venture to say to our lay and clerical readers, do not believe half the trash you hear of Henry Ward Beecher. But get these *Sermons*, get everything within your reach that he has published, and though you may not always agree with him, though you may have sometimes strongly to disagree, you will thank God for having sent such a man to preach his Gospel. Great gifts have been entrusted to him, and he is consecrating those gifts to the service of Christ so faithfully and usefully, that if we lived in New York we should listen to Henry Ward Beecher every Sunday.

CONCERNING CONVOCATION.

It ought to be possible anywhere, and it is certainly possible in the pages of this Magazine, to discuss the recent action of Convocation in pronouncing Synodical condemnation of *Essays and Reviews*, without incurring any responsibility on account of that notorious volume. We will not waste a word, therefore, in disclaiming sympathy with the heresies of which it is full. On strict principles of law, justice, and policy, we may denounce the condemnation of the book, without exposing ourselves to the remotest suspicion of approval of the book itself.

The present day has witnessed, among many other wonders, a strange revival of High Church principles. In the phrase "High Church principles," we do not now make any reference to the theology of the Puseyites, but only to the arrogant pretensions of the clergy of the Establishment of which not the Puseyites alone are guilty. The spiritual activity of the Church has, no doubt, remarkably increased. The devotion of its ministers was never more notable at any period of its history than now. There is more of what our readers will understand by the words *church-life* within the bosom of the National Establishment than has been witnessed for centuries. We have bishops who are hard-working administrators of ecclesiastical affairs as well as distinguished preachers of religion. These are facts which only the blind can deny, and of which only the churlish will complain. But, side by side with them are other facts, not less obvious, not less significant, but of infinitely less satisfactory import. The striking achievements of voluntary zeal in the Church, the imposing expansion of its spiritual aims, and the unparalleled improvement of its moral tone, have been consentaneous with a feverish irritability under the restraints of its legal obligations, and insidious attempts to lay hold of some at least of the finer weapons of independent power. The spiritual earnestness to which we have alluded has found a sort of organic expression in the Church Congresses which have now become annual; the renewed sacerdotal ambition of the clergy has crept out in the proceedings of Convocation. Those proceedings have been marked, during the last three or four years, by a constantly-increasing animation. The discussions in which both Houses have engaged have extended over an ever-widening area, and have revealed a subtle growth in the assumption of legislative and judicial authority. The licence of Convocation has been protected from censure and restraint by the very manifestations of religious enterprise and devotion under the shadow of which it has sprung up. The demonstrations of godly zeal have been so impressive that contemporaneous stretches of power have had no mischievous intent or tendency attributed to them. In the presence of such varied and vital work for the glory of God and for the salvation of human souls, it has been felt that suspicions of a conspiracy to acquire unconstitutional prerogatives would be a gross injustice. Who would think that priestly cunning could co-exist with teachings of such prophet-like purity, and energy so apostolic in its temper and its plans? A consecration to the higher business of the heavenly kingdom,

so general in its fervour and so practical in its development, would seem to preclude the possibility of simultaneous intrigues of carnal craft and aims of lawless usurpation.

Appropriate to this gigantic inconsistency, the last and grossest act of ecclesiastical aggression appears in the guise of a holy concern that the Church should prove faithful to the doctrines of grace and salvation. The lust of authority and the zeal for truth are consummated together. Dignitaries of every rank and degree in our national hierarchy burn with jealousy for the faith, and at the same time groan with the greed of power; and the triumphant assertion of the one passion, secures scope and opportunity for the satisfaction of the other! We will not undertake to accuse our Episcopal friends of hypocrisy. That they were sincere in proceeding to a Synodical condemnation of *Essays and Reviews* we thoroughly believe, even as we believe that Saul of Tarsus was sincere when he "made havoc of the church." If human nature were gifted with such a faculty of self-analysis as would enable it to comprehend how much of evil there is in its own good, and how the fruits of its best motives sometimes become seeds of its worst policy, it would be a comparatively infallible and impeccable thing. As human nature is not so endowed, however, we may criticise the phenomena of its history and the laws of its experience without indulging in any unfair imputations whatsoever. And, in very truth, a little reflection will show us that a priesthood which is sincere in its convictions of duty is most likely to be tyrannical in the exercises of its executive and disciplinary functions. The absoluteness of ecclesiastical prerogative could not possibly exist on any narrower basis than the sense of absolute religious responsibilities. Sacerdotal ambition would collapse the moment it ceased to plead a divine charter and a spiritual inspiration. The church which does not regard itself as an institution of God's special appointment will soon die out; a church under clerical government must expect to see its rulers putting forth all the airs and assumptions to which the conviction of a special appointment by God will prompt them. Once permit a priesthood full control in things spiritual, however, and what is to hold it back from the effort to acquire control in things temporal? Surely, not the spirituality of its primary motive. It has received a heavenly election to sacred duties; and it will require no hypocrisy to reconcile it to the logic of its celestial consecration. The habit of looking down upon secular laws and customs as things of this world, above which it has been raised, and which it is its province to judge, will spontaneously and almost unconsciously establish itself; and when that habit is once confirmed, the standard of ecclesiastical absolutism has been all but reached.

Looking at the relations between the civil and ecclesiastical powers, then, in the light of mere common sense, without any strong sympathies with the principles of the heavenly kingdom as such, and at the same time with a calm and impartial estimate of the social and political influence inseparable from a large combination of earnest, devout, and godly men, whose principles of action are drawn from a divine law, and whose hopes are built on a promise that is also divine, we can well understand why the

potentates and statesmen of this world have sought to surround the Church with legal checks ingeniously devised, and to insist on the subordination of its authority to the higher authority of imperial prerogative and national law. And even we, who entertain very solemn convictions of our own on the inviolable supremacy of Christ in his own kingdom of the redeemed of men, can, in our capacity as citizens, recognize the wisdom of the considerations under which the rulers and princes of this world have in this matter acted. We frankly confess that we would trust no church with absolute temporal power. The only doctrine which can make a civil monarch terrible is that of "Divine Right." The kings of the old days of darkness did their worst to foster in the hearts of their subjects the superstition that they were the vicegerents of the Most High, ruling by his appointment and in his name. Their answer to all forms of rebellion was contained in a phrase which, to this day, carries with it some remnant of a mighty magic spell—"Touch not the Lord's anointed." Through all history, the vilest political wrongs have been perpetrated under the sanction of this monstrous assumption of Divine Right. But this assumption, which has always worn a vulgar incongruity in civil rulers, is essential to and entirely congenial with every possible form of ecclesiastical absolutism. The theory of the "Kingdom of our God" being supreme over the "kingdoms of this world," provides infinite vindications of all the arrogancies and violences that can grow out of it. Under any *régime* of religious despotism, therefore, civil justice and civil liberty would be altogether out of the question. Rebellion would wear the aspect of profanity; and to protest against human wrong would be but to blaspheme God.

Bearing these facts and principles in mind, let us glance at the position which Convocation has assumed. It has taken upon itself judicial functions, not as a properly constituted organ of the State, but in violation alike of the spirit of the constitution, the supremacy of the crown, and the law of the land. The alliance of the Church with the State in this country is based on the principle of the subjection of the spiritual to the temporal power. The Church, according to the 20th article, "hath power to decree rites or ceremonies, and authority in controversies of faith;" but the State, in its threefold organization of Queen, Lords, and Commons, is the only recognized organ of that power. We need not cite proofs of this. The monarch for the time being is, by the most constantly-reiterated terms of law, the supreme governor of the Church of England. To accomplish this grand condition was the motive of the Reformation in this country, so far as that Reformation can be regarded as a politico-ecclesiastical occurrence. Hence, we find that in the very first Act of Elizabeth's reign, it is "established and enacted that such jurisdictions, privileges, superiorities, and pre-eminences, spiritual and ecclesiastical, as by any spiritual or ecclesiastical power or authority have heretofore been, or may lawfully be, exercised or used for the visitation of the ecclesiastical state and persons, and for reformation, order, and correction of the same, and of all manner of errors, heresies, schisms, abuses, offences, contempts, and enormities" (language comprehensive enough for our argument assuredly!) "shall for ever, by authority of this present Parliament, be united and annexed to the Imperial Crown of

this realm." This statute of Elizabeth was but confirmatory of a statute passed much earlier—the 37th Henry VIII., cap. 17; in the preamble of which the Crown is explicitly described as being "supreme head on earth of the Church of England, having full power and authority to correct, punish, and repress all manner of heresies, &c., and to exercise all other manner of jurisdiction, commonly called ecclesiastical jurisdiction." Will even the Bishop of Oxford pretend that the recent act of Convocation on which we are now particularly animadverting was consistent with the letter or the spirit of these enactments? Why, the Synodical condemnation was not invoked by an appeal from the person who happens to be monarch of England at the present time. In other words, the Queen gave no licence for this business in her individual capacity. Even if she had, we question whether such licence would be sufficient to give authority to the proceeding. Whenever the Crown is spoken of in the statute-book, the word must be accepted with all the limitations required by the general principles of the constitution. In other words, it is but a technical designation of the whole State; and in all the exercises of royal prerogative, the responsible counsels of the Cabinet, and thus the sanctions of the legislature, are presupposed. Convocation, therefore, has, and can have in itself, no judicial authority whatsoever. In the enforcement of ecclesiastical discipline, the law of the land as administered by the regular and recognized tribunals is the sole standard of appeal; and in dealing with any case which does not come under the jurisdiction of those tribunals, or to which no written law will apply, Parliament alone can bestow the necessary power—Parliament alone can take the initiative.

The purport and value of this condemnation may be settled by a very short process of infallible reasoning. It is either according to law or contrary to law. If according to law, as the Archbishop of Canterbury maintained in the House of Lords, on Friday, the 15th ult., how is it to take effect? What are the forms by which it is to be enforced? In what punishment does it involve the authors? By what process of prohibition is the book to be extirpated? And, again, if this condemnation be according to law, how is the supremacy of the crown acknowledged in it? What Act of Parliament has been violated by *Essays and Reviews*? Of what statute of the realm is the condemnation an enforcement? If that condemnation is legal, it surely has the *force* of law, and is surely in formal *fulfilment* of some law which its abettors are able to specify. But the Lord Chancellor himself declares that it meets none of these conditions. It is, according to this high authority, a dead letter—"a series of well lubricated terms—a sentence so oily and so saponaceous that no one could grasp it. It is simply nothing. It is no sentence at all." Then, if the Synodical condemnation have not the force of law, if it have been arrived at without authority, and if it have in itself no authority, its authors have acted illegally. They have transgressed the statutes of the realm. They have invaded the royal supremacy. They have incurred the penalties of disobedience and usurpation. What those penalties are, the Lord Chancellor has, with his own incomparable sneer, informed us. His words are worth quoting, even in these pages. He says:—"The supremacy of the

crown is guarded by strict words, which carefully enunciate this truth,—that the crown is the fountain of all jurisdiction, ecclesiastical and spiritual, as well as temporal, and that none shall presume to exercise that jurisdiction, either directly or indirectly, without an especial warrant of the crown. And, *as if there were a possibility of the clergy endeavouring to usurp the rights and the power, which history tells us they have at times been anxious to obtain, the statutes have carefully said that if Convocation shall attempt to pass any sentence, any ordinance, or any constitution, without the previous licence and authority of the crown, they shall incur the penalties of a præmunire.*” Lord Chancellor Westbury clearly imputes to Convocation that it has exposed itself to those penalties; but he intimates that, mercifully, they will not be enforced. Now, this is a form of mercy with which we confess we have no sympathy. On the contrary, our conviction is strong that, on such points as these, the vindication of law is a matter of the very highest importance. Against the prime movers in this ridiculous business we have, of course, no personal animosity; but we know no association of men to whom it would be more perilous to all great national interests to grant impunity in the transgression of law, than to the clergy of the Established Church. We regard with mingled feelings of terror and disgust the shameful manner in which the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill is openly, and even ostentatiously, regarded as a measure not intended to be operative. These feelings, however, are altogether independent of the question whether that Bill was well-advised or not. They are based on the profound conviction that no State can afford to wink at the habitual and deliberate lawlessness of ecclesiastical bodies; and that a conscious relaxation of authority here tends inevitably and irresistibly to the relaxation of all temporal authority whatsoever, and to all those abuses and calamities which flow from the vassalage of law to the arbitrary domination of an irresponsible hierarchy.

“But,” it may be asked, “is it not a melancholy thing to see the Church of Christ bound hand and foot in this way—denied the power of declaring what is its own faith, and of enforcing discipline within its own ranks?” We fully appreciate the pertinence and the solemnity of this question. But it is fairly open to a very simple reply. We may approach it as mere citizens and men of the world. As such, we have a supreme interest in maintaining every feasible guarantee of personal liberty and social justice; and the supremacy of the Church over the State would be fatal to both. Once give to the Church the right to impose social and temporal penalties on its members, and you enthroned the very genius of persecution. We would not trust even Baptists themselves with that power. Nay, firm as is our attachment to our own principles, if the question were raised for our arbitration, we should, in the clear spirit of our divine obligations, sink the ambition of the devotee in the scruples of the citizen, and say to the State—“Not only keep from us this power, but punish with all severity the voluntary assumption of it.” When, however, we remember what the Church of England is, we feel every social and political inducement to enforce the condition of its subserviency to the State. We say, in the interest of justice and freedom, to this Church, “You must be slave—you receive the wages of service and the compensations of bondage. You take our pay;

you must receive your law at our hands. It would be suicide to endow you with wealth and independence at the same time. Your power and the civil power cannot co-exist on co-equal terms. Give up the authority which law bestows upon you, if you like ; but if you wish to be considered the legalised Church, you must acknowledge your dependence on and subordination to the law from which you draw your distinction." So thorough is our belief that Convocation has usurped the authority of the crown, and that such usurpation, though practically innocuous, strikes a blow at the very foundations of civil and religious liberty, that we should be delighted to see the penalties of *præmunire* put in force against the main instigators of the transgression. For the sake of the Church itself, we should like it to be made to feel the humiliation and the severity of its vassalage, until, ashamed of its enthrallment, it should throw off its clanking chains altogether, giving up at once its pretensions to an ideal supremacy and those vast but corrupting emoluments which constitute the purchase-money of its actual degradation.

THE MIRACLE OF ST. JANUARIUS.

AMONG all the European cities whose beauty, gaiety, and thousand other charms welcome the traveller, few are more attractive than Naples, that "predestinated capital," which looks forth from its picturesque hills over as fair a prospect as ever gladdened the heart of man. One of the largest cities in the world (its population now numbers nearly half a million), it is also one of the most degraded. Under the rule of the good King Bomba it attained to the very depth of misery and wickedness. But no matter how low the people have sunk, they have always reposed with serene satisfaction in the thought that their metropolis was under the special guardianship of St. Januarius. It is the common remark of the Neapolitans, "If the Madonna and San Gennaro be for us, who can be against us?" His shrine is in their largest and richest church, and is profusely adorned with gems and gold, and the costly oblations of thousands of devotees. Crowds of people worship his relics, and long trains of priests mumble long prayers and swing silver censers before them perpetually. As an evidence of the confidence which he reposed in this saint, and for the especial gratification of his people, King Bomba granted him a commission under his hand and seal, appointing him commander-in-chief of the army and navy of Naples. Gen. San Gennaro, however, proved too weak for the place, and either could not or would not interfere to prevent his royal master from being driven from his kingdom by his own people. On the advent of the new government of Victor Emmanuel, the saint lost his office, and since that time has limited the exercise of his talents, such as they are, to the pale of the church.

There are three days in the year when St. Januarius is brought conspicuously before the people of Naples. These are,—his feast-day in September; that on which his relics (to wit, his head and his blood) are exhibited; and the 20th of December, on which day, in the year 1631, the saint exerted his healing powers, and cured an eruption of Mount Vesuvius. On each of these days occurs the miracle of the liquefaction of his blood, which is kept with jealous care in two large thick glass vials, and brought forth only on these occasions. Not far from the cabinet in which these are enclosed is a casket which

contains his head. In its ordinary state the blood is thick and solid, and the spectator sees only an opaque mass in the vials, somewhat of the colour and aspect of that liquid when curdled. But as often as the vials are brought near the head, their contents are seen to liquefy and bubble up, and rise and fall in great agitation. Whatever may be thought of this miracle, it has the merit, at least, of antiquity, being referred to in the works of Pope Pius II., who lived more than four centuries ago. It has been practised with great regularity ever since that time, and probably for hundreds of years before. In any event, its success does great credit to the chemical ingenuity of the monks, who doubtless originated it. There are many intelligent and sensible persons, however, who believe in it as a true miracle at the present day. It is but a few years since our minister at the court of Rome witnessed this boiling of the blood in the cathedral at Naples, and showed his abounding confidence in its truth. When the holy vials were held by the priests before him, he fell on his knees at the sight, and kissed them with fervour.

The year of my visit had been very unpropitious to the husbandman, and a poor and scanty harvest had caused great trouble and discontent throughout the kingdom. The fields, tilled with all possible industry, had shown themselves ungrateful. Furious gales had swept over the young wheat, and the south wind in summer, and the *tramontana*, or north wind, in the fall, had alternately parched and chilled the growing crops. The vines had been blasted, and their fruit gave forth but scanty and bitter wine. Even the hardy and prolific olive had withheld its fruit, and so severely had the trees been scorched by the continual blast of the south wind, and stripped by the hail, that their oil grew dear and scarce. This latter was a source of especial trouble and suffering to the people.

Now it happened that all these misfortunes were attributed by the Cardinal-archbishop of Naples, in the depth of his wisdom, to the anger of San Gennaro; and every man, woman, and child in his see agreed with him. The result of their wonderful unanimity was the appointment of a solemn fast on the day preceding the December festival of the saint. This was to continue not only during that time, but till the liquefaction of the blood on the day following. Then the flood-gates of mirth were to be opened, and every soul was to give himself up to feasting and general hilarity, limited only by the length of his purse and his capacity for riotous enjoyment. The proclamation for the fast was published in the papers, read from the pulpits of all the churches in the kingdom, and printed copies were posted on all the doors and fences, that the faithful sons of the church might all know what to do and how to do it. The people could not read, to be sure, and therefore the printed copies would have done them but little good. But being somewhat shrewd, they inferred that something was signified by these ecclesiastical posters, and, going to certain persons noted for their elegant attainments in the alphabet, they demanded what they meant. These courteous servants of the people, with great suavity of manner, and many low bows and graceful postures, gave them the necessary information.

It was amusing to notice the effect of this edict of the archbishop on the lower classes, and their curious expressions in regard to it. Some of the *lazzaroni* did not appear to be well satisfied with it. "*Dio mio!*" said one of these, as he went along shrugging his shoulders; "this fasting will dry up the very marrow in my bones. How can one live in this way? I can scarcely eat meat once a week."

"Why?" said one of his friends. "Is it mutton, or turkey, that you are hankering for?"

"Nonsense! One would rather say that I wanted a mouth to eat them with."

"To eat 'em with? Well, now, what does that mean?"

"Mean!" said Tonio, stopping short, and speaking with emphasis. "I mean that I am a religious person; that I go to confession twice a month; that I say the Lord's prayer perpetually during the mass, and make the sign of the cross twice, and do it well, too, before every image of the Madonna. But how can I do all this without any strength? Do you think that a hash of four little fishes will give me strength enough? During this week we have four fasts, and three of them are the usual ones,—Wednesday for the Madonna; Friday and Saturday for the souls in purgatory; and here comes San Gennaro for another! Who can bear it?"

"But, Tonio," said his friend, "if the fast don't satisfy you, why don't you buy a bull of the pope for twenty-four *grani*? You'll then be able to satisfy yourself with meat like a friar, and may God give you the paunch of a monk of *Santa la Nuova*!"

"Now do you think that I have such a wooden head as yours on my shoulders? Why should I buy a bull in order to eat meat? How happens it that for twenty-four *grani* I can be allowed to eat chicken and beef, and without a bull not at all? Let this San Gennaro, however, give me the money, and I'd soon provide myself with half a pound of mutton in place of fish!"

Here Tonio was interrupted in his declamation by a little ugly old woman of the people, who had listened with horror to his heretical tirade. "*Maronna e carmine!*" screamed she, and, full of religious fervour, called loudly for the police. Tonio, however, suddenly becomes aware of his indiscretion, and glides away like a fish, to cries of "*Fuia! fuia!*"

Upon the approach of evening the shops in the "*Strada del Pendius*" made a portentous show, and by the light of a prodigious number of torches, lamps, and candles, and furnaces in the street, a torrent of people moved to and fro. With much chattering and loud outcries they entered the shops, and bought salt fish and fresh fish, stock fish and anchovies, cauliflower and macaroni,—and, in short, every thing necessary to make their fast as comfortable and substantial as possible. Meanwhile, by command of the king, the public offices were to be closed after the proclamation of the miracle, and the Castle of St. Elmo was to fire a salute of twenty guns, and display the royal flag.

On the following day the street called *Tribunali*, a long and narrow alley which leads to Castel-Vecchio, was overflowing with the ragged and bawling populace, who precipitated themselves like huge waves towards the cathedral, situated in the middle of the way. Before the altar was placed the bust of the saint, covered with shining plates of gold, while before it were stationed the bottles of solid blood. From early in the morning three priests remained prostrate before these, awaiting the advent of the miracle. Meanwhile the nave of the church was crowded with people, who paternostered with infinite volubility, always directing their eyes and muttering mouths towards the statue of this or that saint which adorned the various chapels. Many fat and puffy citizens, called in Naples "*Mamma-Santissimi*," beat their breasts with vigour, and made such a noise with their clenched fists that the bystanders were moved to regard them as the fervent intercessors of the saints of Paradise.

Ordinarily the miracle takes place between one and two in the afternoon. During all the morning, the church and its approaches and the adjoining streets were so densely crowded that passing was impossible. Near the altar stood many infirm people, cripples, hunchbacks, and others, whom the saint was to cure. Meantime the priests comforted them, encouraged them to hope, and advised them to direct their prayers to the bust of the martyr, that the miracle might quickly take place. But now the clocks sound half-past one, and the blood, in spite of all the prayers and ejaculations, remains as solid as polished

steel. Soon the fervent and clamorous appeals are changed into outcries, scolding, and curses. Two o'clock strikes, and not a sign of movement is given by the obstinate gore. A most curious and fearful tumult thereupon arises in the church. A score of ugly old women, all ragged and greasy, and breathing forth the oily flavour of as many kitchens, planted themselves, with sleeves turned up and arms akimbo, before the gilded bust of the saint. Here they remained a few moments, swinging themselves to and fro, and shaking their fists most ferociously at the innocent image. Finally, they rushed at it in a body, with the most fearful imprecations.

"Yellow face! Why do you stand there and make a fool of yourself on the altar? Don't you see that it has already struck two on the great bell overhead? Out with your miracle! Quick!"

"Pest face! I vow by all that's holy, that I'll extinguish every candle of your altar if you don't hurry up your miracle!"

"Face of cholera-morbus! We'll very soon tear from your head that bishop's cap of yours, if you make us wait any longer for that stump of a miracle." "*Faccia ingiallita! faccia tisicca! faccia sporea! Il miracolo, su via, il miracolo!*" At length the shouting and imprecations became frightful, and combined to fill the church and all the vicinity with a continued and thunderous roaring. Every thing bore the appearance of a city excited to insurrection. The priests became paler than the robes they wore, and ruin threatened the bust of San Gennaro. Three o'clock! and no sign of any movement yet!

Meanwhile the whole metropolis was in suspense, and everybody who was not in the neighbourhood of the cathedral looked with anxiety towards the Castle of St. Elmo, in order to see the royal ensign and hear the thunder of the cannon. At length appeared near the altar a little neophyte, all obsequious and reverent, with modest eyes fixed on the ground, who drew towards him one of the officiating priests, and said, "The king would like to have the miracle completed as soon as possible, since the people begin to be riotous." Some of the tumultuous rabble in the foreground suspected the object of this visit, and cried out, "Who is that little priest? What does the little neophyte want?" One of the older priests calmly arranged his robes, and answered, in a loud voice, "He comes from the royal palace, to bring us the vows of his majesty, and to learn if '*Il gloriosissimo San Gennaro*' has completed his miracle." Then taking the vial, and making ten low reverences, he passed and repassed it from one hand to the other. After some moments of timorous anxiety on the part of the bystanders, the priest raised the vial high in air, and behold the blood was bubbling and boiling.

Thereupon ensued a universal and tumultuous explosion, which extended rapidly from the church, until its vibrations shook the city. The whole capital quickly gave itself up to joy and mirth, while the Castle of St. Elmo prepared itself for the festival to come by displaying the royal standard, and sending forth thundering salvos of artillery. In the church all was riotous enthusiasm; all crowded around the precious vials to see the boiling blood, and the clamour was redoubled when the priest made a sign with one of them, and all the deformed and sick arose and stood up without any sign of bodily imperfection. They remained but a few moments in this position, however, but forced their way among the crowd, and made the tour of the church, amidst cries of "*Largo! Largo alle persone del miracolo! Date elemosina! Date elemosina!*" ("Alms! Alms for the objects of the miracle! Give charity! Give charity!") And everybody threw handfuls of small coins into their caps. Turning to an Italian acquaintance of mine, I asked him what he thought of these miraculous cures. He told me, in answer, that he knew two of the patients very well.

One of them was his shoemaker, and another a boot-black; and both were generally in perfectly good health and possessed of sound limbs! It was the custom, he said, for such men to appear in this way at every one of these "liquefactions," and they and the priests shared the profits. After this scene the people gradually passed out of the church, and by five o'clock the miracle of San Gennaro was ended by the blood subsiding into its original state, when the vials were returned to their casket and securely locked up.

To the well-informed this miracle, which in the early days of ignorance and superstition could be accounted for by few, has now become no mystery. The progress of chemical discovery has laid open to view this, as well as many other secrets. That all the readers of this article may be able to perform this miracle for themselves, I append hereto a receipt, which, with very little expense or trouble, will ensure its success.

"Take ten grains of white tallow, and dissolve it slowly by a moderate heat. To this add so much lac red as is necessary to give it the colour of blood. Then take ten grains of ether, and mix the whole in a glass bottle, tightly corked, that the ether may not evaporate. When cold this will be solid, but the addition of a little heat will make it bubble and boil. The warmth of the hand, if the vial be held in the palm for a few moments, will be sufficient. But if it be brought near the flame of a candle, the operation will not be slow to take place."

This receipt I have tried with success, and can vouch for its correctness.

Poetry.

THEY SHALL BE MINE.

"They shall be mine." O, lay them down to slumber,
Calm in the strong assurance that he gives;
He calls them by their names, he knows their number,
And they shall live as surely as he lives.

"They shall be mine." Upraised from earthly pillows,
Gathered from desert sands, from mountains cold,
Called from the graves beneath old ocean's billows,
Called from each distant land, each scattered fold.

Well might the soul, that wondrous spark of being,
Lit by his breath, who claims it for his own,
Shine in the circle which his love, foreseeing,
Destined to glitter brightest round his throne.

But shall the dust, from earthly dust first taken,
And now long mingled with its native earth,
To life, to beauty, once again awaken,
Thrill with the rapture of a second birth?

"They shall be mine." They, as on earth we knew them,
The lips we kissed, the hands we loved to press,
Only a fuller life be circling through them,
Unfading youth, unchanging holiness.

"They shall be mine." Thought fails, and fancy falters,
Striving to sound, to fathom love divine;
All that we know—no time thy promise alters,
All that we trust—our loved ones shall be thine.

Reviews.

Baptismal Regeneration: a Sermon.

By the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON.
London: Passmore & Alabaster.

MANY of our readers have heard already of this sermon of Mr. Spurgeon's. It has excited much controversy in the public journals, much interest in private circles, and has even led to some members of the Evangelical Church party, formerly Mr. Spurgeon's "friends," declining to meet him at public religious services. To most persons probably the sermon was a surprise. Not that the preacher is not accustomed to say what he thinks; not that there is anything in the doctrine of this sermon differing from what is said on occasion in thousands of Nonconformist pulpits; but it is only two years ago that similar things were being said in connexion with the celebration of the Bicentenary of 1662, and that Mr. Spurgeon not only refused to join in the celebration, but somewhat reproachfully assailed those who took part in it. We are glad and thankful for the great preacher's conversion. We are glad that he at last recognizes that we must not only *live* the truth that we hold as Nonconformists, but that we must boldly *declare* it against all gainsayers. It is needless to say that, now that Mr. Spurgeon has taken this position, he speaks boldly enough.

The sermon is characterised by all Mr. Spurgeon's well-known qualities. That it contains some things which in our judgment had been better omitted, it were foolish to deny. We are old-fashioned enough to prefer soft words and *hard arguments*; and Mr. Spurgeon's arguments here are "hard" enough to more than justify his use of somewhat softer words than he appears to have thought necessary. But as well might we desire to remonstrate with an avalanche from the Andes as to remonstrate with Mr. Spurgeon when he gives wings to his oratory. After all, he has a way of calling a spade a spade which is refreshing in these days of mealy-mouthed complacencies. And as he refused to join in the demonstration and declaration of two years since, he may be per-

haps the more readily excused for paying his debt now, *with two years' interest*.

Mr. Spurgeon's indictment is intelligible enough:—

"I find that the great error which we have to contend with throughout England (and it is growing more and more), is one in direct opposition to my text, well-known to you as the doctrine of baptismal regeneration. We will confront this dogma with the assertion, that BAPTISM WITHOUT FAITH SAVES NO ONE. The text says, '*He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved*;' but whether a man be baptized or no, it asserts that '*he that believeth not shall be damned*;' so that baptism does not save the unbeliever, nay, it does not in any degree exempt him from the common doom of all the ungodly. He may have baptism, or he may not have baptism, but if he believeth not, he shall be in any case most surely damned. Let him be baptized by immersion or sprinkling, in his infancy or in his adult age, if he be not led to put his trust in Jesus Christ—if he remaineth an unbeliever, then this terrible doom is pronounced upon him—'*He that believeth not shall be damned*.' I am not aware that any Protestant Church in England teaches the doctrine of baptismal regeneration except one, and that happens to be the corporation which with none too much humility calls itself *the Church of England*. This very powerful sect does not teach this doctrine merely through a section of its ministers, who might charitably be considered as evil branches of the vine, but it openly, boldly, and plainly declares this doctrine in her own appointed standard, the Book of Common Prayer, and that in words so express, that while language is the channel of conveying intelligible sense, no process short of violent wresting from their plain meaning can ever make them say anything else.

"Here are the words: we quote them from the Catechism which is intended for the instruction of youth, and is naturally very plain and simple, since it would be foolish to trouble the young with metaphysical refinements. The child is asked its name, and then questioned, '*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.*' Is not this definite and plain enough? I prize the words for their candour; they could not speak more plainly. Three times over the thing is put lest there should be any doubt in it. The word *regeneration* may, by some sort of juggling, be made to mean something else, but here there can be no misunderstanding. The child is not only made '*a member of Christ*'—union to Jesus is no mean spiritual gift—but he is

made in baptism 'the child of God' also; and, since the rule is, 'if children then heirs,' he is also made 'an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven.' Nothing can be more plain. I venture to say that while honesty remains on earth the meaning of these words will not admit of dispute. It is clear as noon-day that, as the Rubric hath it, 'Fathers, mothers, masters, and dames, are to cause their children, servants, and apprentices,' no matter how idle, giddy, or wicked they may be, to learn the Catechism, and to say that in baptism they were made members of Christ and children of God. The form for the administration of this baptism is scarcely less plain and outspoken, seeing that thanks are expressly returned unto Almighty God, because the person baptized is regenerate. *'Then shall the priest 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 with one accord make our prayers unto him, that this child may lead the rest of his life according to this beginning.'* Nor is this all, for to leave no mistake, we have the words of the thanksgiving prescribed, *'Then shall the priest say, 'We yield thee hearty thanks, most merciful Father, that it hath pleased thee to regenerate this infant with thy Holy Spirit, to receive him for thine own child by adoption, and to incorporate him into thy holy Church.'*

"This, then, is the clear and unmistakable teaching of a Church calling itself Protestant. I am not now dealing at all with the question of infant baptism: I have nothing to do with that this morning. I am now considering the question of baptismal regeneration, whether in adults or infants, or ascribed to sprinkling, pouring, or immersion. Here is a Church which teaches every Lord's day in the Sunday school, and should, according to the Rubric, teach openly in the Church, all children, that they were made members of Christ, children of God, and inheritors of the kingdom of heaven when they were baptized! Here is a professedly Protestant Church, which, every time its minister goes to the font, declares that every person there receiving baptism is there and then 'regenerated and grafted into the body of Christ's Church.'"

Having presented his indictment against the Church, Mr. Spurgeon proceeds to speak of those in the Church who "do not believe in baptismal regeneration:"—

"'But,' I hear many good people exclaim, 'there are many good clergymen in the Church who do not believe in baptismal regeneration.' To this my answer is prompt. Why then do they belong to a Church which teaches that doctrine in the plainest terms? I am told that many in the Church of England preach against her own teaching. I know they do, and herein I rejoice in their enlightenment, but I question, gravely question, their morality. To take oath that I sincerely assent and consent to a doctrine

which I do not believe, would to my conscience appear little short of perjury, if not absolute downright perjury; but those who do so must be judged by their own Lord. For me to take money for defending what I do not believe—for me to take the money of a Church, and then to preach against what are most evidently its doctrines—I say *for me* to do this (I shall not judge the peculiar views of other men), for me, or for any other simple, honest man to do so, were an atrocity so great, that if I had perpetrated the deed, I should consider myself out of the pale of truthfulness, honesty, and common morality. Sirs, when I accepted the office of minister of this congregation, I looked to see what were your articles of faith; if I had not believed them I should not have accepted your call, and when I change my opinions, rest assured that as an honest man I shall resign the office, for how could I profess one thing in your declaration of faith, and quite another thing in my own preaching? Would I accept your pay, and then stand up every Sabbath day and talk against the doctrines of your standards? For clergymen to swear or say that they give their solemn assent and consent to what they do not believe, is one of the grossest pieces of immorality perpetrated in England, and is most pestilential in its influence, since it directly teaches men to lie whenever it seems necessary to do so in order to get a living or increase their supposed usefulness: it is in fact an open testimony from priestly lips that at least in ecclesiastical matters falsehood may express truth, and truth itself is a mere unimportant nonentity. I know of nothing more calculated to debase the public mind than a want of straightforwardness in ministers; and when worldly men hear ministers denouncing the very things which their own Prayer Book teaches, they imagine that words have no meaning among ecclesiastics, and that vital differences in religion are merely a matter of tweddle-dee and tweddle-dum, and that it does not much matter what a man does believe so long as he is charitable towards other people. If baptism does regenerate people, let the fact be preached with a trumpet tongue, and let no man be ashamed of his belief in it. If this be really their creed, by all means let them have full liberty for its propagation. My brethren, those are honest Churchmen in this matter who, subscribing to the Prayer Book, believe in baptismal regeneration, and preach it plainly. God forbid that we should censure those who believe that baptism saves the soul, because they adhere to a Church which teaches the same doctrine. So far they are honest men; and in England, wherever else, let them never lack a full toleration. Let us oppose their teaching by all scriptural and intelligent means, but let us respect their courage in plainly giving us their views. I hate their doctrine, but I love their honesty; and as they speak but what they believe to be true, let them speak it out, and the more clearly the better. Out with it, sirs, be it what it may, but do let us know what you mean. For my part, I love to stand foot to foot with an honest foeman.

To open warfare, bold and true hearts raise no objection but the ground of quarrel; it is covert enmity which we have most cause to fear, and best reason to loathe. That crafty kindness which inveigles me to sacrifice principle is the serpent in the grass—deadly to the incautious wayfarer. Where union and friendship are not cemented by truth, they are an unhallowed confederacy. It is time that there should be an end put to the flirtations of honest men with those who believe one way and swear another. If men believe baptism works regeneration, let them say so; but if they do not so believe it in their hearts, and yet subscribe, and yet more, get their livings by subscribing to words asserting it, let them find congenial associates among men who can equivocate and shuffle, for honest men will neither ask nor accept their friendship."

Our readers will see in this passage some of the sentences which we might have deemed not usual in controversy. It is not necessary, *as a rule*, for us to declare our opponents to be men whose friendship "honest men will neither ask nor accept." Generally those who differ from us have enough to say in their own behalf, to render it unsafe and undesirable to speak of them as

persons friendship with whom is "an unhallowed confederacy." But this, we suppose, is being "trumpet-tongued"!

Mr. Spurgeon's arguments, as we have said, are sufficiently strong to have justified him in a milder form of expression. He shows, first, that the doctrine of Baptismal regeneration is "out of character with the spiritual religion which Christ came to teach;" secondly, that "it is not supported by facts;" thirdly, that "the performance styled Baptism in the Prayer Book is not at all likely to regenerate and save;" fourthly, that the preaching of the doctrine "has a wrong and evil influence upon men," and is a great helper to the progress of Popery. As a whole, the sermon is a very able one. We believe that it is calculated to do great good. To the extent to which it shall call attention throughout England to one of the saddest and most soul-destroying heresies of the age, we are sure that the sermon will have been neither preached nor printed in vain.

Christian Cabinet.

WELL SUPPLIED.

A good man, who had passed through great worldly changes, at one time occupying the eminences of wealth and at another the depths of poverty, was observed to maintain a calm, uniform, cheerful spirit in both conditions. Upon being asked what enabled him to do so, he replied—"When I had all that heart can wish of the world, I enjoyed God in everything; and when I had nothing, I enjoyed everything in God." That man understood well the meaning of what to the worldly mind seems a strange paradox, "Ye are poor, but ye are rich." Trusting in the sweet promises of God, he had a never-failing bank to which to go for the supply of his wants.

"Moralist! afloat on life's rough sea,
The Christian has an art unknown to thee,
He holds no parley with unmanly fears;
Where duty bids he confidently steers,
Faces a thousand dangers at her call,
And, trusting in his God, surmounts them
all."

That was an exceedingly precious promise that Paul addressed to the Philippian Christians, "My God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus." How very delightful that expression sounds, "My God!" What, although he was at that moment a prisoner for the truth, solitary and alone; what, although he had suffered buffeting and reproach, and the most cruel persecutions; what, although he knew that as long as he lived on earth trials and afflictions awaited him, and that his earthly career would be terminated by a violent death; yet, as long as he could look up to the God of the universe, that God who tunes the thunder's roar, and modifies the rage of the lightning's flash, and say, "My God," he was indeed a happy man. Man might imprison him in dungeons, scourge him till his blood marks his prison floor, crush his limbs with torture and his name with bitter reproach, yet what

did he care as long as he could say, "Nevertheless, the Lord stood by me and comforted me"?

And no doubt these very afflictions made God more precious to him, as they do to every saint. When the bird in the tree sees any danger beneath, it flies up to a higher branch; if the danger gets still greater, it still mounts higher; and if very great, it flies off heavenward. So the Christian's troubles drive him nearer to his God, nearer to his heavenly home, so that he is induced to regard them as a blessed affliction that enables him, in the confidence of faith, to look up and say, "*My God.*" The holy Rutherford says, "When ye are come to the other side of the water, and there set down your foot on the shore of glorious eternity, and look back again to the waters, and your wearisome journey, and see in that clear glass of endless glory, nearer to the bottom of God's wisdom, ye shall then be found to say—'If God had done otherwise with me than he hath done, I had never come to the enjoying of this crown of glory.'" Again, he says, "Sure I am that it is better to be sick, providing Christ come to the bedside and draw the curtains, and say, 'Courage! I am thy salvation!' than to enjoy health and never be visited of God."

The promise does not say that God will supply all our *desires*, but all our *needs*. Our desires are often very wrong, and such that if God were to satisfy them it would be the heaviest calamity that could happen to us. It is said of the rebellious Israelites that "God gave them their request, but sent leanness into their souls." The child often wants sweetmeats when the parent sees it wants medicine; and wants play-days when it needs the discipline of the school. The child may cry for a knife or a razor, attracted by its bright glitter, but the parent, in wisdom and love, chooses to supply only those things that will be for its good. Hence God only promises to supply our *need*, and that according to his estimate of what that need is, not according to our estimate. There will doubtless be a great many things in our catalogue of needs that will not be found in his, but we must have unshaken confidence in his wisdom and love.

His promise is to supply *all* our need.

All that the soul can need to support it in trial, to strengthen it in temptation, to fit it for duty, to give it the victory over besetting sins, to cheer in seasons of gloom, to guard in times of prosperity; all that the soul with its vast capacity for eternal good can need, is pledged to it. O, what a prayer was that which the apostle presented for his hearers, "That ye may be filled with all the fulness of God." Ah! surely the soul thus filled cannot have any real need unsatisfied. We lately conversed with an aged saint; his eyes were so dim that he could read but little of the precious Word. He was what the world would call poor, but rich in faith; he could say, "My God supplies my every want!"

But as God does not supply our wants in temporal things without the use of means, so neither will he in spiritual things. God gives us our daily bread, but does not rain it down upon us from heaven in the form of baked loaves. We must use the means he has appointed. Noah was preserved in the surging waves of the deluge, but by means of the ark which he had to build with great toil. When the tempest of descending fire came down upon the doomed cities of the plain, Lot was saved, but he must flee to the city of Zoar. Jesus turned the water into wine, but those in attendance must fill the waterpots; he gathered the fishes together, but the disciples must cast in the nets; he put life into the dead body of Lazarus, but his friends must roll away the stone; he broke off Peter's fetters and opened for him his prison door, but he must bind on his own sandals. And so in spiritual things God will supply all our need, but it must be in the use of his appointed means. There must be the fervour of earnest, importunate, believing prayer. There must be the study of the holy oracles, with the honest cry of the heart, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth." There must be a willing and patient waiting upon God in the public means of grace. Then shall the soul's deep necessities be all supplied, and the soul be satisfied as it awakes in divine likeness:

"O thou, my God, my being's health and source!

Better than life, brighter than light to me.
Stretch out thy loving hand with gentle force,

Bend this still struggling will, and draw it after thee."

Christian Activity.

BRITISH PHILANTHROPISTS.

BRITAIN may justly glory in her great men. No warriors have won more splendid victories than hers. No navigators and explorers have been more daring or more successful. No merchants have more widely extended their commerce. She has nurtured statesmen wise as Solon; and orators who have equalled Cicero and Demosthenes. Painting and sculpture have been enriched by her artists. Her sons have contributed to science some of its greatest facts and most useful inductions. Her historians and philosophers, her poets and moralists, are foremost among the intellectual and ethical teachers of mankind.

There is yet another class to be named. Her illustrious succession of philanthropists have invested her with her truest greatness and glory, and made her name beloved in all lands. Let us glance at some of the noblest in this succession in these late times.

It occasionally happens that when the life and labours of a great man are ended, and survivors wish to chronicle his history, the time and place of his birth cannot be ascertained. It is so in the case of John Howard. On the pedestal of the statue placed to his memory in St. Paul's Cathedral, it is said,—“He was born at Hackney, in the county of Middlesex, September 2nd, 1726.” This, however, is a mere conjecture. His father was a London merchant; such an one as Hogarth studied for his “*Industrious Apprentice*.” His mother died while he was an infant. In his childhood he was sickly, patient, shy. The death of his father left him, while comparatively young, in possession of a moderate fortune; which, shortly after the decease of his first wife, he resolved to consecrate to the public good. The first form his philanthropy assumed was a determination to relieve, in some way, the survivors of the great earthquake which, in 1755, destroyed a considerable portion of the city of Lisbon. He left England for that purpose; but the ship in which he sailed was captured by a French privateer, and he was cast into

prison. This circumstance led him, on his return to England, to endeavour to alleviate the hardships of British sailors imprisoned abroad. In 1773, he was created High Sheriff for the county of Bedford; and as soon as he entered on his office he began a close examination into the state of prison provision and discipline. Ultimately he was led to visit almost every county gaol, borough gaol, and bridewell in the empire. He discovered gross abuses and exposed them to the public eye. The records he has left illustrate the cruel treatment which at that day was considered necessary for criminals. The gaols were damp and dirty. The inmates were crowded together in small apartments; and in most cases were diseased, half-naked, and starving. The governors and turnkeys were frequently imperious, insolent, and inhuman. In 1775 he left England for the Continent, that he might acquaint himself with the condition of Continental prisons, and effect what reforms were needed and possible. After an absence of six months he returned, and spent seven months more in the inspection of such prisons at home as he had not previously visited, and the re-inspection of those he had. The results of his work were soon perceptible, in cleaner and better-ventilated cells, a larger supply of better food, the exercise of milder authority, and other ameliorations in connection with prison governance and routine. No sooner had he finished this home tour than he once more started for the Continent. On his return he presented to the world a report of his three years' investigations, with their fruits. He now directed his attention to the hulk system. Visiting the “*Justitia*,” which had been fitted up for convicts, and was stationed at Woolwich, he found her the scene of foul iniquities, which he determined to correct. Here, as elsewhere, success followed his efforts. In 1785 he again left England for the Continent; this time to ascertain if nothing could be done to stay the ravages of the plague, and lessen the sufferings of its victims. He was absent two years, exposed to

the pestilence that walketh in darkness and wasteth at noon-day, and returned unscathed. On the 5th of July, 1789, he departed from his native shores to return no more. Whilst prosecuting his humane mission, he caught the disorder which terminated his life. He died at Cherson, on the 20th of January, 1790. Fifteen hundred miles from home his ashes repose. And while we speak of the Crimea as the field on which were displayed the brilliant successes of our arms, let us cherish its memory with fonder recollections as the last resting-place of John Howard.

In the churchyard of the ancient village of Caistor, three miles from Yarmouth, an unadorned gravestone informs the bystander that beneath the spot on which it stands lie the remains of Sarah Martin. She was a young dressmaker, whose daily occupation led her to pass, morning and evening, by Yarmouth Gaol. Her heart often pitied the inmates. At length, consulting with no human friend, not even with her grandmother who was her sole home-companion, she presented herself one morning at the gaol-door, and asked permission to read the Word of God to the prisoners. She was refused. Not at all disheartened by the denial, she applied again; and in the second application was successful. She entered upon her work by reading to a poor woman the account of our Redeemer's mercy to the dying thief. The woman's heart was melted, and utterances of gratitude and tears of joy rewarded the visitor for her pains. Encouraged by such a reception, she gave herself almost wholly to the work. Sometimes she devoted six hours a day to the welfare of the prisoners; teaching them industrious habits, providing material for their work, and seeking a market for their productions; instructing them in reading and writing, providing situations for such as were deemed worthy of them after their term of imprisonment had expired, and, above all, leading them to Christ the Saviour. For many years she prepared a sermon weekly for their Sunday service, and conducted their worship. She refused all rewards; and when at length a small salary was pressed upon her, she declined its acceptance. Her interest followed her charge after they left the prison. She kept up with

many of them a regular correspondence, directed them in their course, and delighted to record their satisfactory progress in her journal. This was the sublime life of that lonely woman. She was poor in purse, but rich in faith and good works; feeble in health, but strong in holy purpose and endeavour; destitute of earthly luxuries, but filled with the purest satisfaction; obscure in station, and yet the catalogue of the truly great and honourable has no name that shines with serener lustre than that of Sarah Martin.

The Society of Friends never had a fairer ornament than Elizabeth Fry. Her benevolence early displayed itself. While she was only eighteen years of age, and ere she had left her father's roof, she established and superintended a school for eighty poor children. In after years, Newgate was the scene of her work and triumphs. At first, sheriffs and prison officials regarded her as an enthusiast; amiable, but visionary and Quixotic. With her open Bible she entered a room in which were upwards of one hundred and fifty women and children, who seemed more like wild beasts than human beings. "This book," she said, "has led me to you; I will do for you everything I can, but you must assist me." Her smiles and words of tenderness, combined with the dignity of her manner, quite subdued her audience. Her success, from that hour, was so great that grand juries acknowledged the worth of her efforts, and government officers sought her counsel in the distribution and arrangement of convicts. She illustrated what may be done by kindness, patience, and prayer; faith in humanity and trust in God. The habits of cleanliness, order, and sobriety she inculcated, at length changed the prison-cell into the abode of comfort and peace; and the piety she taught gave to the fettered criminal the liberty of the sons of God. Amid the hardships of his exile the convict remembered her with gratitude. She devoted nearly half a century to her works of mercy, and then sweetly fell asleep in the Lord.

The philanthropy of William Wilberforce specially embraced the dark, down-trodden sons of Africa. When he was only a youth at school he wrote a letter to the York paper of that day, "in condemnation of the odious traffic

in human flesh." In 1780 he was elected to represent Hull, his native town, in Parliament. Four years after he was returned as representative for the county of York. In 1789 he proposed in the House of Commons the abolition of the slave-trade; and thus began a conflict, which was carried on with persevering and desperate energy for many years, and in which ultimately the friends of freedom were the conquerors. Whether in the bosom of his family, or mingling with the other members of "The Clapham Sect" in the mansion of Henry Thornton, or directing the operations of the many secretaries he employed to facilitate his labours, or pleading on the floor of the House of Commons, his heart was ever with the poor African—kidnapped from the home of his fathers—suffocated amid the horrors of the middle-passage—sold into a cruel bondage among strangers. After eighteen years of incessant thought and toil he received his reward. In 1807, the British Parliament declared the traffic in slaves unlawful; and Wilberforce returned from the House of Commons to his closet to pour out his thanksgivings to God. During the subsequent quarter of a century, he aided in all movements which contemplated the welfare of the black and coloured races. He lived to see the introduction into Parliament of the measure which resulted in the abolition of slavery in the British Colonies; and died with utterances of sympathy for the oppressed slave on his lips. He was interred with public honours in Westminster Abbey; and among all the monuments which crowd that venerable structure, not one commemorates truer worth, or inspires the breast of the beholder with nobler emotions, than the marble erected to the memory of William Wilberforce.

In inseparable connection with the name of Wilberforce, stands that of Thomas Clarkson. The attention of Clarkson was directed to the subject of slavery while he was a student at Cambridge. The Vice-Chancellor having proposed for a Latin prize-essay the question,—“Is it right for one man to make another man his slave?” he resolved to compete for the prize. He had no previous acquaintance with the subject—no interest in it. His investigations, however, made him familiar

with such cruelties and sufferings as robbed him of sleep by night, and filled him with distress by day. He wrote with the energy of one who feels his theme, and won the prize. This was not all. He resolved to devote his life to the cause he had advocated with his pen. With the exception of twelve years of affliction, which laid him aside from work, he lived for the slave. While Wilberforce was pleading in the House of Commons, Clarkson was collecting facts and evidence by personal visits to Bristol, Liverpool, and the other chief ports of our land. He travelled at all seasons of the year, braved all weathers, exposed himself to gross insult and bitter hate; but, animated by a courage that grew with the occasion, and strengthened as opposition increased, he prosecuted his labours to a successful close. It was his honour to survive all his colleagues, and to witness, in his seventy-fourth year, the British Parliament giving twenty millions of pounds sterling for the total emancipation of the slaves in our British Colonies. He thus lived to a good old age, crowned with “honours and benedictions, for which the diadem of Napoleon, even if wreathed with the laurels of Goethe, would have been a mean exchange.”

The grandest philanthropy is that which is embodied in the life and labours of the Christian missionary. See it as it appears in John Williams and William Knibb. On the last Sabbath evening in January, 1814, a young man about eighteen years of age was sauntering near a tavern in the City Road, London, waiting for some companions, who with himself were to spend the evening in a neighbouring tea-garden. A lady, passing by, saw his face by the light of a lamp, and recognized him as one of her husband's apprentices. She asked him why he stood there; and upon his frank confession, urged him to accompany her to the Tabernacle. Reluctantly he complied with her request. The sermon he heard that evening was blessed to his conversion. In less than a year he was admitted into the church; and in 1816 was received as a missionary by the Directors of the London Missionary Society. At the close of that year he proceeded, by way of Sidney, to the Society Islands, and entered on his labours. For three and twenty years, only visiting his native

land once during that period, he devoted himself to the temporal and spiritual welfare of the various tribes of Polynesia. Possessing a mechanical genius, fruitful in invention, ready for every emergency, and strong and willing to work, he taught the natives many of the arts and handicrafts of civilized life, promoted their physical comfort, brought them under the restraints of wholesome law, and instructed them how to make the best of this world. True to his missionary engagement, he sought higher objects than these. He helped to form for them a written language—translated the Scriptures—preached without ceasing the message of salvation—and saved many souls. Sad and yet glorious was his end! On the 20th of November, 1839, he fell a martyr on the shores of Erromanga. Idolatrous hands in ignorance and revenge slew him. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them."

Some localities, like some men, enjoy a pre-eminence of honour. The small town of Kettering, in Northamptonshire, is one of the number. It was the birth-place of the Baptist Missionary Society; it was the scene of the ministrations of Andrew Fuller; and it was the native town of William Knibb. The great West Indian missionary was born on the 7th of September, 1803. In 1822 he was baptized by Dr. Ryland, at Bristol, and admitted into church fellowship. A year after this, hearing of the death of his brother Thomas, who had gone as a missionary to Jamaica, he said,—“Then, if the society will accept me, I’ll go and take his place.” He was accepted, and went. On the 5th of November, 1824, he sailed from Blackwall for Jamaica. He was welcomed with hearty greetings by the negroes on his arrival in the West Indies; and every successive year of his long intercourse with them proved how appropriate that welcome was. The negro never had a truer friend. Amid the troubles of 1831 and 1832, when Jamaica was the scene of furious conflict between the planters and the friends of human liberty, Knibb was the negro’s champion. In 1838 we find him mingling in the rejoicings of the 1st of August; and well he might, for

he had done *more* than any other individual man to ensure the emancipation which those rejoicings celebrated. Three times, after this, he crossed the Atlantic to visit England. But whether in Jamaica or in England; whether teaching the negroes to build houses, lay out gardens, form villages, make wills, read the Scriptures and learn the way of salvation, or advocating their cause in the audience of the British people; whether braving the dangers of the deep, or the fiercer dangers which sometimes lurk in the tropical climate of the West Indies—his aim was one. In direct missionary labour no man was more successful. He admitted during the course of his ministry upwards of five thousand persons into the church of Christ. It was a sorrowful day in Jamaica when the tidings of his death were proclaimed. Coldness stole over many hearts, for they had lost their best human friend. “Masaa Knibb dead!” passed through the island with the rapidity of lightning. In the prime of his life he was cut down. His remains were followed to their final resting place by men of all ranks and creeds—a vast assemblage of eight thousand souls. Quietly he slumbers, waiting for the resurrection. His name is a household word in Jamaica, and is mentioned with reverent admiration on every platform of freedom throughout the world.

“Man,” says Emerson, “is that noble endogenous plant which grows, like the palm, from within, outward.” The outer lives of the men and women we have briefly sketched were only the development of their inner qualities. They had broad and correct views of humanity. Patriotism is a virtue; but it is restricted within the limits of country, language, race. Philanthropy is a virtue of larger aim, clearer sight, wider grasp. It honours all men. Howard did not confine his journeys of mercy to Britain; all over Europe he proceeded on his benevolent march; and now he lies buried in a strange land. On the shores of a rock in the Pacific, Williams was slain. The negroes of the West India Islands followed Knibb to his grave. Universal as the air we breathe and the light which shines, have been the purposes and plans of philanthropy. Its motto is, no matter what the nation, or language,

or colour, "A man's a man for a' that." And hence it will come to pass that the names of our philanthropists will be engraved on men's hearts for ever.

Our philanthropists were deeply moved by the sight of man's social and moral condition; and, to use the language of Bishop Butler, "perception of distress in others was to them passively to pity, and actively to relieve it." There were priests and Levites in abundance; they reproduced the good Samaritan. The pursuits of the selfish, the sensual, and the frivolous, had no attractions for them. The eloquent eulogy of Burke on Howard applies, *mutatis mutandis*, to all of whom we have written:—"He has visited all Europe; not to survey the sumptuousness of palaces, or the stateliness of temples; not to make accurate measurements of the remains of ancient grandeur, nor to form a scale of the curiosity of modern arts; not to collect medals, or to collate manuscripts; but to dive into the depths of dungeons; to plunge into the infection of hospitals; to survey the mansions of sorrow and pain; to take the gauge and dimensions of misery, depression, and contempt; to remember the forgotten; to attend to the neglected; to visit the forsaken; and to compare and collate the distresses of all men in all countries."

Our philanthropists confined themselves much to one object. "Enthusiasts are men of one idea. Heroes are men of one design." John Howard, Sarah Martin, Elizabeth Fry, regarded it as their calling to befriend the prisoner. William Wilberforce and Thomas Clarkson lived to emancipate the slave. John Williams and William Knibb believed themselves commissioned by God to preach the Gospel of his grace to the heathen. Men laughed at them as people who made too much of their hobby; and yet this very element was that to which they owed much of their success.

They displayed great decision of character. In one period of John Howard's life—a period embracing three years—he travelled, on behalf of prisoners, no fewer than thirteen thousand miles. During the twelve years that immediately followed his official entrance on his great work of prison-reform, he travelled through every

country in Europe except Turkey; there was not a gaol in the chief cities and towns which he did not inspect; he went over forty-two thousand miles, and devoted to his mission more than thirty thousand pounds.

We must not overlook the earnest faith of our philanthropists in the worth of their cause. The many oppose at first all new benevolent movements as they oppose all inventions in mechanics and truths in science. Prejudice, interest, conservatism, all cry out against novelty. Yet nothing destroyed the faith of our philanthropists. Elizabeth Fry believed herself engaged in a divine work as she passed from cell to cell in Newgate, and sat by the side of the prostitute, the thief, and the murderer whose hands were red with blood. This faith in our work is essential to success. To doubt is to destroy. Doubt is a worm that will eat into the fairest bud. Doubt will cover the day with darkness, however bright the dawn. Doubt must be buried in the grave of eternal oblivion if you mean to triumph.

Let us render to our philanthropists the honour which is their due. Through a misunderstanding as to what constitutes true greatness we have accorded, in too many instances, the palm to intellectual success, and enwreathed the laurel around the warrior's brow—we have offered the incense of adulation and bowed the knee to genius and the sword. Doubtless, the men who have enriched our nation with precious thought and the men who have guarded us in the hour of peril deserve their recompense. But those who have arrested the march of suffering and crime, who have delivered the poor that cried and him that had no helper, upon whose heads the blessing of them that were ready to perish has come, and who have made the widow's heart to sing for joy, are entitled to our profoundest homage and richest rewards.

In conclusion, let us seek to emulate as well as admire. "Great men exist that there may be greater."

"Lives of great men all remind us
We may make our lives sublime."

There is the same field outspread before us as that in which the good who rest from their labours toiled. Intemperance, fraud, oppression, licentiousness, war, and a thousand other evils, are destroy-

ing their countless victims. Let us arise, and enter on our work. All the qualifications we need are a pure conscience, a clear understanding, a warm heart, a conviction burnt into our soul of the worth of our enterprise, and the strength and blessing of God. Let us begin at once to scatter across the rough path of poverty some sweet flowers; to pour into the crushed and bleeding heart of sorrow a few drops of balm; to break the fetters of the oppressed; to raise our fallen brothers who have stumbled in their way. We shall have the gratitude of many souls, and the approval of our own conscience. And when our presence is no more seen among men,

and the green grass grows over our dust, our names will be prized more than jewels, and our memory will be more fragrant than the breath of the month of May.

"Rouse to some work of high and holy love,
And thou an angel's happiness shalt know,
Shalt bless the earth while in the world
above;

The good begun by thee shall onward flow
In many a branching stream, and wider
grow;

The seed that in these few and fleeting hours,
Thy hands unsparing and unwearied sow,
Shall deck thy grave with amaranthine
flowers,

And yield thee fruit divine in heaven's
immortal bowers."

Words of Wisdom for Christian People.

ABOUT HUSBANDS.

"THERE, I can breathe once more," exclaimed Mrs. Sandford, coming back to the table, and dropping into her chair, throwing out her breath with a puff. "O, I am so glad every morning when Mr. Sandford is started for town!"

"You have been very busy this morning," said her friend, Mrs. Steine, who was passing a few days with her.

The ladies were still at the breakfast table. Mr. Sandford had drank off two cups of coffee, swallowed a fair quantity of steak and muffins; then saying a few pleasant words to Mrs. Steine, he jumped up from the table, wanted to know if everything was ready (by which he meant if his lunch, napkin, &c., were duly placed in his market-basket), dusted his hat, brushed his coat, snatched up his basket, jerked out a hasty good morning, and was gone.

Half-past eight precisely, or miss the train, a thing which Anson Sandford never did; but from the moment he was out of bed in the morning, he seemed to be haunted with the fear he should be too late, and consequently hurried, and fretted, and bustled round, until his poor wife with flushed face and trembling limbs announced breakfast. Then he sat down in his comfortable arm-chair, and helped himself, too hurried to attend to the wants of

the children—which wants, however, were always considered by the already tired mother, ere a bit was laid upon her own plate. But ere she has taken a dozen mouthfuls, she jumps up to get this or that which must be sent by her husband to the city, or to make out a list of things to be purchased there.

With this explanation of Mrs. Sandford's exclamation that half shocked the gentle Mrs. Steine, I will simply record a little conversation of the friends.

Mrs. Steine replied, as I said, very tenderly, "You have been very busy this morning."

"Just what I am every morning; but, O dear, I would not mind the work if Mr. Sandford was not so peevish; but he hurries me and fidgets me so, I have not a moment's peace when he is here, and then, when he gets home at night"—

Mrs. Steine did not say, "Don't, please, Emma, don't expose your husband's faults!" but it was in her heart, and she unconsciously made a little move that caused her friend to suddenly pause and look at her.

"I know, Mary, that you think a wife should never speak of her husband's faults, but it is because you happen to have a faultless husband. I don't think you know how to sympathise with other women at all. Hay-

den is always so quiet, so pleasant, so pleased with everything you do, that it is easy enough for you to do well."

"I often think I am not worthy of so good a husband," said Mrs. Steine, humbly.

"No, Mary, you know I do not mean that. I think you are worthy. Your aunt Helen said you would make any man good; but I don't know about that, I think even you would not be able to live pleasantly with my husband. One cannot bear everything, and I cannot help getting worn out with Anson's ill-humour."

Mary's eyes were full of sympathy, but she did not speak, and her friend went on—

"Come, tell me what you would do if Hayden should come home at night, and look around evidently to find something to fret about. He sees a little mud on Eddy's shoes, and he says, in such a petulant tone, 'What did you let that boy go in the mud for?' As if I let him go in the mud. 'Strange you can't keep Lina from getting cold! Can't you stop that child's screaming?' and a thousand little irritating things that chafe you almost to madness. And all this when you have been trying to have a nice supper for him, and the children in order, and everything pleasant and comfortable. It is all of no use: he is irritable, and will find some way to express it. Now what would you do?"

Mary Steine leaned towards her friend, and laid her hand upon the other's wrist, saying—

"Dear Emma, I cannot say what I should do, for when I would do good evil is present with me; but I can tell you what I think would be my duty."

"What would your duty be? I am sure I want to do my duty."

"I should keep my own feelings calm, pleasant, even cheerful. I would say to myself, he is tired, he is nervous, he—"

"Ah, but you also are tired, and you have nerves as well as he."

"To be sure; but it is my own feelings that I must school, my own heart that I must weed, my own lips that I must watch. I cannot modulate his voice, but I can mine. I cannot do his duty, but I can do mine. So I will let none but kind and pleasant words escape my lips. I will think of his

comfort and not of my own. If he says hasty and unkind things, I will not keep them in my mind, but remember the pleasant, loving words that he often speaks when his feelings are tranquil and his nerves quiet."

"O Mary, you know it is not natural for one to do that."

"True, dear Emma; I know the sinfulness of our poor nature; but God's grace is sufficient for us. If we cannot control, nay, subdue even, by his grace, our own irritability, can we condemn our companions for giving way to ill-humour? But we can control ourselves; we can bear patiently the faults of others by keeping our own hearts full of love; and these same unpleasantnesses, which otherwise would make our lives wretched, and be a lasting injury to our children, will gradually fade away. I think, Emma, that most men might be easily irritated at the close of a day's labour. They reach home tired and harassed by the wearying cares of the day: how good, then, to meet with that gentle, soothing love, that will banish care, refresh the weary spirit, and calm the excited nerves!"

"Yes, yes, Mary, this is very beautiful; but you forget that the poor wives too are tired, and jaded, and worn by a thousand cares, and are in need of just what you would have them so liberally impart."

"No, dear, I do not forget it. I know the never-ceasing demands that are made upon a wife and mother, and how often her limbs are weary and her nerves threadbare; but I know, too, that she is far happier to keep an unruffled spirit. The greater her provocations, the nobler her conquests. Tell me, Emma, if your husband is peevish or captious, and you meet him with sour looks and unpleasant words, do you feel comfortable and happy?"

"O no: never, never."

"Do you think he feels happy after speaking unkind words to you?"

"No, I know he does not; he has often told me how sorry he is."

"Then let the recollection of this make you tender and compassionate. Remove as far as is in your power every disturbing influence; and then if your husband, from fatigue, ill health, or any other cause, is unpleasant, meet it quietly—skilfully watching for the favourable moment to come, when a

few cheery words may scatter the clouds, and let in the full sunshine of a happy home."

"Your words are good, Mary, and how I wish I could always be meek and good; but the cares of life press so heavily upon me that I am weak and

do nothing right, but I will try." She dropped her face in her hands and wept.

Tears also dimmed Mary Steine's blue eyes as she said, with sweet emphasis, "*The Lord is my strength and my shield.*"

Narratives, Anecdotes, &c.

SEED BY THE WAYSIDE.

WE knew a Christian man once who made it a principle to speak on the subject of personal religion to every one with whom he was brought in contact for any length of time. It needs much wisdom and Christian tact to carry out such a resolution without giving offence; but every one who sows seed by the wayside may hope to gather in a good harvest in the end. An American Baptist periodical tells a story of Dr. Coke, one of the early Methodists, who laboured in season and out of season.

Dr. Coke was travelling once in what was then a wilderness part of the country. At that time there were few bridges, but to swim streams was a small feat with the hardy pioneers of Methodism and their well-trained steeds. A river lay in his course, and he endeavoured by a direct route to cross it at the ford, but missed the place. Impatient to proceed, he patted the neck of his horse and plunged into the flood. The water was deep, and the horse becoming alarmed, began to struggle and sink, to the imminent peril of his rider. The doctor, extricating his feet from his stirrups, seized on an overhanging bough, and, after being thoroughly drenched, reached the shore, to which the affrighted animal had also returned.

He remained in the forest till he had dried his clothes in the sun, and then mounted to return. On the road he met a man who directed him to the nearest village, and gave him the address of a kind family, where he might expect to be hospitably entertained as an ambassador of God. The doctor, as usual, gave him a hearty word of exhortation, and rode on, wearied with the fatigues of the day, but happy in the expectation of cordial reception and comfortable rest in the neighbouring hamlet.

Early in the evening he arrived at the village, and was received with all kindness by the good lady of the house to which he had been directed. The table was spread with a bountiful meal, and after his usual domestic service, which consisted in an appropriate exhortation, beside the Scripture lesson and prayer, he retired to rest, thankful to God for so comfortable a conclusion to the trials of the day. The next morning he took an early leave of the family, addressing to each some spiritual counsel, and leaving behind a single tract; for at that day these convenient little vehicles of truth were rare and precious, and the few who distributed them were obliged to make the best of them.

The doctor returned to England, visited Ireland and the West Indies, traversing, as usual, land and sea in the cause of his Master. After five years had passed away he was again on the American continent. On his way to one of the conferences he overtook a number of preachers who were journeying thither. They all hailed their old friend and bishop with hearty congratulations; but one young man who accompanied them was deeply affected at the unexpected meeting, and was observed to wipe the tears from his eyes. When they had ridden several miles the young man contrived to get by the side of the doctor, and on inquiring if he recollected being in a certain part of America about five years ago, he answered in the affirmative.

"And do you recollect, sir, being nearly drowned in trying to cross a river?"

"I remember it quite well."

"And do you remember spending the night at the cottage of a widow lady in such a village?"

"Indeed I do," said the doctor, "and

I shall not soon forget the kindness shown me by that excellent family."

"And do you remember that you presented a tract to the lady when you departed the next morning?"

"I do not recall that," replied the doctor; "but as I do so often, it is quite possible I did so then."

"Well, sir, you did leave there a tract, which that lady still keeps, and if you ever pass through the village again, you can see it; but no money can purchase it from her. She read it, and the Lord made it the instrument of her conversion; a number of her children and neighbours have also been converted through its instrumentality; and there is now in the village a prosperous society."

"God be praised!" exclaimed the doctor, and the tears gushed in a flood from his eyes.

The young man, weeping also, proceeded: "I have not quite reported all yet. I am one of the sons of that widow, and I shall ever bless God for that tract, for, by reading it, my feet were directed in the way to heaven, and I am now going to conference to be proposed as a travelling preacher. My saddle-bags are half full of tracts, and I shall ever carry them with me and scatter them in my course."

Reader, though you may consider yourself the feeblest child of God, here is a potent means of good which you can use daily. Have you small talents? Can you not speak with readiness for your Lord? Then carry with you these little messages of truth. Let them speak in your stead. You may thus scatter seed that may bring forth fruit, "some thirty, some sixty, some a hundred-fold."

A CURE FOR GRUMBLING.

As at their work two weavers sat,
Beguiling time with friendly chat,
They touched upon the price of meat,
So high, a weaver scarce could eat.
"What with my brats and sickly wife,"
Quoth Dick, "I'm almost tired of life;
So hard my work, so poor my fare,
'Tis more than mortal man can bear.
How glorious is the rich man's state!
His house so fine! his wealth so great!
Heaven is unjust, you must agree;
Why all to him? why none to me?
In spite of what the Scripture teaches,
In spite of all the parson preaches,

This world (indeed I've thought so long)
Is ruled, methinks, extremely wrong.

Where'er I look, howe'er I range,
'Tis all confused, and hard, and strange;
The good are troubled and oppress'd,
And all the wicked are the blest."

Quoth John, "Our ignorance is the cause
Why thus we blame our Maker's laws;
Parts of his ways alone we know,
'Tis all that man can see below.

See'st thou that carpet, not half done,
Which thou, dear Dick, hast well begun?
Behold the wild confusion there—

So rude a mass, it makes one stare!

A stranger, ignorant of the trade,
Would say no meaning's there conveyed;
For where's the middle? where's the
border?

The carpet now is all disorder."

Quoth Dick, "My work is yet in bits,
But still in every part it fits;

Besides, you reason like a lout—

Why, man, that carpet's inside out."

Says John, "Thou say'st the thing I
mean;

And now I hope to cure thy spleen:
This world, which clouds thy soul with
doubt,

Is but a carpet inside out.

As, when we view these shreds and ends,
We know not what the whole intends,
So, when on earth things look but odd,
They're working still some scheme of
God;

No plan nor pattern can we trace,
All wants proportion, truth, and grace:
The motley mixture we deride,
Nor see the beauteous upper side;
But when we reach that world of light,
And view those works of God aright,
Then shall we see the whole design,
And own the Workman is divine;
What now seem random strokes, will
there

All order and design appear;
Then shall we praise what here we
spurn'd,

For then the carpet shall be turned."

"Thou'rt right," quoth Dick, "no more
I'll grumble,

That this sad world's so strange a jumble;
My impious doubts are put to flight,
For my own carpet sets me right."

A CHILD'S RELIGION.

In a poor unwholesome home, a little
time ago, a father died of fever. He
left as desolate a home as I had ever
seen. On the burial night, his widow

and children were seated by the fire; the only daughter, a child of ten years, looking with a wearied look into her mother's face, said, "Mother, how sore my head is!" Next day fever in her was also developed, and for the safety of the rest she was ordered to the hospital. She was one of our Sabbath school scholars. Just before the twilight hour the hospital van came to take her. In times of trouble you often see among the poor a quiet strength that rises to heroism. When the wheels of the van were heard in the lane and pausing at the door, there was simply, "Maggie, they have come for you now." To prepare to go, the child at once raised her aching head from the pillow, with her artless,— "Mother, ye *ken* I may not come back to you again. Will the man wait till I sing my hymn?" And with a quivering voice she began with,

"Come, sing to me of heaven,
When I'm about to die,
Sing songs of holy ecstasy
To waft my soul on high."

After a moment's pause she took up the chorus of another favourite hymn with our scholars:—

"Here in the body pent,
Absent from thee I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home,
Nearer home."

And so they carried the ailing child that night, with joyous thoughts as these filling her young heart, to pitch her tent in the place where the journey from this to the eternal world is so short and so often made. O blessed religion, this of Jesus! Blessed to the child of ten as well as the sage of seventy years. "This is but a child's religion," you say. Yes, and is it not the glory of the Gospel that it does give strength and gladness to the young heart? The most childlike are most blessed by it. Jesus the loving Saviour will yet, as when on earth, deal gently with the little ones, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.

A Page for the Young.

FAITH DOUGLAS.

LITTLE Faith Douglas was one of the prettiest, brightest, best-natured babies you ever saw. She had such cunning, little, round, dimpled fists; such soft, golden-brown hair; such chubby, pinky cheeks; such sweet, full, kissable lips; and above all, such beautiful, large, bright, laughing eyes. No one could look on little Faith and not think of the better land. She was fatherless, this little baby girl, and though she was the darling of her poor mother's heart, she learned early that the pathway of her little life was not all flower-strewn. Perhaps, as she lay in her rough, wooden cradle, and watched her mother at her weary work, she learned her first lesson in patient endurance, and brought so early that calm, smiling light into her sweet baby-eyes. "Purple and fine linen" were not for her, but her fair little face was just as lovely amidst the coarse, clean blankets of her rough, little bed, and no un-

wholesome dainties robbed her pretty round cheeks of their roses. She would lie for hours upon the soft grass in the little yard, watching the fluttering leaves, the blue sky, the chirping birds, and the bright-coloured hollyhocks—now and then stretching her chubby hands towards her mother, at her work near, or murmuring to herself in that sweet tone which all babies bring with them from heaven.

"Dear baby!" her mother would say, "how she loves the light! She never tires while she can see her mother or the sky."

Poor mother! how little she dreamed, as she looked in those beautiful eyes, of the great sorrow in store.

The roses of little Faith's third summer were just in bloom, when the cloud rose which darkened the fair sky of all her life. She was sitting in the low doorway one bright June morning, with her lap full of dandelions, and her sweet eyes full of happy light,

when she suddenly turned a puzzled, bewildered face to her mother, and asked—

"Mamma, has the night come?"

"No, my darling, it is bright day," her mother said.

The child stood up, and the dandelions fell in a golden rain around her, but she did not see them: only stretching her hands out towards her mother, she cried piteously—

"Help me! help me, mamma! for the darkness has come over my eyes!"

Little Faith had been stricken with blindness!

Dear children, whose happy eyes greet every day the beautiful earth and sky, and the faces of those you love, I know you will think pityingly of this little one, from whose innocent life all earthly light was for ever shut out; who might never again look on the green fields, or delight in the gay-coloured flowers, or watch the golden sunlight straining through the leaves and across the water; or—oh, a thousand times sadder than all—behold her mother's face!

The kindly neighbours, who had given her mother help and employment in all her times of need, lent their willing aid, and the child was sent to the city that she might have the best medical attendance; but all in vain. Her mother would often say—

"Oh, how can my poor darling live when I am gone? She will be so helpless in her poverty, for I cannot always be with her to work for her."

The kind neighbouring children often came to take her out for a walk, or to spend an hour or two amusing the gentle little girl. One day she passed, holding by her little friend Jamie Ramy's hand, the house of an old man, whose life had been very sad, for one after another he had seen his dear wife and little ones go down to the grave, till he alone was left, childless and almost friendless, in his great house, with all his broad fields around him, and none but hired servants to tend and care for him. As he sat that day in his great arm-chair beneath the vines about his porch, he heard the happy voice of the little blind girl, and it brought back sweet memories of other days when his own children were around him. He did not know that she was blind; so calling to Jamie to

open the gate, he held his trembling hands, and called—

"Little one, come and give me some of the sunlight which you carry about with you."

Little Faith heard the kindly voice, and turning her sightless eyes towards him, she held out her chubby hands, and ran into his arms.

"What sweet, bright eyes!" he said.

"Ah, if you were only mine, pretty one, I should not mourn my youth so much, for I should see through your eyes. What is your name, darling?"

"Faith," replied the child; "and I am blind, too."

It seemed like a rebuke from heaven to the sad old man, and he held the child close to his heart, while the great tears fell over his withered cheeks.

From that day little Faith Douglas was the almost constant companion of the rich old man at the great house, and when, three years afterwards, he folded his weary hands, and lay gently down to take his last rest, they found in his will these words:

"Save the few reservations I have made in favour of my servants, to little Faith Douglas, the blind child, through whose sweet resignation in affliction I have learned, in my old age, submission to the will of my heavenly Father, I leave all of which I die possessed."

In the pleasant little village where her baby-eyes first opened to the light, and closed again so soon—a beautiful blind woman, loving and beloved, lives Faith Douglas. By her great wealth she has been able to bring comfort and joy to many sad hearts and homes, and we all know that when death's angel shall touch, with his pale fingers, her darkened eyes, the full glory of the heaven she has won shall shine in upon her gentle soul, and she shall never know sorrow or darkness any more.

WILLIE'S FAITH.

WILLIE V. was the only son of his parents. When very young his mother began to teach him about God and heaven, and his mind seemed to drink in all the sweet things she told him, just as the flowers receive into their bosoms the drops of dew that give them strength and beauty. Before he was three years old, he would often sit gazing into the sky, and would say:

"Willie's watching for the holy angels, and waiting to hear them sing!"

The lesson that his mother endeavoured to impress most deeply upon his young heart was that of faith in God. Faith in him for all things whatsoever, and that for Jesus' sake he would bestow upon him all necessary good.

When he was four years old a terrible shadow settled down upon him, and by the time Willie was seven, their home and everything was taken from them, and they were thrown upon the charity of friends. Soon Willie's clothes and boots began to wear out, but his mother was too poor to purchase new ones. On one occasion he came to her, saying: "Mother, can't I have some new boots? My toes are all out of these. The snow gets in, and I'm so cold!"

A tear filled his mother's eye, when she answered: "Soon, Willie, I hope to give them to you."

He waited patiently several days, until one morning as he stood at the window watching the boys play with their sleds, he sobbed:

"Oh, mother, it's too hard! Can't I get some boots anywhere?"

"Yes, Willie, you can."

"I can!" he eagerly exclaimed. "Where? Where? Tell me quick!"

"Do you not know, my son?" replied his mother. "Think now."

Willie stood for a moment, as if in deep thought, then with a smile looked up into his mother's face, and said: "Oh, I know! God will give them to me, of course. Why didn't I think of that before? I'll go right off and ask him!"

He walked out of the parlour into his mother's room, she quietly following him, and standing concealed from his view, she saw him kneel down, and, covering his face with his hands, he prayed: "Oh, God! father drinks; mother has no money; my feet get cold and wet. I want some boots. Please send me a pair, for Jesus' sake. Amen."

This was all. He often repeated his

pitiful little petition, and the best of all was, he expected an answer to his prayer.

"They'll come, mother!" he would often say encouragingly. "They'll come when God gets ready."

Within a week, a lady, who dearly loved the child, came to take him out walking. He hesitated for a few moments, but soon determined to go, and they started off. At length the lady noticed his stockings peeping out at the toes of his boots, when she exclaimed:

"Why, Willie, look at your feet! They will freeze! Why didn't you put on a better pair?"

"These are all I have, ma'am."

"All you have! But why don't you have a new pair?" she inquired.

"I will, just as soon as God sends them," he confidently replied.

Tears filled the lady's eyes, and with a quivering lip she led him into a shoe-shop near by, saying, "There, child, select any pair you please." The boots were soon selected, and a more happy, thankful boy never lived.

On his return home, he walked to the centre of the room where his mother was sitting, and pulling his pants up until you could see his fat knees above the tops, he said:

"Look, mother! God has sent my boots! Mrs. Gray's money bought them, but God heard me ask for them, and I suppose he told Mrs. Gray to buy them for me."

Then he stood with an earnest, solemn light in his eye, as though he were receiving a new baptism of faith from heaven, then quietly added, "We must always remember how near God is to us;" and kneeling at his mother's feet he said, "Jesus, I thank you very much for my boots. Please make me a good boy, and take care of mother. Amen."

Willie is now fourteen years of age, and is a consistent member of the church of Christ. In all things he trusts his Saviour, and every desire of his heart he carries directly to God, and patiently waits the answer, and it always comes.

Our Sunday Schools.

"WHAT THOU DOEST, DO QUICKLY!"

THE above text has been suggested to my mind by an incident which recently occurred in my experience. The incident, though in itself trifling, has made an impression on my mind which, I trust, will never be effaced; and I relate it in the hope that others may by it be impressed with the lesson, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might!"

In exploring the streets and alleys of our city a few months since, as a Sabbath school teacher, for the purpose of bringing under religious instruction destitute and degraded children, I entered a dwelling, or rather room, which bore marks of nothing but the deepest poverty and degradation. It was one of the coldest days of a very severe winter, but no fire blazed upon the hearth, and nothing was seen which bore the semblance to a bed, save a bundle of straw in one corner of the room, over which was thrown a tattered blanket. Surely, thought I, no ray of sunshine can enter the hearts of the inmates of this wretched abode! Here I found a bright-eyed boy, some ten years of age. Seating myself on a broken chair, I called him to my side, and spoke to him some kind words. They seemed to fall like strange music on his ear. I asked him if he could read, and if ever he attended a Sunday school; to which he replied in the negative. When I proposed taking him with me, his eyes sparkled with delight, and he gladly replied that he would go. His countenance, beaming with joy, told, more eloquently than words could have done, his gratitude,—that he felt and appreciated the interest taken in him. Upon further conversation, I learned that he was a motherless boy, deserted by his father; that the family with whom he was living had given him shelter, but on condition that he should beg bread for them, as well as himself, daily, from

door to door. I left, promising to call again in a short time, provide suitable clothing, and take him to the school. This I intended to do without delay, but, under a pressure of other duties, he was neglected, though not forgotten; for often did the image of this deserted boy, in his lonely, desolate home, present itself to my mind, and I felt that I *must* fulfil my promise to him; still I delayed, and time passed on.

At length, after the lapse of some five or six weeks, I called again; but, alas! it was too late. Little James was no more. He had died—died from want and neglect—with no kind friend to minister to his necessities, to smooth his dying pillow, to point him to the children's Friend, and tell him of a better world, where his weary, worn spirit might find rest. A leaden weight fell upon my heart as I heard the tidings. Fain would I have recalled the past. I almost felt that I was guilty of his blood. I seemed to hear the Judge of all saying, "You knew your duty, and did it not, therefore his blood shall be required at your hands." I returned home conscience-smitten, resolved never again to defer till to-morrow a duty which should be performed to-day. And often since, the image of that poor boy, dying without a knowledge of the Saviour, and saying, "No man careth for my soul," is vividly before me. I tremble at the thought of meeting him at the judgment.

Fellow-labourers in the kingdom of Christ, let us ask ourselves the question, Do we, from day to day, improve every opportunity of doing good to souls, and honouring the Master? Let us labour as those who must shortly give account; remembering that we are held responsible, not only for what we have done, but also for what we have neglected to do. Soon the mandate may come to us, "Give an account of thy stewardship, for thou mayest be no longer steward."

Our Societies.

THE BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

THE attention of our readers has been already called to the address from the pastors in Jamaica to the churches under their care, on the then approaching *fiftieth* anniversary of the Mission in that island, where the Rev. John Rowe landed Feb. 23, 1814. Our brethren proposed to raise a fund to promote the extension of the African Mission, in which they take the deepest interest,—to increase the number and improve the character of their day schools,—to complete and put into good repair chapels not yet finished, and old ones needing renovating,—and to form a *Jubilee Mission* in the island itself, in which there are many outlying parts beyond the reach of any settled pastor, and where the people can only be reached by a home missionary visiting regularly the stations selected for preaching the Gospel.

Now we apprehend that no one of our readers will be indifferent to these objects; and our Jamaica brethren have shown much wisdom in confining their proposed fund to them. They are few and simple, but very important. They begin with the African Mission, and end with a Home Mission; and this is put last, not because they are unmindful of the Saviour's direction to his apostles about "beginning at Jerusalem;" for our friends began at home. They have cultivated that first, and have done it well. But they want to do it more thoroughly; and as circumstances have tended greatly to change the dwelling-places of the people, they feel the necessity of following them to their new abodes.

Our brethren naturally look to England for help in this time of need, as well as of joy. The Jamaica churches raised a large sum of money when the Mission Jubilee was held in 1842. Now that theirs is come they say, "Will not you help us?" The committee would gladly have done something in response to this appeal. But it was not possible to afford effectual aid with the large deficit in their view. They, therefore, deferred the matter until the close of the financial year. And having received a blessing from the divine hand, through the churches, which has removed all present anxiety about the Society's pecuniary affairs, they will be able to help the Jamaica pastors and churches, who have

deputed the Rev. W. Teall to visit this country on their behalf, and we bespeak for him a cordial welcome.

The brethren out there have not been idle. The first important meeting was held at Montego Bay, on the 17th of February last. It consisted of the ministers and delegates of the Jamaica Baptist Union, representing over 500,000 persons; and it is stated by competent judges, that not less than ten thousand persons were present at a great gathering which was held in the open air.

Recent mails brought some further intelligence of Jamaica Jubilee doings; and, among others, the M.S. of a sermon preached by the Rev. D. J. East, President of the Calabar Institution, at Falmouth, in the chapel once occupied by William Knibb, has been received. Most likely it will be printed along with a history of our mission in Jamaica by the Rev. J. Clark, and other documents prepared by Revs. W. Dendy and B. Millard, in a small volume to be published in commemoration of the past fifty years.

The following extract from it will interest all our readers:—

1. Fifty years ago Jamaica was, with very limited exceptions, a very Sodom of iniquity.* All classes were addicted to the most shameless profligacy. Marriage, in many districts, was hardly known, and on some estates was absolutely prohibited. We have much to mourn over still; but how great the social change which has come over the land! Now concubinage, amongst what are called the respectable classes, is becoming branded as dishonourable, and marriage is becoming the rule; while family ties, and the hallowed associations of home, are inducing an improved social morality in other respects.

2. Fifty years ago, 300,000 out of 350,000 of the population were down-trodden and oppressed under the iron foot of slavery; and men and women were driven to the field, and forced to their unrequited tasks like beasts of burden; and often flogged and tortured with relentless cruelty on the most frivolous pretences. Now, for six-and-twenty years the boon of liberty has been enjoyed, so that four-fifths of our present population can say, they were never in bondage to any man.

3. Fifty years ago, the masses of the people were sunk in the grossest abominations of African superstition: for the great masses of them there were no Bibles, no

* Parts of the parish of St. Elizabeth, where Moravian missionaries, and one or two churchmen were labouring, exceptional.

Sabbaths, no schools: and some of the professed ministers of religion were among the most profligate and abandoned of the community. How changed the state of things now! We have superstition, and ignorance, and irreligion enough still. But, blessed be God, we have no longer a heathen community. Too many profane God's holy day in idleness, and sloth, and dissipation: and very many keep Sabbath only once in fourteen, instead of once in seven days. But now the Christian Sabbath is an institution everywhere acknowledged, and with more or less rigidity observed. Places of Christian worship occupy not only our towns, but lift up their heads in almost every mountain village and district of the land: so that the public means of grace are brought within reach of nearly the whole population. And every Christian denomination has a goodly band of faithful, hard-working, godly ministers, who watch for souls, as those who must give account unto God. Jamaica is not paradise: its inhabitants are not angels; iniquity still abounds; the love of many waxes cold; and many walk, of whom your pastors tell you often, that they are the enemies of the cross of Christ. But, we bless God, Jamaica is not what she once was,—a slave-cursed sink of abominations.

4. Fifty years ago, it is to be feared, that in some parts you might have searched in vain for a single God-fearing, praying, Christian man. What is the case now? Why, to say nothing of other Christian denominations, there are now in connection with our own Mission upwards of seventy regularly organized Christian churches, comprising more than 30,000 members, presided over by one-and-forty Christian pastors, of whom nineteen are men of your own clime, whom God has raised up amongst yourselves, and counted faithful, putting them into the ministry. No doubt among these 30,000 church-members there are large numbers who have a name to live, while they are dead. But making every allowance for a nominal, or a hypocritical profession, we believe there is a glorious company whose hearts have been renewed, and over whom we may rejoice as new creatures in Christ Jesus.

5. And who shall say, how many during the PAST FIFTY YEARS have passed away from the church militant in this land, to the church triumphant in heaven? O, we are sure that from the churches of Christ in Jamaica, there is even now a goodly fellowship who, having washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, appear pure and spotless before the throne of God: and of these, some, as faithful witnesses, having sealed their testimony to the truth with their blood, are honoured to wear the martyr's crown. Truly, brethren, in the review of the past fifty years, we may wonderingly exclaim, "What has God wrought!" And as gratefully add, "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad. O give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good: for his mercy endureth for ever."

THE letters which Mr. Smith has recently sent from Delhi give interesting information of the state and prospects of the mission in that place. Mr. Smith is carrying on the work with his accustomed energy, and with encouraging signs of success. We wish it was in his power to carry out *all* his views; but time and patience are needed where the work is surrounded with difficulties that appear almost insuperable. He writes as follows:—

"In some respects the Mission looks very encouraging: the congregations are excellent everywhere. In the Choock the crowds are increasing, and more visitors come for conversation to the mission-house. The prayer-meetings among inquirers and native Christians are well attended. On Monday evening I had more than 100 present at Meerka Gunge; last evening I had 50 at Delhi Darwara. This morning I visited Pahar Gunge, and had much interesting conversation with a number of people. Our native agents are generally working well. We have just had one party of three of them out to Gurgauw and Rewanee, and they were received enthusiastically by the people generally. Bhagwan has just returned from Bhagput, a large town where we have taken a house and are sending a teacher. He says, day after day, until late at night, he was engaged in preaching and conversation, and he could scarcely get even necessary sleep. I have visited two of our new stations, and was much encouraged by the number of apparently earnest inquirers who came to me for conversation. Several were anxious for baptism, and, if they continue, will in due time be received. In the district the desire for teachers is very great, and we are meeting it as far as we can; but we are much shackled for funds, and must have present help. The mission has suffered much, and it will take some time to remove bad impressions; still, I think we shall gradually regain the confidence of the Christian public. Our expenses are nearly 300 Rs. per month, and we cannot decrease them without impairing the efficiency of our operations. We have formed a local committee, consisting of the two missionaries, Mr. Parry, Mr. Dannenberg, Mr. Moss (his brother is a Baptist minister at home), and Bhagwan Das and Kurreem Buksh, the two native pastors; and I hope we shall work well and systematically. The committee meets monthly. I meet the native agents every Saturday. One reads a short sermon. We have a Bible-class, and then a long conference as to the progress in the various stations. All the native agents are at their posts: not one lives with me: and they are improving very rapidly. Our theological class is small, but one of our students bids fair to be a very superior man. We should have a larger class, but for want of funds. We have service in the new chapel, although it is unfinished. The English congregation was large; but a complete change in the troop has just taken place, and we have to commence anew with a fresh regi-

ment. I am glad to say about forty attend already, and I dare say they will rapidly increase. The native Sabbath congregation is not so large as it used to be; but it is improving. Last Sabbath morning sixty native Christians were present, and about the doors and verandahs a large crowd was assembled. We have been making great efforts to take charge of the district, for we must do it now, or be entirely shut out. I think this a most important movement, and rejoice in it. Instead of crowding all labours into the towns on the main roads, a regular attack is being made on the whole country. Our native agents are out in all directions, preaching the Gospel. The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel has taken up Paniput, Soanput, Bitriwani, and Rewary; and we have taken Secunderabad, Gazeer Nugger, Bhagput, Futtehabad, Gurgauw, and Rhotuk. This will produce a great change

in the district, and as we look for a universal movement in favour of Christianity ere long, the diffusion of the truth becomes most desirable.

"I had the unspeakable pleasure of baptizing Walaiyat Ali's only son last month. He is a nice lad, and I hope will walk in his father's footsteps. Nothing could persuade him to join the Episcopal Church, though persuasion was freely tried, and an offer even to immerse him, I believe, made. We are perseveringly trying to fill the city and district with the truth, and feel confidence in leaving the issue with Him who never fails to honour his own means. My dear brother, don't forget our pecuniary wants. They are urgent just now, and I can scarcely keep things going. Last year scarcely anything was received either from England or in India. I am in excellent health, thank God, and my family are all well."

Intelligence.

FOREIGN.

ITALY.—Many of our readers know that a Mission was lately commenced, by some members of our denomination, in Italy. Mr. Wall, formerly of Calne, went out to Bologna, some months since. His labours appear to be blessed. The following extract from his last letter gives some idea of the kind of labour in which he is engaged:—

"Sometime about the middle of last month I commenced a service in English at one of the hotels for our countrymen who, at this season, are flocking home from the more southern parts of Italy. I thought that, subjected as they are to many temptations, the Gospel would be of use to those who know how to appreciate it, and that a word of warning might not be without results to those who are playing round Popery, with its gorgeous rites, as the foolish moth about the merciless flame. The first I found, scorched and fallen, was a lady who has resided here for some years. Her daughter was already in the convent, her son a Catholic, and she herself about to take the same step. Poor woman! she comes regularly to the service, and will, I trust, find the Saviour; but when a mother has sent her children before her, I should think she seldom refuses to follow them. One morning, not being at the service, I inquired the reason, and found she had been permitted to see her daughter, to shake hands with her through the convent grating, and kiss her through the same. Cruel separation of what God had joined together!

"I find that the service is becoming more important than I anticipated. We have sometimes between thirty and forty persons;

often I have found true Christians who were very deeply interested in the great work going on in this land of promise, and who tried to do what they could to help it forward. The Christians of different opinions but of the one life, are all desirous to see the darkness of the land removed.

"With regard to the Italians, I have somewhat changed my mode of action. Finding the portions of Scripture did not come from England, nor from the place where I had sent for them in Italy, I resolved to give New Testaments in all serious cases, and the results have shown me this thought came from God. A servant who received one showed it to her young mistress, and she read it through. A little boy, who expressly desired to come to the service, received one; I gave it to him after he had inquired if his parents would permit him to read it. A soldier, to whom I gave one, came day after day to read it with me; he seemed so earnest that I wished to have some means of knowing how he acted when with his comrades. When his turn came to keep guard at a powder-magazine about two miles out of the city, I went, and found him, with eight others, in a little smoky cot. They had been reading the Testament to one another, and one was in the act of copying a part of the Gospel according to Matthew. After speaking with them, I found they were anxious to obtain the book, so I arranged with all who could read to come to my house. Since that time I have had a class each afternoon for them to read with me. They come, they listen attentively, and if I am to judge from fruits, some have earnestly received the message of God's love. They have read them constantly in the barracks, and some of the Testaments are well thumbed. I know, by the ques-

tions they put, that they no longer believe the principal errors of the Romish church. One said he would send his to his friends at Naples; another, that he would keep his until death; another, that the priest would fail to induce him to give his up. One showed his to one of the officials, and he is coming to see me about one for himself. Three of them, who thought I was about to leave the city shortly, came to ask me if I would write to them in case I did so. We cannot think too highly of effort among the Italian soldiers. Many of the men are intelligent and respectable, they are under the curse of the Pope, and open to receive the truth. In a short time thousands will probably fall in battle, and some will return to their homes in different parts of the country. If we wish them to be prepared for death, or for influence in the future, this is the time. If I am rightly informed, there is not one man in the peninsula who is engaged specially for the soldiers.

"The meetings with the soldiers, and another meeting at my own house for some of the Christians, have been of use to me, as I hope they have to those who have attended. The meeting for the brethren is held every Monday night, and will, we hope, be useful in developing talent for evangelisation. The room which they worshipped in is no longer theirs, the term being expired; and not having another ready, they were compelled to discontinue the work or have smaller gatherings in the houses of the members. The latter was the course adopted, and now we see that it is no more difficult to have meetings in the homes in Italy than it is in England. This is an opening which even many acquainted with the state of things in Italy would scarcely have believed. We have met with no opposition whatever. One evening, a woman opposite the upper room in which we met, sang a song as stoutly as she could, but she did it in such a good-humoured way that one could scarcely feel annoyed. Not only is the home accessible, but the country people are, perhaps, more inclined to receive the Gospel than those in the cities. We have had one meeting about seven or eight miles from the city, right in the heart of the more superstitious portion of the country. We were well received by the farmer, who welcomed us to his table. We sat down under one of the trees and read a portion of Scripture, which was then spoken on in the most simple manner, and attentively listened to. Not very far from this city there is a factory, conducted by an English gentleman; where there are two or three hundred persons employed. About eight or ten miles from this city is a camp, to which most of the soldiers of the city are going, and where, it is said, there will be nearly a hundred thousand men. In a short time I hope to have a class for reading the Bible among some who seem to be interested, in another portion of the community. The Lord seems leading, and so the clouds are removing. I think that any Christian who studies this will believe God is working, and will desire to be a worker with God; since

it is possible, even in the missionary cause, to be pressing against doors which he has not yet opened, and which we cannot. The one great want of Italy is the Gospel, the simple Gospel of the promise and of Pentecost. We have prayed for many years for this country. God has opened the way—he has so turned the hearts of the people to us that they are said to have an Anglo-mania—and, in opening Italy, he has given us the key of the Catholic world, the key of Ireland, yea, and that by which we may check the progress of Popery in England. If the Christians of England hear the call, and respond to it in a liberal, earnest, and catholic manner, the work of God here will give an unprecedented impulse to the civilisation and evangelisation of the world; whereas, if we slumber while the voice calls, or respond but feebly, it is impossible not to fear the results."

DOMESTIC.

BRISTOL COLLEGE.—On Wednesday, June 29, the annual meeting of the members and subscribers of the Baptist College, Stoke's Croft Road, Bristol, was held in the vestry of Broadmead Chapel. Mr. E. S. Robinson was called to the chair. After singing, and prayer by the Rev. Mr. Claypole, the Chairman made some appropriate remarks, after which the Rev. N. Haycroft, M.A., the honorary secretary, read the report. It stated that at the last annual meeting twenty-five students were reported. To these another was afterwards added, Mr. S. Vincent, a young Englishman recently returned from America. Of the six juniors, five were, at the close of their probation, admitted for the full term. The sixth, Mr. Paddon, thought it on the whole his duty to withdraw from the institution, although the committee were willing to retain him on a further probation. Four of the students in their last year had accepted invitations to the pastorate—Mr. W. Parry, at Wells; Mr. W. Dinnis, at Burnham; Mr. J. E. Taylor, at Ilfracombe; and Mr. T. Foston, at Cheltenham. The fifth, Mr. W. Midlam, had been prevented from supplying vacant churches by the state of his health. Mr. Burn, also a student in his third year, had, in consequence of peculiar circumstances, which seemed to indicate the will of Providence, been permitted, with the committee's cordial approval, to accept the pastorate of the church at Canton, Cardiff, without completing the full term of study. The committee had every reason to be satisfied with the general conduct of the students during the session, and were pleased to know that their pulpit labours had been, for the most part, very acceptable. The usual studies had been conducted during

the session, though the committee had to regret that in consequence of the illness of the Rev. F. Bosworth, A.M., in which they had deeply sympathised, there had been for a short term (during the latter part of the session), some interruption in the work of his department. The extent to which the students had profited by the studies of the session ought, as usual, to appear from the reports of the examiners, and the committee had reason to believe that, if circumstances had not prevented most of the examinations from taking place, the proof of industry and progress would at least have been equal to previous years. Unhappily, however, a fortnight before the annual meeting, a zymotic disease made its appearance in the college, which, having more or less affected several students, rendered it essential to the health and safety of the rest that the session should immediately close. Acting, therefore, on the opinion of two medical gentlemen, both members of the committee, the students were requested, by a unanimous resolution of the committee, to return to their friends as soon as possible. In consequence of this, the usual examinations could not be held, except in Mr. Bosworth's department and Dr. Meissner's, which had been concluded before the serious outbreak of disease. A considerable part of the report was devoted to the pecuniary condition of the institution. The secretary had endeavoured, during the past year, by an extensive personal canvass, and a considerable amount of travelling, to obtain new or enlarged subscriptions, as well as generally to press the claims of the college on the attention of the churches. The committee were gratified to learn that he had been greatly aided in his work by many ministers and friends, who had accompanied him in his canvass, and that he had received many expressions of sympathy with the position of the college, and many generous responses to his appeal. The amount of new subscriptions thus far obtained was £322 18s. 6d. The committee, however, thought that an additional £100 per annum of subscriptions was required to put the institution in a proper position. The balance-sheet of the treasurer (Mr. J. Eyre) showed a balance in hand at present of £62 1s. 1d. The various resolutions were then moved and seconded by the Revs. Dr. Leechman, Dr. Gotch, E. A. Claypole, W. Cross, E. Webb, and by Messrs. W. Horsey, P. Adams, G. C. Ashmead, &c. A vote of thanks having been accorded to the chairman, the Rev. T. S. Crisp offered prayer, and the proceedings terminated. Subsequently the

friends dined together at the Athenæum lecture-hall.

RAWDON COLLEGE, LEEDS.—The services connected with the closing of the session were held on Wednesday, June 22nd; being the sixtieth anniversary of the Northern Baptist Education Society. At two o'clock, a very large number of ladies and gentlemen, including most of the members of the committee, from Yorkshire, Lancashire, and the surrounding counties, assembled in a tent which had been erected for the occasion. The President, the Rev. Samuel G. Green, B.A., took the chair, and in a few words introduced the business of the afternoon. Devotional exercises were conducted by the Rev. C. Larom, of Sheffield, after which the annual report was read. The report enumerated the subjects of study pursued during the session, and gave at length the results of the examinations. The testimonies were impartial and full, and in general very satisfactory. The number of theological students during the year had been twenty-three, of whom six were leaving, five having already accepted unanimous invitations to settle with vacant churches. To supply the vacant places, six probationers had been chosen by examination from nine candidates, who had themselves been selected from fifteen applicants for admission. A number of additional applications had been received, sufficing, if all should prove worthy, to fill the college for the next two years. Under these circumstances, the enlargement of the building seemed likely to become before long a practical question: although an enlargement of annual income must precede the admission of an increased number of students. The report concluded by a deserved tribute of respect and gratitude to the Rev. Henry Dowson, who, since the year 1840, has most efficiently discharged the office of honorary secretary to the college, but who now, from the pressure of engagements, added to impaired health, has been led to tender his resignation. The several resolutions, appointing the officers, committee, &c., were moved and seconded by Drs. Acworth, Evans, and Brewer; Messrs. Illingworth and Aked, of Harrogate, A. Brown, of Liverpool, and J. Barber, of Nottingham; the Revs. A. McLaren, H. Dowson, A. M. Stalker, W. F. Burchell, H. J. Betts, C. Larom, and T. Lomas. The Rev. J. P. Chown was cordially and earnestly invited to take the honorary secretaryship of the institution, and the Rev. W. Walters to give the annual address to the students next year. After the transaction of business, an

exceedingly well-written essay, on "The Miracles of Christ considered as a Revelation," was read by Mr. W. H. Tetley, one of the seniors leaving college. The Rev. A. M'Laren, B.A., of Manchester, then delivered an address to the students full of practical counsel, urged in a spirit of brotherly sympathy, and enforced with characteristic energy of phrase and brilliancy of illustration. In the evening a yet larger assembly was convened in the same place for the purpose of presenting a testimonial to the Rev. Henry Dowson, in acknowledgment of his long and valued services as honorary secretary. The gift consisted, first, of a noble portrait of Mr. Dowson, by J. F. Bird, Esq., of Leeds, to be placed in the college library; secondly, of a splendid drawing-room timepiece, with candelabra; to which was added, thirdly, a cheque for a sum of money (nearly £50), which remained of the subscriptions after the above purchases had been made. The Rev. Dr. Acworth, in suitable terms, presented the portrait; T. Aked, Esq., senior treasurer, the timepiece and appendages; and W. Stead, Esq., junior treasurer, the balance of money. Mr. Dowson returned thanks in a very earnest and admirable address, in which he reviewed the period of his connection with the college, expressed his entire satisfaction with its present position, and assured the meeting of his continued co-operation, so far as strength should be given him, in all matters connected with its interests. The venerable Dr. Godwin brought the proceedings of the anniversary to a close by offering prayer, and pronouncing the benediction.

EVERTON, LIVERPOOL.—On Monday afternoon, July 4th, the Rev. C. M. Birrell laid the foundation-stone of a new Baptist chapel in Breck Road, Everton, Liverpool, in the presence of a large and respectable assemblage. The building is intended for the congregation now worshipping in the Athenæum, Brunel Street, which has outgrown the accommodation there afforded. The cost of the land and building is estimated at £6,000, of which about £3,500 has already been subscribed. The proposed building will consist of a chapel, measuring internally 66 feet by 50 feet, with an entrance vestibule 12 feet wide and 50 feet long, in which the staircases to the galleries are intended hereafter to be placed. At the further end of the chapel, behind the pulpit, there will be a semi-circular apse, from which doors communicate with the vestries. In the apse is placed the baptismal font, which extends back the full depth of the recess, leaving a flight of steps

leading down into it opposite the door of each vestry. There will be two vestries behind the building, each 17 feet by 15 feet; under the one to the right hand will be an apartment containing the heating apparatus for warming the building. The exterior of the building will be of a plain character, the decoration being confined to the openings. The building will be of brick, with dressings of Stourton stone, the windows having boldly-covered jambs in stock brick, with semi-circular arched heads. Bands of stock brick are also carried round the building at intervals. The entrance to the chapel will be through three doors, each seven feet in width, decorated with three-quarter shafts, with carved capitals, supporting semi-circular moulded arches, and having a flight of six steps. In front of the gable will be a small round traceried opening, for ventilation to the roof. The school-room will be placed in the rear of the chapel. It will be 50 feet long by 27 broad; will have two entrances; will be lit by large windows, and be generally in accordance with the style of the chapel. A hymn having been sung, and the Rev. H. S. Brown having offered up prayer, the Rev. F. H. Roberts (minister of the congregation intending to remove from the Athenæum to the new chapel), addressed the Rev. C. M. Birrell in a few kind and appropriate words, and presented him with a trowel with which to lay the stone. Mr. Birrell then gave an address, in which he related some very interesting facts in connection with the history of the Baptist cause in Liverpool. He also laid the stone with the usual ceremonial. In the evening, a tea-meeting was held in the school-room underneath Myrtle Street Chapel, the Rev. H. S. Brown presiding. The speakers were the Revs. C. M. Birrell, E. Mellor, and F. H. Roberts, Mr. J. R. Jeffery, Mr. N. Caine, and Mr. S. B. Jackson. The proceedings were closed with prayer.

WELLINGTON, SOMERSET.—On Tuesday, July 5th, the memorial-stone of the new school and class-rooms in connection with the Baptist church, was laid by James W. Sully, Esq., of Bridgewater. The building will provide on the ground-floor a lecture-room 45 feet by 27, and 15 feet high, lighted by six pair of circular-headed windows, and two single windows at the south end. The entrance to the lecture-room is 13 feet by 12. Infant school-room on the ground-floor, 29 feet by 12. On the upper floor there will be ten separate class-rooms, eleven feet in height, spacious landing, and a passage communicating with the gallery of the chapel. The whole of the rooms will be

heated with hot water from the basement. The entire plan has been arranged to meet the requirements and practical working of a healthy Sunday school, and to secure accommodation for the infant, the youth, and the adult. After the laying of the stone, addresses were delivered by Mr. Sully, the Rev. G. W. Humphreys, Mr. Pollard (architect), Mr. Haddon, the superintendent of the school, and by Mr. W. D. Horsey, jun. At five o'clock, upwards of 400 friends sat down to tea, given by the ladies of the church and congregation. In the evening, a public meeting, presided over by W. D. Horsey, Esq., was held in the chapel. At this meeting, addresses were delivered by the chairman (who stated that his recollection of Sunday schools in Wellington extended to about fifty-five years); by the Revs. J. Price, of Montacute; R. James, Yeovil; J. Le Couteur (Independent), of Wellington; H. V. Cowell, B.A., of Taunton; C. O. Munns, of Bridgewater; and E. Webb, of Tiverton. It is expected that the school-rooms, together with the land, will cost about £1,000. Towards this sum nearly £600 have been given and promised.

COLNEY HATCH, MIDDLESEX.—The foundation-stone of a new chapel in this place was laid on Tuesday, July 5th, by Joseph Tritton, Esq., who delivered an able address. In a bottle put in the stone, a document was enclosed, giving a short record of the origin and progress of this infant cause, and of the measures taken to erect this, the first Nonconformist place of worship, in this village. The small room where the friends have met for worship has been inconveniently crowded, and is totally inadequate to meet the spiritual necessities of the neighbourhood. Last October a Christian church was formed, which, whilst recognising believers to be the only subjects for baptism, and immersion to be the only scriptural mode, admits to communion and fellowship all professing disciples of Christ. The chapel is calculated to seat 310 persons, and will probably cost nearly £1,300. The ground, which is freehold, has been paid for; this cost £200. Tea was provided in a tent, at which about 160 sat down. After tea, a public meeting was held in the tent. The Rev. J. Fleming, of Kentish Town, took the chair. An historical account, somewhat more in detail than that placed in the bottle, was read by Mr. D. James, and a financial statement by Mr. Terry. Up to that evening the amount in hand was only about £170; and, of this sum, it was stated that a Churchman had contributed £50, as an incentive to

others to assist. Several ministers and friends afterwards addressed the meeting. Amongst these were the Revs. Arthur Hall, W. Brock, jun., F. Wills, J. Marks, W. L. Brown, and Messrs. A. O. Charles, Puget, Goodyear, Ryder, &c. Before the meeting closed, the cash received, and promises given, amounted to £311.

ARTHUR STREET, CAMBERWELL.—In commemoration of the three years' pastorate of the Rev. Samuel Cowdy at Arthur Street Chapel, Camberwell Gate, a tea and public meeting took place on June 28. The spacious school-room was filled to overflowing, class-rooms, and all. The report stated that the three years had been a season of peace and prosperity. New galleries had been erected, and were filled with attentive hearers. Addresses had been delivered every Lord's day to the schools by the teachers, and once a month by the pastor; and seventeen had been transferred to the church from the schools; 3,690 tracts distributed; 127 needy sick persons visited and helped; 70 poor mothers assisted under peculiar trial; £299 7s. 2d. distributed to needy persons; £611 13s. 3d. collected towards the chapel debt, all over and above all ordinary collections. 170 had been added to the communion of the church, the present number being above 400. The schools, sick visiting society, tract association, Dorcas society, young men's Berean association, their essays, Scripture studies, courses of lectures, and Gospel preachings; and the ladies' Bible-class, their studies, written essays, &c., all came under thankful review. It was stated that no less a sum than £150 per annum was received regularly in the Sunday school savings-bank, and again chiefly withdrawn for clothing and other purposes. Many speakers addressed the assembly—both speakers and people being filled with devout gratitude to Almighty God for His great goodness manifested to the cause, and with cheering hopes in reliance on the Lord for the future.

STAFFORD.—Several interesting services have been held in connection with the opening of the new chapel, Stafford, for divine worship. The services commenced on July 4th, when two excellent sermons were preached by the Rev. W. L. Giles, of Birmingham. On Thursday evening, July 7th, a powerful sermon was preached by the Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown, of Liverpool; and on Lord's day, July 10th, two instructive sermons by the Rev. J. P. Carey, of Wolverhampton. On Monday, July 11th, a tea-meeting was held in the Market Hall. A large number of

persons sat down. The public meeting was held in the chapel. The chair was occupied by Mr. J. Brown, senior deacon of the church. The Revs. W. H. Cornish; W. Jackson, of Bilston; G. Swan (Independent); T. Chapman, of Birmingham; and T. Chalmers (Independent), appropriately addressed the meeting. This chapel, the foundation-stone of which was laid by J. Hopkins, Esq., of Birmingham, on Easter Monday last, is neat and commodious, and is capable of accommodating about 500 persons, without galleries. At the commencement there remained £400 debt on the site and school-room. This, together with the new debt incurred, amounted to about £850; towards which a bazaar was held on June 21st and 22nd, the proceeds of which, together with the collections and subscriptions, amount to about £370; leaving about £480 to be provided for.

RAMSGATE.—Cavendish Chapel, Ramsgate, having been closed for the last six weeks, has undergone very extensive alterations and repairs, and is now one of the most commodious, comfortable, and elegant places of worship in the neighbourhood. The cost of the alterations is £300. The place was reopened for divine worship on the 7th of July, when the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, preached two very powerful sermons to overflowing audiences. The collections after both services amounted to £50. On Sunday, the 10th, the reopening services were continued, when two very eloquent sermons were delivered by Signor A. Gavazzi, and £20 was collected. On Monday evening, July 11th, Signor Gavazzi delivered a lecture on "Gibaldi," and thrilled and delighted his audience whilst he described the character and private life of the great hero, and traced his public career as a patriot and warrior. These descriptions were the more interesting on account of their being given from personal knowledge of the character and career of the great Italian liberator. The collection after the lecture amounted to £6 6s., making a total, from the whole of the reopening services, of £76 6s.

TALYBONT, CARDIGANSHIRE.—A most interesting meeting was held at the Baptist chapel, in this place, on Friday, June 17th, when the Rev. H. C. Parry delivered a very instructive lecture on "The Life and Character of Roger Williams." At the conclusion of the lecture, the Rev. D. H. Rees, pastor of the adjoining Independent church, who acted as chairman on the occasion, presented

Mr. Parry with a purse containing nearly £15, as a testimonial from himself and congregation, as well as the members of the Baptist congregation, of the high respect in which he was held, both as a gentleman and a Christian minister, and of the deep regret which was universally felt at his departure from amongst them to take the pastoral charge of the Welsh Baptist Church at Tottenham Court Road, London. The Rev. T. Hopkins, pastor of the Baptist church of Cwm Symlod, followed in the same spirit, as did John Pughe, Esq., F.R.C.S., and J.P., of Aberdovey. The friendly testimonial thus made to a most worthy Christian minister was delivered by Miss Owen, of Talybont. Several influential friends, in addition to a large mixed congregation of all denominations, were present on the occasion.

WATFORD.—On Monday evening, July 4th, a crowded tea-meeting was held in the Corn Exchange, Watford, to bid farewell to the Rev. C. Bailhache, who has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church in Cross Street, Islington, after a ministry at Watford of five years. Mr. J. Chater, the senior deacon, was called to the chair, and opened the proceedings with appropriate remarks. Mr. J. J. Smith then addressed the meeting and Mr. Bailhache, and concluded by presenting him with a chair and a purse of fifty sovereigns, as a token of the affectionate regard in which he is held by the members of the church and congregation. Mr. Tidcombe presented to Mrs. Bailhache a gold watch, also as a token of esteem and gratitude; and to Mr. Bailhache an elegant ornament was presented by Mr. Kingham, from the senior girls in the Sunday school. The meeting was also addressed by Mr. Brush, of Levesden; the Rev. Dr. Hurdall; the Rev. W. Emery; and Mr. Heaton, of London. All the speakers referred, in kindly and appropriate terms, to Mr. Bailhache's zealous and successful labours at Watford, and expressed their hope that he would be greatly prospered in his new sphere of labour.

CROSS STREET, ISLINGTON.—On Tuesday evening, July 19th, a most interesting and crowded meeting was held in Cross Street Chapel, Islington, for the purpose of recognising the Rev. Clement Bailhache (late of Watford) as pastor of the church in that place. The Rev. Henry Allon, chairman of the Congregational Union, presided, and opened the proceedings with some appropriate remarks. After devotional services, conducted by the Rev. Theophilus Lessey, Mr. Brook (the senior deacon of the church) stated briefly, but

in an interesting manner, the circumstances which had led to Mr. Bailhache's settlement, referring specially, and in terms of deep affection and sympathy, to the affliction which had deprived the church of its late beloved pastor, the Rev. A. C. Thomas. Addresses were then delivered by the Revs. Dr. Angus, J. H. Hinton, M.A., A. New, A. Raleigh, W. Miall, and by Mr. Heaton. The Rev. Dr. Edmond commended the church and the pastor to God in prayer. Mr. Bailhache also delivered an appropriate and impressive address. The whole of the proceedings were of the most interesting character, and full of promise for the future both of church and pastor.

COALVILLE, LEICESTERSHIRE.—The Rev. J. Cholerton having been compelled to resign the pastorate of the Baptist church in this village (which he has held since its formation), in consequence of the state of his health rendering his removal to a warmer neighbourhood and lighter sphere of labour necessary, a tea-meeting for the purpose of expressing the esteem in which he is held, and the regret felt at his removal, was held on Monday, July 11th. A very large company assembled for tea, after which an interesting meeting was held in the chapel. Mr. H. Dennis, of Hugglescote, presided, and appropriate addresses, embodying the one feeling of the assembly, were delivered by the Revs. J. Bromwich, of Sheepshed; G. Hester, of Loughborough; J. Salisbury, of Hugglescote; W. Chapman, of Melbourne; and Messrs. Riley, of Mountsorrell; Lacey, Baldwin, and Abbott, of Loughborough. The proceeds of the tea, with donations from friends who were not able to be present, amounting to the handsome sum of £17, were presented to Mr. Cholerton, as an expression of Christian sympathy and affection.

BETHEL, LLANELLY.—On Tuesday evening, July 5th, an interesting meeting was held in this chapel for the purpose of presenting to the minister, the Rev. W. Hughes, a token of the esteem in which his character and services are held by his church and congregation. Mr. Hughes has been pastor of this church upwards of twenty years, during which time his faithful and successful labours have gathered round him a large number of friends, who have gladly availed themselves of the opportunity of testifying their appreciation of him and his work. Mr. John Evans was unanimously voted to the chair, and in a few appropriate words stated the object of the meeting. Brief addresses were delivered by the Revs. T. Davics, J. R.

Morgan, H. Rees, D. M. Evans, and R. D. Roberts, all of whom expressed the pleasure which they felt in taking part in the meeting. Mr. Rowland Morgan, one of the deacons, then offered for Mr. Hughes's acceptance a purse containing the sum of £51, which was acknowledged in suitable terms, and the meeting terminated.

WEST ROW, WILLENHALL.—The jubilee of the Baptist chapel in this place was celebrated on Thursday, June 23rd, when deeply interesting services were held. In the afternoon, a very powerful and appropriate sermon was preached by the Rev. C. Elven, of Bury St. Edmunds, after which several hundreds of people assembled upon a plot of ground opposite the chapel, when the foundation-stone of a house for the minister was laid by the Rev. J. P. Lewis, of Diss, who also delivered an address. After partaking of a very excellent tea, kindly given by the ladies of the congregation, the numerous assembly adjourned to the chapel, and listened with devout attention to addresses delivered by the Revs. C. Elven, J. P. Lewis, W. W. Cantlow, of Isleham, and W. Lloyd, of Barton Mills. In order to maintain a resident minister at West Row, the friends are compelled to build a dwelling-house, as the number of houses is altogether inadequate to the wants of the population, and the minister for some years past has been compelled to occupy apartments.

SUTTON-IN-THE-ELMS, LEICESTERSHIRE.—On Tuesday, June 21, the Baptist chapel in this place, which has for the last hundred years been the meeting-place of one of the oldest Nonconformist churches in the kingdom, after undergoing extensive repairs and alterations, was reopened for public worship, when two able sermons were preached, that in the morning by the Rev. J. Martin, B.A., of Nottingham, and that in the evening by the Rev. J. Mursell, of Kettering. Dinner and tea were provided on the spot, under a spacious marquee. In the afternoon, select pieces of sacred music were performed by the choir, and several brief addresses given, the Rev. J. P. Mursell, of Leicester, presiding. And on the Sunday following, June 26th, two excellent sermons were preached by the Rev. T. Lomas, of Leicester. The proceeds of the services amounted to £40. The improvement effected in the chapel is so great, that it called forth the admiration of all present who knew the place in its former state.

KIDDERMINSTER.—On Monday, June 27th, a tea-meeting was held in the music

hall, which brought together some 500 persons of every denomination of the town, to help the Baptist friends in their building fund for a new chapel. After tea, Alderman Turton presided, and the Revs. T. Marsden, B.A. (Independent); S. Dunn, of Atch Leuch (Baptist); W. Symonds, of Pershore (Baptist); and Thomas Fisk, the pastor of the church, suitably addressed the meeting. The situation of the old chapel is acknowledged on all hands to have been, for a length of time, most disadvantageous, either for gathering or maintaining a congregation, and the church having, through the liberality of one of the Kidderminster manufacturers, an offer of a capital site in the centre of the town, at once felt it their duty and interest to accept it. About £550 have been already collected and promised, and the pastor will thankfully acknowledge the aid of all who feel interested in the extension of Christ's kingdom.

CANTON, CARDIFF.—On Tuesday, 5th July, the Rev. S. C. Burn, late of Bristol College, was publicly recognised in Hope Chapel, Canton, Cardiff, as the pastor of the church meeting for worship in that place. A sermon on "The Principles of Congregational Dissent" was delivered by the Rev. N. Haycroft, M.A., of Bristol. The usual questions were asked by the Rev. T. Michael, of Halifax, who also offered the ordination prayer. The charge to the minister was delivered by the Rev. F. W. Gotch, LL.D., resident tutor in Bristol College, and was founded upon 1 Cor. iv. 2. A sermon to the church and congregation was preached by the Rev. E. Probert, of Bristol. The Revs. A. Tilly and R. Griffiths also took part in the service. Dinner and tea were provided in the school-room beneath the chapel, and between these repasts, addresses were delivered by the Revs. Dr. Gotch, T. Michael, G. Howe, A. Tilly, E. Davies, Nathaniel Thomas, — Wills, and other friends.

THE FREE TABERNACLE, NOTTING HILL.—This commodious place of worship was opened on Thursday and Friday, the 23rd and 24th of June, when sermons were preached by the Rev. B. W. Noel, M.A., Rev. F. Tucker, B.A., and the Rev. Dr. Edmund. Upwards of 300 persons partook of tea on the Thursday evening, after which a public meeting was held. Captain Bailey took the chair, in the place of Sir M. Peto; and suitable addresses were given by the Rev. J. Offord, the Rev. W. G. Lewis, the Rev. J. Spurgeon, the Rev. J. Stent, and others. Mr. Varley, the pastor of the

above, was formerly a member of the Rev. B. W. Noel's church, and has, jointly with his father-in-law, defrayed the entire cost of the building, £2,000. The church now numbers about 100 members, and if the various agencies in connection with it continue to prosper as they have done, it is likely to prove a great blessing to the neighbourhood.

HIGHBURY HILL, ISLINGTON.—On July 17th, was formed at Barnsbury Hall, Islington, by the Rev. J. H. Hinton, M.A., a church consisting of thirty members. For the use of this church it is intended to erect a place of worship on a piece of ground obtained for the purpose at Highbury Hill. At their first meeting, held on Monday evening, Mr. Hinton was chosen unanimously to the pastorate of this church.

MINISTERIAL CHANGES.—The Rev. B. P. Pratten has (on account of ill-health) resigned the pastorate at Guilsborough, Northamptonshire. — The Rev. L. B. Brown, of Berwick-upon-Tweed, has accepted a cordial and unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the Salthouse Lane Baptist church, Hull, and began his stated labours there on July 24th. — The Rev. Philip Bailhache, of Salisbury, has accepted the cordial and unanimous invitation of the church at West End, Hammersmith, lately under the pastorate of the Rev. Dr. Leechman. — The Rev. J. B. Brasted has resigned his charge at Andover, and is now open to an invitation to a vacant pulpit. — The Rev. J. Field, from the Metropolitan College, has accepted the unanimous invitation of the South Portland Street Baptist church, Glasgow, to the co-pastorate, in connection with the venerable Alexander McLeod. Mr. Field commenced his stated labours on Sunday, the 19th of June. — The Rev. J. Hiron has been obliged, on account of personal affliction, to resign the pastorate of the Baptist church, George Street, Hull, on which he so lately entered. His retirement and its cause are the subject of deep regret, both to the church and to Mr. Hiron's ministerial brethren in the country. — The Rev. T. Evans has resigned the pastorate of the Baptist church at Waterford. — The Rev. C. Williams, of Accrington, has accepted the unanimous invitation of the church worshipping in Portland Chapel, Southampton, to become their pastor. It is expected that he will commence his labours about the end of September. — The Rev. H. Ashbery, of Sheffield, has accepted a unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the church in Wellington Street, Luton, Beds. — The Rev. J. W. Ashworth has resigned the

pastorate of the church meeting in King Street, Oldham; and has accepted the cordial and unanimous invitation of the church meeting in Broad Street, Pershore. —The Rev. E. Bott, of Barton Fabis, has accepted the unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the Baptist church, Tarporley, Cheshire, and will commence his labours on the first Lord's day in August. —The Rev. Harris Crassweller, B.A., of Woolwich, has received an invitation from the church at St. Mary's Gate, Derby, and has consented to become its pastor on the first Lord's day in September; until which date, however, he does not relinquish his connection with the church at Woolwich. —The Rev. T. A. Binns has, in consequence of the delicate health of Mrs. Binns, resigned the pastorate of the church at Warwick.

GENERAL.

SECTARIAN PERSECUTION IN YORKSHIRE.—In the somewhat obscure village of Harden, a few miles to the west of Bingley, a system of religious persecution has been adopted, which, in these days of boasted freedom and liberality, we should have deemed hardly possible, if we had not the information most satisfactorily authenticated. During the past four weeks, Messrs. Samuel Watmuff and Co., mohair spinners and manufacturers, of Harden, have given about seventy of their hands (children and adults alike) the alternative of leaving the Church school and Church service or losing their employment; and as the nearest point where the spinning hands can get other employment is at least two miles, the tyranny bites keenly. No reason whatever has been assigned for the step, even to those who have gone straight to Mr. Watmuff himself; the question has been put—"Do you purpose to continue

to attend the Church school service?" and in all cases where the reply has been in the affirmative, prompt dismissal has been the result. One man replied that he had never entered the room where the service was held. "No matter," was the reply. "your mother has!" The mother in question is a widow, and her two children were at once thrown out of employment. In the course of the following ten days nineteen scholars had left their work, and had sought and obtained employment, mostly with the Messrs. Sharp, of Bingley, who, indignant at these proceedings, kindly offered to take all hands who came to them; and six teachers were similarly provided for by Mr. Ramsden. Of course, it is not all parents who will voluntarily send their children through all states of the weather two miles or more daily to work, and thirty-one children and three teachers, sorely against their inclination, have been obliged to leave the school. The shameless persecution is still going on. Last Saturday a girl, a weaver, was dismissed in the usual way. The mother went to see the master. "Is she still going to the Church school?" was the question. "Yes." "Then I won't have her." On Monday an overlooker was discharged, and on Tuesday another weaver, both on precisely the same ground; so that the statement of a contemporary that "the religious edict has been withdrawn" is quite untrue.—*Leeds Intelligencer*.—[It will be seen that the above is taken from *The Leeds Intelligencer*, which is a Tory paper. It is to be hoped that the statement admits of some explanation. We condemn such intolerance when it is perpetrated by members of the Establishment; we condemn it equally when it is perpetrated among ourselves. We are not told to what denomination Messrs. Watmuff and Co. belong.—Eds.]

Editorial Notes for the Month.

Two grave questions have been settled since last month: the first, whether England shall go to war on behalf of Denmark; the second, whether Lord Palmerston shall yield the reins of political power. Both questions have been answered in the negative; and it is not too much to say that, in both cases, the answers have been fully in accordance with the wishes of the country. There are few among us who do not sympathize with Denmark; but there are not many who, on her account, would plunge the country into a continental war. There are few who are fully

satisfied with Lord Palmerston, few who are not dissatisfied with his anti-reforming and anti-popular tendencies; but we must all become very much dissatisfied indeed, before we consent to replace him with Mr. Disraeli.

Meantime, Denmark, without our help, seems to get on better than she did with it. Although the conflict was renewed at the beginning of the month, after a few days an armistice was again agreed on; and now it is probable that peace will be finally made, on a basis on which will be settled for ever the questions that have been so long in dispute. Perhaps it may be found that Denmark is better off without either Sleswig or Holstein; she will certainly be better off without a terrible Sleswig-Holstein question ever keeping her on the verge of war.

Parliament has been again prorogued, and noble lords and honourable gentlemen have gone to their rest. We hope they will enjoy it—more than they deserve—for we cannot congratulate them on any great results from their legislative labours. We do not remember a session in which so little has been done, nor one in which so little has been even attempted. When will the day of political indifferentism pass away? Will it die only with its great apostle, Palmerston?

During the month much excitement has been caused by an awful murder in London. We refer to the murder in a railway carriage on the North London Railway. The occurrence has directed renewed attention to the question, whether we shall remain without any mode of communication between railway passengers and guards. It is a strange and awful thing, when we think of it, that passengers should be at the mercy, sometimes for hours, of a murderer or a madman, without any power of calling for help. After this occurrence, and others that have been heard of lately, we do not think that the public will be content without a remedy being found for this admitted evil.

Since our last, the General Baptist Association has held its annual meeting, and most of our colleges have also held their anniversaries. All the colleges present favourable reports. At one of them—that at Rawdon—a well-deserved testimonial of esteem was presented to the retiring Secretary, the Rev. Henry Dowson. The General Baptist Association meeting was a very satisfactory one. We only regret that our space does not enable us to furnish a report, which has, however, appeared at length in *The Freeman*. The General Baptist Mission is, we regret to say, suffering from a financial difficulty. The Committee report a debt—large for them—of upwards of two thousand pounds. May we suggest that it would be a graceful and a kind thing, if, what we must call “the other section of the body,” were to aid them in their emergency? Such aid would be not only a proof of love—it would be also a bond of union. The Orissa Mission is dear to us all. Never was it conducted with greater efficiency, and never did it more deserve the sympathy of all Christian people. We venture to assert our belief that, if an appeal for half the amount of the debt were made to the larger section of the body, and *if that appeal were properly and efficiently worked*, it would not be made without results. Our own pages, at least, are open to aid an effort that would have all our sympathies.

THE
BAPTIST REPORTER.

SEPTEMBER, 1864.

DENOMINATIONS AND DENOMINATIONALISM.

THE man who is going to be hanged is scarcely an impartial person to ask "why sentence of death should not be recorded against him." He naturally sees very sufficient reasons why not, and very insufficient ones why yes; and the inarticulate gasp in the judge's face, which is the convict's ordinary answer, is as much made up of amazement at the idea of his death being a question at all, as of horror at the prospect of its swift solution. So our reply may not count for much to the inquiries, Are denominations, as a whole, nuisances deserving of abolition? Is the Baptist body, in particular, worthy of death? But, whether with any effect on the judgment of the court or not, we should like to have a word or two to say on the matter.

It is recorded of the "varmint" whom St. Patrick "evicted" from Ireland, that at last

"The bastes committed suicide
To save themselves from slaughter."

Some of our friends seem to think that the best thing denominations can do, as such, is to follow that example, and all jump in together for company. We must respectfully beg to decline these gentle persuasives to self-destruction. We by no means feel denominational organizations to be "varmint," and especially we see very good reason why we, who practise believers' baptism by immersion, should still exist as a separately-organized body. We think we have a good deal to teach society and the church, which can best be taught by such separate existence; and we conceive that till the special truths of which Baptists seem to us to be the special guardians, be far more thoroughly wrought into the conscience of the church in general than they yet are, the Euthanasia of the Baptist denomination is undesirable and impossible.

As to the general question of denominations, we should be prepared to maintain them to be inevitable; perfectly consistent with the unity of the church; fruitful of many blessings; not necessarily attended with any

curse; and, for all these reasons, presumably the divinely-intended mode for the church's growth and full appropriation of all the truth as it is in Jesus. The formation into distinct organized communities of men agreeing in opinion, in rites of worship, and in forms of church order, is but the necessary result of the diversity of view which must spring up even in that great body which has one Spirit for its Teacher, and one Book for its Law; and of the law of human association, which ever draws like to like, and requires community of conviction as the basis of community of action. So long as the Water of Life takes in its plastic fluidity the mould of the vessel which contains it; and so long as the Light of the World shines through many-coloured souls, which tinge with their native hues its white radiance; and so long as the one inspiring and interpreting Spirit condescends to condition his operations by the cast of the spirits he quickens; and so long as Christian men need to express their beliefs, and are refreshed by the society of those who hold with them; so long will denominational organizations be the most natural mould for the life and faith of the church to run into. Given diversity of opinion, you have but a choice of results. Either the retention of all divergent convictions within the pale of a formal unity, or else the far more natural and kindly open avowal of the fact, and the expression of it in distinct yet kindred bodies. The Church of England is an encouraging specimen of the results of the former course. The mutual affection of a Jowett and a Denison; the harmonious concourse of sweet sounds from the four-and-twenty blackbirds who sing from the episcopal bench; and all the amenities of *The Record* and *The Christian Observer*, are a fair practical comment on the plan of not allowing differences of opinion to lead to distinct Christian societies, for fear of breaking the unity of the church. Malice, envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness; the narrow heart and the evil eye; the virulence of party controversy, and the pride of exclusive possession of all truth; these are the sharp swords that hack the one body into fragments, and not the simple association into an ecclesiastical whole of like-minded Christian men. The unity which is spiritual can neither be broken nor preserved by externals. The existence of denominations has had its mighty gains. It has concentrated and made a power of the interest which would otherwise have been spread thin over a vague extent, and wasted. It has brought into prominence special truths and particular forms of Christian service; or life which could only be won for the whole body by being first of all the peculiar treasure of a part. The great law of God's natural working we may expect to find magnified and made honourable in his church. There are diversities of operations, but it is the same God which worketh all in all. And if the highest unity is found in the combination of all the diversities of individual gifts, what is there to contravene the extension of the principle, and the declaration that the highest unity is to be found in the harmonious diversity of kindred churches, each possessing its own special function, each reflecting, in its own fashion, under the guidance of God's Spirit, the one light? That such will be the permanent condition of the church, we do not believe; but that such is the divinely-

appointed path to that permanent condition, we do believe. There are truths for all in the heritage of each; there are errors in each to be corrected from all. As yet, the churches of Christ, in John Milton's grand organ music, "go up and down, gathering up limb by limb," of the mangled body of truth, "as they can find them." "We have not yet found them all, Lords and Commons, nor ever shall do, till her Master's second coming; He shall bring together every joint and member, and shall mould them into an immortal feature of loveliness and perfection." Till then it appears to us that the existence of separate denominations will be an inevitable thing; and we accept the necessity, not as an unavoidable evil and half a sin, but as a good thing.

The degree of stringency with which unanimity shall be enforced within a community; the limits within which the right of constituting distinct societies shall be restrained; and the relation which the denominations, when formed, shall bear to one another; are subjects quite separable from the main question, and on which our position imposes on us silence in these pages. But we cannot help believing that it is to erroneous principles and an un-Christian tone of feeling on these points, that existing denominations owe it that their right to live is being seriously questioned by some of the best and truest men in each body. The constant tone of objectors is, "Narrow, bigoted, interferes with freedom of Christian sympathy, exalts a fragment of truth into a whole." All this is quite true, but such evils are not a necessary result of denominations. They would flourish in as rank luxuriance if there were no hedges in the field of the church at all. They owe their origin to the soil, not to the hedges. We have often wished that we had two words like the German "mystik" and "mysticismus," or the English "self-love" and "selfishness," to express the legitimate and the illegitimate action of denominationalism. There are two distinct things which go under this formidable name—the one deserving of condign punishment, the other an innocent, virtuous personage. The latter runs some risk of suffering for the crimes of his namesake; and all we have to say why sentence should not be passed against him is simply—*It is a case of mistaken identity. You are going to hang the wrong man!*

But, can we, as Baptists, show cause for our continuance as a distinct body? To that question we turn for the remainder of this article.

The only way to destroy a denomination, is to supersede the necessity for it by the universal diffusion throughout the church of the truth it may have to tell, or of the spirit it may embody. It is immortal till that work be done. The Pantheistic dream of absorption into the great *all* is true of the death of Christian societies. They mingle with and flow into the whole church, and so cease to be. The Society of Friends, for instance, seems to have almost arrived at that point. But we are a long, long way from it yet. Passing over altogether the question whether our views of baptism, an external rite, do or do not necessitate the existence of separate communities agreeing in that practice, there are other grounds on which we arrive at the conclusion that we have a special function to perform, which demands for its

due performance the prolongation for many a day yet of our denominational life.

Because of our views on the question of baptism, we stand marked out as the special guardians of the great principle of the *individualism* of Christianity. The union by purely personal acts of the single soul to Christ, as if no other beings were in the universe but they two only; the church as a community, founded on the intensely-solitary acts of individual faith and repentance; the resulting sacredness of individual conviction, and almost mystic grandeur of individual character; the consequent absolute freedom of the Christian man from every shackle—a freedom by Christ, a freedom for Christ: these—the very foundations of the Gospel doctrine of the true worth of manhood—are allied more homogeneously with our polity, and uttered forth more clearly by our distinctive practice, than by that of any other section of the Christian church. And while we rejoice to see how deeply the grand convictions which such words express are being invrought into the substance of the belief of other churches, and blending with the general thinking of society at large, we need not shrink from saying that the work is not yet done; nor from recognizing, with all humility, as of those whose duties make them lowly rather than their honours elated, that of all Christian societies not one stands on such vantage-ground for sounding out wide and loud these mighty truths, as the one whose very initial rite is the plainest declaration that by his own individual faith alone does a man come to Christ; that so coming alone, he dies to all his old life of dependence on self, and on men after the flesh; and that thereafter he lives the life of Christ on earth, hidden from men, owning but one Lord, though many brethren.

To us as Baptists is further committed the guardianship of that other large truth—the entire freedom of the church from all authority save only Christ: Christ in his own proper person, and Christ speaking by his apostles. The Roman Catholic at one end of the scale, and the Baptist at the other, occupy self-consistent positions. What lies between is more or less compromise. The authority of the church, as a continuous, present fact; that is intelligible at all events. No authority beyond the recorded word; that is intelligible too. He says the first; we say the last. What do our friends between say? One cannot always hear clearly; but we hear some slight hesitation in the principle, and some stammering in the defence of their practice in regard to Baptism in its light. We know that large masses of our brethren say most heartily along with us—No authority beyond the Bible; but again we say, Baptists stand on vantage-ground all their own for the proclamation of the truth. Is it wrought into the conscience of society and the church yet? Rather, is it not *the* truth which the ecclesiastical and intellectual world wants more than ever, that it may be a release from the slavery of articles and canons on the one hand, and from the worse slavery of an understanding that will own no Lord at all nor any revealed truth on the other? While one set of our countrymen are floundering among the pitfalls and sloughs of a theology of consciousness and intuition, and another are pinned up in the rocky defiles of

cramping creeds and traditions, that body has a task to do whose distinctive peculiarity is based upon the utter rejection of all authority for practice or doctrine beyond after the last page of Revelation, and the unrejecting acceptance of the authority of all before that, even down to the retention of an unpleasant and unpopular rite.

Our space is exhausted—our readers, too, we fear—so we must break off here. Let us add one word. Our strength may become our weakness. It does amongst us sometimes. Our individualism tends to become offensive crotchitness and porcupine isolation. We have amongst us perhaps more odd people, more unamiable people, more people who have their special “point” to stick into you in season and out of season, than any other body of Christians. We want a good deal of teaching how to unite. Baptist denominationalism does not mean love for the body, but it means vehement, often extravagant love for the principles. In all matters of conjoint action, we have much to forget, and much to learn. We are a kind of Bashi-Bazouks—a body, inasmuch as we do not belong to any other regiment, but every man rushing out of the ranks and fighting as he likes. We are a “stuff set,” as an old Scotch lady once remarked to us with huge complacency. So we are, and a trifle more sometimes. Our rejection of all ecclesiastical authority tends to become an irreverent, unreasoning contempt for, and neglect of, the past ages of the church, which yet had Him with it always, and ought to have our love, our memory. But after all faults, we look to the Baptist churches of England as having a special work to do in this day; and whilst we love the all-embracing truth most, we do not think we show our love for it most wisely by affecting indifference about any other; nor that we are on the right road for realising the purpose of God from the beginning, the prayer of Christ when the shadow of Calvary was beginning to lie pale on his brow, and the longing of all good men ever since—the unity of the church—when we go towards it through the ruins of the many mansions of the Father’s house on earth, where the one family dwells, and where all might “dwell together in unity.”

THE LONGEVITY OF THE FIRST MEN.*

A PHENOMENON which does not fail to arrest, at times, the observant student of the Holy Scriptures in the reading of the first pages of Genesis, is the long duration of the life of the first men. How astonishing and mysterious these existences, which prolong themselves very far beyond the bounds of life to-day assigned to mortals; these careers which perpetuate themselves during seven or eight generations, and which permit a man to see himself reproduced in his remote children’s children; these venerable patriarchs, who, during very near a thousand years, have assisted in the pageant of all that has passed since the beginning of the world, and who are themselves the living history of an entire epoch!

To disembarass himself of a fact which to him seemed incredible, Varro,

* Translated from the French of Grandpierre.

cited by Lactance (*De origine erroris*, L. II., cap. 12), thought of reducing the biblical years to simple months, supporting himself by the customs of the Egyptians, who measured the duration of time, not by the revolutions of the earth around the sun, but by those of the moon around the earth. According to this calculation, a life of eight or nine hundred years, is found reduced to one of eighty or ninety years. But this computation is evidently inadmissible. It is, first, contradicted by the biblical chronology itself. How can we doubt that with the Hebrews the year was composed of twelve months, of thirty days each, when we find Moses, in the history of the deluge, giving to us the detail of the months and days during which this destructive scourge continued? And then, it is overthrown by the difficulties it creates, and the impossibilities it accumulates. If the years, according to Moses, instead of being composed of twelve months, number only thirty days, Seth begat his first son at the age of eight years, Enos at the age of seven years, and the longest of the patriarchal lives, that of Methuselah, does not reach beyond ninety years. Who can believe this? So then, to rid ourselves of perplexity, we complicate the difficulty that we wish to remove. In short, if we incline to the opinion of Varro, all the chronology of Moses is overthrown, and the period which lapsed from the creation to the deluge has no longer any settled measure which we can make to accord with history; the foundations of historic certitude are subverted.

Let us cling, then, to the commonly-admitted interpretation; let us not depart at all from the orthodox belief; and let us admit, in all its extent, the longevity of the patriarchs as it is presented by Moses.

In this position we have tradition, first, to confirm us. All the historians and ancient poets agree in their representations of these lives, as passing away mild and peaceable, free from the cares of life, exempt from fatiguing labours, screened from those long and cruel diseases which exhaust the constitution, and which bring in their train a precocious old age. Chaldeans, Phœnicians, Egyptians, Greeks, are unanimous on this point; and it was not only during the continuance of the golden age, but also during the period of the age of silver, as they assure us, that men attained to a long and happy old age. If we believe the poet Hesiod, who embellished the tradition of his epoch, man at a hundred years of age was yet young, during the centuries which formed the age of silver.

And in the thing itself, what is there so surprising in the generally-admitted opinion? Are not all the inductions in its favour? Whether we set out from the biblical point of view, or place ourselves on the ground of reason, the belief in the longevity of the first men has in its favour more probabilities than the contrary belief. We shall not have much difficulty to convince ourselves of it, in view of the following reflections.

Man, as he went forth from the hands of his Creator, possessed a sinless soul, and a healthy body: he had no physical infirmity, no moral stain. The most perfect organs were in the service of a pure soul, which no passion had yet agitated. Sin comes, breaking the union of man with God; it shatters also the union of man with nature, and overthrows the perfect equilibrium which existed between the faculties of the soul and the forces of the body. Passion once awakened, the nervous system is shaken, the blood is heated, disease is produced, and step by step it brings death. But this work of destruction was not wrought in a moment. It advanced slowly and steadily. It gradually undermined that powerful constitution which the Creator had made to last for ever. Adam, in continued innocency, would never have died. It is the teaching of Scripture. If, in God's design, he was not to remain always on the earth, he would have been transferred, at the termination of a period which it would be hazardous to determine, into a better abode, but without any necessity of passing through the terrible ordeal of death. But now, in destroying a constitution so

vigorous, in reducing to dust a body so strongly organized as was that of the first man, how many years, how many centuries even, might not pass away! It would be astonishing that an organization so magnificent, as from Scripture and from reason we may suppose was Adam's, should have fallen at the first shock. It would be inconceivable that the direct, immediate work of the creative power, should have yielded to the first attacks of disease; and that Adam, a sinner, and his first descendants, sinners with him, should not have lived a longer time than sinful men in our days. The oak of the forest does not fall under the first blow. The roots which sustain and strengthen it, and which are to spread the sap in all its branches, endure a longer time than its leaves and its fruit. The plant is pierced at its root by the gnawing worm, but it preserves sufficient of life to support itself and to remain. The poison of sin had insinuated itself into man's physical and moral being. But there must be a considerable lapse of time ere it shall enter into all their parts, corrode all their organs, penetrate to the seat of life, and consummate the final separation of the soul and the body. And this lapse of time is found in the seven, eight, and nine centuries which history has assigned as a limit to the life of the first men.

These long lives continue until the deluge. From this epoch the duration of human life sensibly diminishes. Because, on the one hand, human corruption had made amazing progress and frightful ravages, as is seen in the reading of the fourth, fifth, and sixth chapters of Genesis; and because, on the other hand, our globe, without doubt singularly modified by the terrible catastrophe which had submerged it, was no longer as favourable as before to the preservation of human life; we can very reasonably suppose that, after this, many causes concurred to abridge the existence of men. While before, pure air, a cloudless atmosphere, a frugal life, healthy food, and simple habits, probably contributed to maintain and to fortify the principle of life, that same life was now found assailed and enfeebled by the action of the most formidable agents, leagued, in some manner, to make war upon it. Thus the accumulation of burning sands as in the Great Sahara; the formation of immense morasses on many maritime coasts; the sudden alternations of cold and heat; excess of humidity, of snow and of ice in certain countries, and of drought and heat in others; infections, miasmas, originating in corruption, or venomous animals quickly following an inundation so dreadful, which had left the *débris* of the dead; all these, and other causes, doubtless, would work in concert, and end in considerably reducing the bounds of human life. Perchance, in the origin of the world, man lived only upon vegetables and fruits, and these sufficed to repair the powers of the constitution in all the vigour of a continually renewed youth. But perceiving his powers weakened by slow degrees, he found the need of modifying his alimentary regimen, and of adding to plants, which had almost wholly composed his first sustenance, the food of animals. Although man was organised to be carnivorous, yet nothing is opposed to the admitted fact, that he did not employ, from the beginning, the granted privilege, and that in providential designs he abstained from the flesh of animals, until it had become indispensable in sustaining his enfeebled life. But the evil was done, and the wisest precautions no longer sufficed to guarantee the most robust of men from the attacks of an even premature death.

Add to the reasons which we have just given for the longevity of the first men, an argument which we may call providential. This longevity was necessary to preserve ancient traditions pure. Were any of the natural reasons wanting which we have given, that which we are about to develop would suffice, it seems to us, to resolve the difficulty of the problem. At an epoch when the scarcely-formed primitive language only began to attempt speech, when no trace

of literature yet existed, when industry and art in a state of infancy did not permit the construction of monuments destined to perpetuate the remembrance of deeds, when the almost exclusively pastoral or nomadic life of the first tribes was incompatible with a high degree of intellectual culture, of what importance was memory as almost the only means of retaining the recollections of the first ages! The patriarch of the family supplied in himself the absence of books and of institutions, and was to it solely the science and the literature of the age. His mission was to guard carefully all moral and religious revelations, all social traditions, all the remembrances of history, all the gifts of language. His was the entire trust of general instruction. The longer he lived, the longer were the treasures of future generations, concentrated in his person, preserved intact and pure. But, on the contrary, the more generations multiplied, the more did the archives of humanity, whose keeping had been confided to him, run the risk of being altered and lost. But admitting that sin did not produce in the lives of the antediluvians the same results as in those of the men who have succeeded them,—the moderate period of whose lives being at the number which Moses indicates,—then Divine Providence has provided the most excellent means of assuring the perpetuity of the primitive revelations given by God to the first father of the human race.

We will judge by an easily-established calculation. Adam, who lived 930 years, died only 126 years before Noah's birth, and might live fifty-six years with the father of this patriarch. Noah himself, whose career was 950 years, left the world only seventy-six years before Abraham's birth; and between the death of Abraham and the birth of Moses not more than 250 years passed away. Then between Adam, the head of the human race, its first patriarch and prophet, and Moses, the first of the inspired writers, there were from three to four generations only. So that, even admitting the hypothesis of those who think that Moses, after ancient documents preserved by oral tradition, or by the means of writing, has committed to writing the history of the creation, of the first man, the deluge, the tower of Babel, and the dispersion of the people, what confidence should not inspire documents which might so easily reach him without falsification! And how can it be doubted that under the Divine inspiration, which enlightened his thought, directed his judgment, and guided his pen, he has made the best use of those materials placed at his disposal by the families of the patriarchs? The father of Noah had without doubt seen and conversed with Adam; Noah, in his turn, could see the father of Abraham, and could transmit to him revelations, which from that time were faithfully kept in the family of the patriarchs, even to the very moment when Moses, called from on high to the holiest of ministries, came to ineffaceably engrave and to perpetuate to the end of time the great remembrances of the creation, and the weighty instructions of primitive times.

What importance, then, in this point of view, does not the question of the longevity of the first men acquire! And how painful is that mocking infidelity which, without any reason, is pleased to deny or to turn into ridicule averred facts, solely because it cannot receive them within the narrow bounds of its limited capacity!

But the providential argument which we have just presented can be seen in still another point of view. The earth, prepared for the abode of man, was to be peopled as promptly as possible in its principal parts. Otherwise, it was exposed to be covered with forests, to be filled with wild beasts, its land to be changed into heaths and morasses, and even the atmosphere which surrounded it was exposed to change. To avoid all these evils, for whose disappearance many centuries could scarcely have sufficed, a rapid propagation of the human species was necessary, and not less indispensable was it that men increasing

should come by degrees to people the surface of the earth. And how could this end be more properly attained, than by giving a length to human life which should permit growth and extension to each family until it should become a tribe? And, admitting that the physical causes above indicated were not sufficient to prolong the existence of the first men, how can it be denied that the Creator in his wisdom and power could find means to supply them? But that which was a blessing for the sixteen centuries which precede the deluge, would have become an evil for those that followed it. The longevity necessary to people the world, would have become a scourge, had it remained after the world was peopled. Accordingly, at this epoch, God pronounced that the days of man should be no more than 120 years; and the author of the ninetyeth psalm complains that already in his time the limit of human life did not exceed seventy years, and the most vigorous did not live beyond fourscore.

Thus Scripture, tradition, the nature of things, reason, and providence, all unite in convincing us that there is nothing fabulous in those antediluvian existences whose genealogy Moses has preserved, and that their considerable length has nothing in it which should astonish men who believe in the inspired Word, and who make a legitimate use of reflection.

ON HOLIDAYS.

"All work and no play,
Makes Jack a dull boy."

"AND God did rest the seventh day from all his work," is the grand primeval recognition of a principle which can never be forgotten or ignored with impunity. Alternation, more or less regular, of labour and rest, is the great law on which all healthful activity and all real enjoyment of life will be found universally to depend. Constant rest is as impossible as constant labour. It ceases to be rest the moment it has restored to the system what labour had taken from it. Like sleep or food, mere cessation from work answers no purpose, if it does not meet a real want. That want is created by exertion; so that if there be not exertion of some kind, rest becomes unattainable; and the *ennui* resulting from idleness is the inflictor of greater suffering and wretchedness than the most assiduous toil. On the other hand, the wear and tear of muscle and brain must not go on without intermission, or for too long a period at one time, or physical exhaustion and mental prostration and mania or death must inevitably ensue. The waste of tissue must be replaced by food, the exhaustion of force must be restored by rest, and the whole wondrous mechanism moves on as before: but you may as well essay to maintain the greatest degree of energy of the body without food, as that of the mind without repose. In fact both are equally necessities of life. With this exception, perhaps, that the stomach is more clamorous in its demands than the brain. It cries for ever, "Give, give!" while the other will sometimes lose its power to ask and to work at the same time. In these days of ever-increasing bustle and strain, there sadly needs some one to preach this doctrine, and to preach it loud enough for all to hear. Sirs, you are living too fast. You are wasting life in the use you are making of it. You are

subjecting it to a tension it cannot safely bear. You want to get more out of life than nature has seen good to put into it, and more than you give yourselves time to replenish. Hence your brain grows old and your heart weak before their time; and you are dying of apoplexy, paralysis, and kindred diseases, at a rate which would have astounded your forefathers, and ought to alarm you. Don't you know that, even on this low ground, your strength is very literally to sometimes *sit still*? Your *strength*, I say, for you will be able to work all the better, as well as to keep at it all the longer, if you will allow your overtaxed faculties proper time to recover themselves, and not work a willing horse to death.

All this anent the subject generally. That the intervals of exertion and repose must measure each other with some degree of accuracy from day to day, Nature herself teaches with an authority which none can wholly neglect. But this is not precisely our point. If it were, old Mr. Grindemdown might with some show of reason reply, "All that is true enough; and don't you get your six hours' sleep every night, and your hour for dinner, and your half-hours for breakfast and tea, and your few minutes after supper, every day? And what do you want more? Surely here is rest enough for all but the incorrigibly idle." But, my dear Mr. Grindemdown, the good old rhyme speaks of *PLAY*, and shows that your Jack will turn out a dull boy without a little of that. Most likely the wheels of your dry old heart have been so long clogged with gold-dust, and the cavity of your miserable old skull stuffed so long with scrip and bank paper, that you forget what play means; but do you think Jack's heart and brain, without any such causes to affect them, are in the same state? I'll tell you what it is, old fellow; Jack is the great world around you, and every healthy man in that world; and they must have time for play as well as work, or it will be so much the worse for the work as well as for the world by and by.

Rather a roundabout way of coming to the subject of holidays, murmurs the reader. Not at all, dear reader. So far from that, it brings us to it by a very short cut. Why, is not our little holiday the only time for play that many of us get during the course of the whole year? Is it not all work, with that exception? And are not those amongst us, who cannot command such an interval once in the twelvemonths, condemned to the condition of dulness without a prospect or a hope of deliverance? And yet you expect them to be bright and lively, just as if they had enjoyed the due modicum of play every year! Poor old Dobbin, you send him to the mill every day all the long year round, and you give him a little bran, or chaff, or cut straw and hay, and water now and then, and expect him to be gay and frisky as any colt turned out into clover in the neighbouring field! I tell you it cannot be. If you make Dobbin a mill horse, and treat him like a mill horse, he will be as dull as a mill horse, don't you doubt it. How can he be otherwise with his poor old head for ever going round and round there, with the same objects always before his weary old eyes, the same sounds constantly in his ears, and the same ground always under his feet? Dull! Of course he is dull. And you would be dull, were you in his place.

And how many *are* in his place! There is the man to whom you hope to listen with interest and profit next Sunday. New subjects, new methods of treatment, new thoughts, new trains of thought—life, energy, fire—all these, and more, you expect from him; and yet have you ever considered how long he has been doing this sort of thing as best he could, either without change or without sufficient change to have any appreciable effect in giving fresh vigour to his mind, or any change of direction to his thoughts and feelings? No, he is grinding spiritual corn for you, and that is all you think of or care about. You want to have your sacks full of flour, and your larders full of bread, and your tables always abundantly supplied, and if poor Dobbin gets his hay and water, thank heaven, all is well. Grass! what can the old horse want with grass? And as for an opportunity of kicking up his poor old stiff legs (a thing which every donkey wants to do occasionally), and tumbling and rolling his old body on God's green earth, and snuffing the fresh air, and taking a gambol now and then with his younger and more fortunate compeers, what can be more absurd? Let him stick to his mill, and eat his hay, and turn out all the flour he can—that is his business in this world. Very well, only don't expect him to be lively and frisky, that is all. You make and keep him dull, and should never look for anything but dulness from him.

What would the Baptist Union think of sending a printed form to all the ministers of the denomination, requesting information on this subject? It might be drawn up in some such fashion as the following:—

To the Rev. So-and-So.

Dear Brother,—Please to answer the following queries, and return this paper to the Rev. J. H. Millard, Secretary of the Baptist Union. You will find a stamped envelope enclosed.

1. How long have you occupied your present pastorate?
2. Have you had a Holiday during that time?
3. If so, have you had more than one? and how many? and of what duration?
4. When did you last enjoy such a privilege?
5. Have you to supply your own pulpit when from home?
6. Have the goodness to state the number of your family, and the amount of your stipend.

The replies to such inquiries, could they be procured, would constitute a revelation for which few, we believe, would be prepared. Many of our pastors never get a week's respite from incessant labour in the course of a number of years. And these are, as a rule, the very men who most need, not only occasional cessation from toil, but change of scene, being occupied in small towns and villages, where the current of thought and intelligence always flows sluggishly, and where all are too apt to stagnate together. In larger places, not only do the churches give more liberal salaries, but there are generally some kind, thoughtful, and large-hearted members, who have the minister's comfort sufficiently at heart to see to it that he shall not be overwrought, or suffer from want of relaxation and change. Besides, in such places ministers themselves are usually in a position that enables them to refuse to have their noses held for ever to the grindstone. They look upon it as a duty which they owe to their people as much as to themselves to have an annual term of absence from

the scene of their daily anxiety and toil. And after a few weeks spent at the seaside, or in rambling over the mountains of Wales or Scotland, or in a trip to some part of the continent, they return to their flock and their labours with renovated health and spirits. Nor can it be reasonably doubted for a moment that what has thus been lost to their people in mere time, is now much more than made up to them in the freshness and the energy which their pastors are enabled to throw into their work.

It is not in the interest of ministers alone that we make this appeal on their behalf, but quite as much in the interest of the churches they serve. For right sure we are that all the good they get goes directly to the account of those churches. If, after ten or eleven months of anxious and ever-recurring labour, a minister of Christ goes away, worn and jaded, to seek rest and recreation; and then, after a few weeks, returns to his duties, replenished in energy and vigour; will anybody tell us that his congregation will not be sensibly and greatly gainers by what he has gained? Why, he will be like a new man amongst them. His very voice will have a freshness in it. The new glow of health upon his cheek will cheer every real friend that looks at him. While the restored force of his mind, the buoyancy of his spirits, the animation of his heart, and the new furniture of his imagination and fancy, will help to return manifold more to his church and congregation than all they sacrificed in losing him for a season, in order that he might undergo this delightful process of recuperation.

But it is not very uncommon, in some quarters, to have representations of this kind met by the objection, "But *we* never have a holiday. We stick to business all the year round, and can never get away for a little recreation. We have been so many years in business, and have never had a holiday yet." That is most likely your own fault, my dear Mr. Objector. You may get away if you like. You are your own master, and have only yourself and your own interest to consult. It is not so with your minister. Unless the church enables him to go, he is absolutely pinned down to his work. You, too, are working for yourself: he is working for you. You have a direct pecuniary stake in all the hours of your labour, and you know it; so that it may be a mere dictate of self-interest that keeps you at work, and leads you to abstract as little as possible from the time devoted to it. It is not so with him. His work can be done all the better in every way for occasional intervals of change and rest. Above all, yours is not a mental employment. It may, as most likely it does, demand much attention, and inflict a severe tax on your sagacity and patience; but it requires no great amount of study, and subjects your nerves and emotions to no very painful strain. It is precisely otherwise with him. His is not only a specifically intellectual work, but one in which his heart is often intensely exercised. He has to make the cares and sorrows of pretty well the whole congregation his own. A day seldom passes over him without bringing him some new perplexity, difficulty, or anxiety; and many of these from sources of which you, in the nature of things, can know nothing. Could you place yourself under his burdens for a single week, you would come to understand easily

enough why he needs more than you do opportunities for recruiting his bodily and mental powers. If he is to do with pleasure and efficiency (and he will not do it with efficiency if he does not do it with pleasure) the work you require of him, he must be furnished with means and occasions to recover the elasticity and spring of his nervous and mental energies.

Even for the present year, it is not quite too late to call the attention of the churches to this subject. Doubtless many of our pastors who are so circumstanced as to be enabled to obtain a holiday once in the course of the twelvemonths, have already enjoyed, or are now enjoying, that delectation. But there is time left for those who are not thus favoured. What benefits may they not yet secure from this bountiful, beautiful, breezy month of September! Will the church over which they watch think of them? A little arrangement will supply their pulpits for the time; a little generosity will make their purses comfortable. Many young people, Sunday school teachers and others, read *The Reporter*. Dear young friends, has your pastor had a holiday this year? If not, never mind what the excellent Mr. Curmudgeon says, think of him. A few pounds would enable him to go to the seaside, or to some watering-place, or perhaps into Wales or Switzerland, for three or four weeks. And a very little more would enable him to take Mrs. Matthew with him, which would be a great additional comfort to him, and a special mercy to her. Now, say this September shall not pass without his having the means of doing so. You can do it if you like. And then, when he comes back, how happy you will be when you observe how much better he looks, and how dear Mrs. M. has improved; and all this because you did not forget him, but did your best to put it into his power thus to do himself and you good. In this way your kindness, like mercy, will be twice blest: it will bless him that receives it, and you who show it. It will be fruit that shall abound to your account.

GOD'S ACRE.

In that original and suggestive book, modestly entitled "Guesses at Truth," it is maintained that the use of the plural pronoun "we" argues more egotism and self-consciousness on the part of an author than if he wrote in the singular number. Whether this is correct, or incorrect, shall be left with the reader; but in the remarks which follow, it will be seen that, as they have an obviously personal character, their expression harmonizes with them by being personal also. I shall speak of myself as I. No solemn conclave, learned guild, or influential body corporate, is, in this instance, at least, supposed to lurk behind a tremendous "we," and address itself to the public with awful "us." On the contrary, as Gray phrases it, "One to fortune and to fame unknown," simply jots down, in a little leisure, some thoughts which have done him good, and which he hopes will not do others harm.

Some people have a morbid predilection for churchyards and burial-grounds.

They are never more at ease than when sitting on a daisy-decked grave, under the shadow of a sombre yew-tree. Stepping to and fro among the many mounds, they find a strange satisfaction in reading the names, dates, and inscriptions of the various stones and monuments. They remind one of the Gadarene, that "dwelt among the tombs." Now, while I have no sympathy with this extreme partiality to mural localities, I must acknowledge that now and then I like to visit them. There is one belonging to a certain town in Leicestershire for which I have a peculiar fondness. My occasional vacations from professional duties bring me into its neighbourhood, and I often visit it. It is a cemetery; so tastefully laid out, and kept in such admirable order, as to look more like a beautiful garden than the home of the dead. Situated far from street and market-place, on a tract of rising ground, it commands a picturesque view of the surrounding country. In the foreground, field and meadow, tree and hedgerow, meet the gaze; while the background is furnished in a long range of rugged forest-hills, which stand out in sharp outline against the sky. Thither I like to go, and, as I wander up and down with the pleasant consciousness of having nothing particular to do, give myself up to such impressions, and such trains of thought, as are most naturally suggested by what is seen and heard.

One thing that has struck me repeatedly, in walking through this cemetery and the like places, is, that *all dead people are good*. Most of them are very good. Many of them are good in the superlative degree. So the epitaphs say. Husbands are faithfulness itself. Wives are the perfection of affection. Adults are angels. Children are cherubs. The first must surely have kept their marriage vows to the very letter. The second must have been models of what woman should be; finished specimens of her vast capacities as regards manifold excellencies. The third were, one would think, as innocent and free from guile as the youngest of the fourth-named class. As for the latter, they were evidently too pure to be detained in such a world of misery and evil. Yonder is an elaborate monument to somebody who filled, for a number of years, a certain civic office. Judging from the eulogy written thereon, you would suppose that he had done nothing less than sacrifice himself, body, soul, and spirit, to the weal of the borough. Here, again, is a tribute of affection to a minister. What a man he must have been! A Demosthenes for eloquence; an Aristotle for learning; a Paul for heroism; a Peter for zeal; a John for love: nothing less. Never can the sacred precincts of the chapel in which he ministered resound with the voice of his equal. "We ne'er shall look upon his like again." If the master of a workhouse or reformatory is commemorated, it is as one so assiduous and exemplary in the discharge of his duties that the inmates of the establishment must, on hearing the news of his death, have been like Niobe, "wet with tears."

But perhaps I am too sarcastic. While it is well to reprobate exaggeration on the tombstone, as well as everywhere else, it is well also to remember how much more pardonable it is in the one case than in the other. It is the easy and natural error of affection. We all fall into it, more or less. Death makes us think better of people. It surrounds the faces of those whom we love with a halo of glory, like that of Moses when he came down from the Mount; and so bright is the glory, that we see no longer the defects in feature and faults in expression which we once beheld. The Roman fashion of apotheosis has its root in something of which we are all conscious. Do popes and councils canonize men and women? So do we. Each of us has an intellectual calendar, in which we have put down the names of those whom we have sainted. Ycs. The hand that takes from us our friends, takes from us also the memory of their foibles and sins. It puts more prominently before us their virtues and

graces. Tennyson is the only one that has written, but not the only one that has felt thus:—

“But there is more than I can see,
And what I see I leave unsaid,
Nor speak it, knowing Death has made
His darkness beautiful with thee.”

This tendency of our nature is good and noble. Amid the thick darkness of human depravity it is a gleam of light. Mankind has many a moral wilderness, but here is a green spot. If it indicates a right disposition to overlook little inaccuracies in a beautiful picture; small flaws in a graceful statue; and occasional blunders in a book written by genius; then it is to the credit of the mourner that he forgets the dark, but remembers the bright side, in the character of him whose loss he mourns. And, without turning this article into a sermon, I would ask, whether it would not make us better, and the world better, if we carried out this course *a little earlier*? Why should we wait until the decease of our fellows, before we live out this broad and blessed charity? Let me habituate myself to think as well of my neighbours as I can; to pass as quickly as possible from their weak points to their strong ones; dwelling upon these rather than those. The great command, the golden rule, palpably involves this. “All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them.” I “would” that “others” should ponder my virtues and holiness instead of my vice and sin; it is infinitely more pleasant to me than any other method of observation. Let me, then, teach them to do so to me by doing so to them.

This is God’s way with us. What does He do with repented sins? Not hold them right in front of us to torment us. Not reiterate them to our wearied ears. He puts them out of sight. “I will cast them behind me.” “Your sins and your iniquities will I remember no more.” Whereas, of the least good in us, He is ever mindful. He does not forget the smallest act of purity or usefulness. “Him will I confess before my Father,” said the Saviour, when alluding to the out-spoken and courageous disciple. God adverts in no scant terms of eulogy to the righteousness of His servants; it is only over their shortcomings that He draws a veil. Let all harsh-judging and censorious people lay this to heart. The human jackal, that will not suffer a carcass of iniquity to lie buried in the grave of oblivion, but scents it when afar off, tears up the earth, and, dragging out the moral putrescence, exposes it to public view again; the ecclesiastical and social vulture that, wheeling round and round, pounces down upon a certain spot, and forces from their hiding-places spiritual and domestic carrion; be it known to these, *et hoc genus*, that they are as unlike God as they can be. Who of us will not pray, “Gather not my soul with sinners” like these?

“O ye who point so often to the herd,
Whose dark and evil works are all uncloak’d;
Is there no other than condemning word
For minds untaught, and spirits sorely yoked?
Ye that so fiercely show your warning teeth
At every other being on your way;
Is your own sword so stainless in its sheath,
That ye can justify the braggart fray?”

It is hardly possible to visit burial-places without noticing the different degrees of grief visible there. For example. To my right, yonder, is a spot associated with a scene of sorrow which I shall not readily forget. Dreadful to witness was the exceeding mourning around the cruel, open grave. There was passionate weeping on the part of women; utter silence, rigid features, ominously-pale and ghastly countenances on the part of men gathered there. In the same cemetery, at the same time, no doubt, there were people who once made

quite as deep and strong a lamentation, but who are now calm and tranquil, even near the mortal remains of those so dear to them. What does this mean? This, surely—that *we get over our sorrows*. I hope no one will misunderstand me. I do not say that we get careless about the departed. That human nature loses its affection for the dead, is a creed which I, for one, decline preaching, either here or other-where. It is an unfeeling heresy to maintain that, because a grave is not kept in as good trim as it used to be, therefore the friends of the departed one are not so affectionate as they once were. It is poor logic to reason thus:—Those flowers are not so well tended as they used to be; these shrubs are not looked after as they were before; the place is not visited nearly so frequently as in past days; therefore, some warm heart has grown cold. In one of his books, Mr. Dickens subjects such fallacies to the sharp cross-fire of common-sense artillery.* Talking to a maiden, an old schoolmaster asks, “Do you think that an unvisited grave, a withered tree, a faded flower or two, are tokens of forgetfulness or cold neglect? Do you think there are no deeds, far away from here, in which these dead may be best remembered? Well, well, there may be people busy in the world, at this instant, in whose good actions and good thoughts these very graves—neglected as they look to us—are the chief instruments. There is nothing, no, nothing innocent or good, that dies and is forgotten. Let us hold to that faith or none.” Amen, say I, with all my heart.

What is maintained now is the very obvious fact that, however deep and severe our troubles, they do not render life intolerable. Scars may be branded on the soul, and remain there as long as it exists; but wounds heal. Grief finds its level. Certain influences, varied and often quite unheroic influences, take from the sword of trouble its keen edge, and blunt the fine point of adversity's stiletto. When death commits a daring robbery in our homes, we smite our breasts, wear sackcloth, refuse to be comforted, and declare that we shall never be happy again. We are quite wrong; as experience soon testifies. *Wallenstein* was much nearer the mark, when he cried,

“I know I shall wear down this sorrow;
What sorrow does not man wear down?”

Wives die; and, for a while, their disconsolate husbands vow that they never can think of being married a second time. And they mean it. They are perfectly sincere. But they are equally mistaken. In the course of years, the band on the hat dwindles down lower and lower; until, at last, that draper's tide of respect has ebbed entirely out. The black edge on the envelopes and note-paper shares a like fate. The mourning ring is at length put away; and the old and more handsome diamond one glitters, as in connubial days, upon the finger. Presently the climax comes. The housekeeper has respectful intimation that her services are required no longer, inasmuch as a wedding is to take place. Pray do not say that this is unkind and cynical writing. If it is, it is because facts are so. I am only putting down what goes on as regularly and really as the world in its orbit. As much may be said about the loss of children. An awful pang, truly, must seize the heart when one's own child lies in the throes of death, struggling with the grim monster, and at last yields in the unequal combat. I often think, as I stroke the golden hair and look into the blue eyes of my little girl (four years old), that if she were to go, I should be like that English king who never smiled after his son was drowned. But this is the voice of feeling. Reason contradicts it. Parents love their children, and believe that when they die henceforth peace is an impossibility. Is it? We all know.

* *Vide* “The Old Curiosity Shop.”

It is well that it is so. This gradual subsidence in the impetuosity of sorrow is the ordination of a kind Providence, who, as Burke says, "knows what is good for us better than we do ourselves." The truth is that, were grief to keep brooding over our souls, the duties of life could never be met and discharged. No. The force and vigour of our souls—so says our Great Guardian—must not be allowed to run too much into the channel of gloomy retrospect. Hard work, imperative work, has to be done; and an unseen hand mercifully braces us up to the doing of it, by gradually lessening the burden of our trouble. "Go forward. Think not so often of the land you have left behind; nor of your brethren's graves in the wilderness. Rise. Make a future Canaan your own." Thus does God speak to us.

I cannot help commending this last-named fact—the partial forgetfulness of our sorrows—to certain sentimental young ladies, and divers lackadaisical young gentlemen. There is a certain period in the experience of us all, when we are subject to attacks of sentimentalism. There is no avoiding it. In a mild or severe form it must come; just as measles and hooping-cough do. But as prosaic, matter-of-fact remedies are always applied to them, so should it be with the mental malady in question. Therefore would I respectfully advise those who are labouring under it to take, as a salutary dose, the thought under consideration. You talk, my dear young sir, in a woebegone tone and style, about oblivion hiding your name and memory when you are dead. You, too, my dear young *mademoiselle*, go and do likewise, don't you? You wonder whether you will be often remembered and much mourned when you are gone. Several replies might be given. In the first place, it would be kind and wise to advise you thus: Do something worth remembering; something that shall insure your being remembered; something that shall so lay others under tribute to gratitude as to make it almost impossible for you to be altogether forgotten. The generous and simple piety of a certain woman at Bethany, who broke a "precious box of ointment," may suggest the way in which you may do this. But what if you *are* sometime forgotten? It is a pernicious thing to be so self-conscious in all that we do, as to keep wondering how it will tell, now or hereafter, on those around us. Not thus is magnanimity born. Never mind if, ever and anon, we are forgotten. Let us do our appointed duties honestly, fill our appointed places conscientiously, and leave all the rest. There is a song which was popular when I was a boy,—the words, I believe, by Thomas Moore,—*"Those Evening Bells."* One verse runs thus:—

"And so 'twill be when I am gone;
That tuneful peal will still ring on,
While other bards shall walk these dells,
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells."

The bard cannot but remember how things will go on when he is dead. They will fall into their old places. Others will be where he once was, and do what he once did. "What of that?" he seems to ask; "why should it not be so? what reason have I to complain?" He was right.

The space which I have allotted to myself is nearly full. I will close by recommending my reader to go, now and then, to some place of sepulture. If it is a quiet country churchyard, with the fluttering of birds, and the murmur of the wind in the trees, sombre shadows here and bright sunbeams there, all the better. At any rate, avoid the wretched, unkempt, dirty enclosures, within whose precincts some desecrate their dead. There is little need to increase the gloom of the last enemy by such revolting associations as are supplied by the necropolis of stupidity, ignorance, or avarice. Seek a better locality than that; and then give yourself up to the thoughts and feelings which it involuntarily arouses. They will be useful to you. Looking at the few feet of soil occupied

by the sons of men, you will hardly fail to say within yourself, "This, then, is the end of all that is of the earth, earthly. Here the mad race of Mammon, the endless vagaries of Vanity Fair, and the sordid joys of selfishness, terminate;" and the next words will be words of prayer that you may be enabled to live for something vastly higher. People may ridicule "meditations among the tombs," if they like, but if they only knew more of those meditations by experience, they would ridicule them less. Such reflections cannot but make us more single-hearted and earnest. Some years ago, I visited an English monastery. Among other things, I was shown into the graveyard. There I beheld an open grave, and by the side of it a young monk, apparently lost in thought. Now, of course, I do not recommend the literal adoption of a plan like that; but, surely, if in imagination we sat by the side of our graves, the graves that may receive us sooner than we expect, we should be more vigilant in serving both God and mankind.

God's Acre. Let us, for encouragement, remember that such is the churchyard and the cemetery—God's Acre. Ever and anon, it seems gloomy and horrible to us; a dark, dark city of the speechless dead, and an awful home to reach. But do not forget what it is—it is God's Acre. He sees it; watches it; guards it. He permits it. He hallows it with his presence. The day will come when he will reap the grain hidden therein!

Poetry.

WATCH AND PRAY.

CHRISTIAN, seek not yet repose;
Hear thy guardian angel say:
Thou art in the midst of foes;
"Watch and pray."

Principalities and powers,
Mustering their unseen array,
Wait for thine unguarded hours:
"Watch and pray."

Gird thy heavenly armour on,
Wear it ever, night and day;
Near thee lurks the Evil One:
"Watch and pray."

Hear the warriors who o'ercame,
Marching on their joyful way,
Still with warning voice exclaim:
"Watch and pray."

First and chiefest, hear thy Lord,
Him thou vowedst to obey:
Hide within thy heart his word:
"Watch and pray."

Watch, as if on thee alone
Hung the issue of the day:
Pray, as all by God were done:
"Watch and pray."

Reviews.

Work and Play. By HORACE BUSHNELL, D.D. Author of "The New Life," "Nature and the Supernatural," &c. London: Strahan & Co.

THOSE who have read the two works associated with Dr. Bushnell's name on this title-page, will turn with eagerness to this new volume by the same thoughtful and accomplished author. Nor will they be disappointed. This book, though in some senses of a lighter and more desultory character than those to which we have referred, exhibits, equally with them, its author's special characteristics of thought and style. It consists of a number of lectures or addresses delivered on different occasions during the last twenty years or more, and now first published in a collected form. The title of the book is that of the first article in it, given, as the preface explains, "partly because the volume must have a name, and partly because the matter of it represents the spontaneous overplus and literary by-play of a laborious profession." The essay which thus appropriately gives its name to the whole book, is not altogether new to English readers, having appeared in one or more of our periodicals. Our own attention was first drawn to it by the singular and not very creditable fact, that a somewhat distinguished D.D., from London, announced to lecture in a city in the West of England on "The Dignity of Play," treated his audience to a *verbatim* and unacknowledged reading of this very paper; the true authorship of which we very soon afterwards discovered. Whether the other articles in the volume have been previously published in this country, we do not know. We can only say that they are quite new to us.

Dr. Bushnell shows himself in this book to be possessed of two qualities of mind not often found together, unusual versatility, and an utter inability to be satisfied with superficial views of any subject on which he writes. He discourses on questions of mental and moral philosophy, of social history

and progress, of natural science, architecture, music, politics, and religion; and discourses of them all in a manner which, whatever may be said of it, can never be called common-place, and which is often thoroughly philosophical and profound. An earnestly-devout spirit, too, pervades the whole book. The first essay, to which we have referred already, goes deeply into the relations of "Work and Play," vindicating for the latter a place of honour which will surprise those who have been accustomed to regard it as only another name for idleness or frivolity. The second, "The Age of Homespun," which the doctor designates "a secular sermon," is a genial and interesting reminiscence of a state of social life fast disappearing from the earth, but whose beneficent effects on individual and national character cannot be too warmly acknowledged, or too sacredly cherished. Then we have another secular sermon, on "The Day of Roads," in which, from the universal road-making propensities of our time, inferences are drawn as to the future history of the world, which rise almost to the confidence and rapture of prophecies. The era of the fulfilment of some of them, at least, must, one would think, seem to the author more distant than when he uttered them eighteen years ago. The civil war in America has dimmed the brightness of many a millennial dream. There are some words in this essay, on the ecclesiastical signs of the times in England, which may well interest and encourage those who labour for the emancipation of religion from secular entanglement and bondage. "The Growth of Law" is, perhaps, the most elaborate paper in the book, and the one in which, if we were disposed to controversy, we should find most to question. It contains much important truth, but seems to us to overlook many facts and considerations by which the conclusions announced would be considerably modified. Architects might sit with profit at the feet of our Doctor of Divinity, while

he discourses of "City Plans." In "Life or the Lives" he ably and conclusively asserts the existence of a vital principle, distinct from the organized structure of living beings. The titles of the two remaining essays, "The Doctrine of Loyalty working itself out in America," and "Religious Music," sufficiently explain the purpose and character of the essays themselves; and the brief summary we have given of the contents of the book will serve to give some idea of the varied interest of those contents;—enough, we hope, to tempt many to buy and read for themselves.

The book gains in interest by being distinctively American. Its nationality gives freshness to many of the views expressed, and raciness often to the manner of their expression. We must add, however, that a style generally clear and pure, and often eloquent in a high degree, is marred by the not infrequent occurrence of Yankeeisms, which have, to our English ears, an unpleasant twang of vulgarity. It is useless to quarrel with these modes of speech in an American writer; but we do protest against the imitation of them by authors on this side the water, which is, we fear, growing more common amongst us. And we do venture to suggest that it is pushing rather too far, even for an American, the use of the word "talent," to make use of the grotesque and irreverent inaccuracy—"the talent of the Creator."

We had intended to give some quotations from the volume by way of specimen, but time and space forbid. We must content ourselves with assuring our readers that it is one of the most pleasant and profitable books of its kind we have seen of late; and expressing the hope that many of them will be persuaded by our commendation to share with us the pleasure of its perusal.

God's Way of Holiness. By HORATIUS BONAR, D.D. London: James Nisbet & Co.

To most of our readers Dr. Bonar is known as a Christian poet of no ordinary merit, whose effusions enrich most of the modern collections of sacred song, as well as form some of the best of our

recent repositories of beautiful and devout thought and feeling. The Christian poet, however, is also a theologian of mark, and the book before us is proof enough of that. The author's aim is pre-eminently practical, and it admits of no discussions of an abstract nature, except as they bear upon the end in view, which is,—to show that holiness in the Christian is inseparable from his privileges. The position taken in this volume is so well stated in the preface that we cannot do better than quote from it:—

"The way of peace and the way of holiness lie side by side; or rather, they are one. That which bestows the one imparts the other; and he who takes the one takes the other also. The spirit of peace is the spirit of holiness. The God of peace is the God of holiness. If, at any time, these paths seem to go asunder, there must be something wrong; wrong in the teaching that makes them seem to part company, or wrong in the state of the man in whose life they have done so.

"They start together; or, at least, so nearly together that no eye, save the Divine, can mark a difference. Yet, properly speaking, the peace goes before the holiness, and is its parent. This is what divines call priority in nature, though not in time; which means substantially this, that the difference in such almost identical beginnings is too small in point of time to be perceived by us; yet it is not, on that account, the less distinct and real.

"The two are not independent. There is fellowship between them, vital fellowship; each being the helpmeet of the other. The fellowship is not of mere coincidence, as in the case of strangers who happen to meet on the same path; nor of arbitrary appointment, as in the case of two parallel roads; but of mutual help and sympathy; like the fellowship of head and heart, or of two members of one body; the peace being indispensable to the production or causation of the holiness, and the holiness indispensable to the maintaining and deepening of the peace."

The whole book is little else beside the expansion and elucidation of these ideas. The tone, throughout, is of the healthiest kind, and the illustrations from Scripture are full, pointed, and clear. Dr. Bonar, moreover, writes with remarkable precision, both of thought and language: we have not seen an involved sentence all through his book. Our readers will do well to place the volume upon their shelves, and to use it in their moments of devout self-inspection and meditation.

Christian Cabinet.

CHRISTIAN HEROISM IN COMMON LIFE.

COMMON life is a true and perfect sphere for heroism. There are in the life of every family things that are magnificent and worthy of poetry and history, and that will be chanted in the other life. There are things in the experience of every household that are essentially heroic, connected with the conduct of parents toward their children, and of the children toward their parents, and of the children toward each other. They are not famous, they are not wide-sphered; but, if you measure heroism by the moral quality, by the motive, you will find cradle-side heroism, and bedside heroism, heroisms of distress and poverty, which are as eminent as any heroism that there ever was on the battle-field, or in the council-chamber. Yes, and ten thousand times more so, because they are accompanied with less excitement and less prospect of sympathy and remuneration. For, in the dull night, alone—oh, alone!—at the longest striking of the clock, alone; at its shortest stroke, alone; at its double stroke, alone; at three and four in the morning, alone; with sick babe, and no one to succour, sits the child of fortune, cultured, exquisite in taste, and sensitive in every moral feeling as an angel. At last, the longed-for sound, now hated, of the footsteps of him for whom she waits, comes to her ear; and some miserable, dissipated creature wakes the night; and he comes, rude, and red, and round, stumbling into the room; and she, with every feeling harrowed, with every taste offended, with her whole nature outraged, revolts. Yet, it was the first love, it was the only love, it was the husband of her youth, it was *hers*; and she turns to forget her revolting and her shrinking, to meet him, to quiet him, to lead him to his disgraced bed, to put him to sleep, to kneel while he snores in his drunken slumber, and, amid tears, and prayers, and heart-breaking, and anguish, like another angel of God to him, to implore mercy for him. And not her own

mother knows it; not her own father knows it; no companion knows it. With her own life she is hiding his deformity. Now, do you tell me that there is heroism like that on battle-fields, or in council-chambers? And society is full of heroes of love and domestic fidelity. Thousands of them are unknown on earth. They march in ranks and battalions, so that we speak of them in nouns of multitude, as drunkards' wives. All those that, under such circumstances, lift themselves up above the ordinary line of human conduct, are heroic. And God waits for them, and heaven is home-sick for them. Oh, how they will shine there! Perchance, as you see them going through the street, meek and patient, their dress growing more and more rusty, you smile pityingly, and say, 'They are poor drunkards' wives; they were promising once, but they have gone down, down, down; and now they are nowhere.' I beg your pardon, they have not gone down. They have been going up. And when you rise, with all your wealth, and learning, and genius, and stand in heaven, having escaped damnation so as by fire, you may stand lowest, and see them as far above you as the stars to-night are above your heads. For the last shall be first, and the lowest shall be highest.

There are heroes that fight battles besides those that are on battle-fields. Great and glorious men there are on battle-fields, fighting for the life of the country, for the life of liberty, for the life of justice, for the life of law; but there are other heroes besides those. I have seen the fight with poverty. Oh, how long a fight! how cunning the enemy! how sharp his weapons! How dreadful a battle is that which one must fight against poverty, especially if he has to go down in life, and change his circle in society, and, what is hardest of all, change it to the damage of his children! I do not think that a man who is half a man would find any trouble in being poor, if he could be alone. For it takes but little to keep a man alive; and there is you know but

one alternative. A man standing by himself will certainly live, and there will be something to live on till he dies, and it is the best thing about it. The only alternative is, 'If I die, I win: and until I die, I am sure to live somehow.' It does not hurt a man to be poor, if he is alone; but all a man's nerves he carries in the heart of those that he loves, so that when they suffer he suffers; and to take his companion down with him into poverty does hurt him. If they were grown up he would not care. But they are growing up. The boys can take care of themselves very well, and can gain a position in the world; but that the girls should go out into life, and be kicked about like foot-balls, is too much for him to endure. I need not tell some of you how a man thinks about these things, and how the thought that his family must struggle with poverty cuts like a knife. Last week I met a brother, who, describing a friend of his, said he was like a man who had dropped a bottle, and broken it, and put all the pieces in his bosom, where they were cutting him perpetually. I have seen persons with troubles and cares that seemed like one that had fragments of glass in his bosom, that cut him, and that cut him the more the tighter he pressed them to his heart. Now, where a person that is poor, that is out of health, that is surrounded by many discouragements, and that is made to suffer in various ways, lifts himself above his misfortunes, and cheers his companion and children, and fights want on this side and on that, and bears humiliation, putting it under his feet, without losing faith in God, and saying to all the world, 'I can be poor, and yet be a man'—oh, crown him! You pass him by; but you do not know what you are passing by. Kings sometimes walk incognito, and then they do not wear crowns. There are kings in your streets. There are men walking about in your midst that wear crowns in their hearts, which, if they were to put them on their heads, would shine so bright that you would think twilight had dawned. There are thousands who understand and obey the injunctions of the apostle, when he says, 'Quit you like men, be strong.' I tell you they are heroes; and angels know it, if you do not. And angels know what to write down. When you laid

the foundation of that big house, they forgot to record that in heaven. And when the walls went up, and the beautiful apartments were finished, and the whole magnificent structure was completed, of the architecture of which you were so proud, as sure as you live, they forgot to put that down. And when you unrolled your rich carpet, and hung your fine pictures, they forgot to make a note of that. But when that man went down out of his splendid mansion into a fourth-class house, in an obscure street, shedding, it may be, some tears, as a tribute of nature, and gathered his little flock on the first evening around the fire, and made the room bright with love, and faith, and prayer, you may be certain that they put that down. They remembered that. And when that man went on, from day to day, and from week to week, there was not one noble heart-beat, there was not one generous purpose of fidelity, there was not one resistance to temptation, there was not one thing that made him a man in his trouble, that God did not see, that angels did not behold, and that by and by will not be swung in glory in heaven.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

WHAT A LITTLE FLOWER SAID.

THERE was one little flower, born in the desert and breathing out its fragrance there, which was not useless. It saved a valuable life, and taught a striking lesson.

Mungo Park, the traveller and discoverer in Africa, found himself sick, weary, and footsore, and sat down in a desert place to die. There was no friend to comfort him, no food to nourish him, no kind voice to cheer him. He thought of Scotland, his dear home, far away. He thought of his friends, and exclaimed, "O God, must I die here alone in this desert waste?" Despair seized upon him. He had not strength to rise.

Just at that moment his eye caught sight of a tiny flower. He looked at it, inhaled its fragrance, and admired its beauty. It seemed to say, "Listen to me. I am alive here in this desert. God made me, and sent me here to speak to you. I live in this lonely spot, and why may not you? Does God take more care for me, a little flower, than for you, a mortal man? Cheer up; don't give way to despair. Trust in

Providence, and make one more effort to live: for if God so clothe the grass of the field, will he not much more care for you?"

Such was the sermon which this little flower preached to Mungo Park. He listened to it. The weary and despairing man took heart. He felt thankful for the sermon. He made another effort to rise and pursue his journey, believing that God had still a blessing in store for him.

He had not gone far ere the sound of a female voice, singing one of her wild melodies, saluted his ear. It drew nearer. Soon he saw a native woman bearing a jar of water. With instinctive fear she at first drew back; but seeing his sick and wayworn appearance, she smiled upon him, offered him drink, and conducted him to her cot, where she gave him milk and vegetables. The grateful traveller, after this refreshment, laid his tired body on the floor, and she sang him to sleep with one of those wild melodies peculiar to those natives.

So the little flower was *not* "born to blush unseen," nor did it "waste its sweetness on the desert air." It was a memento of God's presence and providence. It saved a precious life by its silent teaching. Who could have thought that so small a thing, in so obscure a place, a thing so frail, so soon to die, could have been an instrument in God's hands of saving man's life? Yet that was its mission.

So the weakest and the most frail may do something for God and man. Let the flower preach to us, as it did to Park. It will tell us never to despair, never to "despise the day of small things." It will rebuke the feeling which says, "I am nothing. What good can I do in the world? I am so

obscure, so neglected, so unnoticed, that my influence is nothing." Ah! but listen to the flower. So said not that tiny plant hid far away in the desert. It waited its opportunity. It was willing to bloom and breathe without any eye save God's to look upon it. When the opportunity came, it spoke; and what words of comfort and encouragement it uttered!

Be like that flower, in your patient waiting, in your accepted obscurity. What though you bloom not in the grand garden of some rich man, where many eyes come to admire and many tongues to praise your beauty! If you are where God has planted you, stay there in meek endurance, and shed your odours to his praise. Should some poor sufferer cross your path, and cast a dejected look upon you, be ready with some cheering word. Speak to him of God's love and mercy, and thus send him on his way rejoicing. Never say that you are too small or too obscure to do anything for God or man.

Remember too that He who made the flower and cares for it, cares also for you. Have you thought of this? Have you acknowledged your dependence and been thankful? Like that flower, you flourish in the morning, but are cut down in the evening. Have you laid this to heart, and made due preparation for eternity?

This tiny flower rebuked the despair of the sufferer, and taught him to put his trust in God. How often have we been tempted to exclaim, "God hath forgotten us." But how often has he appeared for us when deliverance or help seemed impossible! The little flower seems to say, "If God so clothe me, will he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?"

Words of Wisdom for Christian People.

THE OLD MAPLE TREE.

AWAY out in a lonely region of the West, surrounded by lofty mountains on one side and broad prairies on the other, stood a beautiful forest. Many and many years had passed by since God first planted the seeds which had

now grown up into such tall and stately trees. All the summer long, bright little birds flitted to and fro in their branches, playing bo-peep with the sunshine as it quivered through the leaves. A tiny brook wound round and round and round through the valleys, and

murmured musically about the roots of the old trees. Delicate flowers nestled in the grass, or nodded along the margin of the stream, filling the air with fragrance; and from their cups innumerable bees loaded themselves with sweets for their hives in the hollows of the old oaks.

Though many years had passed away, the forest had never been visited by man. Yet was it not lonely; for, besides the birds and bees, many other creatures made it their home. Beautifully spotted fawns, and deer with branching horns, nibbled at the young foliage, or drank from the sparkling brook; and other animals, less beautiful and innocent than these, hid in the dark places of the woods, or made war upon the smaller animals. And then thousands of squirrels chirped among the branches, and when the first frosts ripened the nuts, every tree of the forest seemed alive with the merry little animals, busy in laying up their winter stores.

But there was one tree, a huge maple, which stood all alone, the only one of its species, in the very middle of the forest, which was always lonely. Every fall, when the oaks and hickories were gay with their little visitors, this lonely maple would cast longing looks at them, and wish and wish that some of the little squirrels would come and frisk among its branches.

Once in awhile, some mischievous little fellow, out of pure wantonness, would scamper up its trunk, play a while among its leaves, and then fly down in a twinkling, and up into the next oak or hickory, where it would sit jabbering and chattering with an acorn or nut in its paws, making faces at the old maple.

Oh! how that poor tree sighed to think that it alone, of all the trees in the grove, was a *useless* tree; that never a nut or an acorn grew upon its branches—nothing but leaves and little brown, butterfly-shaped seeds, which were noticed neither by the birds nor the squirrels.

Every spring, when the ice began to thaw out of the brooks, it could feel the rich life gushing up through its trunk and limbs, and it *knew* there was something more in it than leaves and brown seeds; and every spring it waited and watched, expecting some

kind of rich nut or delicious fruit to burst from its branches. But spring after spring it waited and watched in vain. While all its neighbours were burdened with the blossoms for a rich harvest in the fall, it yielded nothing.

The years flew swiftly by, and each one as it passed added to its size and beauty. It might, in time, have grown contented with its lot in affording protection to a few blue and white violets which nestled at its roots every spring, had it not been for the presentiment, which amounted almost to a certainty, that it was created for some better purpose.

At length a change came over the forest. There came to it one day a number of ox teams, drawing great waggons piled up with beds and boxes, and women and children, and with them five or six men and boys, shouting their "gees" and "haws" to the oxen as they drove them through the woods, and halted beside the brook, just across the hill from the maple.

Before many days trees were cut down, cabins built, fences made, and the whole place began to wear a very home-like appearance. The axe and the gun resounded through the woods from morning till night, and merry children made the hills and the valleys ring with their glee.

By and by came the glad days of autumn, when the forest yielded its rich harvest. If the poor maple tree had longed for the companionship of the squirrels, and had mourned because its life was useless to them, how did it grieve when, one bright frosty morning in October, a whole troop of boys and girls, with buckets, and bags, and baskets, came out to gather the nuts which the frost had ripened!

Their home had been in a great city, a long way off, and everything in the country was new and delightful to them. They had just been learning lessons from their older brothers on the form and colour of trees, and were now proud to be able to distinguish the brown heavy oak from the bare branching walnut, and the trim yellow hickory, with as much ease as their brothers.

When they had nearly filled their baskets with nuts, and were almost ready to return home, an exclamation of delight from one of the little girls brought them all together on the top

of a little knoll, where they espied, among the yellow and brown foliage, a single tree covered with bright crimson leaves, looking almost like a flame of fire in the forest.

Certain that they would find some kind of nut or fruit upon it or beneath it, they all set off for the spot, but, after long searching among the beautiful leaves, were much disappointed in finding neither.

The old tree was sadly grieved at their disappointment; all its red leaves quivered with anguish, and its branches drooped in pain. But at this moment the father of the children happened to pass by, and to him they complained of "the lovely cheat," as they called the tree. He told them not to judge too rashly, but to be patient and wait until spring, and they would then find that the tree was not quite so much of a cheat as they supposed.

"O, tell us now, father," cried the children. "What will it bear?"

But all the reply he would make was, "Wait, and you will see."

And all through the fall, every leaf that fell from the maple murmured as it trembled in the air, "Wait, and you will see." And all through the long winter, as it tossed its naked branches to and fro on the wind, the tree wondered and wondered, and ever sighed, "Wait, and you will see."

At length soft breezes stole through the trees, the ice began to melt in the brooks, the buds to swell on some of the early shrubs, and everything to wear an early spring-time hue.

Then the father, without the knowledge of his children, went and tapped

the maple tree, and in a few days had a dozen little cakes of nice brown maple sugar. He laid them upon a branch of the tree, and then took the children out to see its fruits. They had never seen any before, and when they had tasted it were fairly wild with delight, and declared that the old tree which they had all abused so in the fall was worth more than all the nut trees in the woods together.

As for the poor maple, it was satisfied at last. It found that its life was not altogether useless. It had ministered to the happiness of others, and was content. But by and by, when summer came, and the leaves were green upon all the trees, and the birds were singing from every branch, a little brown wren came and sat upon one of its inmost branches, and told it how some of its fruits had been sent back to the children's far-off city home. How a little cripple boy ate of it, and dreamed of the green woods and gushing waters where he had played in his health. How a poor mother's eyes ran over as a cake of it was placed in her hands, for it would please her pale little daughter who lay sick and lonely upon a bed of pain. How it rejoiced the hearts of the old, for it brought back to their memories the days of their childhood, when their homes were in the green woods.

And the old tree bowed all its leaves in humility, and whispered to the little bird the tale of its long years of waiting, and its repining at its lowly lot, while all the time he who made it was reserving it for the greater usefulness when *his* time should come!

Narratives, Anecdotes, &c.

MORE THAN WE WANT, AND ALL FOR NOTHING.

"So you won't give me anything!"

"You needn't have put it in that way; I've got nothing to give," said Allan Barrow. "Nobody gives to me. I get nothing but what I work for and pay for, and it's rather hard to come upon such folks; you should go to them as you may say that gets plenty

for nothing, and have more than they want."

And old Allan Barrow leaned both his elbows on his garden fence, and turned away from the person he spoke to.

The person he spoke to was a gray-headed man, in workman's clothes. He carried a little book in one hand, and in the other a pencil ready to write.

"You have told me of two sorts of people," said Silas Payne, "that I don't expect to meet with—those that have nothing but what they pay for, and those that have more than they want."

"Very like," said Allan; "but there's some of both in the world; for all that, I've got nothing but what I pay for, but I haven't got more than I want."

Silas smiled and shook his head.

"What d'ye shake your head at?" asked Allan gruffly.

"Why, at the mistake you are in, friend," answered Silas, "in thinking you pay for everything."

"Make it out that it's a mistake, and I'll give you leave to put me down five shillings in your book," said Allan.

"Thank you," said Silas; "but before I begin to do it, will you just give me a draught from your well? It's the best water anywhere about."

"That it is," answered Allan, readily getting a cup for him; "and it's a prime thing for me, that can't drink much of anything else."

"Ay; what should we do without water," said Silas, taking a deep draught, "when you come to think how it comes into all things that keep life together?"

"Oh, it's wonderful useful," replied Allan; "may be the most useful thing in life."

"As for that," said Silas, "we couldn't live in it, though we couldn't live well without it. Air, good fresh air, is the thing we couldn't by any means do without."

"And for *that*," said Allan, "you'll never have finer than this as blows over the common. I take it, it's worth ten years of life to be in good air."

"You are right there," said Silas, "and I should say you're a proof of it; you look as firm as a rock, and as red as a rose."

"Not amiss," said Allan; "never knew much about sickness."

"And yet you've lived many years," said Silas.

"Just up to my threescore and ten," answered Allan, nodding.

Silas began to write in his book.

"What are you putting down?" asked Allan.

"Your name for five shillings," said Silas: "didn't you say that I should have it if I could prove that you had

things more than you want that you neither work nor pay for?"

"Yes; but you've never begun to do that yet," said Allan.

"What do you pay for air?" asked Silas.

"Pooh! nonsense!" said Allan.

"For water?" said Silas.

"Pooh!" said Allan again.

"For health, and having been brought through threescore years and ten?" continued Silas.

"Ah, as to *them*—of course we never count up the things that God gives us," said Allan; "I wasn't thinking of them."

"No, friend; few people do think of them," said Silas. "The best blessings—I mean of those belonging to this life—are such as cannot be bought with silver or gold; and they are freely given to the rich and poor, without any difference—yes, and more than they want—and are taken as matters of course without praise or thanks to the Giver. Come, now I have shown you that you don't pay for the things that you couldn't live without, and I could tell you of many more—can't you find in your heart to give something to give poor sinners, young and old, a knowledge of the better blessings of salvation through Jesus Christ? Surely such a thank-offering would be but becoming."

"Well," said Allan, putting his hand into his pocket, "I'm not against giving you a trifle, but I didn't know you was going to talk that way, when I said about the five shillings."

"Name your own sum," said Silas. "Give what you will, it must be trifling, in comparison with what you have received. I've told you of four blessings that the bank couldn't buy; aren't they worth a shilling apiece?"

Old Allan smiled, and taking out two half-crowns, "Well, there's a fifth that is worth another; and that's a friend that is faithful to remind one of one's duty; so you needn't scratch out my name,—here's the five shillings."

THE WRONG SERMON.

A FEW years ago, a minister of Christ, then young, had occasion for a single half day to supply a pulpit to which he was an entire stranger. It was only two miles from the place

of his temporary sojourn, and arrangements were made for his conveyance within the last half hour preceding the service. In his ignorance of the particular religious condition of the people he was to address, he selected, and, by way of preparation for the service, carefully read over, a sermon which he thought would do no harm, if it did no good, in any circumstances that might exist.

Greatly to the preacher's discomfort, the person who was to carry him to the church did not call for him till within a few moments of the hour for service. In the excitement and agitation of this unexpected delay, he then hastily seized, as he supposed, the selected sermon, and hurried away. It was in a state of body and mind sadly contrasting with that which he had hoped to possess, that he entered the sanctuary, and ascended the pulpit, to whose empty seat the waiting congregation had been for some time looking in wonder.

Scarcely had he reached this conspicuous position, "the observed of all observers," before the prompt old sexton was by his side, with the familiar, and sometimes trying, demand for, "Your hymns, sir." For this trial, however, the preacher had provided, in part, as he had carefully noted the hymns on the margin of his chosen sermon. Very confidently, therefore, he took from his pocket the manuscript, that he might transcribe the numbers, when lo! he was appalled to discover that in his haste he had brought the wrong sermon—a sermon designed specially for anxious inquirers! There was, however, no time for debate, nor deliberation, nor even apology; and the only course left to pursue was to give the sexton the hymns that first occurred, and forthwith proceed with the service.

Whether the people discovered the emotion which agitated the young preacher, the writer never knew; but before the sermon was half delivered, it was evident there was emotion in the congregation. A marked stillness pervaded the whole house. Here and there was a hearer bathed in tears. What could it mean?

The preacher had another engagement elsewhere in the afternoon, and was obliged to leave the place imme-

diately after the service, without stopping to ascertain what it meant. But within two or three days, he received a most welcome message from two different sources, in which was expressed the greatest gratitude to God that a stranger had been sent to N. to preach *that particular sermon* on that Sabbath.

One lady, who, for many months, had abandoned herself to almost utter despair, and to whom the kindest and best of Christian counsel had, again and again, been addressed in vain, while she listened, saw, as if the light of heaven had suddenly broken upon it, *the way* to be justified and saved, and at once emerged from the darkness and wretchedness of her soul's protracted imprisonment, into the joys of a conscious and complete deliverance. Others were led to inquire after the way of life, and a precious season of refreshing followed.

The writer's object in relating this incident from a sketch-book of ministerial memories, is to magnify the guiding, rescuing, and saving grace of God. If the young preacher had been left to carry out his own short-sighted plan, he would, perhaps, have gone into the pulpit full of self-confidence, and possibly a little proud of his "little sermon." But he has no reason to believe that his effort would have reached a single heart, or been instrumental in loosing from the bonds of distress a single daughter of spiritual darkness. Man appointed; God disappointed, and saved thereby a soul from death. Let him be praised that the wrong sermon was, at least in this case, the right sermon.

THE ENGLISH NOBLEMAN AND HIS DAUGHTER.

THE daughter of an English nobleman was providentially brought under the influence of the followers of Wesley, and thus came to the saving knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. The father was almost distracted at the event, and by threats, temptations to extravagance in dress, by reading, travelling in foreign countries and to places of fashionable resort, took every means in his power to divert her mind from "things unseen and eternal." But her "heart was fixed." The God of Abraham had become her "shield and

exceeding great reward," and she was determined that nothing finite should deprive her of her infinite and eternal portion in him, or displace him from the centre of her heart. At last the father resolved upon a final and desperate experiment, by which his end should be gained, or his daughter ruined as far as her prospects in life were concerned. A large company of the nobility were invited to his house. It was so arranged that during the festivities the daughters of different noblemen, and among others this one, were to be called on to entertain the company with singing and music on the piano. If she refused compliance, she would be publicly disgraced, and lose, past the possibility of recovery, her place in society. It was a dreadful crisis, and with peaceful confidence did she await it. As the crisis approached, different individuals at the call of the company performed their parts with the greatest applause. At last the name of his daughter was announced. In a moment all were in fixed and silent suspense to see how the scale of destiny would turn. Without hesitation, she arose, and with calm and dignified composure took her place at the instrument. After a moment spent in silent prayer, she ran her fingers along the keys, and then, with sweetness, elevation, and solemnity, sang, accompanying her voice with notes of the instrument, the following stanzas:—

"No room for mirth or trifling here,
For worldly hope, or worldly fear,
If life so soon is gone;
If now the Judge is at the door,
And all mankind must stand before
Th' inexorable throne.

"Nothing is worth a thought beneath,
But how I may escape the death
That never, never dies!
How make mine own election sure,
And when I fall on earth, secure
A mansion in the skies.

"Jesus, vouchsafe a pitying ray,
Be thou my guide, he thou my way,
To glorious happiness!
Write thou thy pardon on my heart!
And oh, when'er I hence depart,
Let me depart in peace!"

The minstrel ceased. The solemnity of eternity was upon that assembly. Without speaking, they dispersed. The father wept aloud, and when alone, sought the counsel and prayers of his daughter for the salvation of his soul. His soul was saved, and his great estate consecrated to Christ.

HELP ONE ANOTHER.

A TRAVELLER who was crossing the Alps, was overtaken by a snow-storm at the top of a high mountain. The cold became intense. The air was thick with sleet, and the piercing wind seemed to penetrate his bones. Still the traveller, for a time, struggled on. But at last his limbs were benumbed, a heavy drowsiness began to creep over him, his feet almost refused to move, and he lay down on the snow to give way to that fatal sleep which is the last stage of extreme cold, and from which he would certainly never have waked again in this world.

Just at that moment he saw another poor traveller coming along the road. The unhappy man seemed to be, if possible, even in a worse condition than himself, for he, too, could scarcely move; all his powers were frozen, and he appeared to be on the point to die.

When he saw this poor man, the traveller who was just going to lie down to sleep made a great effort. He roused himself up, and crawled, for he was scarcely able to walk, to his dying fellow-sufferer.

He took his hands into his own and tried to warm them. He chafed his temples; he rubbed his feet; he applied friction to his body. And all the time he spoke cheering words into his ear and tried to comfort him.

As he did thus, the dying man began to revive, his powers were restored, and he felt able to go forward. But this was not all; for his kind benefactor too was recovered by the efforts which he had made to save his friend. The exertion of rubbing made the blood circulate again in his own body. He grew warm by trying to warm the other. His drowsiness went off, he no longer wished to sleep, his limbs returned again to their proper force, and the travellers went on their way together, happy and congratulating one another on their escape.

Soon the snow-storm passed away, the mountain was crossed, and they reached their homes in safety.

If, dear reader, you feel your heart cold toward God, and your soul almost ready to perish, try to do something which may help another soul to life and make his heart glad; and you will often find it the best way to warm and restore and gladden your own!

A Page for the Young.

"OVER THE WAY."

A CHILD'S STORY.

"Won't it ever be dinner-time, mother?"

"Truly, child, I don't know."

Lucy was very hungry; not hungry like you, little people, who have had warm bread and milk already this morning, but hungry so that her little body was all one shiver under her little thin frock. You see there had been no dinner-time yesterday, and only supper the day before. Now, her mother was stitching so busily that she had only a sentence—like a knot in her thread here and there—to give Lucy in reply to her questions and remarks. If she finished that pile of shirts neatly enough,—and if the forewoman was neither busy nor cross, nor, as often happened, talking to the clerk,—then she would be paid.

And all these "ifs" lay between Lucy and her dinner.

Poor little Lucy! she sat curled up in the window-seat, to see the sunshine if she could not feel it; it shone on the other side of the way.

"Over the way" seemed to have fullness of riches; for, besides the sunshine, it had a baker's shop, where, an hour before, Lucy had watched the dinners go in to be baked. They had looked tempting then, but now, O dear! Lucy watched them—soft, pale-brown, batter puddings; crisp bursting potatoes, brown with gravy; and once, after a leg of pork, there came through the drafty window such a fragrance of onions as made the little watcher clasp her hands with a long "O!" of pleasure and longing.

You may not agree with her as to the perfume of onions; but then, you see, Lucy's nose was not educated, only hungry, which is quite another thing.

By and by, it seemed that all the dinners had been fetched except one—that stood on the counter, cooling rapidly.

"What could the people be about that belonged to it?"—not that it belonged to—Lucy's thoughts were hungry.

"Perhaps they've forgotten it; per-

haps they're dead; then nobody'll have it. O, what a pity!"

Lucy's last thought was so energetic that it jumped to her lips, but nobody answered. It was such a beautiful dinner! in spite of the shade of the shop, Lucy's far-sighted eyes could see that; a large round piece of beef, baked to a brownish red, and all round about it, and over and under it, just like things of no consequence, were those potatoes, and nobody came for all this.

"Mother, I don't believe it's wicked to steal!"

"Truly, child, I don't know."

Lucy's mother had been a Quakeress till she married, and was a good woman still, but it seemed to take all there was of her to keep Lucy alive at all—any sort of a child; and now, between work, and hunger, and cold, she was almost in a snow-sleep; so she never noticed Lucy get down off her perch and run into the street.

"I must smell it—I must smell it," said Lucy to herself; and she went and stood at the baker's door.

"I must just touch that warm dish!" and Lucy went in. No one was in the shop, and there was one potato just on the edge of the dish.

"I'm sure it will fall over and be broke, and then somebody'll tread on it; such a pity!" This time Lucy's thoughts did not reach her lips, but something else did; that tempting potato—first one bite, then another; then it was all gone.

"Why, you little thief!" Lucy was sure it was a giant's voice, it sounded so high up, and so loud, after her mother's weak one; and, yes, that must be a giant's hand laid on her shoulder; but of course it wasn't a giant, you know; it was good Mrs. Bacon, the bakeress, who had more children than you could count when they were all running about, and who, if she had known how hungry Lucy was, would have given her, not somebody else's potato, perhaps, but a bit of her own dinner; but, you see, she did not know, and that was the mischief.

"Speak, child," and Mrs. Bacon gave

another shake; she thought Lucy was sulky, the one unpardonable sin among her own children; but between the food and the fright, Lucy felt sick and dizzy, and hot and cold, until she could not understand herself, much less Mrs. Bacon.

"You evil little thing!" Another shake, and Lucy, feeling the world go round for the first time in her life, fell flat on the floor.

"O, goodness gracious! Bacon, I've been and killed a child!" It was quite consistent with the scene that "Bacon" should appear through a trap-door in the floor, as he did, all flour and astonishment, to find his wife with a little ragged girl in her lap.

"What on earth shall I do?"

"Put her in some warm water." Mrs. Bacon, who ruled the household generally, always obeyed her husband in troublous times; so, before long, Lucy woke up in water; it was queer, certainly, but on the whole satisfactory; and she was about to close her eyes again, just feeling the soft warm water lapping her limbs, when Mrs. Bacon said:

"O, do wake up, there's a lamb, my pretty!" You see she had forgotten all about the "little thief" by now, and saw only a child like one of her own; but so thin! I rather think some of the warm water on Lucy's neck had salt in it.

"Do wake up!" Really it seemed worth while; the state of things was puzzling, but then it was scarcely needful to unpuzzle one's-self, when the conundrum consisted of eyes, nose, ears, being greeted by a dancing fire, a smell of warm bread and things delicious, and a whispered order of "porridge directly." The porridge came just as Lucy was dressed—first in her own things, which were clean enough, and then in a frock belonging to Polly Bacon, who came to gaze with admiring awe at a little girl hungry enough to eat porridge.

"Where do you live, little girl?" said Polly, thinking, perhaps, that porridge-liking might come under the manners and customs of some distant region.

"Over the way," said Lucy. Mrs. Bacon rather drew back; she remembered the potato for the first time. It is not exactly pleasant to have people, with indistinct notions of the rights of property, living "over the way."

"Well, I'll take you over." Just as they were crossing the road, a wild-looking woman with a big bundle ran out of the house opposite, and Lucy, calling out, "Mother, mother!" ran over and caught hold of her, just escaping a butcher's horse with no eyes to spare for little girls.

"That child will be dead before she's done with," said Mrs. Bacon.

"Let's speak to the mother," said Mr. Bacon. So they went up to Lucy's mother, who was trembling and crying, "O, Lucy! naughty girl, where have you been?"

"It's all right, ma'am," said Mrs. Bacon; "we'll see to her, if you like, while you take home your work."

Certainly, it was time the work went—so Lucy's mother had to go too—and her visitors followed Lucy up-stairs to her apartment. Such a room—high up, and low, dark, and unshaded, bare and crowded—it seemed wonderful how it could contrive to have so many contradictory qualities without one pleasant one. In all the course of two comfortable lives, the gazers had never seen such a room. Mrs. Bacon felt a strong desire to relieve herself by scolding somebody, but a lump in her throat cut short the speech, and made it the shortest, most grotesquely eloquent one she had ever made—just "O, Bacon!" and she laid her hand on her husband's shoulder.

"It's pitiful, isn't it, old woman? I'll run over for some firing," and he went, coming back so speedily that the fire was lit before Lucy knew what was going to happen. The chimney had been idle so long that it gaye all the trouble it could; but when it was conquered, the bright warm flames began to dance, and so did Lucy.

"O! what will mother say? There's a fire, there's a fire!" and she bent down her little body in front of it, spreading out her arms as if she could hug it, and repeating:

"O! there's a fire, what will mother say? It's so-o nice!" and what should Lucy do but fall fast asleep with her hands clasped like a child in a picture with angels watching her.

By and by Lucy's mother came back, to find, not only the fire, but a pot of Irish stew.

"Lucy, Lucy! wake up, child; what's happened?"

"O! I don't know, mother; it's all beautiful; but I don't know anything," which was true; her little life had run on so fast that she had got behind it, somehow. But they were both too hungry to do anything but eat, with food at hand; so the question was "laid on the table," as they say in Parliament. Just as dinner was done, Mrs. Bacon came in, and had such a long talk with Lucy's mother that the little one forgot to listen, until she heard:

"Well, never go without a dinner again; with three of my children, just

babies, I can always find you plenty of work."

"Did you ever hear, ma'am, of the 'blessing of those ready to perish?' because you will have it to-night."

"I've had more blessings all my life than I ever deserved," said good Mrs. Bacon, with such a pleasant light in her motherly eyes, that I think, had you been there to see, you must have kissed her at the risk of flouring your face. She kept her word. Lucy never went without dinner any more.

Our Sunday Schools.

THE PRECISE RELATION THAT THE SUNDAY SCHOOL SHOULD SUSTAIN TO THE CHURCH.*

It is often said by the zealous Sunday school teacher, that the church and its officers fail to take the deep and the practical interest in the Sunday school work which its importance unquestionably demands. Those of us who are intimately acquainted with Sunday schools must allow that there is some ground for the complaint. The minister is not in the Sunday school what he is in the congregation—chief teacher and master spirit. Deacons, as such, have neither place nor power in the Sunday school. There are exceptions to this rule, but generally the practice, or rather the absence of practice, is as I have stated. Under such circumstances, it is not surprising that teachers should now and then whisper something very like a censure on "the elders" of the people of God. In like manner, the church seldom, if ever, turns its attention to the state, or the needs, or the claims, of the Sunday school. The Sunday school is not one of the subjects that ordinarily engage the attention of our members at a church-meeting; and if perchance any earnest teacher were to ask to address the church on the

difficulties or the requirements of the Sunday school, the probability is that he would be requested to mention the matter at the next teachers' meeting. I allow exceptions, but I fear I have correctly stated the rule. Who can wonder that the self-denying and active teacher occasionally pours out a lamentation that the church does not sympathize with and support the Sunday school as much as it ought to do?

On the other hand, there is on the part of the officers of the church an under-current of dissatisfaction with the Sunday school. It is supposed, whether truly or not I do not at present say, that the Sunday school is not, as it should be, a nursery for the church and a help to its minister and deacons; but is rather a separate establishment, under different management—a sort of independent body, resenting any interference by the church or its officers with its affairs, honestly believing that it has the right to exclude the church and its officers from its councils, and to prohibit them from exercising the least authority within its borders. The attitude of the Sunday school towards the church is thought to be, not antagonistic, by no means unfriendly, but thoroughly independent. The general impression among our ministers and deacons is, that, in the opinion of the teachers, the church, as a matter of fact, has, and as a matter of right, should have, no more control over the

* The above paper was read by the Rev. CHARLES WILLIAMS, of Accrington, at the Quarterly Meeting of the East Lancashire Union of Baptist Churches, at Cloughfold, August 3rd.

Sunday school than the Sunday school has over the church. There may be a few church officers who do not sympathize with this feeling, but facts justify me in asserting that our "elders" for the most part take the view of Sunday schools that I have described, and are not quite satisfied with things as they are.

If there exists this mutual dissatisfaction—not to say distrust—it is important that we should inquire into the subject. As Christian men, we should deal honestly alike with ourselves and with our work. What, then, is the relative position of the Sunday school and the church? In answering this question, I make no note of exceptions. Isolated cases may be cited which do not bear out my statements, but apparently contradict them. I am glad to know that such cases can be cited. Still, we have to do with Sunday schools as a whole; and I shall therefore attempt to give a true account of the general, and not the exceptional, state of things in our Sunday schools. The Sunday school is a little republic, making its own laws, electing its own officers, and governing itself. Some of my hearers may remind me that the pastor of the church is, in most instances, also president of the Sunday school. He holds this office, however, during the pleasure of the teachers. In some schools, the president, with the superintendent and other officers, is elected annually, and it is quite competent to the teachers to appoint any man, whether minister or otherwise, to occupy the post; and, in other schools, a rule determines that the pastor be president, but even here the rule can be altered or annulled by the teachers, should they wish to deprive the minister of the office. As with the presidency, so with all other appointments, the teachers are the source of power, the legislators, the court of appeal, the supreme and the final authority. Only by the vote of the teachers, or by virtue of a rule laid down by the teachers, can any reform be effected, or business be transacted, or good be done in the Sunday school. The theory of the Sunday school is that of a religious educational republic, self-contained and self-governed. It exists alongside and not as part of the church. The Sunday school has no well-defined relation to the church—it is an

independent organization friendly to but not united with the church, many of its constituents being also members of the church, but which nevertheless claims and exercises a separate jurisdiction. Whether this loose connection is all that is practicable and desirable, is debatable, and the entire question is raised by the topic of this paper,—*The precise relation that the Sunday school should sustain to the church and its officers.*

Ought we to regard the Sunday school as an agency of the church? I answer—all the friends of Sunday schools answer—Yes. What do you propose to yourselves as the end of the Sunday school work? Is it the mere teaching of children and young people to read? Is it the mere fitting of our youth to take their part and to perform their duties as citizens of the world? Is it the mere sowing in the soil of the human heart of the seeds of social virtues? Are you toiling in the Sunday school only for your country and only for time? Will the increased intelligence, the improved morality, and the greater respectability of the rising generation, fully compensate all your labours, and be the realization of your fondest hope, in respect to the Sunday school? Every Christian will reply, "No; most emphatically No." And yet, what is the fact? Our Sunday schools have served the world more efficiently than they have served the church. During the last quarter of a century the Sunday school system has been the means of immense and incalculable social and moral benefit to England—to Lancashire more especially. Tens of thousands, who have turned their backs on our chapels and "walk no more with us," owe their education, their first impulse upward and onward toward a higher social life, the restraints which have kept them from crime, and the principles which have made them virtuous, to our Sunday schools. The Sunday school has trained nine-tenths of the wives of these manufacturing districts; and if the homes of our working people are cleaner and happier than they were thirty years ago, it is mainly due to the influence of the Sunday school on our young women. I rejoice in all this. As an Englishman, I am profoundly thankful to Sunday school teachers for the invaluable service

which they have rendered to my country. But, as a Christian, I lament that the church has not been benefited as much as the world. We cannot shut our eyes to the fact that the vast majority of those who pass through our Sunday schools never even identify themselves with our congregations, much less become members in our churches. The many go away from us into the world; the few stay and are numbered with the people of God. And of these few a large proportion are children of regular attendants at the house of God, and who would probably have been hearers and doers of the Word, if there had been no Sunday school. Take the 390 young people in Cloughfold Sunday school, or the 410 in the Sunday school at Pleasant Street, Haslingden, or the 1219 in the Sunday schools connected with Blackburn Road Chapel, Accrington; ascertain how many of the scholars in these Sunday schools, whose parents are not attendants on public worship, have risen from the school to the church or congregation during the last ten years; and then compare this number with the total number of young people that have left school and chapel—what, think you, will be the result? We should be astonished to learn that so few have been trained for the church, that so many, with scarcely an effort to retain them, have been permitted to be lost in the world. As an educational agency, for securing moral and social good, Sunday schools are a great success; but, as an agency of the church, for increasing its membership and adding to its congregation, Sunday schools are almost, not altogether, a failure. How is this? Shall I tell you? Will you, Sunday school teachers, receive kindly what I say out of an honest and loving heart, because I desire the good of Sunday schools? Then, I answer, partly, doubtless, because Sunday school teachers do not receive the sympathy and the support of our ministers and deacons, and are not cared for and watched over by the church; but, mainly, because the Sunday school is too much secular and too little sacred in its spirit and its aims; because, while professing to be anxious for the salvation of the souls of their scholars, the teachers instruct them more in “the letter” than in “the spirit” of the Bible;

because the Sunday school is not made the porch of the chapel and a nursery to the church; because teachers do not regard themselves as helpers to the minister; because the Sunday school is not an agency of the church. I would respectfully submit to my brethren that, if the Sunday school stood in a closer relation to the church, if it were a part of the church, it would be no less useful to the world, and it would be unspeakably more useful to “the kingdom of God.” On this, I am persuaded, we are all at one. Every man of us wishes to see the Sunday school rendered more efficient in serving Christ, and in doing a work that shall outlive time and bear fruit in eternity. The division between the Sunday school and the church is unnatural, for the Sunday school ought to be the church seeking to bless the young. Why should they not be one and the same body? Wherefore should not the Sunday school be a church agency? It seems to me to be too much and too frequently forgotten that, while the church was instituted by Christ, the Sunday school has no claim to be regarded as a scriptural institution, save as part of the church. The church is “the body of Christ.” Its mission is to speak the words and to do the will of Christ. We know “the mind of Christ” about young people; that Jesus said, “Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God.” Christ blessed the young. And as it is the office of the body to obey the commands of its head, the church, as the body of Christ, should express its interest in, and love for, and grace toward, “the little children.” Other reasons will occur to you in support of our conclusion, in which I venture to think most of you agree with me, that the Sunday school ought to be an agency of the church.

This involves the introduction of the church element into the Sunday school. The Sunday school, if a church agency, should no longer be a distinct and separate organization, should cease to be an independent republic, distinguishable from, though in alliance with, “the kingdom of God.” The church, being equally responsible for teaching the young as for preaching to adults, is under the most solemn obligation to supply the needs of the Sunday school.

Whenever the Sunday school is in want of counsel, the church should give it; or teachers, the church should provide them; or other help, the church should render it. The wisdom, the resources, and the prayers of the church should be pledged to the Sunday school enterprise. Nor should the officers of the church any longer keep aloof from the Sunday school. The minister should be the shepherd of the whole flock, carrying the lambs in his bosom as well as leading the sheep into green pastures; and to be this, he must be the chief teacher and the master spirit in the Sunday school. The "elders" should guide and aid the Sunday school as a church agency. In brief, the distinction between Sunday school and church should cease. They ought not to be two bodies but one body. They ought not to be under different but under the same management. They ought not to hold separate meetings. The church, I submit, ought to be the legislative and the governing body—making laws, appointing officers, and controlling business. The church and its officers should not shrink from responsibility, should not fail in their duty, should not transfer to

other shoulders their burdens, should not hand over the grateful task of blessing little children to another organization. Were I a Sunday school teacher, I would try to bring them to their post, to persuade them to take their proper place, to induce them to encourage and to direct the teachers of our Sunday schools. And I doubt whether our churches, with their bishops and deacons, will ever discharge their obligations to the young, whether our Sunday schools, with their superintendents and teachers, will ever become efficient nurseries for the church, till some such union as that which I have suggested has been effected.

I hesitate to say more, though I have barely crossed the threshold of the subject. Already, perhaps, I have said too much. My apology for speaking at all is, that you asked me to do so. Having undertaken the task, I could do none other than raise the question, which I have tried to do fairly, notwithstanding the impossibility of doing it fully,—the precise relation that the Sunday school should sustain to the church and its officers.

Our Societies.

THE BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

THE following account of ten days' missionary life in the north of Jessore, is from the pen of the Rev. W. H. Hobbs:—

"About six months ago the providence of God directed my special attention to Magoorah, one of the sub-divisions of the large district of Jessore. At this place resides a pious Indigo planter, who having been recently brought to the foot of the cross himself, naturally feels a deep sympathy with the ignorant masses around him; and knowing nothing so capable of elevating them as the Gospel, gave me an invitation to come and preach to his ryots (tenants). Having done so almost continuously for six months, I one day said to the three preachers located here, 'Brethren, I must now adopt the language of Jesus, "I must go to other cities also, for therefore was I sent." I understand there is a large tract of country on the banks of the Kalegunga, thickly populated, but whose inhabitants have scarcely ever heard the words of the

great life and salvation in which we rejoice. We will go and visit them, and tell them what we know. Madan, brother, you must stay at home, superintend the school, preach in Magoorah bazaar, get ready for the next conference examination, and take charge of the women and children; and you, Madhob, and you, Mandari, will to-morrow accompany me in my boat upon a ten days' missionary tour. We will proceed slowly, preach often, distribute many tracts, and sell all the Scriptures we can.'

"Accordingly, the next morning (Wednesday, October 14), leaving Magoorah behind us, we proceeded up the broad Koomar river. Our first visit was to a village called Serepore, belonging to the Rajah Froshonno. In a few minutes about a score of persons assembled around us, who eyed me with great suspicion, imagining that I was some government official, who had been sent to arrange some law-suit of the Rajah's; but on ascertaining that I was a missionary, they became quite assured, and laying down their darling pipes, said they were ready to hear our words. We preached to them alter-

nately for about half an hour. Although only ten miles from Magoorah, they knew nothing of the Gospel; in fact, the name of Jesus was quite unknown to any of them, except a young Brahmin, who appeared to have heard it only that he might hate and revile it. As we were returning to the boat, I said to Madhob, 'Brother, do you think they have understood us?' To which he replied, 'Not much of our discourse has sunk into their minds. Of course they have understood our words, but the ideas we preach are so new to them, that they remember but very little.' 'Say you so, Madhob! then let us return and go through the plan of mercy once more.' 'But, sir, we shall not be able to get them together again; they will think they have heard enough.' 'Perhaps so; but have you never heard what Paul wrote, "Being crafty, I caught you with guile"?' The devil is crafty enough in a bad cause; we must try and thwart him, by being as wise as serpents in a good one. Run to the boat, and get the big Bible, and depend upon it, when they see me open it, and hear me chant a verse, they will all come together again.' It was even so. They listened attentively for half an hour longer, after which we questioned them upon what we had said; but I was grieved to find that they retained but little, save the two facts that Jesus was born of a virgin, and must have been a very excellent man. Only two amongst them could read.

"Oct. 15th.—This morning early went on shore at the village of Baitahhale. The men said it was so cold they could not come out of their houses to listen. If we returned in two hours they would hear what we had to say. Hereupon Mandari, getting a little annoyed at their unconcern, told them that perhaps before two hours had passed, some one might be called away from earth; and knowing nothing of the true God, who would judge us for our every deed, was a sad condition in which to die. To this, one man, dropping his pipe for a moment, replied, 'I am not afraid to die; what is there in death?' Whilst another remarked, 'Let others say what they please, every one has a destiny, and nothing can occur contrary to it. If it is my destiny to be a good man, God will make me good; if he does not do so, it is his fault, and not mine; what can I do?' I began to show them how wicked it was, as well as unreasonable, to charge God with making them sin, and then punishing them because they did so; but they did not heed me much, and continued to say it was so cold. 'Cold!' said I, 'to be sure it is. But do you know what people in England do to warm themselves? No, I am sure you do not.' The very mention of what happens in England aroused their attention immediately, as I knew it would do, and a volley of questions was at once discharged at me, such as—1. 'Is it really true that English ladies go to the market and buy things themselves?'—2. 'How many quarts of milk used you to get for a rupee in your country?'—3. 'Did

you have a large farm at home, and how much rice did you grow?'—4. 'Have you ever seen the great, great Queen, and is she not very, very beautiful?'—5. 'Do poor people in England live in bamboo houses?' &c. I replied, 'Do you think that I intend to stand here like a labourer, and answer all these questions? Let us go to that old broken house yonder, bring me a stool to sit upon, and then I will tell you all you want to know, and more beside.' Before I could reach the place, a score were there, earnest to know about anything, everything, rather than the way to escape from the wrath to come. Having explained to them sliding, leap-frog, and a variety of other athletic exercises, and disposed of their questions, I said, 'Now I have one more thing to tell you, viz., how the English people worship God, and what kind of a religion they believe.' This, of course, opened up the glorious theme of salvation; and whilst I detailed what Jesus had done for wicked, helpless men, my brethren contrasted the Christian religion with the Hindoo, and entreated them to forsake their sins.

"From this place we went on to another village (Joynugger), and finding that most of the men had gone out to plough, we preached to about twenty persons, mostly women, left a few tracts, and departed. At 3 p.m. we reached the large village of Sharandee, on the Kalegunga river, and sending Madhob and Mandari into the interior of the village, I took my station near the ghat, and in a few minutes had fifty people pressing around me. Many of them belonged to the higher classes, and paid great attention. They seemed clearly to apprehend the plan of mercy through an atoning Redeemer, but remarked that they could not receive it, for it seemed such an injustice to punish a great and good person like Jesus for the sins of other people. 'I would not do such a thing myself,' remarked a young Brahmin, 'and God is more intelligent than I am.' I proceeded to show him that it was just because God was so much wiser than men, that such a means had been devised, and read to him a portion of the language of Paul, 'Eye hath not seen,' &c. I endeavoured to show him that the doctrine of substitution, so far from being considered unjust by men, was brought into active exercise in every-day life. He said he could not recollect a case in point. I asked him if he had never known one person become bail for another, and if it was not a common occurrence for the rajah or zemindar to save the ryot from arrest by paying the expenses connected with his law-suit? 'O yes, sir,' he replied, 'all that sort of thing is common enough; I have done it myself.' 'You have? What, have you too been subjected to such injustice? Why should you smart for the faults of others? Do you not think that the laws which allow this need a most searching revision?' He seemed a little disconcerted, but replied, 'I am not aware, sir, that there was any injustice in the matter; what I did, I did of my own accord.' 'My good friend,'

said I, 'you are putting arguments in my mouth; see how your words apply. You pay the law-suit expenses of some of your ryots to prevent them from being sent to prison; and when I suggest that the law be revised which thus allows such a system to operate, you say there is no injustice in it; what I do, I do voluntarily; the claimant gets his money, and what more can he or any one else wish for? Now listen, Brahmin. When Jesus gave himself for our sins, *he did so voluntarily*. God wanted not money, but atonement for past transgression, and obedience for the future. This we could not give, but Christ could, and he gave it; what more can anybody want? Therefore, where is the injustice?' He replied, 'Sir, what you say is forcible; but it would never do to apply it to matters of life and death.' I replied, 'Your objection has but little force. You admit the principle upon which the atonement of Jesus rests (substitution), but deny its application. Do you not see that anything that is morally just, cannot be unjust because it is extensively developed? Suppose you are a kind, merciful man; people would regard you with complacency, would they not? If you became very much kinder still, would you expect people to deny that you were kind at all? Surely not. Come, let us examine this matter a little more closely. Do you believe that God hates sin, and that he will punish sinners?' 'Yes, I believe both.'—'Do you imagine that God takes pleasure in chastising transgressors?' 'No.'—'Then why does he punish?' 'I don't exactly know.'—'Why do you sometimes beat your boy?' 'I am obliged to do so, sir; if I did not, the whole of my family would get insubordinate.'—'Then you beat the boy, partly for his own fault, and partly as an example?' 'You have exactly described it, sir.'—'You seem to be somewhat particular, I think, in exacting respect.' 'Sir, if respect goes, all goes.'—'When your boy has acted naughtily, if you knew a way of securing your respect without beating him, would you beat him?' 'I scarcely know what to say, sir; I think, perhaps, I might then pull his ears, and let him go.'—'Very good, my friend; you are one of the frankest Brahmins I have ever met. Now see what your answers lead to. God is our Father, but more, he is our Governor. He hates wrong-doers, and threatens wrong-doers with punishment. It is necessary for him to punish, for the world is his family; and, as you observed, "if respect goes, all goes." He punishes, not because he hates, but because punishment is the proper penalty for sin, and because it acts as a warning to others. But he is wiser than men, and what they could never originate, is easy work to him. To show his power, his wisdom, his mercy, and his justice, he has devised a means by which he can maintain his respect without heavily chastising his subjects. This is fully revealed to us in the Bible. God's adorable Son obeyed his law for us; and God has kindly consented to regard it as though we had done it our-

selves; whilst his unspeakable condescension in becoming man, joined with his disgrace, suffering, and death, exhibit the determination of God to have his commands regarded, much more than if every sinner had suffered the punishment due to his sin. The result is that God is now willing to forgive sinners, and save them from everlasting misery; and all those who believe in and love their great Deliverer, meet with no other punishment save a little distress in this present world, which exactly agrees with your remark, "I would pull his ears, and let him go." Now, where is the injustice in this? Can you point it out to me?' 'Sir, I scarcely know what answer to give you; you take hold of my words and use them against me. I cannot receive what you say, and yet it seems to be true: I must consider the matter more fully. But, sir, I cannot yet understand how one man could make an atonement for so many millions. Can you make it plain to us, sir?'—'To be sure I can; listen. You are a Brahmin, are you not?' 'Yes, sir, I am; and a Kuleen (highest grade) Brahmin.'—'Now, suppose I give you a good beating with my shoe, and afterwards go to that group of fishermen and beat them likewise. When the tidings reached your village, which would create the greatest consternation, the fact that I had humiliated you, or that I had beaten a hundred low-caste men? Would you measure the insult by the pain that the hundred suffered, or by the degradation to which the Kuleen Brahmin had been subjected?' Every one present admitted that the beating a Brahmin was of more consequence than beating a whole village full of common people. 'Pain, sir!' said an old man present, 'what is pain when compared with disgrace?'—'Now,' said I, 'it is just so in regard to the salvation effected by Jesus Christ. He is God's Kuleen Son, dearer to him than all the people in a hundred worlds. Anything that would humiliate him, and especially anything that should violently take away his life, would arrest the attention of all the angels in heaven; and would, moreover, teach every intelligent being, when he heard about it, that sin must indeed be a dreadful thing in the sight of God, to induce him to give up his darling Son that *his* respect might be maintained, and sinners saved from everlasting woe.' I then proceeded to show them that, although the principle of the atonement was perfectly just (the offering being voluntary, adequate, and accepted by God), still that it was not a principle necessary to be carried out among men to the extent of life and death; it being a great remedy for a great disease, and, as such, worthy of all acceptance. The result of this long conversation was, that one person bought a Testament, ten or twelve others, Gospels, and everybody was anxious that I would come again soon. Soon after my return to the boat the preachers came back, we loosened from this interesting spot, and before darkness set in, proclaimed the word in two other villages. When the moon arose we

went on shore, and preached for half an hour to about twenty-five persons, mostly mat-makers.

"Oct. 16.—To-day the Doorga Puja began (it lasts four days), and along the banks of the river groups of people were seen, engaged in sham-fighting, dancing, wrestling, and other manifestations of noisy, rollicking mirth. We landed at a place where a company of about two hundred were thus engaged. On seeing me many of them ran away; but on seeing me begin to read, they gained courage to return, and informed me that my checked woollen shirt and long beard had put them in mind of a planter who used to oppress them very much, and on first noticing me, they thought he had come back to beat them again. They listened attentively for about half an hour, and then returned to their sport. Not one of them would buy a book, and scarcely any one desired a tract. We went into the boat discouraged. Shortly afterwards we came upon another group, engaged in just the same games, but not quite so numerous as the former company. This party was as attentive as the other company was inattentive, listened with apparent interest for about an hour, kept up a lively discussion, and bought half a dozen Gospels. I found on inquiry that not one of the company knew anything about the Christian religion. Still going on, in the afternoon we came to a large bazaar, and going into a shop, we sat down, and told the people that we had come to bring them good news from heaven. After listening for about ten minutes, the chief man got up, saying it was past time to bathe, and he could not stay to hear more. His own religion was a very good one, and exceedingly old, and that he should be deserving of the curse of all good Brahmins if ever he was base enough to forsake it. In a minute or two we had the shop to ourselves much to the chagrin of Madhob, who looked as though he would say, 'Sir, they have given us the slip!' 'Come, brother,' said I, 'don't look so sad: if we cannot draw them one way, we must try another. Let us go over to yonder shed; I will sing an English tune, and see if that will bring them out of their houses.' Accordingly, repairing thither, I struck up the tune, Portugal New, to the words, 'Begone, unbelief, &c. The men came out of their houses, the women and children peeped from the verandah, and before I had completed the verse nearly twenty persons had assembled. After a short time, the number doubled, and for an hour and a half they all listened with the most breathless attention. Amongst the crowd were four harlots, three of whom manifested much emotion when Madhob specially addressed himself to them. I was much moved at the remarks made by one of them: 'Padre Shahib, have compassion upon us; we were taught to be wicked when we were little girls. No one will marry us now; what else can we do? Put us in a place where we can be good, and then we will become good.' I could only promise them that when I visited

the place again, if I found that they had abandoned their bad ways, I would befriend them. Cold comfort, this, some will think. Aye, so thought the missionary. But, where is he to get the funds for building houses, conveying to new homes, and maintaining persons who profess sorrow for their past misdeeds? An immense number of tracts were distributed here, and more Gospels sold than at any place previously visited."

The following, from the Rev. W. H. Webley, gives an interesting account of the present position of the Mission in Hayti:—

"You will learn, I am sure, with very great pleasure, that just at the present time our heavenly Father seems to be singularly blessing the mission here.

"One dear girl, brought up in the old mission-school, and who has just lost her mother, seems at last hopefully brought to a knowledge of Jesus. Another, from the same school, who used to read her Testament in her father's garret, or in the woods adjoining his house, but who, for years past, as she says, has been stifling the voice of God in her conscience, seems again aroused, and this time, I trust, will brave all for Christ. May she have grace to do so! for she will have a tremendous struggle, not so much, perhaps, with her husband as with bigoted Catholic relations. Then a sort of half-sister of hers has just cast aside all her Romish trash, and is humbly and prayerfully searching the Scriptures. And, lastly, six persons from the surrounding mountains have been attending our services for some time past, and are now saying, 'We will go with you.' So here are nine souls we hope soon to gather into the fold of Christ.

"The members of the church, too, are more united, manifest a better feeling, and show more brotherly love, than perhaps has been the case since the unhappy residence of Lilaroix amongst them. Indeed, I have scarcely preached of late—at least for some Sabbaths past—without bitter, almost audible, weeping accompanying the preaching.

"It is not often now that strangers attend our services, unless they have some remote idea of one day casting in their lot with us,—the result, in great part, of a systematic course of persecution the priest of the town has for some time past adopted. Still, this even will pass off. The people will not be always led astray. Just now the awful Chili accident is engaging attention, and causing serious reflection; whilst even before that a remarkable spirit of inquiry had arisen in the minds of many of the people, partly, no doubt, on account of our large distribution of Scriptures and tracts during some eighteen years. These will some day bear precious fruit.

"An awful case of cannibalism has just come to light here, in connexion with the practices of the *randoux*. At Bizoton, about two miles from Port-au-Prince, there resided two wretches, a man and his woman, calling themselves human beings (!), who stole one

of their own nieces, a girl of about eight years of age, for a human sacrifice to their god the Snake; strangled her, flayed her, cut her up, cooked her, and then devoured her, burying only the hair and the bowels, and offering the blood to their god!

"Happily, another girl of fourteen, stolen from the high road to Port-au-Prince, and destined for another similar feast on Twelfth Day, escaped from them, and getting to Port-au-Prince, divulged the whole affair. The uncle and aunt, and six accomplices, four men and four women, have therefore been arrested, tried, condemned, and shot, whilst their dwellings have been burnt to the ground. I fear, from all we hear, that there is a good deal of this sort of thing in the country, imported from Africa in the time of slavery, and since handed down from father to son. I could divulge some awful secrets from notes made in Souloque's time, but they are almost too harrowing to bear the light, and would hardly be believed. It is, however, but just to say that the populace of Port-au-Prince would have torn these

wretches in pieces could they have got at them, and had not Government executed very summary punishment upon them. Since then, the *randonas* are hiding their heads, trembling in their shoes, and anxiously looking out for what may transpire next. Their practices, too, are being energetically put down by the Government, whilst their drums, collected in large numbers, have been burnt in the streets of Port-au-Prince. It is, indeed, a good sign that Gifford and his Government feel themselves sufficiently powerful to carry these and similar measures into effect. Happily, too, such occurrences only render the Government, if possible, still more favourable to the propagation of the Truth by Protestant missionaries. The priests, in the island papers, are openly blamed for tolerating, if not encouraging, various superstitious practices amongst the people. Indeed, perhaps many, did they dare say as much, would admit that the Gospel is the very remedy for this very sad state of things."

Intelligence.

FOREIGN.

THE FESTIVAL OF JUGGERNAUT IN 1864.—*The Times'* correspondent, writing from Calcutta, gives the following painfully-interesting account of the festival of Juggernaut in June and July last:—

"The Snan Jatra and the Ruth Jatra are still two of the greatest festivals of Hindooism. They form the great Juggernaut saturnalia, so widely celebrated. Tens of thousands of persons, of all classes and ages, flock to attend them; women will walk thirty or forty miles in a day, carrying their children astride on their hips, to be present; and on the nights preceding the principal days the roadsides are filled with men, women, and children, lying down asleep, wearied out with their long march. In former times many were in the habit of increasing the general happiness by throwing themselves under the wheels of the Juggernaut car. That pleasure, as I thought, is now denied them. Government decided that it was better for them not to commit self-murder. I will tell you presently how far they heed the Government. The festival began on Sunday, the 19th of June, by the priests bringing forth the god to be bathed. It ended on the 6th of July, when the cars were drawn back by thousands of people, and the god was replaced in his home. I went to see both these ceremonies, and you may, perhaps, have some curiosity to know how the Hindoos, upon whose education we are spending so much time and thought, perform their religious rites at the present

day within twenty miles of the capital of the empire.

"The enjoyment of a Bengalee out for a holiday consists in his eating pan till he is utterly stupefied, and making as much noise as the means which nature has given him will admit of. On the Sunday morning I speak of, they swarmed along under the influence of these pleasures, quite heedless of the temperature, which naturally was the first thing that struck the European. A June day in the plains of Bengal is not a good time for going out to see sights. On this occasion the thermometer marked 135 degs., and the ground beneath one's feet was like hot lava. Once fairly in the steaming crowd, the atmosphere was simply horrible, but the Hindoos thoroughly enjoyed it. The great living stream was suddenly stopped by a procession, which turned out of a narrow lane. It was preceded by tall fellows carrying silver wands, headed by an old one-eyed devotee, who looked ready either to worship his deity or commit a murder, on the spur of the moment. Then came a horde of lateewallahs—men carrying sticks to keep off the mob; then a few musicians, and after them the object to which every eye was turned, and to which every one was paying reverence by joining the hands and bringing them to the forehead in a supplicatory manner. This was the god Krishna, a little ugly wooden figure, dressed in bright colours and gold, and playing on a pipe. He sat on a sort of throne, and he had a canopy over his head to keep his blessed brains from addling in the sun. Be-

hind him came a vast tumultuous throng, ten times as numerous as that which ordinarily closes a London procession, but less boisterous and wild, for your Bengalee is a man of peace, and hates to get his head broken.

"With immense shouting they carried this potentate to a large platform, on which were already assembled a crowd of Hindoos, ministering to several huge blocks of wood, hideously daubed with red and yellow in the human likeness. One of these immense heads had an arm beneath it, made of brass, and with the open hand outstretched. Into this hand the pious poured two and four anna pieces, or pice, and the priests swept the money away as fast as the hollow palm was filled. The figure was Juggernaut himself. I asked a native who stood by what was done with the money. He replied to me by begging a cheroot—so rapid is the march of intellect in this country. Every now and then a tall lank figure came to the front of the platform and waved his long skinny arms wildly about; this is the signal for the crowd to shout, and they obeyed it without hesitation, and stood looking vacantly at the two gods on the platform and at Krishna. The sweetmeat and pansellers went continually among them, and there were also men selling rude images of animals, coloured a very bright red or blue. A scarlet and green cow sold for half an anna. This went on for a very long time without any variation, except when the contributions flagged, and the priests came forwards and cried out, and tom-toms were beaten and cymbals clashed around the gods. The people stood very patiently talking and toying with each other, after the Bengalee manner, until the priests brought some water from the holy Gunga, and dashed it over Juggernaut. Then the crowd set up a tremendous shout, and for a moment or two seemed excited. The money flowed in more briskly than ever, for now the god was bathed, and his spirit was appeased. By and by the rain fell in torrents, and these thousands of people dragged along the dreary roads or through the jungle to their huts reeking with damp and malaria.

"This part of the festival was a farce; that which followed on Wednesday last was a tragedy—a most sickening and revolting tragedy, which it was impossible to witness without horror and disgust. The crowd seemed infinitely more dense than it had ever been on the former occasion, and all along the road were booths filled with sweetmeats, hideous masks, trumpery Birmingham ware, and images of Juggernaut and Krishna, and other deities of the Hindoo mythology. It was a barbarous copy of a country fair. There were whistles and tom-toms, shell-fish, smelling horribly in the sun, huge 'jack' fruit, some damaged pine-apples, and here and there a rudely-concocted 'merry-go-round,' with stout baboos enjoying the sport which that machine is capable of furnishing. There are nautch girls, hideously ugly, chanting their drawling, monotonous strains to the music of an

old fiddle and a tom-tom. Then there were little acrobats, who made 'Catherine wheels' like the boys who run, or used to run, by the side of omnibuses in London streets. There was also a stereoscope, with views of the last Great Exhibition, on show at one pice each person. The confusion was indescribable, and when a shower of rain came on, as happily it did once or twice, the throng seemed to get tied up in a knot and to be incapable of disentangling itself, or of doing anything but roll helplessly from one side of the road to the other.

"The centres of attraction were the two Juggernaut cars. These are immense lumbering masses of wood, about sixty feet in height, carved into all sorts of angles, and decorated on every square inch with figures of the deities. They are constructed in four stories, so to speak, and upon each of these a crowd of Brahmins and their friends were collected. Large idols were placed at each corner, and two ropes of great length were attached to the front of the car. They moved upon six heavy wheels, and the entire weight of the ponderous fabric must have been enormous. Hour after hour the multitude streamed past the cars, which were at some distance from each other, or they turned aside to a shed beneath which were placed a number of indecently-painted idols, afterwards decorated with a little drapery and hoisted on to the car. It was not till nearly four in the afternoon that a big gong was beaten on the topmost division of the first car, and with a great shout Juggernaut himself, swathed in red cloth, was brought to the spot. A rope was fastened to him, and with much exertion he was hoisted from stage to stage by the Brahmins—for by himself the god seemed rather helpless. They dragged him up and uncovered him, and the crowd salaamed to him in their usual fashion. A huge ugly thing he was, with enormous eyes, painted black with a broad white rim around them. Then another god was brought, and hoisted up in the same way, but to a lower division, and so on till all were full. The crowd meanwhile kept throwing garlands and donations to the Brahmins—dirty, common-looking men, with nothing whatever to distinguish them from the common mass except the white Brahminical thread over their shoulders. When the gods were all in their places, two large wooden horses were brought out, one blue and the other white, each with a thick tail sticking up at an angle of ninety degrees. These gay steeds were fastened to the car, and a Brahmin stood upon the back of each, holding by the rope.

"At this time the scene was extraordinary. Close by the side of the car was a large native house, broken and crumbling, like most native houses. Through iron bars in front of this house some women were peering, and on the roof there were more women of the zenana, with an old crone keeping watch and guard over them. On the other side of the road was a Juggernaut

temple, crowded with women. The road itself was quite impassable for the crowds of people, whose oily bodies and dirty ways did not improve the flavour of the heated atmosphere. Far as the eye could reach this throng extended, and when a thousand gongs were set beating and the Brahmins called upon the people, a thrill of wild excitement ran through this enormous living mass. The ropes were fixed, and multitudes rushed to them, eager for the honour of pulling their deity along. On the car itself there could scarcely have been less than two hundred men. Perhaps there were a thousand pulling at the ropes, but they pulled for a long time in vain. The car had been in one place for a whole year, and had made a deep hole for itself by its great weight. Again and again the Brahmins shouted and gesticulated, laughing among themselves. At last the mob happened to pull together instead of one after the other, and the huge mass moved forward a few yards, groaning as if it had been a living creature. It stopped, and for a few minutes the crowd stood in almost perfect silence. Then the Brahmins again gave the signal, and this time it crushed out a life with every revolution of its hideous wheels, covered as they were with human flesh and gore.

"The vast multitude seemed suddenly possessed with a fit of delirium. They fought and struggled with each other to get near the car, which had stopped as if by magic. They stooped down, and peered beneath its wheels, and rose with scared faces to tell their friends of the sight. I made my way to the back of the car, and there saw upon the ground a very old woman, all wrinkled and puckered up, with scarcely a lineament of her face recognisable for blood and dust. Her right foot was hanging by a thread, the wheels had passed over the centre of her nearly naked body, and a faint quiver of anguish ran through her frame as she seemed to struggle to rise. Not one in the crowd offered to move her, or raise her miserable gray head from the ground, but they stood looking on with vacant stares, while the Brahmins from the car gazed down with as much unconcern as could well be written upon a human countenance. The mob cried that there were more under the car, and when I looked beneath it seemed as if the wheels were choked with dusky bodies. Two or three chokeydars here made their appearance, and compelled the crowd to move back. Upon getting closer to the wheels I saw that one of them was half over the body of a man, and that it had crushed out his bowels, and fastened itself like some insatiable monster in his blood. Close by him there lay another man crushed to death—he was but a heap of mangled flesh. The Brahmins still looked down from the car upon these poor wretches with perfect unconcern, and were even signalling for the crowd to pull again, but the few policemen present made them drag the car back, so that the bodies could be got out from between the wheels.

The mob cried out, '*Apse, apse,*'—that they did it of their own accord; and, indeed, there was no appearance of an accident. Their bodies were far under the car, where they could scarcely have got unless they had laid themselves down in front. I saw two other men lying there when the car first stopped, but they got up and walked away. The three bodies were placed together, and the car was dragged on by the people once more. I did not stay to see whether its track was made in fresh blood.

"This horrible affair surprised the authorities when they heard of it, and they are now making a great stir to prove that the police were not to blame, and that the whole thing was an accident. One's own eyesight, however, is better testimony than the statements of local policemen who were not on the spot; and the mere fact of other men lying under the car waiting for it to move, until they were forced to get up, gives a colouring to the cry of the crowd that it was a voluntary sacrifice. If two or three Europeans had not been at the scene, nothing would have been heard of all this. I will tell you why. In the Mofussil it is not customary to hold an inquest on the bodies of persons found dead. The police make a report in a loose way of so many persons being accidentally killed, but the manner of their death or the cause of it no one ever inquires. It is, therefore, impossible to say how many persons are really killed at this festival every year. I saw three killed, and I do not believe that it was an accident. The police here, as everywhere else, are ingenious in explaining away circumstances which prove that they have been remiss in their duty. The Bengal Government is not likely to be so easily satisfied on the present occasion."

DOMESTIC.

WORCESTER.—The very handsome edifice erected by the Baptists of this city for the worship of God and the preaching of the Gospel, was opened on Tuesday, July 19th. The style of the building is decorated Gothic. It has nave, aisles, and transepts, with galleries at the east and west ends, and in the transepts. At the east end is a platform, on which stands the pulpit; the baptistery, which is open, and entered by marble steps from each end, is behind the pulpit. The roof is open two-thirds of the way up, the wood-work stained dark. The seats are of stained wood, open, inclining back, and cushioned throughout. The glass is amber-coloured. The columns are of cast iron, coloured ultramarine, with gilded capitals. The lighting is by means of a dozen purple and gilt coronæ depending from the ends of the hammer-beams of the roof. The aisles, vestibule, and lobbies, are laid with Maw's coloured tiles. The building will accommodate

800. The warm-air apparatus is supplied by Staden. The tower and spire are 100 feet high. The building stands entirely apart, in the centre of its own grounds, and a massive and handsome palisading separates the whole from the street. Divine service was held morning and evening. In the morning the devotional parts were conducted by the Rev. H. E. Von Sturmer (the minister), J. Bartlett (Independent), J. Horne (of Evesham), and J. Gullan (Presbyterian). The sermon was preached by the Rev. W. Landels, to a large congregation, from John xii. 22. The collection exceeded £50. A cold collation was partaken of at the Guildhall under the presidency of the deputy-mayor. In the evening the Revs. H. E. Von Sturmer, Thomas Dodd (Countess of Huntingdon's), and M. Philpin (Baptist) of Alcester, took part in the service; and every available spot was crowded to hear the Rev. Newman Hall, LL.B., who took his text from 1 Cor. iii. 16, 17. The amount collected brought up the whole to £88. R. B. Sherring, Esq., of Bristol, made this £100. On Sunday, the 24th, the Rev. W. Robinson, of Cambridge, preached both morning and evening. £30 were collected. The cost of the entire building (not including schools) will be about £5000. The munificent sum of £1500, given by one gentleman, E. B. Evans, Esq., of Whitbourne Hall, has been doubled by the people. And with the proceeds of the old property added to this, the deficiency will be about £500.

LYONSHALL, HEREFORDSHIRE. — The Baptists have begun in right good earnest to build their long-talked-of chapel in this village. The building in which they have held their meetings was far too small and inconvenient, and in consequence of having soon to give up the room, they determined to rise and build a suitable house to worship in, and on Thursday, August 4, the village presented a very cheerful and animated appearance. Tea was provided in a new barn, kindly lent by Mr. R. Bryan, near the site of the new chapel, and it was calculated that about 600 persons sat down to tea. After tea, the company adjourned to the site of the chapel. The Rev. C. Wilson Smith, pastor of the Baptist church of Kington (of which church this is a branch), gave out a hymn and read the 147th Psalm. The Rev. S. Blackmore, of Eardisland, delivered an excellent address. Mr. R. Short, the senior deacon, then presented the rev. gentleman with the trowel, and in the name of the building committee requested him to lay the memorial stone. After laying the stone, and offering prayer that God would bless the undertaking, he laid a check for £10

(his own contribution), and smaller sums that had been entrusted to him, upon the stone. This good example was followed by other friends coming forward with their gifts, and £22 18s. 5d. was collected at the stone. The doxology was then sung, and the friends returned to the barn, which is a very large one, and was soon crowded. The chair being taken by the pastor, the Revs. S. Blackmore, W. H. Payne, of Presteign, George Phillips, of Evenjobb, and J. Jones, of Rock, addressed the meeting. The building is to be built of brick, and is estimated to cost £245, nearly half of which has been raised, £22 18s. 5d. at the stone, £2 7s. 8d. in the meeting afterwards, and the rest by subscription. The new chapel is expected to be completed by November next.

WEYMOUTH. — The above place of worship was first opened July 28th, 1814, when sermons were preached by Dr. Ryland, of Bristol; Mr. Porter, of Bath; and Mr. Saffery, of Salisbury. The fiftieth anniversary was observed on the 28th of July, when the Rev. W. Landels, of Regent's Park Chapel, preached two most impressive, eloquent, and earnest sermons; in the morning from John xii. 32, and in the evening from the parable of the Wedding Feast, Matt. xxii. 1-14. On the previous Sunday, preparatory sermons had been preached, in the morning by the Rev. I. Birt, and in the evening by the Rev. W. T. Rosevear, of Abingdon, who founded a powerful and instructive discourse on the words, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," Acts xx. 35. A bazaar was held on the Monday in aid of the funds for the improvement of the interior of the chapel. On the Tuesday evening a public tea-meeting was held in the school-rooms, and addresses were afterwards delivered by Mr. Rosevear, and by the Independent ministers, the Revs. R. S. Ashton and W. Lewis, and other friends. An account was given at this meeting of the origin of the Baptist church at Weymouth, and its progress up to the present time. The whole of the proceedings in celebration of the jubilee of the chapel were of a very interesting and successful character, the members and friends being also much cheered by the fact that they had been enabled to clear off the whole of the outlay incurred by the recent improvements.

WEST GORTON, MANCHESTER. — On Sunday, the 17th of July, the new school and mission-room recently erected in this place by the church and congregation assembling in Union Chapel, Oxford Road (Rev. Alex. McLaren, B.A.), was opened

for public worship. In the morning, Divine service was conducted by the Rev. Geo. Whitehead, late of Shotley Bridge, the newly-appointed minister of the place, who preached from Acts v. 20: in the afternoon, by the Rev. Arthur Mursell, of Grosvenor Street Chapel, from John xii. 21; and in the evening by the Rev. Alex. McLaren, from Rev. iii. 20. On the following Monday evening a public tea-meeting was held to celebrate the occasion. After tea, the chair was taken by the Rev. Alex. McLaren, who offered Mr. Whitehead a most cordial welcome to the important sphere of his labours. The secretary, Mr. Mathews, gave a brief account of the rise and progress of the effort. The meeting was addressed by the Rev. R. Chenery (York Street), the Rev. G. Whitehead, the Rev. R. Stanion, of East Gorton, the Rev. C. Rumney, and others. Much sympathy and the warmest wishes were expressed for the success of Mr. Whitehead's labours in the locality. The building is very commodious, and is capable of holding about 500, exclusive of class and other rooms adjoining, and cost upwards of £600, the greater part of which has been raised by the contributions of friends connected with Union Chapel.

GRAFTON, NEAR STRATFORD-ON-AVON.—The foundation-stone of a new Baptist chapel was laid in this village on Wednesday, August 10, by William Stephenson, Esq., of Stratford-on-Avon. A tea-meeting preceded, and a public meeting in the open air followed the ceremony; suitable addresses being delivered by the Revs. R. Hall (pastor of the Baptist church at Stratford), S. C. Burn, of Cardiff, J. Hall (Primitive Methodist minister, of Stratford), and Messrs. Cox and Atkinson, of Stratford-on-Avon, and Wilkes, of Grafton. An excellent address was delivered by Mr. Stephenson, at the laying of the stone; and a beautifully-illuminated parchment, containing the names of the pastor and deacons of the church at Stratford, and of the trustees of the chapel about to be erected, was enclosed in the cavity of the stone, together with copies of the *Stratford Herald and Chronicle*, and *The Nonconformist* newspapers (all the copies of that week's *Freeman* having been inadvertently posted off). The old chapel, which was very small, has been for the last twenty-five years in the occupation of the Baptists, having formerly been a place of worship for Moravians. The congregations have for many months past been unable to find accommodation within its walls, and the building was also considerably out of repair, so that it was judged necessary to rebuild.

NEWBURY, BERKS.—On the evening of July 19th, a crowded and deeply-interesting meeting was held in the school-room, Northbrook Street, Newbury, for the purpose of bidding farewell to the Rev. J. Drew, the late pastor of the church in that town, on his removal to Halifax. After tea, which was largely attended, Ernest Noel, Esq., took the chair, and opened the proceedings with kind and appropriate remarks. Henry Flint, Esq. (the senior deacon of the church), then addressed the meeting and Mr. Drew, concluding a touching address by presenting Mr. Drew, on behalf of the congregation, with a timepiece and a purse containing upwards of forty pounds, "as an expression of their high esteem and appreciation of his services among them for upwards of nineteen years as a minister of the Gospel." Mr. Drew, in a lengthened address, in the course of which he reviewed his ministry at Newbury, and expressed his thankfulness to God for the usefulness which had been granted to him, acknowledged the kindness of his friends, of whom he spoke with great affection and regard; he also acknowledged the gift of a handsome dinner-service which was presented to Mrs. Drew. Addresses were also delivered by the Revs. P. G. Scorey and Mr. Obern, and by Mr. Blacket.

CEMETERY ROAD, SHEFFIELD.—A crowded tea-meeting was held on Tuesday evening, July 26th, in the school-rooms connected with the Cemetery Road Chapel, Sheffield, for the purpose of bidding farewell to the Rev. Henry Ashbery, who has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church meeting in Wellington Road, Luton. About 300 persons were present at tea. After tea, the Rev. Brewin Grant, B.A., took the chair, and, in a brief address, bore testimony to the earnest devotion of Mr. Ashbery, and the very great esteem in which he is held, not only by his own congregation, but by the town generally. Mr. M'Gill made a similar speech, which he concluded by presenting to Mr. Ashbery, on behalf of the congregation, a purse containing £40, accompanied with a beautifully-mounted address, in which the best wishes of the subscribers were expressed. Mr. Ashbery, in an appropriate and touching manner, acknowledged the gift, and offered suitable advice to the church and congregation he was called in God's providence to leave. Other addresses were delivered by the Revs. J. Flather, R. Macbrair, H. Tarrant, and J. Calvert, of Attercliffe; and Messrs. Davidson, Winks, and others.

DRAKE STREET CHAPEL, ROCHDALE.—This chapel, under the pastorate of the Rev. A. Pitt, after undergoing extensive alterations, was re-opened on Thursday, August 4th, and Sunday, August 7th, when excellent sermons were preached by the Revs. C. M. Birrell; W. F. Burchell, of Blackpool; and E. C. Lewis, of Rochdale. On Saturday, August 13, a public meeting was held in the chapel, when addresses were delivered by the Revs. G. Marshall, B.A.; E. C. Lewis; H. W. Parkinson; L. Seddon; W. M. Fox; R. Eardley, B.A.; A. Pitt; Messrs. John Ashworth, W. J. Hall, and T. Watson. The attendance on each occasion was large, and all the services deeply-interesting. The chapel is now commodious and capacious. The entire cost is £600, of which £505 have been raised. The increase of the congregation necessitated more accommodation, besides which there was a disagreeable echo, which the galleries have quite removed. H. Kelsall, Esq., with his accustomed liberality, is building a large, handsome, two-storied school-room, which will cost £1,200. It is situated behind the chapel.

BOSTON, LINCOLNSHIRE.—The services connected with the opening of the new school and lecture-rooms in connection with the General Baptist Chapel, High Street, Boston, commenced on Sunday, July 24th, with two sermons by the Rev. T. W. Mathews, pastor. On the following Monday there was a public tea, after which addresses were given by the Revs. T. W. Mathews; J. T. Wigner (of Lynn); and W. Cholerton (of Sutterton); Mr. W. Stout, &c. The chair was taken by the Rev. T. W. Mathews, who gave a very interesting account of the origin of the General Baptists in Boston—a history which dates as far back as the year 1653. At the close of the meeting a presentation was made to the Rev. J. T. Wigner, of Lynn, who, a short time ago, entertained in such a princely manner the ministers and friends of the Baptist Association, held at Boston, when they went to Lynn for a day's relaxation. The present consisted of "Smith's Biblical Dictionary," beautifully bound, in three volumes. A vote of thanks to the chairman brought this interesting meeting to a close.

CHELSEA.—The memorial-stone of a new Baptist chapel, near the new barracks, Chelsea, was laid on Thursday, June 30th, by Sir Samuel Morton Peto, Bart., M.P. The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon addressed the assembly. The pastor, Mr. Frank H. White, read a short statement of the history of the church from its establishment in 1817—a copy of which,

with a photograph of Sir Morton Peto, Mr. Spurgeon, and Mr. White, was deposited in a bottle and placed underneath the stone. The Rev. T. Alexander, of Chelsea, opened, and the Rev. J. Offord, of Bayswater, closed, with prayer. A tea and public meeting was held in the evening of the same day at Markham Square Chapel, presided over by W. G. Habershon, Esq. Addresses were given by the Revs. Samuel Martin, R. Brindley, W. Statham, J. A. Spurgeon, George Evans, Captain Fishbourne, and the pastor. The offerings during the day amounted to £200, £69 of which was brought by the pastor of Upton Chapel, a young lady connected with his church having herself collected upwards of £60.

LINCOLN.—The Rev. W. Goodman being about to resign the pastorate over the Baptist church, Mint Lane, Lincoln, where he has laboured assiduously and faithfully during the last thirteen years, the church and congregation were desirous of presenting him with a token of their esteem. On the 27th of July a tea was provided in the vestry of the chapel for the members of the church and other contributors, when the Rev. J. Morton, of Collingham, presided, and the Revs. C. Scott and S. Wright, C. Doughty, Esq., ex-Mayor, and Messrs. J. Ward and W. H. Blow, spoke in highly commendatory terms of the reverend gentleman. Mr. H. Barnes, one of the deacons, read an address prepared for the occasion, and presented to the pastor a purse containing the sum of £86; and to Mrs. Goodman, as a recognition of her valuable services to the church, a nickel silver tea-service. Mr. Ward, the superintendent of the Sunday school, on behalf of the teachers, presented to the same lady a beautiful tea-caddy, accompanying the presentation with a justly-merited encomium.

WORKINGHAM.—On Wednesday, July 13th, interesting services were held in connection with the entire removal of the debt incurred in the erection of the Baptist chapel, begun in July, 1861. In the afternoon the Rev. W. Brock, of London, preached from John ii. 5. About 350 persons then partook of tea in a tent near the chapel. After tea the friends returned to the chapel, when the Rev. P. G. Scorey, the minister, gave a somewhat detailed history of the efforts which had been made to erect and pay for the commodious house of prayer in which they were met. A statement of the finances was followed by addresses from the Revs. F. Stevenson and H. Bulmer, of Reading; and the evening service immediately commenced, when the venerable J. H. Hinton, M.A.,

preached from John x. 11. The chapel was opened just three years since, and the entire cost, with lecture-room, warming apparatus, and a part of the burial-ground, amounted to £1875. About £1700 has been raised by the congregation and friends in the neighbourhood, and the rest by those at a greater distance.

GREENFIELD CHAPEL, LILANELLY.—The anniversary services of this chapel were held on Sunday and Monday, Aug. 14 and 15. On the Sunday, the Rev. T. Davies, D.D., President of Haverfordwest College, preached three able and earnest sermons to attentive congregations. On the Monday evening, a public meeting took place, the Rev. D. M. Evans, minister of the place, presiding, when effective addresses were delivered by the Revs. Mr. Edmunds; T. Davies, Siloah; J. James, Park Street Chapel; W. Hughes, Bethel; G. P. Evans, of Swansea; and D. Rees, Chapel Als. The chairman stated that during the services on the previous day, upwards of £180 had been received towards paying off all the debt remaining on the chapel, and that it was their intention that evening to get rid of all their liabilities. The plates were sent round in the course of the meeting, and it was soon announced that the sum required had been obtained, the proceeds of all the services amounting to £195 13s. 0d. The meeting concluded with praise and prayer.

CARDIFF.—On Tuesday, August 16, the memorial stone of the new Bethany Chapel, now being built in St. Mary's Street, Cardiff, was laid by Thomas Hopkins, Esq. In the stone was deposited a large glass bottle containing copies of the *Magazines* and of *The Freeman*; a record of the church's history, prepared and read by the pastor, the Rev. Rees Griffiths; a history of the Baptists in Cardiff, by Dr. Thomas, of Pontypool; a jubilee history of the Bethany Sunday school, by one of the teachers; together with the photographs of the different pastors of the church, and of the building committee, &c. The pastor was assisted by the Rev. J. B. Lance, of Newport, and by some of the ministers of the town, who, with all present, seemed deeply interested in the proceedings. The new building is progressing rapidly, and it will be opened early in the new year.

BOROUGH ROAD, LONDON.—A very interesting meeting of the church and congregation was held in the Borough Road Chapel, London, on the evening of Tuesday, July 19, for the purpose of publicly welcoming the return from America of their pastor, the Rev. J. Harcourt, after an absence of six months, occasioned by

the loss of his voice. Resolutions expressive of their gratitude to God for the safe return of their pastor in renewed health, and also of the hearty thanks of the church to the various ministers who have so kindly and efficiently supplied the pulpit during Mr. Harcourt's absence, were unanimously carried; and addresses of congratulation and encouragement were delivered by the Revs. J. Clifford, M.A., J. Batey, I. Doxsey, and by Mr. R. Alexander, Mr. J. Underwood, Mr. W. McMiken, and Mr. E. Stiff.

CHATHAM.—A memorial-stone was laid in the Mission Chapel, now in course of erection in Luton Road, Chatham, on Thursday evening, July 28th. The meeting was begun by singing, after which Mr. Love offered prayer. The Rev. John Lewis, minister of Zion Chapel, gave an address. The stone was then laid by James Watchurst, Esq., who, after a speech appropriate to the occasion, gave out the psalm, "From all that dwell below the skies." Messrs. Belsey and Whitehead then spoke on the importance of Sunday school instruction, and the prospects which stimulated them to commence such labours in that neighbourhood. "How beautiful upon the mountains" was then sung by a number of elder scholars from other Zion schools, and the meeting was concluded by prayer and singing the doxology. The attendance was excellent.

QUEEN STREET, WOOLWICH.—One of the largest tea-meetings ever held in this place of worship was convened on Tuesday, August 16. The occasion was the third anniversary of the settlement of the Rev. J. Teall as pastor; and all the provisions having been kindly given by different friends, the entire proceeds of the evening, amounting to nearly £17, were put into a handsome purse made for the occasion, and presented to Mr. Teall as a token of respect and gratitude.

RUSHDEN, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.—On Thursday, July 28th, a new chapel, called Succoth Chapel, was opened in this place. Mr. James Wells, of Surrey Tabernacle, London, preached morning and afternoon. Mr. Charles Drawbridge, thirty-eight years minister to this church of Christ, preached in the evening. Some hundreds of persons could not gain admission. The contributions amounted to £58 7s. 3d. The place is enrolled in Chancery, and legally secured in the hands of trustees.

EDINBURGH.—The congregation of Dublin Street Chapel (the Rev. Jonathan Watson's) met on Thursday evening, July 28th, and passed a resolution to introduce the use of the organ in public worship. The vote was all but unanimous. In

Scotland, where a proposal to introduce an organ in a Baptist chapel was probably never before made, considerable interest is attached to the decision which has been arrived at.

MINISTERIAL CHANGES.—The Rev. B. J. Evans, late of Manorbier, Pembrokeshire, formerly of Horton College, Bradford, has accepted a cordial and unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the Baptist church, Langley, Essex, and entered upon his labours the last Sabbath in August.—The Rev. P. P. Rowe, M.A., having resigned the pastorate of the church at Thrapston, is at liberty to supply any vacant church with a view to the pastorate.—The Rev. W. S. Webb, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, has accepted the unanimous and urgent call of the church at Blakeney, Gloucestershire, and has entered upon his duties with much promise of usefulness.—The Rev. E. Stenson, late of Sutton St. James, has accepted a cordial and unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the Baptist church, Union Place, Longford.—The Rev. C. T. Keen, jun., has accepted a cordial invitation to return to a former charge, Bridgnorth, Salop, and will be succeeded at Ballymena, Ireland, by the Rev. W. S. Eccles, late of Banbridge.—The Rev. C. Deavin has resigned the pastorate of the Baptist church at Minchinhampton, Gloucestershire, which he has held for upwards of six years, and is open to an invitation from any vacant church.—The Rev. T. H. Jones, of Tetbury, Gloucestershire, has sent in his resignation to the church there, and intends leaving in the course of September.—The Rev. J. W. Boulding, of Glasgow, has resigned the pastorate of the Bath Street church there, and purposes connecting himself with the Independents.—Mr. Daniel Davies, senior student of Haverfordwest College, has accepted a cordial invitation to become the pastor of the Baptist church, St. David's, Pembrokeshire, and intends commencing his labours the second Lord's day in September.—Mr. George Rees, student from Haverfordwest College, has complied with the unanimous request of the Baptist church, Hay, Brecknockshire, to become their pastor, and commenced his labours the first Sunday in August.—The Rev. J. W. Thorne has accepted the unanimous invitation of the Baptist church, Dawley Bank, and has entered upon his stated labours.—The Rev. J. D. Alford (whose baptism at Shrewsbury was lately published in *The Reporter*), has accepted the unanimous invitation of the church at Welshpool, to succeed the Rev. J. W. Thorne.—The Rev. J. H. Lambert has resigned his

charge at Milton, and accepted a cordial invitation from the church at Union Chapel, Lynn, to become their pastor.—The Rev. T. Peters, of Kingsbridge, has accepted the invitation of the church at Watford, and is expected to commence his ministry there the first Sunday in October.—The Rev. Dr. Brewer has resigned the pastorate of the church at Blenheim Chapel, Leeds.—The Rev. J. C. Wells, of Houghton, Hunts, has accepted the unanimous invitation of the church at Cottenham, Cambs.—The Rev. D. Thompson has resigned the pastorate of the church at Bilderstone, Suffolk.—The Rev. George St. Clair, of Regent's Park College, has accepted the cordial and unanimous invitation of the church at Panbury, and will enter on the duties of the pastorate on the second Lord's day in September.—The Rev. W. Goodman, B.A., of Lincoln, has accepted the cordial and unanimous invitation of the church at Belvedere, Kent, and commenced his ministry on the first Sunday in August.—The Rev. T. M. Roberts, B.A., of Aldborough, Suffolk, has been cordially and unanimously invited to the pastorate of the church at Newbury, Berks, and will commence his duties there on the third Sunday in September.

GENERAL.

STORIES ABOUT RELICS.—A correspondent of *The Morning Star*, writing from Cologne, on August 9, says:—"Many years ago, a great amount of public excitement was produced by the exhibition, in the city of Treves, of the remnants of a holy garment, said to have been preserved from the commencement of the Christian era. The scenes which that city presented, at the time in question, are just now being reproduced in the holy city of Cologne—'the German Rome,' as some people call it. For the past fortnight, crowds of pilgrims have been journeying incessantly to that spot, by rail, by road, and by river. The humble villagers, who could not avail themselves of the excursion train with which the more favoured denizens of cities contrived to abbreviate the hardships of the journey, wended their way in the sluggish waggons of the country; and from every quarter of the compass long caravans of these vehicles have poured into the city. Those who dwell on the banks of the Rhine have been carried to the same destination in steamboats, all covered with gay flags and banners. The narrow streets of Cologne are fuller of life than usual, owing to the number of strangers in the city; and most of the houses are ornamented externally by garlands, flags, and flowers. The

cause of all this bustle is that it is 700 years since the skulls of the three holy kings were brought to Cologne—I believe from Milan. The pilgrims have assembled to celebrate the 700th anniversary of that event. The skulls—or rather, a number of bones, understood once to have formed them—are enclosed in three small boxes, or chests, not so large as a child's head. One of these boxes and its contents are of a black or dark tint, and this, it is believed among the faithful, is the skull of the Ethiopian King; an idea, apparently, resting on the conception that because a negro has a black skin he must have black bones. The smallness of the cases in which the osseous relics rest, was the ground on which some people questioned whether the skulls were really those of full-grown men. This doubt has unfortunately been, at least to some extent, confirmed. The priests who are charged with the preservation of the precious relics, in a rash moment consulted Dr. Shaffhausen, a professor of medicine at the University of Bonn, on this question; when, to their horror, that gentleman—whose orthodoxy there appears no ground for questioning—declared that one of the skulls was that of an infant. When it was put to him whether the age of the infant might not have been as much as fifteen, he declared it impossible; and pointing to the jawbones, he showed that they still contained milk. Hence the legend has grown up that these are the crania which belonged to the three kings when they were children. The shock which the feelings of the above-mentioned learned professor experienced at the discovery he made, could not have been greater than that which the celebrated physiologist, Dr. Johannes Müller, underwent, under circumstances of a somewhat similar nature. Professor Müller, than whom no German of modern times possessed a higher reputation in the branch of science to which he was devoted, was nevertheless a devout Catholic. One day he was kneeling in prayer, in a temple on the banks of the Rhine, and before a chest of relics, when suddenly he stopped from his devotional exercises, sprang to his feet, and, after eyeing the contents of the chest sharply for a moment, exclaimed, in a tone of unaffected surprise, 'Why, these are calves' bones!' The scientific propensities of the professor had fairly got the better of his religious instincts at a most inopportune time and place, which he could not but afterwards regret."

ANOTHER MORTARA CASE.—A despatch from Rome, dated July 27, informs us that a Hebrew child has been forcibly

kidnapped to the "Catecumeni," to be baptized against the will of its parents. The *Opinione* has the following particulars respecting it, from Rome, under date of 26th July:—"Here in Rome, a fact much worse than that of the Mortara child has occurred. A Hebrew boy, ten years old, son of Michele Coen, was working at a shoemaker's who keeps a shop on the Quattro Capi Bridge, No. 13. He is a quiet, industrious youth. Suddenly a priest arrives, and, turning to the master of the shop, tells him that he has a shoe to be mended, and wishes him to send it him back by the sharp and intelligent boy Coen. Then, as if repenting of the words that he had just said, and changing his mind, he added to the shoemaker, 'I had better wait and go with the boy myself, because, as he does not know the way, he might get lost, and not be able to find my house.' The Catholic master and the ingenuous youth suspected nothing. The former ordered the boy to go with the priest; but the latter, instead of going home, took the boy to the 'Catecumeni,' and left him there, in spite of the opposition and fury of the youth, who asked to return to his master's, or to be sent back to his family. His cries and tears were of no avail. As the father did not see his son return home at the usual hour, he went to inquire after him at his master's, and was told by him that he knew nothing of him. Then he thought of the baptism of Mortara, and of other similar offences against liberty of conscience and paternal authority. And he was not mistaken, for on going to the Catecumeni, he learnt that his son had been taken there by a priest. He asked to see him, and was refused; he applied to the authorities, but in vain. The Hebrew community made application, but it was of no use, for all the doors were shut, and the only answer they could get was that a soul was to be saved, and that, in consideration of that holy thought, paternal rights were not to be regarded. We recommend this fact to the attention of honest men. In the year of grace 1864, in the full daylight of civilization, under the eyes of the French soldiery, and protected by the glorious French flag, priests dare to violate the most sacred rights, to laugh at family affection, and to snatch away children from their parents. And the government that authorizes these villainies is to be tolerated in Europe?"

ANOTHER BAPTIST MINISTER JOINING THE INDEPENDENTS.—The Rev. Mr. Boulding, lately pastor of the Baptist church assembling in the Exhibition Rooms, Bath Street, Glasgow, preached in Nicholson Street Congregational church—the Rev. David Russell's—on Sabbath

afternoon, to an attentive audience. He chose for his text, Rom. i. 15, 16; and referred to the courage of the apostle in making such a declaration to lordly Rome, as that he was "not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ." The rev. gentleman concluded an eloquent and impressive discourse by entreating all present who had not yet submitted themselves to the righteousness which is by faith, to do so at once. We understand that Mr. Boulding, after mature consideration, has renounced anti-pædobaptism as unscriptural, and consequently resigned his pastorate during the course of last week. It will, no doubt, startle and disappoint many of those with whom he was in communion, to have their connection so briefly terminated, as he is a young man of much promise—was one of the students of Mr. Spurgeon, of London, first class, and great things were expected of him. He made no reference, of course, on Sabbath afternoon, to the trying ordeal through which he must lately have passed, although he was evidently speaking under very deep emotion and appreciation of the stand he has taken; and it is to be hoped that no bad feeling may arise from his adoption of infant baptism as an essential and scriptural part of the Christian system.—*Glasgow Morning Journal*.

A NEW DISQUALIFICATION FOR DISSENTERS.—Is it essential to the existence of the Establishment that none but Episcopalians should have charge of prisoners in our gaols? The authorities at Shepton-Mallet seem to think so; since, in advertising for a guard for the House of Correction, they announce that "Candidates for the situation must be members of the Church of England." In virtue of what

statute, or of what principle, is it that Dissenters are disqualified for filling so humble, and so exclusively secular, a post as that of a gaoler? It is not that they have hitherto shown themselves unfit to be trusted; for we believe that some of the best guards already in Shepton-Mallet gaol are Dissenters, and others have even been pensioned off for long and good service. The innovation is, we assume, the result of the appointment of a new governor; but, whoever may be responsible for the offensive announcement, it will be necessary to put a stop to such petty encroachments on the rights of a large class of the population.—*The Liberator*.

"THE REV. W. MITCHELL."—The following note, to which we direct special attention, appears in a recent issue of *The Freeman*:—

"Dear Sirs,—I find, by a note from the superintendent of police at Dudley, that Mr. W. Mitchell is still in this country, and trying to obtain subscriptions by using my name. He was before the police at Hounslow some time since, and I told the officer who waited upon me, that he was disowned by the friends who had sent him over; that I had long ago publicly disavowed all connection with him; and that he was a bad, immoral man. I now repeat that statement in your columns, in the hope that if any friend should meet with him, and especially if any application should be made by him, the book which he presents may be secured, and he may thus be deprived of one means of doing more mischief. I cannot but be astonished at the man's audacity, after what has occurred, in referring the police-officer at Dudley to me. I am glad that, in my absence, my colleague wrote to denounce him to the authorities there.

"I am, dear Sirs, yours ever truly,
"FRED. TRESTRAIL."

Editorial Notes for the Month.

THE month after the prorogation of Parliament is always a "dull time:" this year it seems *especially* dull, through the interest of the topics which were discussed previously to the prorogation. Now, with the Danish question finally disposed of, and all questions of home politics for the time shelved, there seems to be really nothing to talk about—unless it be about Belfast riots, and Royal festivities, and the important but somewhat stale topic of the American War. It is to be hoped that there *will* be a change soon, if it be only for the sake of the Editors!

The topics that have excited the *most* interest during the month, have been Ecclesiastical. The discussion on "Baptismal Regeneration and Clerical Subscription," that began with the publication of Mr. Spurgeon's

sermon, has by no means abated in extent or interest—every day witnessing the publication of some new “Letter” or “Discourse,” in reply to the celebrated Tabernacle preacher. Perhaps the most interesting publication on the subject is that of our honoured friend, Mr. Noel. Mr. Noel, of course, expresses sympathy with Mr. Spurgeon’s views in the main; but he rebukes the style in which they are expressed. Especially does he condemn the “personal imputations” of the sermon, which he considers “harsh and uncharitable,” inconsistent with Mr. Spurgeon’s position as a member of the Evangelical Alliance, and opposed to “the word and will of Christ.” Our article last month will show that we agree with Mr. Noel, in considering some of the *expressions* in the sermon to be hasty and ill-advised; but our view of the excellence of the sermon as a whole, and especially of its value as a protest against a grave and glaring evil, would prevent us from making the preacher “an offender for a word.” If we are not mistaken, even Mr. Noel was considered to be somewhat “harsh and uncharitable,” when he published a certain Essay on “The Union of Church and State.”

A small discussion has sprung up in our own body on some recent ministerial secessions. During the past month, two Baptist ministers—Mr. Harington, of Ross, and Mr. Boulding, of Glasgow—have joined the Independents; and lists have been published of several others who, within the last year or two, have taken the same step, or have “gone into the Church.” The question has been asked, What is the cause? and the blame has been thrown on the tutors of the colleges, on the silence of our ministers as to our distinctive tenets, and on the system of Free Communion. We fancy that the cause needs not to be sought so far off. It is not a *new* thing for men—even honest and intelligent men—to change their opinions; and though, if they change them for the worse, it is always a subject for regret, it cannot be, after the experience of the past, a cause of any great surprise. The secessions that we hear of from time to time by no means alarm us. The tendency of the thought of the Christian world is *not* in favour of Infant Baptism. Such a sermon as that of Mr. Ward Beecher, which we referred to in our last number, would compensate us for more secessions than we have had to mourn for years. What we need to be careful about is, that we do not violate the law of charity in our judgments of those who thus disappoint us; and that we confess, not grudgingly, but cheerfully, that a man may cease to be a Baptist without ceasing to be an honest man.

A circumstance has occurred at Southampton during the month, to which we feel it right to call our readers’ attention. A Mr. Dowman, the chairman of the Board of Guardians in that town, has been rebuked by a resolution of his Board, for having read and prayed by the bedside of a dying man in the Workhouse! The rebuke was asked for by the chaplain, the Rev. Dr. Bradshaw, on the ground that such an act was an “interference with his duties.” We are glad to know that the people of Southampton have in large numbers uttered their condemnation of the decision, and that they have reported it to the Poor-Law Board. The whole country, however, ought to share, and to express, their indignation at so un-Christian a resolution.

THE

BAPTIST REPORTER.

OCTOBER, 1864.

AN EXCHANGE OF CLOTHES.

GEORGE HERBERT talks somewhere of the dress of his "dearest mother," the British Church, as the due mean between the painted tawdriness of her of Rome on the one side, and the bareness of her of Geneva, with her hair about her ears, who

"Wholly goes on the other side,
And nothing wears."

There is a strong tendency at present on the part of both Church and Dissent to closer approximation in external characteristics. They are exchanging clothes. The hair of the Church is not quite so stiffly plastered and powdered as it used to be, and the locks of Dissent are getting a little more attention. Some of the things that used to be distinctive characteristics of either party are gaining place with the other. For instance, in matters of pulpit address, simple evangelical extemporaneous preaching is almost as common in the parish church as in Rehoboth round the corner; the clergy are taking to it; and, simultaneously, Dissenting stationers are advertising "black leather sermon-cases with two pockets," destined to be majestically smoothed on chapel pulpit cushions. The clergyman is becoming more a preacher and pastor; the Dissenter more a preacher and student. Simultaneously, Dissenters are christening their places of worship churches. Nothing does for them but Gothic. We are becoming learned in Caen stone mouldings and clerestories, and notices of chapel openings in our newspapers read like a stray bit of *The Builder*. Then we have a large number of Dissenters ready to say "aye" to the question, "Shall we have a Liturgy?" All these things point in one direction; and though the tendency in the Church to become freer and less formal has its antagonist in the histrionics of Puseyism gone mad, just as the tendency among Dissenters to become more ecclesiastical and formal has its antagonist in Sunday afternoon lectures in theatres, and similar movements; yet, in either case, the apparently strongest set of the tide is to the adoption of the characteristics of the other communion, while the development of its own is but an eddy or backwater.

So far as regards this tendency among Nonconformists, the causes are on the surface. It is the natural result of growing wealth, culture, and civil equality. Some portion of it may be due to a still higher reason; namely, a greater liberality of spirit, which is able to conceive that other bodies may have some excellencies, and one's own some deficiencies; and so far as this approximation in externals indicates an approximation in spirit, and a freer tone of mind and heart, it is a sign of good. Nor do we suppose that, as yet, we have had too much polish applied to us. But whilst we admit that we formerly went a great deal too far in unreasoning rejection of the accidentals of the Church from which we dissented, simply because they were *its*, and whilst we do not mean to say that we have already gone too far in the other direction, we own to a considerable love for the old clothes that left limb and bosom free "to rise or fall as nature pleases." The British Solomon never did a wiser thing than when he "called for his old shoes because they were easy for his feet." We have some doubts as to how we shall get along in the new ones, and whether the awful experience of the old woman who did not know herself, and had to take her identity on the word or rather bark of her little dog, may not be repeated in our case, if the process we have referred to goes on. It is not so much the present results, as the possible future ones, that we begin to dread; and it is not so much any single results in themselves, as the disposition from which they arise, that we are jealous of. We think we can see in the germ a tone of mind amongst certain classes of Nonconformists too æsthetical, too distrustful of the spontaneousness of our worship, too anxious to find remedies for admitted evils in new forms rather than in more life; and it is this which we deprecate.

There is no need to enter here upon that large and difficult question of the relation of art to religion, but we may just throw out a suggestion or two, without pretending to dogmatize. Is not, then, the state of mind proper to a devout man, very far removed from that in which considerations of artistic beauty or fitness seem of importance? Will he whose soul is filled with the powers of the world to come have much heart to spare for matters of taste; or will he whose anointed eyesight has beheld the Invisible look with much interest on the poor symbols of His awfulness, or the poor expressions of our adoration, that painters and architects can create; or will he whose ear has been opened to hear the still small voice speaking in secret, listen with relish to the harmonies of earth's music? Is not the noblest art the growth of a lower zone on the mountain, than the bare summit where God meets the heart of his child? Explain it as we may, is it not true that, speaking of Christian men of deep devotion, and of artists in general, the whole cast of character in the two bands is different, and that all the long beadroll of the saints bears scarcely a name that is found at all on the lists of the other? Then, to look at the matter from another point of view, is it not historically true that the age in which art has been applied to religion has generally been the age subsequent to that of the highest vitality of the religion? Our cathedrals came after the best of Roman Catholicism had passed. He was not the holiest of the popes that laid the foundation

of St. Peter's. The brightest era of Judaism, religiously, was dimmed before Solomon's "exceeding magnificent" house was builded. And, though it be true that no art will reach its highest power except under the inspiration of religion, we cannot but think that the religion which inspires art, and the religion which is interested and helped much by it, is already lower than its highest point.

But besides the doctrine—which may be maintained without either forgetting that art is given by God, or narrowing and barbarizing religion—that much regard for the one is usually a sign of enfeebled interest in the other, we have further to remember that the use of artistic appliances of any sort in acts of worship would not be shown to be right or wise, even if the negative of all we have been suggesting were maintained. For our own part we believe that the prevalence of the æsthetic element in religious worship or edifices is at once a consequence and a cause of enfeebled devotion. All sensuous beauty in every form may become a help towards God, but it is just as likely to become another barrier through which the struggling soul has to pierce in its lonely flight to the lonely region of communion. It is more likely to do so than to be a height from the vantage-ground of which it may plume its wings for flight. The aid of these externals is an aid which it needs a strong man to use—and he does not require them. Those who are weak enough to need them are too weak to profit by them, and for the most part mistake a mere emotion, kindled by the Beautiful, for the loving trust in the personal Good and True, which alone is worship. It would be a black day for the interests of true spiritual religion among English Dissenters, if the accessories of devotion, either in building or in ritual, should begin to assume the importance among them which present tendencies indicate to us as possible.

We fear, too, that there are signs of a growing dislike to the freedom and spontaneousness of our worship. It is no part of our duty to read lectures on Homiletics, and we disclaim all intention of seeming to lay down the law about sermons. Every man must preach in the fashion that fits him best. But when we find the practice of reading pulpit discourses gaining ground rapidly, and see it followed by its natural consequence, a desire in some quarters for read prayers, we cannot but express regret. The liberty of prophesying, in the sense of the flow of free speech from an earnest heart without the rigid mould of a written discourse into which the kindled emotion must flow, is one of the mightiest of our advantages, and one which we could not cast away but at the sacrifice of much of our power. If the end of a sermon were to communicate instruction in a systematic form, like a professor's lecture, or if men were to come together in order to hear an exquisite composition, then "the black leather sermon-case with two pockets" would be a necessary; but, if the end be to stir the heart and conscience, instruction being at most but a subsidiary end, or rather an auxiliary and means for that highest purpose; and if men come to listen for one poor hour in the week to truths which they know full well, but do not heed, then surely the energy of reproof, and the tenderness of pitying love, will sound in

fullest thunder and drop in softest dew from the lips of a man who, face to face and eye to eye, pours out all his soul in the agony of earnest pleading, in words born at that very hour of solemn responsibility. Any conceivable correctness of style, and long-drawn-out consecutiveness of thought, is a cheap price to pay for the power which belongs to him who "freely speaks." The read discourse is the natural expression of a conception of the end of preaching, and of the objects to be aimed at by the preacher, which we venture to call wholly erroneous; and though there have been and are illustrious exceptions, as a Chalmers and a Wardlaw, both of whom could read, which is rare, and could not speak, which is perhaps rarer; yet, as a rule, may we not with all deference submit it to the judgment of all who hear sermons, that the *force* is with the man who knows what he wants to say beforehand, and says it at the moment as the words may be given him, with whomsoever the accuracies and the proprieties may be?

Read sermons tend to read prayers. Whatever may be the case with churches which have had liturgies from of old, it seems to us that for a church which has been habituated to extemporaneous prayer to return to a form, is a great mistake. No doubt the wishes arise from a deep sense of the unsatisfactory character of much which is called prayer in Dissenting chapels; and in so far, we rejoice to see that there is so much devotion among us as to be conscious of our deficiencies. But, admitting how poorly that most precious part of our worship is often conducted, we see the cure for it only in one thing—an increase of devotion in us all. To adopt a liturgy would aggravate the evil which it helped to hide. Better that we should have the infallible index of our shortcomings in the poverty of our own prayers, than be blinded to the weakness of our spirit of supplication by the devotion of the words we undevoutly borrow. We distrust every change which introduces an element into our worship opposed to its freedom and spontaneousness.

And, in conclusion, we venture to think that there is some danger to be apprehended from a disposition to find the cure of admitted evils in new forms rather than in more life.

" 'Tis life, whereof our veins are scant;
 'Tis life, more life, for which we pant."

A change in form to be worth anything must come "unlooked for, if it come at all"—the old must drop without violence, and the new come in not with observation—as in some trees, last year's withered leaves are silently pushed from their lingering hold by this year's rising sap. What we need is, that the Church should have a fuller measure of its Lord's Spirit. That will shape a body for itself; but the expenditure of thought and energy on the devising and carrying out of new modes in which the truth is to be embodied, is for the most part waste. We may easily get too much machinery for our steam power. The best thing we can do is to see that the boiler is big enough. If there be life enough among us, any form will do, and the right one is sure to come in due time. If there be not life enough, no form will do, and whichever comes will be a wrong one.

THE MIRACLES OF CHRIST, CONSIDERED AS A REVELATION.*

THE Jewish expectation of a Messiah was the true type of the world's longing for a deliverer. For while some looked for one who should come in the pomp and circumstance of kingly power, and others expected only a mighty prophet—all alike thought of him as one who should work signs and wonders, and perform great and terrible things.

This conception of a Messiah is deeply rooted in the heart of man. Dwarfed and feeble, indeed, would be that notion of a Redeemer which did not associate with his person and work the idea of miracles; which failed to present him as working along the levels of human life in sublimer achievements than merely human power could attain; and which left unnoted the grand testimony his miracles afford to his being in very truth the sent of God.

To give this testimony concerning the Messiah force and currency amongst men, was the final cause of his mighty acts. They were wrought to prove that Christ was the Son of God. Their first lesson is to teach us that by them God was witnessing to his own glory and confirming the message his own Son came to deliver. Let this, then, at the outset be clearly understood—that we fully accept the miracles as evidences for the truth of Christianity.

And yet when we advance beyond this, we perceive in them a deeper meaning. For throughout Christ's earthly ministry there existed a close connexion between the work he did and the character he assumed,—a connexion that may be as clearly traced between the miracles he wrought and the announcement of himself as the Messiah, as between the sacrifice he offered and the proclamation of his forerunner in Bethabara beyond Jordan—"Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."

To show that this connexion exists between the miracles wrought by Christ and the person and work of Christ himself, is the object of this essay. We regard the miracles as presenting a twofold aspect. They are significant as acts of divine power. They are striking revelations of divine truth. From one point of view they appear as tablets graven with the proofs of Christ's divine mission. From the other they appear as startling symbols instinct with spiritual meaning. They seem to stand in revelation not only as evidences for the truth of Christianity, but as part of the revelation itself. They are not only a defence but an illustration. Not merely a testimony that God was *with* Christ,—as he had been with Moses and the prophets, working signs and wonders by them for the deliverance, the correction, and the instruction of Israel,—but a significant pledge that God was *in* Christ,—accomplishing *in* him the grand purposes of redemption,—revealing by his mighty and wonderful acts the truth, that he was reconciling the world unto himself; startling the shepherds of Bethlehem in their night-watch by the good tidings of that first and greatest miracle in the new dispensation—the miracle of the incarnation—whose spiritual import the angelic host proclaimed in their hymn of praise, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men;" sustaining the Redeemer in manhood during a brief ministry, whose course was full of good works; wherein we may trace a revelation of Christ to the fallen and helpless; in which we may discover special characteristics, showing their deep relation to the dispensation of divine grace; from which we may

* A paper read at the annual meeting of Rawdon College, June 22nd, 1864, by the Rev. W. H. TETLEY (now of Coleford), and published by request.

draw out the broadest lines of evangelical truth, and obtain almost as complete and valuable a revelation of the Saviour, as we get in the sermon on the mount, or in the discourse preached to the Athenians on Mars hill.

Following the course of thought thus suggested, we find in the Gospel miracles the Gospel doctrines. A closer acquaintance with their details, and a deeper insight into their drift, show both their relation to the truths Christ proclaimed, and their bearing on man, to whom those truths were addressed.

From the number of miracles recorded, we may infer that they at once present the most startling feature of Christ's earthly ministry, and the one most largely developed. Evidently Christ's time was occupied for the most part in working signs and wonders. Now, as the mission of Christ was in redemption to reveal the Father, and to manifest his own glory as the only-begotten of the Father, and as the miracles played a leading part in the means by which that mission was accomplished, they must be a revelation of the doctrines it was part of Christ's mission to establish.

They are vastly different in character from the wonders history records, and legend celebrates, as wrought in connexion with heathen systems. Beneath *them* no spiritual meaning is concealed. *They* manifest no gracious attribute. *They* express no living truth. As startling portents they may rouse the attention and stimulate the desire for fresh surprise; but there the effect ends. They present no point of contact with the truth they are said to attest; they enforce no wise lesson; they possess no moral force.

But the miracles of Jesus Christ "are acted parables;" as truly expressing his grand design in operating amongst men, as did the parables he uttered; nay, more vividly raying forth his power to release and redeem. For, while the parables are pictures of redemption, the miracles are "redemptive acts;" living proofs that Christ can heal and restore humanity; pointing from the body to the soul; from disease to sin. In the one Christ's words seem to portray man's true condition, and to depict the Saviour's gracious help. In the other a living victim *meets* with a living Saviour, whose act confirms his word; whose beneficent care for physical infirmity symbolizes his loving sympathy with the spiritually diseased; and whose ability to remove the consequence of sin in the body is the fittest emblem of his power to forgive sin in the heart.

He proclaimed himself to be the light of the world; and the restoration of sight to blind eyes points to him as the great revealer. He spake of himself as the bread of life; and the two great meals in the wilderness attest his power to feed the famishing soul. He bare witness of himself as the resurrection and the life; and the tenantless tomb of Lazarus proclaims him conqueror of Death and Hades.

Thus, then, while we accept the miracles as the seal of divinity, that the record is true; and fix a high estimate of their value as Christian evidences; their value for us is increased, and their divinity more directly brought to bear upon ourselves, as we gain a clear perception of their moral purpose and fully recognize their doctrinal significance: and while, like the men of old, who sat by the mighty worker and saw his deeds of power, we see the restored paralytic go forth with a healthy body and a clean heart,—released at a word from the bondage of sin and the power of disease,—and cry with them, "We have seen strange things to-day:" let us rise to a loftier summit, whence we may discern, not the marvellous alone, but the practical truths which the marvellous may contain.

It is somewhat significant that a study of the words, by which, in the New Testament, the miracles are named, will bring out their ethical meaning. They are sometimes spoken of by the evangelists as wonders, signs, powers, and works. The term miracle is common to all. But these characteristic words which attend

the more general name, serve to strike out distinctive features and to set forth their special bearing. The English word *sign*, by which the Greek word *σημῖον* is rendered in some instances in our own version, does this most effectively. For in it we get the suggestion that a miracle is a revelation of the truth with which it stands connected. It indicates that the miracle has a moral purpose; and it is unfortunate that the translators of our version have sometimes rendered the word *miracle* instead of *sign*. For Christ himself speaks of his works as *σημῖα*. The evangelists never record a mighty act without characterizing it as a *σημῖον*. It is the word used by those who asked Christ for proof of his authority; and the word of acknowledgment from the lips of Nicodemus; certainly *the word* in which we find the ethical expression.

In the word *wonder*, answering to the Greek *τίμας*, the moral of the miracle is lost sight of. Hence the term *wonder* is never used in reference to the miracles alone. It is usually linked with the word *sign*, and thus the illustrative character of the miracle is preserved.

With regard to the terms *powers* and *works*, our equivalents to the Greek *δυνάμεις* and *ἔργα*; the first of these words conveys the idea that a miracle is the operation of a new power, and seems to point to the cause by which the effect in the wonder and the sign is produced; while the term *works* covers the idea that a miracle was simply the natural course for our Saviour's activity to take.

These terms, then, so frequently used in the New Testament narrative of the miracles, do not describe "different classes of works" but "different sides of the same works." When Christ walked upon the sea of Galilee, and startled his disciples in their midnight journey to Bethsaida,—there was a wonder, inasmuch as the disciples "were sore amazed." A power, because when he entered the ship the contrary wind ceased. And a sign, because it revealed Christ as the absolute Sovereign of nature's forces.

But granting for a moment that the expressions used by the inspired writers, in describing the miracles, lacked this force, our position might still be made good by noticing the estimate Christ himself puts upon his own works; and though the word *sign* had never been applied to the works Christ wrought at all, yet the place and character he assigned them in his ministry would have been the greatest possible sign of their redemptive significance.

We see that Christ nearly always wrought his miracles to obtain a hearing for his doctrine. Their moral intent he ever kept in view. He continually repressed the personal fame and popular astonishment they created. He displayed his might rather by acts of assistance to man, than by acts at all likely to gratify man's love of the marvellous. His miracles were never intended as spectacles for the lovers of sensation, but as lessons for those who sought to know the scope and purpose of his holy life. In every case of miraculous cure (with one suggestive exception), the restored patient immediately recognizes the divine aspect of Christ's life. After the healing work is done, the first acknowledgment is a tribute to the Deity in man; an acknowledgment which springs from faith; and where faith was wanting, there was not the susceptibility in man which Christ required as the condition on which his mighty works were done. For when Christ was rejected by his own countrymen at Nazareth, their unfitness to receive his miracles caused him to suspend his miraculous operations. They were offended in the Messiah and despised his teaching, hence they could not profit by any display of his power; therefore "he did not many mighty works there because of their unbelief." But when the Roman centurion besought with importunity that Christ would heal his grievously-tormented servant, Jesus marvelled at the pleader's faith, and said, "Go thy way, and as thou hast believed so be it done unto thee. And his servant was healed in the self same hour." While the two blind men, who cried after Christ as he journeyed, "Thou son of

David, have mercy on us," and were asked, "Believe ye that I am able to do this?" replied, "Yea, Lord. Then touched he their eyes, saying, According to your faith be it unto you. And their eyes were opened."

For the sake of clearness and compression in applying this thought to our Lord's miracles, we must distribute them into two classes. There are those we may regard as a revelation of the Redeemer's character and person, and those we may understand as illustrations of the Redeemer's work; while from the harmony and completeness of the whole, we may gather a prophecy of redemption realized. In one class we must group those miracles which bear the impress of divinity, and reveal its gracious aspect towards man; in the other we must place those which just as truly bear the divine seal, while they set forth the divine purposes concerning man; and, gathering up the whole, we behold, as in the mirror of divine truth, the final issues of redemption accomplished, and the now progressing work of restoration triumphantly complete.

In the first class, then, we are to note a revelation of the Redeemer's character and person. And as it would by no means contribute to the interest of this paper to give you any analysis of this class in tabular form, let us in thought, regardless of exact chronological order, track the course of our Saviour's ministry, and take up the miracles, with their lines of revelation, as we pass along.

The incidents by which they are attended seem natural and striking. They never pass beyond the range of our human faculties. The supernatural is always brought into direct contact with nature. We see the Messiah in human shape, moving amongst human beings; wielding for purposes of human blessing the laws of nature and the forces of the universe. The very circumstances which call forth the exercise of power spring from natural causes. It is in the path of duty that Christ meets with the difficulties which baffle human skill and defy human strength. It is there his superhuman power is displayed. It is on the field of human strife and labour that his victories are won.

Now we see him wrapped in deep slumber, tossed on the storm-swept lake, yet, heedless of the tempest's fury, sleeping on till his terror-stricken disciples awake him; and at his rising but a word is spoken, and the roaring wind is silent, and the angry sea is hushed to rest. Again, when darkness has settled on the deep, and his followers, obedient to his command, are crossing the inland sea, toiling through the tumbling billows, and making but little headway against the wind, Christ trod the sea as though it had been the solid earth; and before the might of his supreme will the contrary blast ceased.

Now we see him standing by the lake of Gennesaret, speaking first to the people who pressed upon him to hear his word, and then commanding the fisherman, whose boat he had entered, to launch out into the deep. All night the fisherman and his partners had been engaged in fruitless toil, for they had taken nothing. Yet, at the Master's word, they again let down the net and "inclosed a great multitude of fishes." On another occasion, and under different circumstances, this miracle is repeated. After Christ had come forth with his resurrection-body he showed himself again to the disciples at the sea of Tiberias. On the night before his appearance a little company of them, constrained by Peter's resolution, again take up the occupation they had forsaken when the Saviour called them to be "fishers of men." They went forth and "entered into a ship." Yet their night's toil brought them no reward. But when the morning dawned Jesus stood on the shore; and he "saith unto them, Children, have ye any meat? They answered him, No. And he said unto them, Cast the net on the right side of the ship, and ye shall find. They cast therefore, and now they were not able to draw it for the multitude of fishes." Again, Christ appears at the marriage feast in Cana of Galilee—invited as a guest to share its social pleasures and festive joys. There he meets with deficiency and want. And his mother's

words, "They have no wine," directly appeal to him as able to supply that which was lacking; and when his hour had come the wonder-working word was spoken, and the waterpots just filled with water ran wine at his bidding.

Yet, once more, we follow Christ to the desert place, whither himself and his disciples had retired for rest. How vain the attempt! For when Christ landed on the opposite shore a great multitude thronged about him, and in his compassion he began to teach them many things. And when at last the day was far spent and the night was coming on, and the disciples urged Christ to send the multitude away, he gave commandment that the great crowd should sit down in companies; and, calling for the scanty provision which the disciples had made for their own wants, he took the five loaves and the two fishes, and blessed, and brake, and gave to his disciples to set before the multitude. And they did all eat and were filled.

The miracles thus rapidly sketched are all of one class. They are all mighty operations on nature; appearing either as acts of creative power, or as works of providence. They reveal the Son of man by whom they were wrought to be the Son of God; invested with absolute dominion over nature's forces; enthroned as the Sovereign of the universe; and wielding a regal power which even the winds and the seas obey; by which the results of natural processes are attained, minus the processes themselves; and by whose sure working success is ever insured to human toil. They are all accomplished without violent exertion. A word is sufficient. There is no parade of power, but a quiet and forcible expression of will; and that the will of Deity, by which the universe was created, and by which it is still sustained. Surely these wonderful outgoings of superhuman power reveal the person of the Messiah. To him they point as the man in whom the Messianic prophecies were fulfilled; who should be creation's Lord; who should be exalted far above all power and dominion; the mighty God; the everlasting Son of the everlasting Father; God manifest in the flesh; his gracious and lovely character, typified in the silenced storm—as the prince of peace; in the midnight journey across the water—as the giver of spiritual strength; in the miraculous draught of fishes—as a bounteous benefactor; in the water made wine—as the author of spiritual joy; and in the multiplied food—as the source of spiritual life.

(To be continued.)

HONESTY.

WHEN I was a child, there grew in the old-fashioned garden which lay just south of our house, a rough-looking plant. Its leaf was large and coarse, but the flowers were of the sweetest tint of blue, and extremely pretty, though so small as to attract no attention from the careless passer-by. Many who spent their early years in small country towns where similar old-fashioned gardens abounded,—gardens where there was little for show and much for practical use,—will remember the unassuming plant, and its curious name—Honesty. It rarely finds a place in modern gardens, and will soon, I fear, have only a traditionary existence. I had not seen it for years till last summer, when, visiting a friend whose home lies on one of the sunny slopes of a hill-town, I discovered a thrifty root of it growing in one corner of a little flower-bed. My heart warmed to the dear old home-like plant, so rough and coarse, yet whose blossom was of such a

celestial tint, it might have been stolen from the sky. What a train of thoughts did it *awaken* ! What a host of visions did it summon from the past ! Thoughts and visions such as come to us all in middle life, when some object touches the springs of memory, and causes their brimming waters to overflow.

But I had thoughts of the present too, as I looked on the old-fashioned plant, and mused upon its singular name—Honesty ! Ah, it is getting rare in our garden-borders now-a-days. And is not honesty, the virtue, getting out of fashion too among men and women ? Along our crowded thoroughfares, in our glittering shops, in our legislative halls, and even in our farmers' homes, do we not look long before we find its coarse but refreshing features ? An honest man,—honest when he bargains, honest when he speaks in public and in private, honest when he judges the character of friends and foes, honest when he deals with his own soul, honest when he worships God,—is not such almost as rarely met with as the clear, old Honesty-plant itself ?

A member of a Christian church, and an honest man, should be synonymous terms ; but are they so ? Do we not sit down at Christ's holy table, where all that is touching in the love of God, and all that is solemn and binding in our consecration vow, is brought to bear upon the heart and conscience, and go forth to meet during the coming week some brother who sat there with us, and find him driving a hard bargain with a customer ; overrating the value of the article he is selling, concealing its defects, and by a variety of subtle expedients succeeding in palming it off upon an ignorant purchaser at far more than its actual worth ; or another, bent on gaining some political end, making statements so one-sided and unfounded, and bringing charges against an opponent so uncharitable and unjust, and presenting the whole subject under consideration in a light so coloured by his own prejudices and interests, that we cannot forbear wondering if he expects to be believed ? Alas, alas ! there is no denying the fact, that all professors of religion are *not* honest men.

It is with a feeling of its great practical importance that I bring this fact before the reader. We are seeking to do good, to build up Christ's kingdom, to win souls to a knowledge and love of God. It is well ; but let us first ask if we are honest men ; honest in all our relations ; honest and upright before God and man. If not, our work must begin at home. If to-day all the members of Christ's church could stand up before the world honest men and women, who speak, think, and act uprightly at all times and places, there would be a rapid stride made towards the world's conversion. The moral influence of such a host of true-minded, upright souls would be immense, and well-nigh irresistible. They would stand forth, to use the beautiful figures of the old poet, "fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners."

In this connection I cannot but recall a remark which I heard many years ago. It was made by a man of high moral character, but who was an unbeliever in the necessity or existence of a spiritual renewal, in reply to an appeal which had been made to him by an earnest Christian. "Become a Christian ! No, indeed, not if by a Christian you mean such as I live

with in —— [naming a small country town in which he resided]. Why, I have always said if I was going to make a bargain in which there was a chance for being imposed upon, I would choose to make it with one out of the church, and not in. There are B. and I; we live together side by side in peace and harmony, and have done so for twenty years; while C. and his neighbour D., good Christians both of them, who pray and exhort together in meetings, and come once in a while to labour with me about my soul, are in hot water perpetually: year in and year out they have some petty quarrel on hand, and all about a few rods of fence, or a little strip of ground scarce a foot in width, or a half-dozen bushels of apples; things I should be ashamed to stand out about an instant; yet they are Christians, and we are reprobates! No; I don't want to be converted after that fashion!"

Now, I chanced to know these parties, and the statement, though perhaps made in an improper spirit, was literally true. Each of these professors of religion had been extremely tenacious of his rights, had accused the other of fraud, had made what his opponent considered false statements, and over the veriest trifles had thus managed to keep themselves in a state of irritation, and the neighbourhood embittered and alienated. Was any one to blame for not wishing to become "converted after that fashion"?

It may be said, that it is easy for one who wishes to know the truth to discriminate between professors of religion and religion itself. In one sense it may be easy, but men do not and will not thus discriminate. We have no reason to expect they will. You wish to win a neighbour, perhaps a very dear friend, to genuine penitence, and a sweet life-giving trust in the Saviour. You tell him this faith will bring him into communion with a holy God, will elevate his whole mental and moral nature into a sympathy with and resemblance to that glorious being, and prepare him for a world of purity and blessedness. As a rational being he is bound to inquire whether it *will* do this for him. And he has a perfect right to look at those who profess to have felt its life-giving power, and see what it has done for them. And woe to that professor of religion whose life, thus inspected, leads the unconverted man to say, "I wish for no such religion as his!" On his skirts may be found the blood of that immortal soul.

Christ expected his followers to be the means of converting sinners by their example. A light put upon a candlestick, that its soft and cheering ray may fall upon all the little circle within its reach,—a city set upon a hill, that the kindling illumination may stream forth and brighten all the surrounding slopes and valleys,—such, says Christ, are Christians individually and collectively. What authority, then, have *we* for saying that impenitent men might see the beauty of holiness if they would, if those who profess to love Jesus do live unholy lives? There are persons all around us who feel an unexpressed desire for something to meet the wants of their souls; something which shall bring them peace, true joy, true life. They are thinking men and women, and believe they are to live for ever, and are capable of eternal happiness; but they are restless and dissatisfied and they look round to see who will show them any good; they hear

abundance of talking about religion, but they ask themselves sincerely, as they look on professors of religion, "Is there any such thing as true piety? Does it actually enter into these men's souls; does it control their feelings, and guide their conduct; or is it mere talk, fanaticism, delusion?" Let such a one be surrounded by worldly-minded, selfish, mean men and women, who call themselves new creatures in Jesus Christ, children of the Holy One, and he will turn away in disgust from them and their religion too. But let him be thrown into constant intercourse with a meek, honest, true-hearted Christian, whose daily life shows he is remembering the interests of a neighbour as truly as his own, and would no more be guilty of injuring him in his property or reputation than he would himself, and he will be more affected by that example than by whole volumes of argument, and whole years of exhortation. Whatever member of Christ's church, then, is dishonest in his word or deed, is doing much to keep souls away from God and heaven, however he may persuade himself he prays and labours constantly for their salvation. A praying, exhorting, cheating Christian! Who is not disgusted by the very combination of the words? Yet who of us but can think of some individual who is striving to be such a one?

It seems to me, that in their horror of depending upon good works for salvation, many of our ministers have failed to insist sufficiently upon them as evidences of piety, or to infuse into the minds of their hearers a just and suitable horror of all kinds of meanness and fraud, and the impossibility of being Christians unless they are upright men; so that young men become converted under their ministry, join their churches, and go out into the world, with very loose notions of the connection between morals and religion. Not having been led to think much about it, they conduct their business upon very much the same principles as men of the world, and by degrees slide into the use of all sorts of profitable deceptions, intrigues, and trickery.

It is a sad theme to dwell upon. My poor little Honesty-plant little thought of leading me into such a long train of thought, as it stood meekly looking up to heaven from its quiet corner. I should like to put a root of it into every garden, if it would but remind those who saw it, that in order to do good, Christians must have its namesake in active exercise.

"HIS POOR:."

A HINT FOR CHURCH-MEMBERS.

It was half-past six on a chilly autumnal evening. I had just finished tea, and, with a glance at a dull starless sky, had decided not to venture out that night, when the postman's brisk knock made me hasten to the door. In five minutes from that time I had lighted the reading-lamp and drawn the curtains, wheeled my favourite chair to the bright fireside, and begun the delightful task of devouring—if I may be allowed the expression—a true friend's letter.

It was long and interesting; but of its contents a portion only need be set before my readers.

"You complain, my dear friend," said the writer, "of the Blank-street people as the coldest ever known. Will you allow me to suggest a remedy? It is this: *Search out the poor of the church*—especially such as are widows indeed, and desolate; be their friend for Christ's sake; prove the warmth of your own heart by the love which you manifest to them; and devote the time which now hangs on your hands to that sweet ministry which the Master so greatly loved. So shall you cease to chafe over the indifference of church-members who consider that they are above you in 'society,' or who feel no interest in the entertainment of a stranger; so shall you be brought into contact with your minister on holy ground, and unite with your deacons in that 'serving tables' which alone can ensure that the widows be not neglected. So shall you have no leisure—possibly even no inclination—to complain that the people at Blank-street are too cold to be your companions in the way to eternal glory."

I closed the letter, mused awhile over its contents, and finally put on my bonnet and went out. It was Friday evening,—service-night at Blank-street chapel, and the clocks were striking seven. In twenty minutes, praying silently all the way, I had passed from the quiet suburb in which I had recently taken up my abode, to the crowded thoroughfare out of which Blank-street opened. I was late, and instead of passing on to my usual seat among the great folks, I turned aside and sat down by the door-keeper's blind daughter, in the immediate neighbourhood of five or six old women, who, as I afterwards discovered, were "widows indeed." That evening, happily for me, Mr. F—— read the story of the crucifixion. I was deeply moved. All the tenderness of my soul seemed to be called forth by that tale of matchless grace. A prayer that expressed my heart's desire came next. As I joined in it, tears of gratitude *would* flow, though for years I had seldom wept. Never before had I felt such deep love for Christ and for his people. 'It was as if scales had fallen from my eyes. Was it possible, I asked as we rose up to sing, that I had stood within those walls chafing because Mrs. A. had bowed so slightly, or because the ladies B. C. and D. had declined to bow at all? Could I have felt really angry because no one "took me up" and made much of me in this church of Christ at Blank-street? Had I been positively unhappy because people were neglecting me, "a fellow Christian," while I, in my turn, was neglecting a score of humble souls for whom Christ died? It was even so. Ashamed as I might well be to confess it, it was too true.

I made no resolutions; I decided on no formal plan; I simply prayed, as I knelt in that dim corner, for more grace and "a continuance of opportunities." Now that my eyes were opened I could see that great "chances," if I may so call them, had been floating past me ever since I came to Blank-street, and that I had seldom given a moment's heed to any one of them, just because I was always looking out for Christian fellowship amongst my equals and superiors in worldly position, never amongst God's believing and humble poor. So I did not ask anything new in the way of openings and "doors" of usefulness; only abundant grace out of that fulness which is treasured up in Christ. After praying like this, it was natural, I thought, that I should speak a gentle word to the poor girl who sat beside me. No "introduction" was needed here. I had only to pick up her fallen handkerchief, and restore it with a whispered word of explanation, and we were acquainted. A few minutes later, at the door, we met the mother. Taking the blind girl's hand in mine I invited her to visit me next morning and hear some music, of which, as I knew by her singing, she was very fond. My invitation was accepted, and I went home with a warmth about the region of the heart such as I had never before brought away from Blank-street chapel, and a smile on my face that was positively cheerful.

I may as well say here that I am one of those isolated beings who, having

what is called "an independence," and no very near relations, live alone, and are consequently in danger of becoming every day more selfish. Add to this that I had recently been compelled to migrate to a strange place and settle down amongst strange people, and you will at once understand my temptation to self-indulgence, and my need of that Divine grace without which no temptation can be truly resisted. That my friend's letter was a word from heaven itself, I cannot doubt. Still less can I hesitate to assert that it was used by the Great Master as the means of my complete awakening. I had hitherto been a selfish Christian—as far as it is possible for such an anomaly to exist—but from that time I began to live for Christ, and, *in Him*, for His people.

Next morning, punctual as the clock itself, the blind girl made her appearance, and we spent a delightful hour in making melody with heart and voice unto the Lord. It was better, I thought, than the finest concert in the world, and I had my reward in the intense delight which beamed from her expressive face and was poured forth by her earnest voice. We were consciously "sisters in Jesus" ever after.

The day after that was the first Sunday in the month, and, according to custom, I went down to Blank-street in the afternoon to eat bread and drink wine in remembrance of the Lord Jesus. My blind friend, who was also a church-member, sat humbly in her usual place amongst the widows, and I again turned aside to sit with her. In that solemn hour, as I thought of the love which my Saviour bore to me, my heart yearned towards all his saints, but especially towards his poor. When the deacons came round with their boxes at the close of the service I felt glad to give twice as much as heretofore; and as we came out I kept near a little group of aged sisters in order that as I passed them in the street I might bid them a cheerful good-day, and speak too or three words concerning Him in whom we were "one." The look of pleasure with which they received these advances encouraged me to inquire if they would like me to come and read to them sometimes. It was the very thing they would like, they told me, for their sight was failing. So I made an appointment with each before I left them. This looked like beginning.

I was out again, as a matter of course, that evening, although previously I had seldom felt "equal" to three services; and I carried with me a note to the senior deacon in which I requested the favour of a list of such members at Blank-street as were "widows indeed." This inquiry, like many which followed, was made without much premeditation. The idea occurred to me, I knelt down and prayed over it, rose and thought awhile, turned to a few texts that bore on the subject, and *then* I acted. The result was one of the happiest months I had ever known. My work was simply that of "calling" upon our poor members, at the time most convenient to them, just as I had been wont to "call" upon my equals and "superiors" in society. It may seem absurd to you, but it was very refreshing and healthful work to me. In that month I was privileged to win the confidence of more than one downcast soul. By the bedside of the dying I met often, as my friend had said, with our excellent minister; and I am sure that two such interviews made us better acquainted than a score of drawing-room meetings—pleasant and often refreshing though they may be. Now and then, too, I was able to help the deacons, and, at last, even the deacons' wives! Gradually I became acquainted, in the true sense of the word, with nearly all the *real* philanthropists at Blank-street, and we worked together until, at last, I had many friends of my own rank, in addition to those whom I had gained amongst the poor. Years have passed by, and I no longer complain of the coldness of the people, or of the time that hangs on hand, day after day, because no one will have the politeness to fill it up for me. I have discovered that the best remedy for others' chilliness is to be warm myself, and that he who, in coming as a

stranger to a church of Christ, would make many friends, must in very deed "show himself friendly," not only to those who are above him in worldly station, but to all who love Christ in sincerity, including—and of this I would make special note in these pages,—including (let me say it with all possible emphasis) —*the widows indeed.*

Poetry.

"BE FAITHFUL."

OVER thy pathway, though it may seem dreary,
Are bending Christian messengers of love;
And unseen bands, to aid thee when aweary,
Are oft descending from the realms above.

The path thou treadest may oft-times seem lonely,
The burdens thou art bearing grieve thee sore;
But 'twill be thus when thou forgettest only
The One whose footprints marked that path before.

No wonder that thy soul is often sighing
Over a course so marked with faults and fears;
But dost thou e'er forget how vain thy trying
To blot thy devious footsteps with thy tears?

Be not with errors of the past delaying—
Leave them to Him whose ransom covers all;
Rise to a worthier present by obeying
The heavenly voices which upon thee call.

Let not thy armour, once so brightly burnished,
Be tarnished with the stains of earthly dust;
Let not the sword thy glorious Leader furnished,
Though deeply dented, show one spot of rust!

Whenever earthly vapours close around thee,
Climb to the mountain-tops of faith and prayer;
The chains shall melt in which thy sins had bound thee—
Thou, like thy Lord, shalt be transfigured there.

Forgetting self, for others be thy living,
And, if thy arm be stronger, lend thy aid:
Thy earnest help be thou not slack in giving,
To lift the burden on another laid.

What if thy pathway shall seem long and dreary—
Thy Christian conflict vex and grieve thee sore;
Was not thy Master also worn and weary?
Is not his triumph thine for evermore?

To drink the cup he drank may be most painful,
To share in his baptizing hard for thee;
His words at last shall make thy sorrows gainful:
"Welcome! because ye suffered so with me."

Reviews.

An Apology for the Adoption of Pædobaptism. By the Rev. JOHN R. S. HARRINGTON, late of the Bristol Baptist College. London: John Snow.

THIS is a sixpenny plea for Infant Baptism, by a young minister who has lately left our denomination and gone over to the Independents. As the title-page tells us, he was educated at the Bristol Baptist College, and the *Hand-Book* tells us he settled as the pastor of a Baptist church at Ross in 1862. Within the last few months he has resigned his charge there; and this pamphlet is a sort of justification of his taking leave of us altogether and joining another body. We shall try, for the benefit of our Baptist readers, to give a brief summary of his arguments, as far as we can gather them from the not very lucidly arranged text, and a distracting number of foot-notes. It is but fair to the author to state, that the pamphlet "is not published as a challenge to controversy, but as a defence of his present position, and an exposition of the grounds on which it has been adopted."

The first part deals with what the author calls "*The Spiritual Significance of Baptism.*" The argument, if argument it can be called, proceeds by the following steps:—

1. Baptism, performed either by immersion, or by pouring, or by sprinkling, typifies the purifying grace of Christ.

2. Is not immersion necessary to express the completeness of Christian purification? No: for the sanctification of man is not complete in the present life.

3. Though in the majority of cases immersion was the primitive form of baptism, the author is convinced that, in many instances, there was baptism without immersion. It is very improbable that the three thousand on the day of Pentecost were baptized by immersion.

4. But if it were granted that baptism was, in every instance, performed by immersion in the early age of Christianity, the author would still contend against this argument from precedent,

as involving a gross literalness utterly foreign to the spirit of the Gospel.

5. The substitution of sprinkling for immersion appears to be more in accordance with the spirit of the original institution of the ordinance than the retention of the ancient mode, even supposing that mode to have been uniformly immersion. Baptism by immersion was, then, but adapting to a sacred purpose the mode then followed of applying water.

So far as to the *Mode of Baptism.* The second part treats of what the author calls "*The Unrestricted Application of Baptism.*" The proposition which the author says he has to establish is, "That every human being, irrespective of age or any other condition, is entitled to receive the sacrament of baptism." For the arguments adduced in support of this proposition the author acknowledges his obligations to Dr. Halley and other Pædobaptist writers.

1. The ground upon which Peter, on the day of Pentecost, urges his hearers to be baptized is, the possession of "the promise." "The promise is unto you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call,"—evidently the great promise to all mankind that the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head. On that ground—i.e., on their interest in this promise—does Peter urge baptism on the listening multitude.

2. Circumcision favours by analogy this view of baptism. It is not the substitute for circumcision. But as circumcision was the symbol of spiritual advantages to all the descendants of Abraham, so may baptism be the symbol of Christian grace to all who hear the Gospel.

3. The next argument may be found in the following sentences:—"Abraham's imperfect righteousness was the occasion of the Jews being blessed with great outward provisions for their spiritual training. Christ's perfect righteousness is the ground of all nations having salvation proclaimed to them. Now, as a symbolic sacra-

ment was given to the Hebrews to mark their relation to Abraham, ought we not to expect that a symbolic ordinance would be given to all nations to indicate their relation to Christ?"

4. The commission (Matt. xxviii. 19), by the universality of its terms, shows that baptism is not to be limited to those who possess saving faith. The text on which Baptists rely so much really tells against them: "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved" (Mark xvi. 16), because that would be to constitute the administrator the judge of the fitness of the candidate, able to pronounce upon his salvation. (Such is the rubbish controversialists will write in the presence of difficulties.)

5. In answer to the objection that baptism can be no symbol of grace to infants, because, as yet, they have no understanding, the author again refers to circumcision as administered to children eight days old; and relies upon the analogy as a sufficient reply.

6. Christ, by his death, removes the original sin of children—the sin they derive from the fall. Why should they not, on this account, receive baptism as the emblem of the grace of Christ which has reached to their condition?

7. When children were brought to Jesus to receive his blessing, he said that of such is the kingdom of heaven. "If, then, infants are members of the kingdom of heaven, are they not fit to receive baptism, which can express no higher condition?"

8. "Why is infant baptism not mentioned in the New Testament? One of two answers may be given. Either

because Christian *families* did not exist, the converts to Christianity being only individual members (the younger members probably) of Jewish and heathen families; or, because the baptism of infants being familiar to the Jews (as in the case of the families of proselytes) it was no novelty requiring particular mention."

Such is the substance of this pamphlet. We have taken the pains to give this analysis to show our readers that there is nothing new in it—nothing which has not been answered a thousand times. We do not mean, therefore, to attempt an answer. We believe there are few Sunday school teachers who could not take the points and satisfactorily reply to them *seriatim*. We only wish that every one of those ministers who have recently left us had published a statement of his reasons, that we might be able to see with what little reason they had abandoned us for other connexions. The more this question is argued, the more will it appear that all the facts are on our side, and only a few faint probabilities on the side of our opponents.

Though it will be seen that we think very little of this pamphlet as an argument, we gladly say that it is written in a courteous and gentlemanly spirit. We have not met with an expression we could object to in this respect; and, as an exposition of scriptural truth on the subject of baptism, we have no doubt it will greatly confirm all Pædobaptists in their views, and fail to shake the views of any thoroughly intelligent Baptist.

Christian Cabinet.

GOD'S LOVE TO THE WORLD.

God loved the world: after what manner? After *this* manner: "He gave his Son." I could conceive of one who has heard that God is love, looking abroad upon his works and saying, Yes, I see it on all hands. I see it in all Divine arrangements, in all Divine works: the great Being who made the

world what it is, who has manifested such benevolence in all he has done, who is exercising such loving care over his creatures, who answers their waiting eyes by immeasurable goodness, who is making "the outgoings of the morning and of the evening to rejoice" over them, who is giving us "rain from heaven and fruitful seasons, filling our hearts with

joy and gladness," who is "crowning the year with his goodness," whose thoughts toward us are so precious, and the sum of them so great, surely his name is love; and he *so* loves the world as to do all these things for it. But Jesus passes over *that* manner of love, and says, God loved the world *thus*.—He gave his Son. Oh, the everlasting wonder! Surely we should never cease to think of it. "Is it *really true*," a Tahitian asked of the missionary Nott, who was reading and explaining this passage—"Is it *really true* that God so loved you and us that he gave his only-begotten Son for us?" The missionary said that it was even so; upon which his auditor cried out, "Oh, and canst thou speak of such love without tears?" himself weeping from shame and joy. What a rebuke are the words of the poor heathen to us who have been familiar with this Gospel from our earliest childhood! Surely every time we read this passage, we should wonder afresh.

God loved the world: in what measure? What will his love do for its guilty objects? How far will it go? Where will it pause? Is it great enough for man's deep ruin? The answer to such questions is given here: "God *so* loved the world"—in such a measure, so transcendently, so incomprehensibly—"that he gave his only-begotten Son." There was the infinite outcoming of his love: there its only measure. As Herbert says—

"When man was lost, Thy pity look'd about
To see what help in the earth or sky;
But there was none: at least no help without;
The help did in Thy bosom lie:—
There lay Thy Son."

He gave his only-begotten Son: to what? You remember the story of Abraham and *his* son; how in spirit he gave him up for a sacrifice. Even so has God done; "He spared not his own Son." He gave him not merely to be our Teacher, Guide, Friend, Deliverer, King, but to be lifted up upon the cross, as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness; to be "made a curse" for us; to be "wounded for our transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities;" to be "made sin for us, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him." Let us try to take the thought into our minds. Here are the creatures of his hand, who at their best estate are but dust and ashes; creatures

who had no claim on God's love for any gift at all; who not only had no claim on his love, but deserved his wrath; in whom there was not only no good, but the germ of all evil; who did not desire his gift; nay, when it is given, who slight and despise it: for *them* the God of love gave his only-begotten Son; gave him as the brazen serpent was given to the camp of Israel; gave him to be the object of faith unto salvation.

"Oh for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
A Saviour's praises speak."

God gave his Son, "that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." It is God's will and command that men should believe in him; should place the confidence of their hearts in him for all the ends for which God has given him. And it is God's decree, that whosoever believes in him shall not perish, but have everlasting life. Again I call every reader to mark Christ's word, the blessed Gospel word, spoken the second time, "*whosoever*." It takes you as a sinful man; it knows nothing else about you. You may be reputable, or the reverse; you may be young or old; you may reside in a great mansion of your own, supplied with every luxury and elegance, or in a garret with an old blanket hung across the rafters for a door, and a roof through which you can count the stars at midnight: it makes no difference; Christ's *whosoever* takes you in. It has been a word of hope to many who were almost in despair. An instance comes into my mind as I write. A sailor, who had enjoyed the blessings of a Christian home in his boyhood, but had afterwards lived a profligate life, while on a South Sea voyage was brought to a conviction of his sin. "One night," he says, "after getting into my hammock, I dared not shut my eyes, lest I should die asleep. My mind was in a state of the greatest agitation. The perspiration streamed from every pore. I got up, and opened my neglected Bible. I found the third chapter of the Gospel of John, and there I saw what I needed. I must get new life; I must be born again. I read on to the 16th verse: 'God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' I was struck

by the words as if they were new. Are they for one like me? Yes, I thought, that 'whosoever' will bear *me*. I will venture on that love. I did so; and in that midnight hour cast my guilty soul upon the love of God in his Son; and while I was doing it, I entered into joy and rest."—*James Culross, M.A.*

COMING AND GOING.

SUNSHINE and shadow come and go alternately, or with mingled influence checker the scenes of life. The first coming of a child into the household is more than the advent of an angel. A divine messenger might more surprise us, might play upon our wonder and fear, or give food for reflection by his message.

But a child comes from as mysterious and strange a land as the unknown sky. Every day the little thing fills us with questions and wonders of thought. One child is a whole population. What is it? what will it become? how shall we rear it? what is it doing to us and within us? These thoughts come and go, in light and shadow, in hope and fear, in gladness or sorrow, with foot-falls as numerous as if a whole host, and not one little babe, were the subject of them. But of the coming of these little ones poets and parents have written abundantly.

What about their going! When they go out to return no more we believe that the door of the Father's house has opened, and we weep. But it is not that they are safely at home. We weep; but it is not that they are gone, but that we are left. We weep, not because they are inside of the gate, but because we are outside and the door is shut.

But there are other goings besides these upward and heavenly ones. Children grow up. Nothing on earth grows so fast as children. It was but yesterday and that lad was playing with tops, a buoyant boy. He is a man and gone now! His foot is in the field, his hand upon the sword. There is no more childhood for him or for us. Life has claimed him. When a beginning is made it is like a raveling stocking—stitch by stitch gives way till all are gone. The house has not a child in it. There is no more noise in the hall—boys rushing in pell-mell: it is very orderly now. There are no more skates or sleds,

bats, balls, or strings, left scattered about. Things are neat enough now.

There is no delay of breakfast for sleepy folks. There is no longer any task before you lie down of looking after anybody, and tucking up the bed-clothes. There are no disputes to settle, nobody to get off to school, no complaints, no importunities for impossible things, no rips to mend, no fingers to tie up, no faces to be washed, or collars to be arranged! There was never such peace in the house! It would sound like music to have some feet clatter down the front stairs! O for some children's noise!

What used to ail us that we were hushing their loud laugh, checking their noisy frolic, and reproving their slamming and banging the doors? We wish our neighbours would only lend us an urchin or two to make a little noise in these premises. A home without children! It is like a lantern and no candle; a garden and no flowers; a vine and no grapes; a brook and no water gurgling and rushing in its channel. We want to be tired, to be vexed, to be run over, to hear child-life at work with all its varieties.

During the secular days this is enough marked. But it is Sunday that puts our homes to the proof. That is the Christian family day. The intervals of public worship are long spaces of peace. The family seems made up on that day. The children are at home. You can lay your hand on their heads. They seem to recognize the greater and the lesser love—to God and to friends. The house is peaceful, but not still. There is a low and melodious trill of children in it. But Sunday comes too still now. There is a silence that aches in the ear. There is too much room at the table, too much at the hearth. The bedrooms are a world too orderly. There is too much leisure and too little care.

Alas! what mean these things? Is somebody growing old? Are these signs and tokens? Is life waning?

All summer long the great, full-breasted tree has covered his branches with numberless leaves, and whirled them in the wind for music, and covered the little birds from sight that sung and builded within. At length a single leaf hangs in the tree with a brilliant colour. You look at it and sigh, "It is the first I have seen this

summer; there will now be more such." To-morrow it falls. Others ripen and follow. Ere long the tree grows thin. Every wind lifts many of them, and hands them down to the ground. Every day there is less sound in the tree; every day more of rustling leaves along the fences. At length, after a

rain, and a windy buffeting, the tree holds out its barren arms, and there are nowhere leaves upon them! Wait, O tree! There are buds and leaves yet. Only between thee and them is sleep, burial, resurrection. Winter is come, but so also is spring coming.—*II. W. Beecher.*

Words of Wisdom for Christian People.

OTHER PEOPLE'S EYES.

"OUR parlour carpet is beginning to look really shabby," said Mrs. Cartwright. "I declare, if I don't feel right down ashamed of it, every time a visitor, who is anybody, calls in to see me."

"A new one will cost ———"

The husband of Mrs. Cartwright, a good-natured, compliant man, who was never better pleased than when he could please his wife, paused to let her finish the sentence, which she did promptly, by saying,

"Only forty dollars. I've counted it all up. It will take thirty-six yards. I saw a beautiful piece at Martin's—just the thing—at one dollar a yard. Binding and other little matters won't go beyond three or four dollars, and I can make it myself, you know."

Only forty dollars! Mr. Cartwright glanced down at the carpet which had decorated the floor of their little parlour for nearly five years. It had a pleasant look in his eyes, for it was associated with many pleasant memories. Only forty dollars for a new one! If the cost were only five, instead of forty, the inclination to banish this old friend to an out-of-the-way chamber would have been no stronger in the mind of Mr. Cartwright. But forty dollars was an item in the calculation, and, to Mr. Cartwright, a serious one. Every year he was finding it harder to meet the gradually increasing demands upon his purse; for there was a steadily progressive enlargement of his family, and year after year the cost of living advanced. He was thinking of this, when his wife said,

"You know, Henry, that cousin Sally Gray is coming here on a visit, week after next. Now, I do want to put the

best face on things while she is here. We were married at the same time, and I hear that her husband is getting rich. I feel a little pride about the matter, and don't want her to think that we're growing worse off than when we began life, and can't afford to replace this shabby old carpet for a new one."

No further argument was needed. Mr. Cartwright had sixty dollars in one of the bureau drawers, a fact well known to his wife. And it was also well known to her that it was the accumulation of very careful savings, designed, when the sum reached one hundred dollars, to cancel a loan made by a friend, at a time when sickness and a death in the family had run up their yearly expenses beyond the year's income. Very desirous was Mr. Cartwright to pay off this loan, and he had felt lighter in heart as the aggregate of his savings came nearer and nearer to the sum required for that purpose.

But he had no firmness to oppose his wife in anything. Her wishes, in this instance as in many others, he unwisely made a law. The argument about cousin Sally Gray was irresistible. No more than his wife did he wish to look poor in her eyes; and so, for the sake of her eyes, a new carpet was bought, and the old one—not by any means as worn and faded as the language of his wife indicated—sent up stairs, to do second-hand duty in the spare bedroom.

Not within the limits of forty dollars was the expense confined. A more costly pattern than could be obtained for one dollar a yard tempted the eyes of Mrs. Cartwright, and abstracted from her husband's savings the sum of over fifty dollars. Mats and rugs to go

with the carpet were indispensable, to give the parlour the right effect in the eyes of cousin Sally Gray, and the purchase of these absorbed the remainder of Mr. Cartwright's carefully hoarded sixty dollars.

Unfortunately for the comfortable condition of Mrs. Cartwright's mind, the new carpet, with its flaunting colours, put wholly out of countenance the cane-seated chairs and modest pier table, and gave to the dull paper on the walls a duller aspect. Before, she had scarcely noticed the hangings on the Venetian blinds; now it seemed as if they had lost their freshness in a day; and the places where they were broken and had been sewed again were singularly apparent every time her eye rested upon them.

"These blinds do look dreadful!" she said to her husband, on the day after the carpet went down. "Can you remember what they cost?"

"Eight dollars," replied Mr. Cartwright.

"So much?" The wife sighed as she spoke.

"Yes, that was the price. I remember it very well."

"I wonder what new hangings would cost?" Mrs. Cartwright's manner grew suddenly more cheerful, as the suggestion of a cheaper way to improve the windows came into her thought.

"Not much, I presume," answered her husband.

"Don't you think we'd better have it done?"

"Yes," was the compliant answer.

"Will you stop at the blind-maker's, as you go to the store, and tell him to send up for them to-day? It must be attended to at once, you know, for cousin Sally will be here on next Wednesday."

Mr. Cartwright called at the blind-maker's, as requested, and the blind-maker promised to send for the blinds. From thence he continued on to the store in which he was employed. There he found a note on his desk, from the friend to whom he was indebted for the one hundred dollars.

"Dear Cartwright,"—so the note ran—"If it is possible for you to let me have the one hundred dollars I loaned you, its return to-morrow will be a particular favour, as I have a large payment to make, and have been disap-

pointed in the receipt of a sum confidently expected."

A very sudden change of feeling did Mr. Cartwright experience. He had, in a degree, partaken of his wife's pleasure in observing the improved appearance of their little parlour; but this pleasure was now succeeded by a sense of painful regret and mortification. It was nearly two hours before Mr. Cartwright returned an answer to his friend's note. Most of that time had been spent in the vain effort to discover some way out of the difficulty in which he found himself placed. He would have asked an advance of one hundred dollars on his salary, but he did not deem that a prudent step, and for two reasons. One was the known character of his employers, and the other was involved in the question of how he was to support his family for the time he was working out this advance. At last, in sadness and humiliation, he wrote a brief reply, regretting his inability to replace the loan now, but promising to do it in a very short time. Not very long after this answer was sent, there came another note from his friend, written in evident haste, and under the influence of angry feelings. It was in these words:

"I enclose your due-bill, which I, yesterday, thought good for its amount. But, as it is worthless, I send it back. The man who buys new carpets and new furniture, instead of paying his honest debts, can be no friend of mine. I am sorry to have been mistaken in Henry Cartwright."

Twice did the unhappy man read this cutting letter; then, folding it up slowly, he concealed it in one of his pockets. Nothing was said about it to his wife, whose wordy admiration of the new carpet, at morning, noon, and night, for the next two or three days, was a continual reproof of his weakness for having yielded to her wishes in a matter where calm judgment and the principle of right should have prevailed. But she could not help noticing that he was less cheerful; and once or twice he spoke to her in a way that she thought positively ill-natured. Something was wrong with him; but what that something was, she did not for an instant imagine.

At last the day arrived for cousin Sally Gray's visit. Unfortunately, the

Venetian blinds were still at the blind-maker's, where they were likely to remain for a week longer, as it was discovered, on the previous afternoon, that he had never touched them since they came into his shop. Without them the little parlour had a terribly bare look; the strong light coming in, and contrasting harshly the new, gaudy carpet, with the old, worn, and faded furniture. Mrs. Cartwright fairly cried with vexation.

"We must have something for the windows, Henry," she said, as she stood disconsolate in the parlour, after tea. "It will never do in the world to let cousin Sally find us in this trim."

"Cousin Sally will find a welcome in our hearts," replied her husband in a sober voice, "and that, I am sure, will be more grateful to her than new carpets and window-blinds."

The way in which this was spoken rather surprised Mrs. Cartwright; and she felt just a little rebuked.

"Don't you think," she said, after a few moments of silence on both sides, "that we might afford to buy a few yards of lace to put up to the windows, just for decency's sake?"

"No," answered the husband, firmly. "We have afforded too much already."

His manner seemed to Mrs. Cartwright almost ill-natured. It hurt her very much. Both sat down in the parlour, and both remained silent. Mrs. Cartwright thought of the mean appearance everything in that "best room" would have in the eyes of cousin Sally, and Mr. Cartwright thought of his debt to his friend, and of that friend's anger and alienation. Both felt more uncomfortable than they had been for a long time.

On the next day cousin Sally arrived. She had not come to spy out the nakedness of the land—not for the purpose of making contrasts between her own condition in life and that of Mr. Cartwright—but from pure love. She had always been warmly attached to her cousin; and the years during which new life associations had separated them had increased rather than diminished this attachment. But the gladness of their meeting was soon overshadowed; at least for cousin Sally. She saw by the end of the first day's visit that her cousin was more concerned to make a good appearance in

her eyes—to have her understand that she and her husband were getting along bravely in the world—than to open her heart to her as of old, and exchange with her a few pages in the history of their inner lives. What interest had she in the new carpet, or the curtainless window, that seemed to be the most prominent of all things in the mind of her relative? None whatever! If the visit had been from Mary Cartwright to herself she would never have thought for an instant of making preparations for her coming by the purchase of new furniture, or by any change in the externals of her home. All arrangements for the reception would have been in her heart.

Cousin Sally was disappointed. She did not find the relative, with whom so many years of her life had been spent in sweet intercourse, as she had hoped to find her. The girlish warmth of feeling had given place to a cold worldliness, that repelled instead of attracting her. She had loved, and suffered much; had passed through many trials, and entered through many opening doors into new experiences, during the years since their ways parted; and she had come to this old, dear friend, yearning for that heart-intercourse, that reading together of some of the pages of their books of life, which she felt almost as a necessity. What interest had she for the mere externals of Mary's life? None!—None! And the constant reference thereto, by her cousin, seemed like a desecration. Careful and troubled about the little things of life she found the dear old friend of her girlish days, to whom she had come hopefully as to one who could comprehend, as in earlier years, the feelings, thoughts, and aspirations, which had grown stronger, deeper, and of wider range.

Alas! Alas! How was the fine gold dimmed in her eyes!

"Dear Mary," she said to her cousin, on the morning of the day that was to end her visit—they were sitting together in the little parlour, and Mrs. Cartwright had referred, for the fortieth time, to the unshaded windows, and declared herself mortified to death at the appearance of things—"Dear Mary! It was to see you, not your furniture, that I came. To look into your heart, and feel it beating against mine

as of old ; not to pry curiously into your ways of living, nor to compare your house-furnishing with my own. But for your constant reference to these things, I should not have noticed particularly how your house was attired ; and if asked about them, could only have answered, 'She's living very nicely.' Forgive me for this plain speech, dear cousin ! I did not mean to give utterance to such language ; but the words are spoken now, and cannot be recalled."

Mrs. Cartwright, if not really offended, was mortified and rebuked ; and these states of feeling, united with pride, served to give coldness to her exterior. She tried to be cordial in manner towards her cousin—to seem as if she had not felt her words ; but this was impossible, for she had felt them too deeply. She saw that the cherished friend and companion of her girlhood was disappointed in her ; that she had come to look into her heart, and not into the attiring of her home ; and was going away with diminished affection. After years of divergence their paths had touched ; and, separating once more, she felt that they would never run parallel again.

A few hours later, cousin Sally gave her a parting kiss. How different in warmth from the kiss of meeting ! Very sad, very dissatisfied with herself, very unhappy did Mrs. Cartwright feel, as she sat musing alone after her relative had departed. She was conscious of having lost a friend for ever, because she had not risen to the higher level to which that friend had attained—not in external, but in the true internal life.

But a sharper mortification was in store for her. The letter of her husband's friend, in which he had returned the due-bill for one hundred dollars, fell accidentally into her hands, and overwhelmed her with consternation. For that new carpet, which had failed to win more than a few extorted sentences of praise from cousin Sally Gray, her husband had lost the esteem of one of his oldest and best friends, and was now suffering, in silence, the most painful trial of his life.

Poor, weak woman ! Instead of the pleasure she had hoped to gain in the possession of this carpet, it had made her completely wretched. While sitting almost stupefied with the pressure that

was on her feelings, a neighbour called in, and she went down to the parlour to meet her.

"What a lovely carpet !" said the neighbour in real admiration. "Where did you buy it ?"

"At Martin's," was answered.

"Had they any more of the same pattern ?" inquired the neighbour.

"This was the last piece."

The neighbour was sorry. It was the most beautiful pattern she had ever seen ; and she would hunt the city over but she would find another just like it.

"You may have this one," said Mrs. Cartwright, on the impulse of the moment. "My husband doesn't particularly fancy it. Your parlour is exactly the size of mine. It is all made and bound nicely, as you can see ; and this work on it shall cost you nothing. We paid a little over fifty dollars for the carpet before a stitch was taken in it ; and fifty dollars will make you the possessor."

"Are you really in earnest ?" said the neighbour.

"Never more so in my life."

"It is a bargain, then."

"Very well."

"When can I have it ?"

"Just as soon as I can rip it from the floor," said Mrs. Cartwright, in real earnest.

"Go to work," replied the neighbour, laughing out at the novelty of the affair. "Before your task is half done, I will be back with the fifty dollars, and a man to carry home the carpet."

And so she was. In less than half an hour after the sale was made, in this off-hand fashion, Mrs. Cartwright sat alone in her parlour, looking down upon the naked floor. But she had five ten-dollar gold pieces in her hand, and they were of more value in her eyes than twenty carpets. Not long did she sit musing there. There was other work to do. The old carpet must be replaced upon the parlour floor ere her husband's return. And it was replaced. In the midst of her hurried operations, the old blinds with the new hangings came in and were put up to the windows. When Mr. Cartwright returned home and stepped inside of the little parlour, where he found his wife awaiting him, he gave an exclamation of surprise.

"Why, Mary ! What is the meaning of this ? Where is the new carpet ?"

She laid the five gold pieces in his hand, and then looked earnestly, and with tears in her eyes, upon his wondering face.

"What are these, Mary? Where did they come from?"

"Cousin Sally is gone. The carpet didn't seem attractive in her eyes; and it has lost all beauty in mine. So I sold the unlovely thing, and here is the money. Take it, dear Henry, and let it serve the purpose for which it was designed."

"All right again!" exclaimed Mr. Cartwright, as soon as the whole matter was clear to him. "All right! Mary, dear! That carpet, had it remained, would have wrecked, I fear, the happiness of our home. Ah, let us consult only our own eyes hereafter, Mary—not the eyes of other people. None think the better of us for what we seem—only for what we are. It is not from fine furniture that our true pleasure in life is to come; but from a con-

sciousness of right-doing. Let the inner life be right, and the outer life will surely be in just harmony. In the humble abode of virtue there is more real happiness, than in the palace homes of the unjust, the selfish, and wrongdoers. The sentiment is old as the world; but it must come to every heart, at some time in life, with all the force of an original utterance. And let it so come to us now, dear wife!"

And thus it did come. This little experience showed them an aspect of things that quickened their better reasons; and its smart remained long enough to give it the power of a monitor in all their after lives. They never erred again in this wise. For two or three years more the old carpet did duty in their neat little parlour; and when it was at last replaced by a new one, the change was made for their own eyes, and not for the eyes of another.—*Arthur's Home Magazine.*

Narratives, Anecdotes, &c.

THE CROSS ON THE OLD CHURCH TOWER.

UP the dark stairs that led to his poor home strode a gloomy-faced young man, with despair in his heart and despairing words on his lips.

"I will struggle and suffer no longer; my last hope has failed, and life, become a burden, I will rid myself of at once."

As he muttered wildly to himself, he flung wide the door and was about to enter, but paused upon the threshold; for a glance told him that he had unconsciously passed his own apartment and come up higher, till he found himself in a room poorer but more cheerful than his own.

Sunshine streamed in through the one small window, where a caged bird was blithely singing, and a few flowers blossomed in the light. But blither than the bird's song, sweeter than the flowers, were the little voice and wan face of a child, who lay upon a bed placed where the warmest sunbeams fell.

The face turned smiling on the pillow, and the voice said pleasantly—

"Come in, sir. Bess will soon be back, if you will wait."

"I want nothing of Bess. Who is she, and who are you?" asked the intruder, pausing as he was about to turn away.

"She is my sister, sir, and I'm poor Jamie, as they call me. But, indeed, I am not to be pitied, for I am a happy child, though it may not seem so."

"Why do you lie there? are you sick?"

"No, I am not sick, though I shall never leave my bed again. See, this is why;" and, folding back the covering, the child showed his little withered limbs.

"How long have you lain here, my poor boy?" asked the stranger, touched and interested in spite of himself.

"Three years, sir."

"And yet you are happy! What, in reason's name, have you to render you contented, child?"

"Come, sit beside me, and I'll tell you, sir; that is, if you please: I should love to talk with you, for it is lonely here when Bess is gone."

Something in the child's winning voice, and the influence of the cheerful room, calmed the young man's troubled spirit and seemed to lighten his despair. He sat down at the bedside, looking gloomily upon the child, who lay, smiling placidly, as with skilful hands he carved small figures from the bits of wood scattered around him on the coverlet.

"What have you to make you happy, Jamie? Tell me your secret, for I need the knowledge very much," said his new friend, earnestly.

"First of all, I have dear Bess," and the child's voice lingered upon the name; "she is so good, so very good to me; no one can tell how much we love each other. All day she sits beside my bed, singing to ease my pain, or reading while I work; she gives me flowers and birds, and all the sunshine that comes in to us, and sits there in the shadow that I may be warm and glad. She waits on me all day; but when I wake at night, I always see her sewing busily, and know it is for me—my good, kind Bess!"

"Then I have my work, sir, to amuse me; and it helps a little too, for kind children always buy my toys, when Bess tells them of the little boy who carved them lying here at home while they play out among the grass and flowers where he can never be."

"What else, Jamie?" and the listener's face grew softer as the cheerful voice went on.

"I have my bird, sir, and my roses; I have books; and best of all, I have the cross on the old church tower. I can see it from my pillow, and it shines there all day long, so bright and beautiful, while the white doves coo upon the roof below. I love it dearly."

The young man looked out through the narrow window, and saw, rising high above the house-tops, like a finger pointing heavenward, the old gray tower and the gleaming cross. The city's din was far below, and through the summer air the faint coo of the doves and the flutter of their wings came down like peaceful country sounds.

"Why do you love it, Jamie?" he

asked, looking at the thoughtful face that lit up eagerly as the boy replied—

"Because it does me so much good, sir. Bess told me long ago about the blessed Jesus who bore so much for us, and I longed to be as like him as a little child could grow. So when my pain was very sharp, I looked up there, and, thinking of the things he suffered, tried so hard to bear it that I often could; but sometimes when it was too bad, instead of fretting Bess, I'd cry softly, looking up there all the time, and asking Him to help me to be a patient child. I think he did; and now it seems so like a friend to me, I like it better every day. I watch the sun climb up along the roofs in the morning, creeping up higher and higher till it shines upon the cross and turns it into gold. Then through the day I watch the sunshine fade away, till all the red goes from the sky, and for a little while I cannot see it through the dark. But the moon comes, and I love it better then; for, lying awake through the long nights, I see the cross so high and bright with stars all shining round it, and I feel still and happy in my heart as when Bess sings to me in the twilight."

"But when there is no moon, or clouds hide it from you, what then, Jamie?" asked the young man, wondering if there was no cloud to darken the cheerful child's content.

"I wait till it is clear again, and feel that it is there, although I cannot see it, sir. I hope it never will be taken down, for the light upon the cross seems like that I see in dear Bessie's eyes when she holds me in her arms and calls me her 'patient Jamie.' She never knows I try to bear my troubles for her sake, as she bears hunger and cold for mine. So you see, sir, how many things I have to make me a happy child."

"I would gladly lie down on your pillow to be half as light of heart as you are, little Jamie, for I have lost my faith in everything, and with it all my happiness;" and the heavy shadow which had lifted for a while fell back darker than before upon the anxious face beside the bed.

"If I were well and strong like you, sir, I think I should be so thankful nothing could trouble me;" and with a sigh the boy glanced at the vigorous

frame and energetic countenance of his new friend, wondering at the despondent look he wore.

"If you were poor, so poor you had no means wherewith to get a crust of bread, nor a shelter for the night; if you were worn out with disappointment, and haunted by ambitious hopes never to be realized, what would you do, Jamie?" suddenly asked the young man, prompted by the desire that every human heart has felt for sympathy and counsel, even from the little creature before him, ignorant and inexperienced as he was.

But the child, wiser in his innocence than many an older counsellor, pointed upward, saying, with a look of perfect trust—

"I should look up to the cross upon the tower, and think of what Bess told me about God, who feeds the birds and clothes the flowers; and I should wait patiently, feeling sure he would remember me."

With an altered feeling in his heart, and a brave smile on his lips, the young man went away, leaving the child with another happy memory, to watch the cross upon the old church tower.

THE TWO SOLDIERS.

THE night before the battle of Bull's Run, two soldiers were talking together. One was a Christian young man, the other was not. The unconverted man was in great heaviness of mind. He had been for some time anxious about his soul. He went to his friend to open to him all his heart, and said to him, "I do not see that there can be any mercy for me."

"Why not mercy for you?" inquired his friend.

"Because I cannot find it."

"What do you want to find?"

"Want to find! I want to find relief; I want to find happiness!"

"Is that what you want to find?"

"Surely it is. What else should I want to find?"

"My poor friend, happiness is very desirable; but you will never find it, if you seek it as an end. You must find"—

"Find what?"

"Why, you must find Christ. You must be cleansed from sin in order to be made happy. You must be renewed

and sanctified, by the 'washing of regeneration and the renewing of the Holy Ghost.' *'Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth.'* You must find Christ here, and now. You have no time to lose."

"Well, how shall I find him?"

"Believe on him with all your heart. Accept him as your Saviour. He gave his life a ransom for sinners. Believe this and live. Give everything away for him, and take him to your heart instead of everything else."

"And shall I then be saved?"

"Believing in Christ you cannot be lost. Believe in him, and you are saved already. You are passed from death unto life. You may depend on it, I tell you the truth. He says, if you simply believe, you *'shall never perish, neither shall any be able to pluck you out of his hand.'* 'Him that cometh unto me,' he says, 'I will in no wise cast out.' He also says, that whom he loveth, he loveth unto the end. Now, can you not believe, and trust your soul to him?"

The two friends separated for the night, but before daylight they found themselves together again. They were marching towards the field of battle, shoulder to shoulder, and knew not when or where they would meet the enemy. "How do you feel now?" said the pious soldier to the other.

"Oh, unspeakably happy," he replied.

"Happy! what makes you happy?"

"Oh, I have found Christ. Last night I was so miserable that I did not know what to do. After our talk, I went away by myself and fell down on my knees, and told the Lord what a poor sinner and miserable wretch I was, and deserving nothing—nothing but hell, and I must go there unless he reached down his hand to save me, and I knew he could if he would, and I believed he would. No sooner said than done. I felt as plain as day that he did hear and save. It seemed to me I could hear his voice saying to me, 'No, you shall not go to hell; no sinner goes there who believes on me. I will take you to myself, that where I am, you may be.' Oh! I have wanted to tell you so; it seems as if I could not wait. I want you to praise the Lord with me. All you told me last night is true—every word true; you

can't trust Christ even a little, but he seems to fill you full of joy. I never saw anything like it. It is almost more than I can bear, to think how he has mercy, and how much mercy he has, on such a poor sinner as I have been. Oh! I am sorry—I am so sorry. I am ashamed before God, and I told him so; and the more he seems to love me, the more sorry I get. And yet, I am so happy; and yet I can hardly tell why. But I will tell you one thing—I give up all to Jesus: no half-way work about it, I tell you. It is all or nothing, I find; and if I could stop, I should not know where to stop."

So the new convert revealed his new joy to his pious companion in the early morning of that fatal 21st of July. The soldier said—"We went upon the field together, he talking and I listening with glad surprise to his rich experience of forgiving grace in Jesus Christ. By-and-by we were in the midst of the roar of cannon and musketry, and my friend was shot dead at my side."

And now, reader, whilst we drop a tear over the untimely end of this young man, let us, with affectionate boldness, inquire, were death suddenly to call you away, are you ready for the summons? Have you ever been really anxious about your soul, knowing that if you die in your sins you are lost for ever? Oh that the Lord by his Spirit may strike the arrow of conviction deep into your soul, so that you can never rest until you find rest in that blessed Saviour, who died "*the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God.*" They that believe in him do enter into rest. (Heb. iv. 3.)

"A LAUGHING-STOCK."

HE was a good man, that Deacon L. I knew him well. He was my kindred and my friend. He stood over six feet high, and was proportionately large; a farmer, "well to do"—always moral and upright. When about forty years old, he became deeply interested in religion. Naturally very, *very* diffident, he said little or nothing to any one about his feelings. Months rolled on, and still he was anxious, distressed; while yet he had regular seasons of secret prayer, read his Bible, and was doing all he felt he could and ought to

do, save *one thing*. He was the head of a family. He had a sweet wife and four children, all impenitent; but they were his; and conscience urged him to the duty of erecting the family altar. But the cross,—oh, it was too great for his timidity! So it was put off, and new duties discharged in other directions as an offset; but he grew nothing the better, nay, rather the worse. At length, one morning, in his field, he solemnly resolved that that night he would, come what might, make the attempt at least, to pray in his family. A seamstress was at his house, from whose ridicule and scorn he shrank; but his mind was made up. And here I give his own language. "When I went to dinner, she told me she wished to go home that afternoon. Never did I carry a person from my house so gladly before. She was now out of my way, and one great obstacle was removed. Night came on, and I seemed to gain strength for my duty. But just as I was about to get my Bible and tell my family what I intended then and thereafter to do, who should knock at my door but the youngest brother of my wife, a mirth-loving, captious young man, a member of college, just the last person in the world I then wanted to see? What should I do? What,—what? my heart cried; and my agony seemed to me more than I could bear. But my vow had been made, and there could be no going back. I arose, got my Bible from the shelf, and told them what I was about to do.

"My wife looked as though she would sink. My children looked one at another, at their mother, and at me, not knowing what was to happen. My brother-in-law seemed greatly amazed. But rallying all my strength, I read a Psalm and knelt down; at length I said, 'O Lord'—and could not utter another word; and there I was, a great stout man, upon my knees, a *laughing-stock* for my family. There I was; I could not speak, and there my proud heart was humbled, and there my heavenly Father met me, and my soul was filled with unutterable peace. When I arose, my poor wife was mortified, and hung her head to conceal it. My brother-in-law said nothing, soon retired, and the next morning he left home for college again."

That family altar has not ceased to

burn with daily incense, though the priest thereof has ministered unto it for forty odd years.

Now mark the result of that attempt at prayer, when the good man was, in his own esteem, "a laughing-stock." In about a week he received a letter from that brother-in-law student, which began with these words: "Rejoice with me, brother Daniel, for I have found the Saviour; and that scene at your house the other evening God has blessed to the salvation of my soul." This young man studied divinity at Andover, but when about to be licensed to preach the Gospel, was taken with bleeding at the lungs, and soon went to his rest. That wife, those children, and many others under the same roof, have found the Saviour through the instrumentality of this praying man. He bore the cross and received the crown. He lives still in a green old age, calmly waiting for his summons to go up higher.

Be sure it is always best to obey God. Nothing is gained, but much is lost, by shrinking from duty. They are difficulties *overcome and conquered*, upon which we rise. The Christian is a soldier. He must not *fear* when executing a command. The anxious lose—oh, how much they lose! sometimes the immortal soul—by failing to *do* the right thing, that *one* thing, to which God evidently calls. Many a head of a family has stumbled at the cross of family prayer, and lost all. What, though for once, or a hundred times, he may be "a laughing-stock"! It matters nothing, when such interests are in peril. The care of the soul is the great care. Who can—or will—neglect it?

"IN SEASON AND OUT OF SEASON."

DR. CHALMERS, on his return from England, some years before his death, lodged in the house of a nobleman not far distant from Peebles. The Doctor was known to excel in conversation, as well as in the pulpit. He was the life

and soul of the discourse in the circle of friends at the nobleman's fireside. The subject was pauperism—its causes and cure. Among the gentlemen present, there was a venerable old Highland chieftain, who kept his eyes fastened on Dr. Chalmers, and listened with intense interest to his communications. The conversation was kept up to a late hour. When the company broke up, they were shown up-stairs into their apartments. There was a lobby of considerable length, and the doors of the bed-chambers opened on the right and left. The apartment of Dr. Chalmers was directly opposite to that of the old chieftain, who had already retired with his attendant. As the Doctor was undressing himself, he heard an unusual noise in the chieftain's room; the noise was succeeded by a heavy groan. He hastened into the apartment, which, in a few minutes, was filled with the company, who all rushed in to the relief of the old gentleman. It was a melancholy sight which met their eyes. The venerable white-headed chief had fallen into the arms of his attendant in apoplexy. He breathed for a few moments, and expired. Dr. Chalmers stood in silence, with both hands stretched out, and bending over the deceased. He was the very picture of distress. He was the first to break silence. "Never, in my life," said he, in a tremulous voice, "did I see, or did I feel, before this moment, the meaning of that text, 'Preach the Word: be instant in season, and out of season.' Had I known that my venerable old friend was within a few minutes of eternity, I would have addressed myself earnestly to him. I would have preached unto him and you—Christ Jesus, and him crucified. I would have urged him and you, with all the earnestness befitting the subject, to prepare for eternity. You would have thought it, and you would have pronounced it, out of season. But ah! it would have been in season, both as it respected him, and as it respects you."

A Page for the Young.

LITTLE OLIVE'S DREAM.

LITTLE OLIVE looked very pale and thin, as she lay in her bed one pleasant June day. It was one of those June days when everything is so beautiful, that if we try to imagine heaven, we can only think of an eternal June. Little Olive lay looking out upon the green fields, and, far in the distance, the blue hills, while every breeze that floated in was laden with the sweet scent of roses.

"How beautiful," thought Olive, "everything is! I wonder if there can be anything prettier."

Just then she heard her sister's voice under the window, singing as she passed along; and listening, she caught the words,

"There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers."

"Never-withering," said little Olive: "that must be beautiful!" As her sister's voice died away in the distance, little Olive's eyes closed, and whispering to herself, "Never-withering, never-fading," she fell asleep.

Never-fading! One could not help saying it as they looked at Olive's pale cheeks, and white lips, and marked the thin hands folded together. Dear little Olive, God keep thee from fading. But this is not Olive's dream; only what happened before it.

She dreamed that she was walking through the green fields to the blue hills beyond, and as she came near, the hills kept changing, till there stood in their place a beautiful city. Its walks were of gold, glittering with diamonds; and through the open gate she could see people walking, dressed in white robes, with crowns of bright flowers. Little Olive clapped her hands with delight, at the wonderful sight. "How I wish I could go in! but this old dress would look so shabby among those pretty ones," she said, looking down at her dress once white, now soiled by her walk through the fields. Just then she caught sight of a little stream flowing through the meadows. "Oh! I can wash out the spots, and then it will

do." Saying this, she ran quickly to the little stream. She washed and washed away, but the spots only seemed to grow worse. She was almost ready to give up, when a dark cloud came over the sun, and she thought, "Why, my dress is not so very dirty, after all." Forgetting, poor little Olive, that it was only because the sun was clouded that her dress looked white. "It is really quite white," she said again; "and when the sun comes out, it will shine as brightly as those beautiful ones in the golden city." Satisfied with her dress, she started towards the gate, when, catching sight of some bright red poppies, she thought,

"Oh! I can have a wreath now, and a prettier one, too, than those they are wearing."

So she twisted a garland of the bright poppy flowers; and holding her head very high, and looking well-satisfied with her appearance, she walked up to the gate. How wonderful it seemed as she looked in, down the long streets, with beautiful gardens, and just such children as little Olive playing under the evergreen trees, while every now and then sweet music floated on the air, and children's voices sang, "Glory to the Lamb, for ever and ever!"

Little Olive longed to go in; but there stood by the gate a bright angel with golden wings. As she looked up, his face grew very sorrowful, as very softly, very sadly, he said, "No, little Olive; you can't come in." Just then the sun shone out from behind the clouds, and looking down, Olive saw her dress all stained and spotted, and taking the wreath from her head she found it withered away. Then the angel said again, "No, little Olive; your dress is not pure and white, and your crown is not made of never-fading flowers. No; you can't come in."

Little Olive sank down on the green turf by the gate, and began to cry.

"What is the matter with my little Olive?"

Olive looked up surprised. She was lying in bed, looking out on the green

fields, and there, beside her, instead of the angel's sad face, was the bright and smiling one of her mother.

Olive's arms were round her mother's neck in a moment, as she told her her dream; and the tears started afresh as she said, "And oh, mother! the beautiful angel, with the saddest face I ever saw, said, 'No, little Olive; you can't come in.'"

Tears were in the mother's eyes too, as she wiped them away from Olive's; and in her heart she prayed, "Oh, my blessed Jesus, take my little Olive in."

"Shall mother finish the dream, Olive?"

"Oh, yes; that will be beautiful," she said, laying her head back on the pillow, and waiting for her mother to begin.

Taking her hand, her mother said, "After little Olive had sat for some time crying by the gate of the beautiful city, she thought, 'I will try again to make my dress clean: perhaps if I try long enough I can do it.' So brightening up, she started to the little stream, and tried again. At last, tired with the vain effort, for the dress only seemed more soiled than ever, she sat down on the bank, and began to cry. 'What is the matter, little Olive?' She looked up, and there stood by her a stranger, with such a beautiful face; and he looked upon her so kindly that she could not help loving him. 'What is the matter, dear little Olive?' 'Oh, sir!' she said, 'I want to go into the beautiful city, and the angel by the gate won't let me, because my dress is not clean; and I've washed and washed it, and I can't make it any better.' 'Will you go with me, little Olive? and I will show you where you can wash it white and clean.' 'Yes,' she said, 'I will go.' Then he lifted her in his arms, and carried her very gently past the green fields to a dreary-looking place, where the stones in the path and the thorns in the way seemed to hurt the feet of the stranger; but little Olive was safe, for she was carried in his arms. At last they came to a great rock, on the top of which there stood a stone cross; and, as Olive looked nearer, there trickled from the rock drops of blood. 'Here, little Olive,' the stranger said; 'this

will take all stains from your dress; for look.' He pointed to the cross, on which Olive read, 'What are these which are arrayed in white garments? These are they which have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.' Then Olive waited no longer; and when her dress had been washed in the stream of blood that flowed from the rock, behold, it was white and clean. Then the stranger took her again in his arms. This time the path seemed smooth; and where the ugly thorns had been before, were now beautiful flowers. As they drew near the gate of the city, little Olive said, 'Oh, sir! I can't go in without a crown.' 'Yes,' said the stranger: 'no one enters the beautiful city with a crown; they are all given to them at the gate. A crown of glory that fadeth not away.' As they reached the gate, the angel that kept it looked now with happy face, and said, 'Yes, little Olive, you may come in;' and a band of little children came out to meet them."

The mother could say no more; the tears were coming so fast; but little Olive said, "The crown, mother; what of the crown?"

"O yes," she said; "they gave her a crown of never-withering flowers. Dear little Olive," said her mother, "can you tell who the kind stranger was that carried you in his arms?"

"Yes," said Olive; "it was Jesus."

"Yes; we can never make ourselves pure in his sight; but he can make us if we trust in him. We can never do anything to crown ourselves; but Jesus will crown all those who love him, when they reach the beautiful city. Shall we ask him, Olive, to make us ready to enter the golden gate?"

Little Olive closed her eyes, while her mother prayed the blessed Saviour to wash away all her sins in his own precious blood.

Dear little children, this is Olive's dream. I do not think it is all a dream. I know that somewhere there stands just such a beautiful city as little Olive saw. And let us all pray that to none of us the angel at the golden gate of heaven may say, No, little one; you can't come in.

Our Sunday Schools.

CHEERING WORDS FOR TEACHERS.

It was Sunday morning, a beautiful morning it was, too; it was one of those mornings which seem to make both soul and body light; and with the glorious beams of the Sun of Righteousness within, and the shining of the sun of nature without, and for a while to forget the troubles of a world of sin, a man may feel a joy of heaven on earth. But how short such seasons are! Some trouble, some sin, or something disagreeable, may and will wedge itself in and tell us that "this is not our rest."

A teacher was on his way to the Sabbath school; and, though all around him looked so bright, yet he was sad, and appeared to be in deep thought. He was thinking of his class. He had long prayed and watched for some fruit to his labours, but as yet he could see none. He had told them oft of the Saviour, and his power to save; that none but Christ could save the soul; that if any of them felt the load of their sin, and the need of a Saviour, if they fled to Jesus he would wash them clean. He asked for a special blessing to attend his labours that day. The children read John iii.; he then questioned them on it, and told them what it was to be born again, that if not born again hell was the portion of the soul after death to all eternity. The time came for the children to disperse. The teacher went home sadder than he came; he still could not see any blessing, and felt that the boys of his class were his special care, and that a solemn responsibility rested upon him in regard to their immortal souls. He retired to his room, and poured out his soul to his heavenly Father. He heard his name called, and went down stairs. A little boy stood in the hall; he recognized the youngest boy in his class.

"O, teacher, I want to speak to you," said the boy, his eyes filling with tears.

"What is the matter, my boy?"

"O, teacher, I want to speak to you by yourself," said the child, his emotion checking his utterance.

"Well, let us go for a walk together, as it is such a beautiful night."

They turned across a hay-field; the grass was cut, and lying to dry.

"Well, my boy, what is it you wanted to say to me?"

"O, teacher, my soul! what will become of my soul? I'm not born again."

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and he will save you."

"O that I could!" said the boy.

"Let us pray and ask him to enable you to believe."

They both knelt down on the mown grass, and teacher and child poured out their souls to Him who heareth prayer.

"Well, my dear boy, have you yet any peace?"

"No, teacher; I feel my sins so great!"

"Let us ask again."

And again both implored the mercy-seat. As the teacher fervently prayed that Jesus' love might be shed abroad, and his pardoning mercy felt, the little boy, with his face and hands raised up to heaven, with tears fast flowing, cried—

"God be merciful to me, a sinner. Jesus, save me!"

They continued so till a smile came over the face that was directed to him who hears the cry of the contrite.

"O, teacher, Jesus has come. He has pardoned all my sins. O, how happy I am! Let us sing, teacher."

And in that field was heard a song of joy, and in heaven the angels struck their golden lyres that another soul was added to the Saviour's triumphs.

NOT IN VAIN.

"I HAVE laboured in vain," a teacher said, And her brow was marked by care;

"I have laboured in vain." She bowed her head,

And bitter and sad were the tears she shed In that moment of dark despair.

"I am weary and worn, and my hands are weak,

And my courage is well-nigh gone;
For none give heed to the words I speak,
And in vain for a promise of fruit I seek,
Where the seed of the word is sown."

And again with a sorrowful heart she wept,
For her spirit with grief was stirred ;
Till the night grew dark, and at last she slept,
And a silent calm o'er her spirit crept,
And a whisper of "peace" was heard.

And she thought in her dreams that the soul
Took flight
To a blessed and bright abode ;
She saw a throne of dazzling light,
And harps were ringing, and robes were white,
Made white in a Saviour's blood.

And she saw such a countless throng around
As she never had seen before ;
Their brows with jewels of light were crowned,
And sorrow and sighing no place had found,
For the troubles of time were o'er.

Then a white-robed maiden came forth and
said—
"Joy, joy ! for thy trials are past !
I am *one* that thy gentle words have led
In the narrow pathway of life to tread—
I welcome thee home at last !"

And the teacher gazed on the maiden's face ;
She had seen that face on earth,
When with anxious heart, in her wonted
place,
She had told her charge of a Saviour's grace,
And their need of a second birth.

Then the teacher smiled, and an angel said,
"Go forth to thy work again ;
It is not in vain that the seed is shed ;
If only *one* soul to the cross is led,
Thy labour is not in vain."

And at last she woke, and her knee she bent
In grateful, child-like prayer—
And she prayed till an answer of peace was
sent,
And Faith and Hope as a rainbow blent,
O'er the clouds of her earthly care.

And she rose in joy, and her eye was bright,
Her sorrow and grief had fled—
And her soul was calm, and her heart was
light,
For her hands were strong in her Saviour's
might,
As forth to her work she sped.

Then rise, fellow-teacher, to labour go !
Wide scatter the precious grain—
Though the fruit may never be seen below,
Be sure that the seed of the Word shall grow ;
Toil on in faith, and thou soon shalt know
"Thy labour is not in vain !"

CHRIST AND THE LITTLE ONES.

"THE Master has come over Jordan,"
Said Hannah the mother one day ;
"He is healing the people who throng him,
With a touch of his finger, they say.

And now I shall carry the children,
Little Rachel, and Samuel, and John ;
I shall carry the baby, Esther,
For the Lord to look upon."

The father looked at her kindly,
But he shook his head and smiled :
"Now, who but a doting mother
Would think of a thing so wild ?

If the children were tortured by demons,
Or dying of fever—'twere well ;
Or had they the taint of the leper,
Like many in Israel ;"—

"Nay, do not hinder me, Nathan,
I feel such a burden of care ;
If I carry it to the Master—
Perhaps I shall leave it there.

If he lay his hand on the children,
My heart will be lighter, I know ;
For a blessing for ever and ever
Will follow them as they go."

So over the hills of Judah,
Along by the vine-rows green,
With Esther asleep on her bosom,
And Rachel her brothers between ;

'Mong the people who hung on his teaching,
Or waited his touch and his word,
Through the row of proud Pharisees listening,
She pressed to the feet of the Lord.

"Now, why shouldst thou hinder the
Master,"
Said Peter, "with children like these ?
Seest not how, from morning till evening,
He teacheth, and healeth disease ?"

Then Christ said, "Forbid not the children ;
Permit them to come unto me !"
And he took in his arms little Esther,
And Rachel he set on his knee :

And the heavy heart of the mother
Was lifted all earth-care above,
As he laid his hands on the brothers,
And blest them with tenderest love ;

As he said of the babes in his bosom,
"Of such are the kingdom of heaven"—
And strength for all duty and trial
That hour to her spirit was given.

Our Societies.

THE BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

A VISITOR has just arrived in England, for whom we wish to bespeak a kindly reception. His own merits, the land from which he comes, and the purpose which has brought him here, alike commend him to our kindness and our sympathy. The visitor we refer to is Mr. Teall, of Jamaica.

Fifty years since, as our readers have been already informed, the Baptist Mission in Jamaica was commenced. On the 23rd of February, 1814, the Rev. John Rowe landed at Montego Bay, and began the work of the Jamaica Baptist Mission. How much has occurred since then! How many brethren, beloved and honoured, have laboured in the field, and have passed away! Since the year 1814, the great battle between freedom and slavery has been fought and won: Rowe and Manne, Coultart and Tinson, Kitching and Nichols, Burton and Gardner, Burchell and Knibb, have served their Master, and have gone to their reward: the work of God, by these and by others of his servants, has been carried on, with increasingly gratifying results from year to year. The present position of the Mission in Jamaica is one that can excite nothing but thankfulness. At the present moment there are seventy-four regularly-organized Baptist churches in the island; these churches include thirty thousand members; there are several other churches in the island which have sprung from the operations of the Mission, though not now in connection with it; all the churches are, and for many years have been, supported entirely without foreign aid; and these churches are presided over by twenty-two European and nineteen native pastors, or forty-one in all. If this were all that could be said about our Mission in Jamaica, it would be cause enough for gratitude to God. Not often in fifty years is so much accomplished with so small an agency; but, during the fifty years other agencies have been set on foot. The Mission has its own college and training-school, for the education of pastors and native teachers. The churches have their own Missionary Society, which raises, for home and foreign purposes, from a thousand to thirteen hundred pounds a year. The day schools in connection with the Mission number about ninety, and they have in operation about seventy

Sunday schools, with upwards of eleven hundred teachers, and thirteen thousand scholars. Such is the condition of the Jamaica Mission, fifty years after Mr. Rowe landed at Montego Bay.

On the 23rd of February last, the Jubilee of the Mission was celebrated in Jamaica. The scene has been already described at some length. At half-past six in the morning a large prayer-meeting was held, and loud was the song of praise and gratitude that was raised by those for whom the Gospel had done such great things. At eleven o'clock a.m., fully five thousand people had congregated together. The Baptist chapel at Brown's Town was crowded to overflowing; the spacious school-house was also soon filled, chiefly with children; and then the Presbyterian chapel (kindly lent for the occasion) was filled also. The chair at the Baptist chapel was occupied by the Rev. J. M. Philippo, the senior missionary of the island, and addresses were delivered by other brethren, also spared, and universally beloved and esteemed. Altogether, the description reminds us of the best days of the Jamaica Mission. Of course, the names of the departed were mentioned with gratitude. Their sufferings and their faithfulness were referred to, and God was glorified in them. It was calculated that not less than ten thousand persons took part in the different services that were held in Brown's Town alone; and similar services, though on a smaller scale, were held in different localities in the island.

One object of these Jubilee meetings was to express gratitude for the past; another was to endeavour to make provision for greater labours in the future. It was proposed to raise a Jubilee Fund of five thousand pounds. This was to be expended in the extension of the African Mission, the repair and building of chapels and other Mission property, the increase of home missionary operations, and the improvement and extension of day-school instruction. Our readers will agree that the scheme was a noble one, and worthy of the zeal and devotedness of our brethren. Its success thus far, however, has been only partial. The continuance of the American war, which has been so trying to our own population, has been still more disastrous to the population of Jamaica; and the lack of employment and the lowness of wages, in addition

to the severe drought of 1863, have greatly crippled the resources of the people; so that *their* portion of the Jubilee Fund will be much smaller than was hoped.

It was, however, always an element in our brethren's calculations, that they would receive help from this country. They considered, and as we believe rightly, that the jubilee of the Jamaica Mission was not *theirs* alone; that there were still thousands in this country to whom the Mission was dear; and that the names of the departed heroes of the Mission were still spells and watchwords to many English Baptists and Christians. Unfortunately, the time when our brethren made their appeal was the time when our own Missionary Society was in the very crisis of its pecuniary embarrassment. It was impossible to listen to the appeals of even our beloved Jamaica brethren, when our own Mission was struggling with a deficit which was as alarming as it was unexpected. That trial has now been mercifully removed. The removal of the embarrassment was as wonderful as its advent had been previously unexpected. It is now, under these circumstances, when our hearts are full of gratitude to God for his goodness to ourselves, that our brother Mr. Teall is sent to present to us the claims of the Jubilee Fund for Jamaica.

The special appeal of Mr. Teall is on behalf of education. The state of education amongst the people of Jamaica is exceedingly low. According to Mr. Underhill, whose testimony, given in 1861, remains true in 1864, "Education, beyond the acquisition of the mere art of reading, is confined to a very small proportion of the children of the school age." "A very large proportion of the children of Jamaica are growing up without any kind of instruction at all." Not that nothing is being done. The Government, whose aid our brethren cannot accept, expends by means of grants-in-aid about three thousand pounds annually. In the lists of the recipients of these funds the Church of England stands the most prominent. The Wesleyans are doing something, and the Moravians probably more. Our own brethren, in proportion to their means, are doing nobly. During the past year, we are informed, there were seventy-three day schools in connection with the churches of the Jamaica Baptist Union, having 4,352 scholars on the books, and an average daily attendance of 2,882. Unfortunately, the attendance of the children appears to be far from regular, and of all the 4,352 scholars, the whole number of those who have gone as far as rule of three (in arithmetic) is ninety-six.

Their other attainments are, of course, in proportion. Even this amount of instruction is given with great difficulty, and in numerous instances the ministers, rather than allow the schools to be closed, have been compelled to sacrifice a portion of their own inadequate incomes. If we look at what is *not* being done, the picture is a painful one. "Of the 62 churches constituting the Union in 1862, 57 were reported to contain 19,517 members and 3,637 inquirers, or, in round numbers, 23,000 persons. From 20 of these 57 churches no schools are reported for the past year, and it is to be supposed that none exist. Fully one-third of the churches connected with the Union are, therefore, taking no part in the work of promoting day-school education. The 73 in operation are reported by two-thirds of the churches, and if the other one-third were equally represented in the school tabular, the number of schools would be raised to 109, the scholars on the books to 6,528, and the average attendance to 4,323. But even then the scholars on the books would be to the members and inquirers only as two to seven, and the number in average attendance but little more than two to eleven. It may be difficult, if not impossible, to form an estimate of the proportion there should be between the number of children at school and the number of adult persons connected with the churches; but we may reasonably assume that there should be at least one child for every two adults; and, if so, then ought there to be in attendance at schools connected with the Union 11,500 children—not reckoning the children of those who attend our places of worship but are not enrolled as members or inquirers—or *five times the present attendance.*"*

The effects of this state of things are not difficult to calculate. The officers of the churches (who were born slaves), though intelligent and pious, are destitute of the simplest elements of education, and are, therefore, far less efficient than they should be; *and little provision is being made for raising a superior class.* The Sunday schools suffer exceedingly from the want of a sufficient number of qualified teachers; *and little provision is being made for raising a superior class.* Even the social and moral progress of the people is seriously retarded by the want of education; so that, unless education be provided, there appears to be little chance of the emancipated population of

* Report of the Educational Society in connection with the Jamaica Baptist Union for the year 1863.

Jamaica attaining the position we desire to see it occupy, and which it is certainly capable of holding. Of course the evil perpetuates itself. What the parents are—the increasing influence of religion alone left out of the account—that the children will be. Assuredly, this is not what is desired by those who are interested in the advancement of the Negro race.

What, then, is to be done? We fear that the brethren in Jamaica themselves cannot do much more than they are at present doing. Even apart from present adverse circumstances, they have never yet fully recovered from the trial that came upon them in the fifteen years between 1843 and 1858, when, it is computed, the resources of the people were reduced one half, and when the utmost the churches could do was to give a bare subsistence to those who ministered to them in their distress the consolations of the Gospel. At that time education languished, Mission property went into decay, and many on the spot thought that the Mission would be totally destroyed. Since 1858, there has been no doubt a decided, though gradual, improvement. The ministry has been better sustained; a systematic effort has been commenced for the gradual restoration of the decayed property, and something considerable has been done in this direction; and some new places of worship are in course of erection. But to do all that requires to be done in this matter will task the energies of the people to the utmost for some years; and whilst they are thus striving, amidst many difficulties, to maintain and extend Gospel institutions in the island, and are doing what they can for their fatherland Africa, it is not in their power to do much more than they do at present, for the education of their children and neighbours.

It is under these circumstances that our brother Mr. Teall comes to England by the request of the Jamaica Baptist Union. It is not his wish, nor that of his brethren, that education should be *given* to the people. It is desired only to provide the *means* of education, and to put it within the reach of the people themselves. To do this, it is believed that the sum of three thousand pounds is required at once; and as, owing to the scattered condition of the population in many districts of the island, the schools cannot be very numerously attended, and the fees realized must therefore be insufficient to meet the wants of the teachers, it is hoped that a thousand a year may be raised for a few years in England, to provide for that necessity. Is this too much for the pastors of the

churches in Jamaica to ask? Is it too much for the churches in England to give? Especially, is it too much to ask and to give, in view of the labours and successes of the last fifty years? When the Baptist Missionary Society celebrated its Jubilee, the churches in Jamaica contributed nearly as much money as they now ask of us. If they of their poverty contributed nearly three thousand pounds to *our* Jubilee, cannot we of our wealth contribute three thousand pounds to theirs? Of course, the question is not for us, but for the churches. We do not presume to dictate or to predict the answer. All we wish to do in this article is to indicate our view of the urgency of the case, and to recommend Mr. Teall, for his own sake, and for the sake of the cause he serves, to the kind and cordial reception of our brethren all through the country.—*From The Freeman.*

Before these lines reach the eyes of our readers, the Rev. Alfred Saker will be on his way to Africa to resume his arduous and self-denying labours among the savage tribes of the Cameroons river. When, nearly twenty years ago, he began to preach the Gospel among them, they were utterly ignorant of the arts of civilized life. They wore no clothing. Their houses were built of mud. Their customs were cruel, sanguinary, and superstitious. Their language had never been reduced to writing, and was entirely unknown to every European. They were literally without God and without hope in the world. On settling among these wretched people, Mr. Saker's first step was to build himself a house. This at first was of timber; but the missionary, having taught some of them to make bricks, has now a house more durable—not liable to be eaten by ants or blown down by tornadoes—and he is now intending to build a chapel of the same material. Mr. Saker next proceeded to learn the language. This could only be done by taking down the words from the lips of the speakers. It was a long, wearisome task, attended by many mistakes in the early part of the work, owing to the ignorance of his informants, or to their fears lest what he should acquire would be turned to their injury. But perseverance conquered; and now Mr. Saker has not only reduced the language of the Duallas to writing, but prepared a vocabulary, an outline of the grammar of the tongue, translated school books, and above all the Word of God. The entire New Testament can now be read in Dualla, and also some of the books of the Old Testament. Then Mr. Saker obtained type and a press from England, and taught a few of

the natives how to set up types and to print books. Thus these translations are read from a printed page, are used in public worship, and in the native schools. As the language was mastered, the missionaries were able to speak to the people in their own tongue; a congregation was gathered, the Sabbath observed, and the Word of God preached. It pleased God to bless their labours, and many have been baptized, and a church of Christ has been formed. The committee, in their annual report, thus sum up the results of the self-sacrificing labours of their esteemed missionary:—"He has planted on a barbarous coast and amidst a savage people, a Christian colony, whence civilization and the Gospel may spread. He has taught them some of the arts of civilized life, has reduced their language to a written form, has translated and printed the whole of the New Testament and portions of the Old, as well as prepared a vocabulary, a grammar, and several primary school-books. A Christian church has been formed of fifty members, in addition to many who have been cheered in their last hours by the hope of eternal life. This has been accomplished in the midst of perils by sea and land, amongst savages thirsting for his blood, or by their spells hoping to destroy his life." Mr. Saker has not been alone in this work. From time to time others have gone to his help. The names of Merrick, Thompson, and Newbegin, are fragrant still. They rest from their labours, and their works do follow them. Of late years Mr. Diboll and Mr. Peacock have taken part in the work. Mr. Saker will find on the spot Mr. Robert Smith, Mr. J. Fuller, and Mr. Pinnock (the two latter brethren from the island of Jamaica, the first-fruits of the mission there as messengers of Christ to the heathen), besides three or four native brethren, all entirely engaged in preaching the everlasting Gospel. The mission has also extended. Stations have been formed at Bimbia, Amboises Bay, John Aqua's Town, and Moretonville, besides the first and principal one at Bell's Town, on the Cameroons river. Mr. Saker is accom-

panied, not only by Mrs. Saker and his two children, who will contribute their time and strength to the advancement of Christ's kingdom, but also by Mr. Q. Thomson, who has long desired to devote himself to the service of Christ in Africa, but till now has been prevented by the Society's want of funds. His long-cherished desire is at length accomplished. For some months past he has been labouring as the pastor of the church at Inskip, in Lancashire, and our readers will remember how nobly this little church came forward to assist in the removal of the anticipated deficiency. Under his ministry they have enjoyed much spiritual prosperity. They part from him with the deepest regret; but have all along been aware that their youthful and devoted minister would, at the earliest opportunity, leave them for the mission-field abroad. Their prayers and affection go with him, a rich and fruitful inheritance. Previous to the departure of these dear friends, a very interesting farewell service took place at Bloomsbury chapel, on the 20th of last month. Addresses were given by the Rev. W. Brock, the Rev. C. M. Birrell, and Dr. Underhill; and the brethren Saker and Thomson gave a touching account of the motives which actuate them, and the feelings with which they go forth to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ to the heathen. Mr. Brock led the prayers of the congregation, imploring the Divine blessing to rest upon them, and his Almighty presence to accompany them in their errand of love. On the following day, the church at Inskip met to commend their youthful minister to God's care, and to express towards him their love and sympathy. Thus these dear brethren go forth with the good wishes of many, with the fervent prayers of the Lord's people, and with the entire confidence of the Society. May favouring winds waft them safely to their destination, and showers of grace quicken into spiritual life the seed they sow. They sailed from Liverpool on the 24th of September.

Intelligence.

FOREIGN.

ROMAN CATHOLICISM AND INFIDELITY ON THE CONTINENT.—An incident has lately occurred in Switzerland which has excited the attention and active interference of the Evangelical Alliance on behalf of the Baptists in that country. *A Roman Catholic residing at Marbach, in the Canton of Lucerne, having recently become a Baptist, all his five children were forcibly taken from him by the police.* A similar incident has also taken place in the Canton of Appenzell. Both these occurrences were reported at the recent Calvin celebration at Geneva, and at a meeting held on that occasion the Swiss members of the Alliance determined at once to take the necessary steps for the protection of the persecuted Baptists, without waiting for the assistance of the foreign members. Since then the English branch of the Alliance has sent a deputation, headed by the faithful friend of the persecuted, Dr. Steane, to the Swiss Government. Having obtained a hearing, they were at once assured that, “*as soon as the meeting of the Chambers opened, the matter should be brought under consideration, and doubtless the children would be restored.*” What was to become of these five little children in the meantime—the youngest an infant torn from its mother’s arms! Of this we hear nothing; but those of our readers who are parents can best appreciate the severity of this kind of persecution. The length of time which intervened between the abduction of the children and their restoration is not stated in the *Missionsblatt*; but we find in the leading article of the September number, a month after the publication of the above facts, the following paragraph:—

“We rejoice to be able to commence this number with the joyful news, which has just come to hand, that the five children of the Baptist L—— at Marbach, in the Canton Lucerne, have been restored to him by order of the Government. For this he has, under God, to thank the Evangelical Alliance; for, to the efforts made by the Swiss and English branches of that Society may be attributed mainly the favourable issue of the case. May these and similar efforts for the promotion of religious liberty be everywhere crowned with success! That they will often be necessary, especially where, as in Lucerne, the Roman Catholic is the dominant form of religion—that the Catholic Church is the same persecuting church it always has been—may be seen also in the pastoral lately is-

sued by the Archbishop of Geissel, on occasion of the festival of the Three Kings at Cologne, in which he exhorts all Catholics to “*pray for the rooting out of the heretics.*”

The above-mentioned festival affords a melancholy proof of the power which superstition still has over the minds of the people of Germany. In the last week of July, numerous large processions of people wended their way to “holy Cologne,” in order to do homage to the relics purporting to be the bones of the three “holy kings” brought to that city 700 years before. For several days the city flaunted in all the gaiety of flags and banners, flowers and garlands, and from every direction came streams of priests and people to celebrate the great event. Of course there is nothing in the Bible to prove that the “wise men from the East” were kings at all; this is only a traditional addition made in later times to the original history; and even this, if granted, would by no means prove the bones treasured up in the glorious cathedral of the “fortunate” (?) city of Cologne to be really the identical bones of these three kings; on the contrary, a careful investigation of the sacred bones, made by Professor Schaafhausen, has led him publicly to state in the newspapers that his conscientious conviction is that one of the three skulls is that of a child not more than seven years old, as it evidently has still the first set of teeth. Yet, what signifies this? The festival is kept; great blessings are promised to all who take part in it; and on a bill which was widely circulated amongst the pilgrims, headed by a bad woodcut representing the adoration of the infant Jesus by the wise men, stand the words: “*Holy three kings, Caspar, Melchior, and Balthasar, pray for us now and in the hour of our death! This paper, which has been rubbed on the heads of the three most holy kings at Cologne, is effectual, by a firm faith, against all dangers in journeying, all headache, fits, fever, witchcraft, and sudden death!*” Twenty years ago, the miracle of the holy coat at Treves called up a storm of opposition in all parts of Germany. Now, a pamphlet in opposition to this festival, published by the Free Church at Cologne, has been interdicted by the authorities. It is evident, then, that the Roman Catholic Church has by no means lost influence in Germany since that time. When will the time come when men shall no longer adore bones and

relics, but shall praise and worship the living Christ by living faith? But while, on the one hand, *superstition* is thus boldly lifting up its head; on the other, the *infidelity* which holds such large sway in the national churches shows itself more and more. For instance, in the Palatinate, where, in consequence of new regulations in the church, the mass of the people have a much larger share than hitherto in the direction of church affairs, it may very plainly be seen by what spirit the masses are actuated. In one of the churches an election of elders took place amidst the greatest noise and confusion; and, although it began on Sunday evening, many of the electors were quite drunk, and the disorderly proceedings did not come to a close till three o'clock on Monday morning. In another place, where the election took place in the church, one elector, who was himself actually chosen as one of the elders, pulled a pipe out of his pocket and began to smoke in the church; and in one of these so-called evangelical churches two Roman Catholics were put forward as candidates!

"Let us," says the editor of the *Missionsblatt*, in conclusion, "turn away from these sad evidences of the superstition and infidelity which, alas! now so largely characterize the whole of Germany, to a country in which Christianity has already become one of the ruling powers in every-day life of the people—to Great Britain."

SEVERE PERSECUTION IN SCHAUMBURG-LIPPE.—Mr. Scheve, of Bucksburg, sends the following account of his recent imprisonment:—

"Contrary to my expectation—for I had made up my mind for a long imprisonment—I was speedily released, for on the sixth day, some of the brethren having had an audience of the authorities, and bail having been given for my appearance at a certain time, I was permitted to go free. Although the prison was a wretched place, both as to its horrible cells and their low and wicked inhabitants, yet I spent some happy hours of spiritual enjoyment there. I felt the reality of the presence of God in my soul as I have rarely felt it before. That which is most terrible to the inhabitants of a prison is the sting of their consciences; this I both saw and heard while there; whilst I, on the contrary, could lay my head in peace on my hard pillow of straw, for my conscience was at rest. I was suffering for righteousness' sake. My missionary work, too, was not at a stand-still, for I was permitted to preach the Gospel to my fellow-prisoners. One morning I had five of them sitting round me while I read to them a portion of God's Word and explained it, and then together we bent our knees before the Lord and implored him to save their souls. The prison-

wander did all in his power to make my condition more comfortable. May the Lord reward him! On the 13th June, the second judgment of the court of justice for the principality was made known to me, to the effect that for once baptizing, and twice administering the Lord's Supper, I was sentenced to *a year and a half's imprisonment, and to pay all the costs.* At the first judgment I asked permission to make a public defence, but this was refused me as contrary to the laws of the principality. The second judgment was therefore given in my absence, and I have now appealed to the head-quarters of the Government in the hope that the sentence may be commuted, but I am still refused any opportunity of defending myself; however, I may employ a lawyer, if I think proper. This morning two of our brethren have had an audience of the prince and told him the circumstances. He appeared to feel sympathy, spoke kindly to them, but said they must appeal to the Government first—it would be time to apply to him afterwards; at the same time he expressed his fear that if we had too much liberty we should overrun the principality, and he must protect the Church. I only yesterday learned how severe are the laws published against us in 1852, viz.: '*If any missionary of the Baptists, either native or foreign, perform any priestly office, such as baptism, administration of the Lord's Supper, or marriage, he shall for every such offence be imprisoned for six months; and whoever conducts a meeting shall be imprisoned for one month. Any person circulating any book published by the Baptists, or attending any service held by them, shall be imprisoned for one month.*'"

We rely on the prayers of God's children, at home and abroad, on behalf of our persecuted brethren in Bucksburg, and especially of Brother Scheve, that the hearts of the princes may be turned in his favour.

DOMESTIC.

WEST END, HAMMERSMITH.—The union between the church in this place and its newly-elected pastor, the Rev. Philip Bailhache, late of Salisbury, was publicly recognized on Thursday evening, September 15. The place of worship was crowded. The Rev. Samuel Green, a member of the church, presided; and—after reading the Scriptures and prayer by the Revs. John Offord, of Kensington, and J. E. Richards, of Hammersmith—opened the meeting with a few pertinent remarks. The Rev. W. G. Lewis, of Bayswater, followed Mr. Green in a brief and lucid address. Mr. Otridge, a deacon of the church, then stated briefly the circumstances which had issued in the settlement of Mr. Bailhache; and Mr. Old, formerly a deacon of the church at Salisbury, now of Camden Road, London, bore tes-

timony to Mr. Bailhache's diligence and success in his sphere of labour in that town. Mr. Bailhache added a few words as to his views and feelings in accepting office in his present sphere. The Rev. L. Waterhouse, superintendent of the Hammersmith Wesleyan circuit, then offered special prayer for minister and people; words of affectionate counsel were addressed to Mr. Bailhache and to the people by the Rev. Wm. Crowe, a member of the church, and formerly pastor at Worcester; after which the Rev. Robert Macbeth, pastor of the Independent church at the Broadway, Hammersmith, and senior pastor in the town, spoke a few words of cordial welcome to Mr. Bailhache in the name of all the congregations and churches in the neighbourhood. After prayer, offered by the Rev. Charles Graham, of Shepherd's Bush, the Rev. Clement Bailhache, of Islington, and Wm. Heaton, Esq., in brief speeches, brought the service to a close. Two features in the meeting afforded great pleasure to all present; one, the kindly references made to the late pastor of the church, the Rev. John Leechman, LL.D., who will long be affectionately remembered by the people; and the other, the terms of respect and kindness with which the church at Salisbury was spoken of, together with the intimation given by Mr. Bailhache that that church is likely at an early period to be settled with a pastor.

UNION CHAPEL, OXFORD ROAD, MANCHESTER.—On Wednesday evening, September 14, the Rev. A. M'Laren delivered to the members of the Mutual Improvement Society, and to his congregation generally, the first of what it is hoped will prove a series of lectures descriptive of his recent tour in the south of Europe. A very numerous company were entertained at tea; after which the lecturer commenced his task by informing his audience that his remarks would be divided into four sections, descriptive respectively of his visit to Naples, Rome, Florence, and Venice; and that, as he found it impossible to condense the whole within the limits of a single lecture, he should confine their attention to the first-named section on the present occasion, with the hope that future opportunities might occur for disposing of the remainder. He then proceeded to describe in turn his visit to the harbour of Civita Vecchia, the bay and city of Naples, Pompeii, and Vesuvius. The description of the first-named place gave an opportunity for a most powerful and impressive picture of Italy, declining and corrupting under the paralyzing sway of the Papal power,

as compared with Italy revived and renewed under the enlightened rule of her new Sovereign. The scenery of the city and environs of Naples was next depicted, and some very picturesque and humorous descriptions of Neapolitan out-door life were given. A very vivid and deeply interesting account followed of the visit to the "buried city," and the whole closed with a vigorous and amusing description of the ascent and descent of Vesuvius. A hearty vote of thanks was accorded to Mr. M'Laren at the close of the lecture, and a unanimous desire was expressed that his engagements might be so arranged as to permit of the early delivery of the remaining three lectures of the course. It is hoped that Mr. M'Laren may be induced, not only to gratify his own congregation by complying with the desire thus so heartily expressed, but also to extend the advantage at present enjoyed by a comparatively small circle, by giving his lectures to the public through the press.

MANORBEER, NEAR TENBY, SOUTH WALES.—For some time the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon has been advertised to preach twice in the ancient castle of Manorbeer (in behalf of the Baptist chapel at Tenby), there not being any available place at Tenby sufficiently large to accommodate the crowds who were reasonably expected to attend. Accordingly, on Wednesday, September 14th, special trains ran hourly throughout the day, to and from Tenby, Pembroke, Pembroke Dock, and Manorbeer; vehicles of all descriptions landing their living freights in the neighbourhood of the picturesque old ruins. Early in the morning the rain fell in torrents, and prevented thousands from attending the first service, but fortunately, during the service, the weather became comparatively fine. Mr. Spurgeon preached in the morning from the 9th verse of the 15th chapter of St. John: the delivery of the sermon occupied about an hour and a quarter, and it was listened to throughout with the greatest attention. The afternoon being fine, the numbers admitted within the castle were greatly increased. The sermon was from Acts xiv. 7, containing the incident of the lame man at Lystra. The subject was treated in Mr. Spurgeon's well-known attractive manner: the main truths of the Gospel, as preached by Paul (untainted by the slightest approach to sectarianism), were set forth with appropriate and familiar illustrations, which could not be misunderstood by the least enlightened intellect of his large congregation, and which kept their earnest attention fixed on the subject during more than an hour. Another sermon was to have been preached

in Tenby, on Thursday, September 15th, in the Dew Park Fields at noon. An immense gathering again met to hear the distinguished preacher; but in the midst of the sermon it commenced raining in torrents, and to the great disappointment of the listening thousands the service was obliged to be abruptly closed.

MIDDLESBOROUGH-ON-TEES, YORKSHIRE.—The Baptist church under the pastorate of the Rev. W. Bontems celebrated the seventh anniversary of the formation of the church, and the first of the settlement of the minister, on the 4th, 5th, and 6th of September. The services were conducted by the Rev. G. V. Barker, of Sunderland, who preached two sermons on the Sunday in the Oddfellows' Hall, and the Rev. J. P. Chown, of Bradford, who delivered a lecture in the same place, after a public tea-meeting, on the Monday, and preached on the Tuesday in the Independent chapel, generously lent for the occasion. In a brief report of the condition and prospects of the cause, it was stated that the church consists of about fifty members, nearly all of the working-class, and that the Sunday-schools contain about 100 children; that the present place of meeting is obtained at the rental of £26 a year, including lighting, &c., and is in many respects unsuitable and disadvantageous; that the circumstances of the church and of the large and rapidly-increasing population, now numbering about 23,000, require a suitable place for worship and instruction; that a site for chapel and school-room has been secured, and plans for the building prepared and approved; that the anticipated cost, including the site, is about £1,200, towards which £450 has been subscribed, of which sum about £300 has been contributed in Middlesborough, £70 in Newcastle, £30 in the West Riding, and £30 in the neighbourhood of Berwick; and that help from all the friends of chapel and school extension is urgently needed for the sake of the church and the multitudes around.

ACCINGTON.—On Wednesday evening, September 14th, the presentation of three memorials and several purses of gold (amounting in the aggregate to £150 12s. 4d.) to the Rev. Charles Williams, who is about to leave for Southampton, took place in a small room of the Peel Institution, Accington. There were about a dozen persons present. J. E. Lightfoot, Esq., was voted to the chair; and the first presentation (from persons of various religious denominations) was made by him. The second presentation (from the church and congregation meeting in Blackburn Road Chapel, and from other

friends in the county) was made in appropriate and affectionate terms by Mr. G. Marshall, a deacon of the church, and by Mr. L. Whittaker. The third presentation (from the Young Men's Association) was made by Mr. J. Barnes. All these presentations were kindly and appropriately acknowledged by Mr. Williams. The Rev. M. Lewis, Mr. Rhodes, and Mr. Berry also delivered addresses. The memorials are got up on vellum, engrossed by Mr. W. H. Bell, of Accrington, in a manner very creditable to him. That presented by the town and that by the congregation are companion-pictures, on a white ground, with a neat and beautiful gilt frame, the work of Messrs. Lomax, Manchester. That presented by the Young Men's Society was on a smaller sheet, in a gilt frame. We understand that previously to the above meeting taking place, the young ladies of Mr. Williams' congregation presented to him a handsome and costly album, containing many of their portraits.

ST. MICHAEL'S, COVENTRY.—Public services, in connection with the ordination of the Rev. T. Bentley, as the pastor of the church meeting in St. Michael's Chapel, Coventry, took place on Tuesday, Aug. 30th. They commenced in the morning with a service in the chapel at eleven o'clock. The Rev. W. A. Salter, of Leamington, read the Scriptures and prayed, after which the Rev. Charles Vince, of Birmingham, delivered an able introductory discourse, founded upon Ephesians iv. 11. Mr. Bassett, senior deacon, then read a statement of the circumstances which had led to the church inviting Mr. Bentley to be its pastor. The Rev. W. B. Davis asked the "usual questions," which Mr. Bentley answered in a highly satisfactory manner. The Rev. E. H. Delf offered up the "ordination prayer." The Rev. S. G. Green, B.A., President of Rawdon College (Mr. Bentley's late tutor), then ascended the pulpit, and delivered a very eloquent and powerful charge to the young minister, from Matt. xiii. 52. After the morning service, there was a dinner at the Corn Exchange, at which the Rev. E. H. Delf presided, and at which addresses were delivered by the Revs. S. G. Green, B.A., H. S. Brown, J. J. Brown, C. Vince, W. B. Davis, J. Sibree, W. A. Salter, T. A. Binns, T. Bentley, and others. The evening sermon was preached by the Rev. H. S. Brown, from Acts ii. 47. The congregations were good, and the whole series of services went off remarkably well, and promised much for the subsequent happiness, both of the people and pastor of St. Michael's.

BUCKINGHAM CHAPEL, CLIFTON.—On Thursday, September 15th, a congregational tea-meeting was held at the above chapel, and, notwithstanding the heavy rain, there was a numerous attendance. About 300 persons partook of tea in the vestry, and subsequently adjourned to the chapel, where the chair was taken by the Rev. John Penny, pastor of the church. After prayer had been offered by Mr. Howe (of the Baptist College), suitable addresses were delivered by the Rev. Messrs. H. I. Roper, N. Haycroft, James Davis, D. Wassell (of Bath), and G. W. Humphreys (of Wellington); also by Mr. S. Leonard and Mr. T. Pethic. During the past year (1863) the sum of £920 was expended upon the chapel and vestries, of which £670 was subscribed at the time; the greater part of the remaining £250 had been promised previous to this meeting, and before its close it was announced that the balance was entirely liquidated. The pastor was congratulated by the speakers upon the success which had attended his ministry, the church having quadrupled its numbers during the last four years, and the congregation having so much increased that it had lately been found necessary to erect additional pews in the gallery, at a further cost of £150. A selection of sacred music was sung at intervals by an efficient choir, and much contributed to the enjoyment of the evening.

WATCHET, SOMERSET.—The Baptist chapel, and minister's residence adjoining, in this place, having undergone extensive alterations and repairs, the chapel was reopened for divine worship on Wednesday, September 7th, when a sermon was preached in the morning by the Rev. J. Leechman, LL.D., of Bath, formerly of Hammersmith. In the afternoon a public meeting was held, when the chairman, the Rev. S. Sutton, the former pastor of the church, gave an interesting sketch of the church's history since its commencement, and of the circumstances which led to the alterations. The treasurer to the building-fund, Mr. S. W. Williams, then read a very gratifying statement of finances, from which it appeared that, notwithstanding the comparatively large outlay incurred, the debt remaining was very inconsiderable. The meeting was afterwards addressed by James Sully, Esq., of Bridgewater; and the Revs. W. H. Fuller, Minehead; S. Pearce, Crewkerne; C. Williams (Wesleyan), Willston; Dr. Leechman; and J. Mills, Stogumber. A numerous party sat down to a public tea provided for the occasion, and in the evening a sermon was preached by the Rev. W. Guest, of Taunton. On the

following Sunday sermons were preached, in the morning by the Rev. P. W. Ramsden, of Dunster, and in the evening by the Rev. C. O. Morris, of Bridgewater.

FALMOUTH, CORNWALL.—A series of interesting services in connection with the recognition of the Rev. Geo. S. Reaney, late of Regent's Park College, were held at Webber Street Chapel, on Tuesday, August 23rd. In the morning at eleven o'clock, after reading the Scriptures, and prayer by the Rev. Mr. Fowler (Wesleyan), the Rev. G. Wilson, of Helston, delivered the introductory address, stating the nature of a Christian church; and then proposed the usual questions to the deacons and pastor, which were appropriately answered. The Rev. J. Allen, M.A. (Independent), then offered the ordination prayer, immediately after which the Rev. T. C. Page, of Plymouth, gave a solemn charge to the minister, founded on Eph. iv. 12. In the afternoon, several fraternal and congratulatory addresses were delivered by the Rev. Messrs. Fowler, Allen, Page, Barnett (of Birmingham), Wilshire (of Penzance), Reaney, and Messrs. Bond, Gutheridge, and J. D. Freeman. In the evening the friends again assembled in the chapel, and after devotional services, conducted by the Rev. Mr. Page (supplying at Truro), the Rev. J. Wilshire delivered a discourse to the church from 1 Thess. iii. 8, and closed the services of the day with prayer. The meetings were well attended, and very interesting throughout.

LEIGHTON BUZZARD, BEDS.—On Thursday, September 8th, a new Baptist chapel was opened in this town, when the Hon. and Rev. B. W. Noel, A.M., preached two very characteristic sermons in the morning and evening, and the Rev. W. T. Henderson, of Devonshire Square, London, preached in the afternoon. About fifty took dinner in one of the school-rooms, and in the afternoon tea was provided in the assembly-room of the Corn Exchange, when upwards of 250 were present. On the following Sunday two sermons were preached by W. Heaton, Esq., of London, the congregations and the collections being throughout exceedingly satisfactory. The chapel is in the Italian style, and will seat from 400 to 450. The architect is Mr. J. Neale, of Bristol, and the work has been all executed by tradesmen of the town. The cost will be about £900, and the amount already raised is about £500. An effort will be made to pay off another £150 within six months, and the remainder, it is hoped, will be accomplished within two years. We may add that most of the

sittings are already taken, and the prospects of the church are every way encouraging.

ILFRACOMBE.—On Tuesday, Sept. 13th, the Rev. J. Edelsten Taylor, late of Bristol College, was publicly recognized as pastor of the Baptist church, High Street, Ilfracombe. The Rev. E. Webb, of Tiverton, read the Scriptures and prayed. The Rev. G. Waterman, M.A., gave a short statement of Nonconformist views, and asked the usual questions. The ordination prayer was offered by the Rev. F. W. Gotch, LL.D., president tutor of Bristol College; who also delivered an impressive pastoral charge, founded on 1 Cor. iv. 2. Luncheon and tea were provided in the Independent school-room, kindly lent for the occasion, which was tastefully decorated by the ladies of the Baptist congregation. In the evening, an interesting meeting was held, P. Adams, Esq., of Plymouth, presiding. Able addresses to the church and congregation were given by the Revs. E. Webb, of Tiverton; T. Aston Binns, of Warwick; F. Clarke (Wesleyan); W. Davey, of Combmartin; B. Price (Free Church); and G. Waterman, M.A. (Independent). The pastor then closed with a short address and prayer.

KINGSBRIDGE, DEVON.—On Tuesday, September 6th, a congregational tea-meeting was held in the school-room of the Baptist chapel, Kingsbridge, to take leave of the late pastor, the Rev. T. Peters, who has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church at Watford. After tea the meeting was presided over by J. Scoble, Esq., when interesting addresses, abounding in expressions of esteem for Mr. Peters, and of regret at his removal, were delivered by various friends. A purse of thirty sovereigns, spontaneously contributed by the church and congregation, was presented to Mr. Peters by Mr. H. Balkwill, as an expression of their affectionate regard and appreciation of his ministry. Mr. Peters responded, attributing all success in his ministry to the grace of God, and feelingly touched upon the comparative peace and happiness of his eight years' connection with the church. He thanked them for the kind feeling entertained towards him, and for this unexpected tribute of their regard, and with a few solemn parting words bade them farewell.

ALDBOROUGH, SUFFOLK.—On Tuesday evening, September 6th, meetings were held in Union Chapel, for the purpose of taking leave of the Rev. T. M. Roberts, B.A., who, after a pastorate of four years at Aldborough, has accepted a call to

Newbury, Berks. A tea-meeting, and a public meeting afterwards, were largely attended; and able addresses were delivered by the Rev. G. Pope, late of Collingham, Notts; by the deacons, Messrs. Lincoln, C. Smith, and Willes; and by Mr. R. Taylor, of Notting Hill, a visitor at this seaside resort. In the name of the church and congregation, Mr. Lincoln, the senior deacon, presented to the retiring pastor a handsome and costly tea-service, together with an inkstand, in token of the affection of his late charge. After a statement by the pastor of the causes which had led to his removal from Aldborough, and of his prospects in entering on his duties at Newbury, the meeting was closed with prayer.

GOGINAN, NEAR ABERYSTWYTH.—The quarterly meeting of the churches of the northern district of Cardiganshire was held at this place on Tuesday and Wednesday the 23rd and 24th August. Various subjects connected with the respective churches were brought forward and discussed in the conference that was held at eight a.m., and adjourned to one o'clock. The public services were held at half-past one the first evening, and at ten, two, and six, the following day. Very superior and impressive sermons were delivered at these meetings by the Revs. Isaac Jones, Penrincloch; W. Roberts, Swyddfynon; E. Williams, Aberystwith; A. J. Parry, Ceven-Mawr; M. Morgan, Newells; and E. Roberts, Newtown. The weather was exceedingly propitious, and the large chapel was overcrowded on the occasion. Religion is flourishing in these populous lead-mining districts, and great interest is manifested in the proclaimed Gospel truth.

TANLAN, MONTGOMERYSHIRE.—A quarterly meeting of the Old Baptist Association was held at the above place on Wednesday and Thursday, the 17th and 18th August, when the following brethren officiated:—D. Davies, Nantgwyn; M. Morgan, Newwells; T. Evans, Newchapel; E. Roberts, Newtown; John Evans, Brynmawr; William Evans, Llanbrynmair; and Isaac Edwards, Llanidloes. Several conferences were held between the public meetings, on several important subjects bearing upon the spiritual welfare and progress of the truth among the churches of the county. The congregations and the weather were all that could be desired. It is hoped that a new impulse has been given to the religious cause in that locality.

HARLOW, ESSEX.—On Tuesday, August 23rd, a public meeting was held in the Baptist chapel, Harlow, in connection

with the resignation of the Rev. T. R. Stevenson, who for upwards of three years has filled the pastorate of the church worshipping there. The chair was taken by Charles Barnard, Esq., of Harlow Bury, and addresses expressive of esteem and sympathy toward Mr. Stevenson were delivered by the Revs. F. Edwards, B.A., of Harlow; W. Cuthbertson, of Bishops Stortford; J. Wood, of Sawbridgworth; and Mr. Whittaker, one of the deacons of the church. In the course of the evening a handsome drawing-room timepiece and a purse containing £22 were presented to Mr. Stevenson.

BETHEL CHAPEL, LLANELLY.—Services were held at the above place of worship on Lord's day and Monday, the 4th and 5th September, when admirable sermons were preached by the Revs. B. Williams, Pembrey; J. R. Williams, Ystrad; and D. Phillips, Pontrhydyfen. The congregations throughout were large, and the collections amounted to about £110.

MINISTERIAL CHANGES.—The Rev. T. Rees has resigned the pastorate of the Baptist churches, Maesbrook and Landrinio.—The Rev. S. K. Bland has resigned the pastorate of the church at Town Field Road, Chesham, having accepted an invitation to the co-pastorate of the church at Beccles, Suffolk, in conjunction with the Rev. George Wright.—The Rev. Joseph Upton Davis, B.A., has resigned the pastorate of the church meeting in South Street Chapel, Hull.—The Rev. W. H. Tetley has accepted a cordial invitation from the Baptist church, Coleford, to become its pastor.—The Rev. S. G. Woodrow (late of Regent's Park College) has accepted a cordial and unanimous invitation from the church at North Street, Halstead, and will enter on his ministry the second Sunday in October.—The Rev. T. Rose, late of Pershore, has accepted the cordial invitation of the church at Long Buckby, Northamptonshire, and has commenced his labours.—The Rev. R. Shindler has resigned the charge of the church at Modbury, Devon, and has accepted an invitation to the church at New Mill, Tring, where he expects to commence his labours October 2nd.—The Rev. W. Omant has resigned the pastorate of the church at Rickmansworth.—Mr. James Orchard, of Chilwell College, has accepted an invitation to supply the pulpit of the Baptist church at Wirksworth, Shottle, and Bonsall, for one year, and is expected to commence his labours there on the first Sunday in January next.—The Rev. A. Cox has resigned his connection with the church at

Dunchurch, having accepted a unanimous invitation from the second Baptist church, Cradley, Worcestershire.—Mr. J. Cecil Whitaker, of Regent's Park College, has accepted the cordial and unanimous invitation of the Baptist church, Chippenham, to become their pastor.—The Rev. John Bloomfield, of Meard's Court, Soho, wishes us to mention that he has removed from his residence in Camden Town, to 14, Patshull Road, Kentish Town, N.W.—Mr. G. Walker, of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's College, has received and accepted a unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the Baptist church at Fenny Stratford.—The Rev. T. Field has resigned the pastorate of the church at West Malling, Kent, and will be glad to supply a destitute church. His address is, 6, Talbot Terrace, Clarendon Road, Notting Hill, W.—The Rev. Caleb C. Brown has accepted the pastorate of the Baptist church, Devonport Street, Shadwell, and commenced his labours the first Sabbath in September.

GENERAL.

A REV. MAGISTRATE ON DISSENTERS.—The *Suffolk Chronicle* reports the following as having taken place at a recent petty sessions held at Castle Hedingham. The chairman of the bench was the Rev. C. J. Gooch:—"An application for a summons in bastardy was made by a young woman living at Great Maplestead against a carter living in the same parish. Superintendent Raison stated that complainant had already obtained an order against the same man for another child, and remarked that the second intimacy appeared to have resulted from his visits to make the payments under the former order. The chairman: *These cases will always happen while there are Dissenting chapels!* The summons was then granted, returnable at the next court."—Upon this the *Chronicle* has the following comments:—"When may we expect to find the clergy of the Established sect recognizing Dissenting ministers as co-workers in the one great object of doing good? They take a long time to learn an easy lesson. Whilst laymen can treat Dissent as a respectable thing, certain of the clergy button up their coats with an assumed air of superiority, and edge off its ministers as though they had a copyright in a certain cutaneous disease, and were ready to communicate it. If it be so difficult even to recognize by friendly glance a hard-working and inoffensive minister, how great must be the effect to acquiesce in his toleration! Laud is dead, but his spirit yet lives. If it could be done decently

and in order,' what a sweep would there be! Dissenting conventicles would be shut up, and their ministers put down. Coercion would be tried where reason failed. Dissenting mouths would be gagged, and the freedom of religious speech would expire in the stocks. Church clergymen, although bound by oaths and articles, cannot agree amongst themselves, and would yet force the allegiance of others, and forbid the right of conscience. If they dare, they would extinguish Dissent with as little compunction as they would remove a nuisance, and think it a special act of Providence which enabled them to do it. Some of these clergymen go so far as they dare, and it matters little to them that they violate the ninth commandment. They learn their godliness through a certain medium, and no doubt think it a mistake that Heaven is open to all. Some of them appear to be as ignorant as they are impudent. An Essex clergyman thinks it not beneath his own dignity, or the dignity of the Church and the magisterial bench, to asperse his own neighbours. The Rev. C. J. Gooch, of Toppesfield, from his seat as chairman of the Castle Hedingham Petty Sessions, says bastardy cases will always happen 'while there are Dissenting chapels.' We are informed that this was a gratuitous statement on the part of this distinguished juriconsult, as wholly unprovoked by the case of the complainant, as, from the general tenor of Dissenting morality, it is unwarranted and slanderous. Considering that Mr. Gooch is but a stipendiary teacher of a dominant sect, regard for those who differ from him should have restrained his tongue. Had he availed himself of his own pulpit for such an expression, less would have been thought of it; but that he should make such a declaration from the justices' seat is an outrage which calls for remonstrance. We should certainly advise the Dissenters of Mr. Gooch's neighbourhood to see if it be possible to remove him from the commission of the peace. He may be a very good parson—seeing that he gets £900 a year he ought to be—but he is a very injudicious magistrate. An application to the Lord Chancellor, if unsuccessful, could do no harm, and might teach the subject of it a useful lesson for the future. Clearly, the Dissenting community can have no confidence in such a magistrate, and if you weaken public confidence in the administration of justice you would be better without them. It is a sad proof of human infirmity to find a spiritual teacher so mistaking his vocation. It is to be hoped that Mr. Gooch will remember that the police-courts belong to the public, and that whilst he occupies a seat

there, as much for his own gratification as their advantage, he must keep himself within bound. If he wants to insult a class of people as conscientious as himself, he must do it from his own pulpit—the Petty Sessions Court is not the place."

THE LAST HOURS OF PRINCE ALBERT.

—There has reached us (*Northern Whig*) from abroad a most interesting extract from a letter which was written by a member of the Queen's household, shortly after the death of Prince Albert. The extremely confidential position which the writer held at the time not only gives the assurance of perfect reliability, but invests the following lines with a very special interest. After describing the griefs and fears of the whole household for the Queen, the writer speaks of the personal loss sustained in the death of Prince Albert:—

"How I shall miss his conversation about the children! He used often to come into the school-room to speak about the education of the children, and he never left me without my feeling that he had strengthened my hands, and raised the standard I was aiming at. Nothing mean or frivolous could exist in the atmosphere that surrounded him; the conversation could not be trifling if he was in the room. I dread the return of spring, for my dear lady. It was his favourite time of the year—the opening leaves, the early flowers, and fresh green were such a delight to him; and he so loved to point out their beauties to his children, that it will be terrible to see them without him. The children kept his table supplied with primroses, which he especially loved. The last Sunday he passed on earth was a very blessed one for the Princess Alice to look back upon. He was very ill and very weak, and she spent the afternoon alone with him, whilst the others were in church. He begged to have his sofa drawn to the window, that he might see the sky and the clouds sailing past. He then asked her to play to him, and she went through several of his favourite hymns and chorals. After she had played some time, she looked round and saw him lying back, his hands folded as if in prayer, and his eyes shut. He lay so long without moving that she thought he had fallen asleep. Presently, he looked up and smiled. She said, 'Were you asleep, dear papa?' 'Oh, no,' he answered; 'only I have such sweet thoughts.' During his illness, his hands were often folded in prayer; and, when he did not speak, his serene face showed that the 'happy thoughts' were with him to the end. The Princess Alice's fortitude has amazed us all. She saw from the first that both her father and mother's firmness depended on her firmness, and she set herself to the duty. He loved to speak openly of his condition, and had many wishes to express. He loved to hear hymns and prayers. He could not speak to the Queen of himself, for she could

not bear to listen, and shut her eyes to the danger. His daughter saw that she must act differently, and she never let her voice falter, or shed a single tear in his presence. She sat by him—listened to all he said—repeated hymns; and then, when she could bear it no longer, would walk calmly to the door, and then rush away to her room, returning soon with the same calm and pale face, without any appearance of the agitation she had gone through. I have had several interviews with the Queen since. The first time she said, 'You can feel for me, for you have gone through this trial.' Another time she said how strange it seemed, when she looked back, to see how much for the last six months the Prince's mind had dwelt upon death and the future state; their conversation had so often turned upon these subjects, and they had read together a book called 'Heaven our Home,' which had interested him very much. He once said to her, 'We don't know in what state we shall meet again; but that we shall recognize each other and be together in eternity I am perfectly certain.' It seemed as if it had been intended to prepare her mind and comfort her—though, of course, it did not strike her then. She said she was a wonder to herself, and she was sure it was in answer to the prayers of her people that she was so sustained. She feared it would not last, and that times of agony were before her. She said, 'There's not the bitterness in this trial that I felt when I lost my mother; I was so rebellious then; but now I can see the mercy and love that are mixed in my trial.' Her whole thought is now to walk worthy of him, and her greatest comfort to think that his spirit is always near her, and knows all that she is doing."

NON-ATTENDANCE AT CHURCH ON SUNDAYS.—The case of Isaac Watson, before the justices at Driffield, is commented on by the *Solicitors' Journal*, which impugns the conviction under the statute referred to—the 4th George IV. c. 34—"for disobeying the orders of his employer, to whom he had hired himself for a year, and who desired him to attend a place of worship once every Sunday." The *Solicitors' Journal* says:—

"Such a thing has been heard of as 'driving a coach and four through an Act of Parliament,' and not unfrequently are cases met with in which the laws have been perverted to effect an object never contemplated by them: but the justices of Driffield appear to have made themselves parties to an attempt to make a man religious by Act of Parliament, and, in so doing, have, as we humbly submit, perverted the meaning of the 4th George IV. c. 34. We presume it is intended that the offence charged comes within the words of the third section of the Act, which says, that if any servant, &c., shall contract with any person to serve him, and shall not enter into his service according to his contract (such contract being in writing), or having entered, shall absent

himself, whether such contract be in writing or not, or neglect to fulfil the same, or be guilty of any other misconduct or misdemeanour in the execution thereof, or otherwise respecting the same, then the justice may issue a warrant upon a complaint being made on oath. Upon proof being made of the offence charged, the justice may commit the prisoner to hard labour for three months, or may abate the whole or part of his wages for the time of his absence, or may discharge the contract. Now, it does not appear that the offence charged was contemplated by the statute. In the first place, it is not probable that the servant agreed in writing to go to church every Sunday, and the presumption, from the showing of these letters, is that no such contract existed. Was Isaac Watson guilty of any neglect in the fulfilment of his contract, or 'guilty of any other misconduct, or misdemeanour in the execution thereof, or otherwise respecting the same'? The offence charged was not within his contract for service, and therefore could not have come under this clause of the section. To any one reading the third section of the Act, of which we have given an abridgment, it must appear evident that no such offence as charged is within the statute. The justice is to issue his warrant to apprehend the offender—nothing is said of a summons in the first instance—clearly showing that the absence of the servant from his ordinary work and labour is being guarded against. Then, again, the punishment to be awarded shows the same intent—imprisonment with hard labour, or a fine of which the master is to reap the benefit. Clearly, if a man is at church he cannot be doing work on a farm, and therefore the master would for that time lose the benefit of the servant's work; but this does not appear to have been the complaint here. The master lost nothing by the servant's absence from church. This Act was passed to protect masters from loss by reason of a servant's misconduct in his service, and not for such a purpose as it has now been perverted to. The statement in the Marquis Townshend's letter to Sir George Grey is very short, and may not contain the terms of the sentence pronounced upon the offender in their entirety; but we apprehend that the justices have no power under this Act to order the prisoner to attend church. There is a civil remedy to compel the performance of a contract; but this appears to have been one of those cases, now so frequent, in which a penal statute has been resorted to for the purpose of enforcing a civil right."

THE BAPTIST BUILDING FUND FOR WALES.—The second annual meeting of this fund was held at Llangollen, Aug. 18th, John Evans, Esq., solicitor, Brecon, presiding. The report (which was read by the Secretary) expressed deep-felt gratitude to God for his continued blessing upon the Society to the present time. The amount promised by the churches at the last annual meeting had been greatly augmented, and now stood at £12,400. The

sum last year paid to the treasurer, E. G. Price, Esq., was £1,116 11s. 8d., to which had been added nearly £1,000, making a total of about £3,000. Loans had been voted to twenty-nine churches amounting to £2,000. Thus the committee in the short period of less than two years from the commencement of collecting, had the satisfaction to announce to the subscribers the completion of the scheme in view; and the Society in the first year of its existence had produced considerable fruit, to the great comfort of the churches of Christ. The applications for loans were forty-nine in number, to supply which the sum of £6,040 was required; and thus it was evident that so far the supply was much below the demand. There were present at the meeting a highly respectable assemblage of the principal ministers and laymen of both north and south of the principality. The various officers of the Society were cordially re-elected, and considerable modifications were made in the members of the committee. At seven in the evening, a public meeting was held at the spacious Welsh chapel, Dr. Price presiding, when interesting information respecting the North Wales College was given by the secretary, the Rev. A. J. Parry, followed by the Revs. J. Rowlands, Cwmafon, and R. Williams, Hengoed; and on the Welsh Building Fund by the secretary, Mr. L. Jenkins, and the Rev. J. R. Morgan; Mr. Evans, Delhi, closing in an eloquent speech on the Indian Mission.

A PRESBYTERIAN MINISTER BECOMING A BAPTIST.—At the usual stated meeting of the Perth United Presbyterian Presbytery on Tuesday, September 13th, the clerk read the following communication from the Rev. David Young, of Kinclaven:—

“To the Moderator of the United Presbyterian Presbytery of Perth, appointed to meet in Perth on Tuesday, the 13th September, 1864.

“My dear Sir,—It is my painful duty to resign, as I hereby do, my charge of the United Presbyterian congregation of Kinclaven. In thus dooming myself to severance from a people among whom I have laboured with unbroken peace for nearly a quarter of a century, and from brethren in the ministry with whom I have had so much delightful intercourse, I am tearing with anguish a heart that has been bleeding for months in the shades of a bereavement that have clouded the sunshine of my earthly life. But I must bow to the authority of conscience. In taking this painful step, I am not acting rashly: having calmly and prayerfully weighed, and that again and again, all that the Bible says on the subject of Baptism, reading at the same time some of the

ablest writers on both sides of the question, I have at last arrived at the conclusion, that there is not a Thus saith the Lord for Infant Baptism. With this conviction, I have come to the determination to receive and hold what the Scriptures teach on that subject. Seeing the path of duty plainly marked out by my Saviour's footsteps, and the instructions of, his Word, I am bound to follow him, and not, as self-interest would suggest, to administer the ordinance of baptism in opposition to the convictions of conscience, in order to retain my present position in the United Presbyterian Church: no one who, like Caleb and Joshua, follows the Lord fully, paying to his plain and endeared example the tribute of imitation, can think of this for a moment. Should baptism appear to me a heavy cross, I shall be supported, I am persuaded, by the conviction that I am walking in the footsteps of him who went into and rose out of Jordan, to pass afterwards through a baptism of inconceivable sufferings for me. Having devoted my life to my Saviour's service and glory, I am looking up to his throne, saying, ‘Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?’ It is better to follow the precepts and examples of the dispensation under which we live, than to found our practice on circuitous, dissonant, and uncertain analogies.—I am, most faithfully yours, DAVID YOUNG.

“United Presbyterian Manse, Kinclaven, 12th September, 1864.”

—After some consideration, it was decided to appoint a committee to confer with Mr. Young.

SCIENCE AND SCRIPTURE.—The following is the reply of Sir John Herschel to the declaration now in course of signature among some scientific men, which has already been circulated:—

“Collingwood, Sept. 6, 1864.

“Sir,—I received some time ago a declaration for signature, identical in its wording, or at all events in its obvious purport, with that you have sent me. I considered that the better course was to put it aside without notice. But since it is pressed upon me, and to prevent the repetition of a similar appeal, it becomes necessary for me distinctly to decline signing it; and to declare that I consider the act of calling on me, publicly to avow or disavow, to approve or disapprove, in writing, any religious doctrine or statement, however carefully or cautiously drawn up (in other words, to append my name to a religious manifesto), to be an infringement of that social forbearance which guards the freedom of religious opinion in this country with especial sanctity. At the same time, I protest against my refusal to sign your declaration being construed into a profession of atheism or infidelity. My sentiments on the mutual relations of Scripture and science have long been before the world, and I see no reason to alter or to add to them. But I consider this movement simply mischievous, having a direct tendency (by putting forward a new Shibboleth, a new verbal test

of religious partisanship) to add a fresh element of discord to the already too discordant relations of the Christian world. I do not deny that care and caution are apparent on the face of the document I am called on to subscribe. But no nicety of wording, no artifice of human language, will suffice to discriminate the hundredth part of the shades of meaning in which the most world-wide differences of thought on such subjects may be involved; or prevent the most gently worded and apparently justifiable expressions of regret, so embodied, from grating on the feelings of thousands of estimable and well-intentioned men with all the harshness of controversial hostility. —I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"J. F. W. HERSCHEL.

"Capel H. Berger, Esq."

BAPTISM OF A HINDOO STUDENT OF CALCUTTA UNIVERSITY.—A young Hindoo student of the University of Calcutta, named Behari Lal Chundra, has been baptized at the Free Church Mission in that city. He is one of the educated Bengalees referred to by the Rev. John Barton at the last anniversary of the Church Missionary Society, who, having become convinced of the truth of Christianity, and coming in contact with certain members of the Society of Friends visiting Calcutta, eagerly adopted the Quaker view of baptism, in order to escape the sacrifice which invariably accompanies it when administered to a Hindoo. Yet he felt called to seek to win others to the faith he had himself embraced. After eight or nine months' effort, an intimate friend became also spiritually awakened, and resolved to join him in leading a Christian life. At first, this friend, like himself, was for dispensing with baptism; but the views of Kali Charan Banerjee, as he is called, undergoing a change, Behari was led to

re-examine his position. The result was a conviction that it was his duty to take the same step. The necessary arrangements were made; but when the hour for the administration of the ordinance arrived, he was a prisoner in the house of his relatives. Subsequently he escaped from their hands, almost naked, and was baptized. Both the young men are candidates for the ministry.—*Evangelical Christendom.*

MISSIONARY LABOURS IN JAPAN.—There are six American missionaries at Yokohama. Their work has to be carried on with great caution, but is not without influence. The people seem disposed to accept the Gospel, though the Governor says he who is baptized shall be at once executed. Echizen-no-Kami, a powerful Daimio whose principality lies near Miaco, on the north, has taken a decided stand in favour of unrestricted intercourse with foreign nations, and in favour of progress generally. A paper has been widely circulated among the Japanese, in which he sets forth and defends his views. Echizen-no-Kami, it appears, expresses himself in favour of the toleration of Christianity; at least, he thinks the danger to be apprehended from its introduction is imaginary. He argues that if the Christian religion should be excluded, for the same reason the doctrines and teachings of Buddhism should have been banished, as they are equally of foreign origin. Meantime, the translation of the Scriptures is progressing, and Chinese Bibles and tracts are circulated. One of the missionaries is educating in English several young ladies on behalf of the Government. The medical department is also rendering valuable aid. The missionaries of the Dutch Reformed Church have obtained leave to build a chapel.

Editorial Notes for the Month.

THE dulness of the past month has been somewhat relieved by the meetings of the British Association and the Association for the Promotion of Social Science. The latter, which was held the last, was chiefly remarkable for the part taken in it by Lord Brougham, who is now in his eighty-seventh year, and who delivered an introductory address, characterized by all his old vigour, which occupies five full columns of *The Times*. The noble lord, we are told, "is in full possession not only of physical vigour, but of unimpaired mental faculties." The meeting of the British Association will be remembered chiefly on account of the

lamented death of Captain Speke, the discoverer of the sources of the Nile. Bishop Colenso was present, and was received, whenever he appeared, with "loud and enthusiastic cheering." This last fact will furnish our readers with some food for reflection!

The "Baptismal Regeneration" controversy goes on with little sign of abatement. Something like fifty pamphlets and tracts on the subject have been already published, besides innumerable newspaper and magazine articles. Mr. Spurgeon has replied to Mr. Noel, and, in response to Mr. Noel's challenge, has withdrawn from the Evangelical Alliance. He stands by every one of his charges. "*What I have spoken I have spoken.*" After reading the many attempts at reply, and giving due weight to the expostulations of Mr. Noel, I find no reasons for retraction, but abundant cause to reassert my testimony with increased emphasis. *I impeach before the bar of universal Christendom the men who, knowing that baptism does not regenerate, yet declare in public that it does: if Christendom will not consider the impeachment, let it stand on record before the merciful face of the Great Head of the Church, and let him do as seemeth him good.*" Mr. Landels, in a sermon which has been published, places himself manfully by the side of Mr. Spurgeon. The last publication on the subject which has reached us, is entitled, "Vindication," and is by Mr. Brock. It is a bold and eloquent reiteration and defence of the views which Mr. Spurgeon expressed in his famous sermon. The attention which is being given to the subject, *in all circles*, cannot but be conducive to the advancement of the truth.

In the Church itself, controversy is by no means stilled. Considerable attention has been attracted, during the past month, to a manifesto of Dr. Pusey's on the recent decision of the Judicial Committee of Privy Council in the case of "Essays and Reviews." The doctor is evidently very angry. One remarkable sentence is worth quoting:—"How long shall the patience of the English Church be abused? It will be unwise for politicians to try the endurance of the Church too long. It is a new thing, since the days of the last Revolution, to hear persons who had been the most devoted of her sons speak of a 'Free Church.' It was a far less injury which rent the Establishment in Scotland asunder." Unfortunately clergymen are in *the habit* of talking thus, when they themselves happen to be in the minority: when their party are in the majority, they talk and write somewhat differently. We suspect Dr. Pusey will "speak of a Free Church," for some time before he joins one!

The Baptist Union! will the Autumnal Session be a success? This is the question we hear on all sides, and we hope to give a satisfactory answer to it—next month. Meantime, we may express the *hope and belief* that it *will* be a success in all respects. The Secretaries of the Union, and the brethren in Birmingham, at least, are doing *their* part to make it so: we hope *our* readers—our ministerial readers especially—will feel it incumbent on them to do *theirs*.

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THE COMMUNITY OF GOODS.

THERE is still a very general impression—impression rather than conviction or belief—that the Primitive Disciples, on embracing the Faith of Christ, sold what personal property they had, and threw the proceeds of the sale into the public stock—established, in fact, a perfect community of goods. There are still many who suppose that Communism was the social theory of the Primitive Church, that it is the true social theory, and that, if we were only as wise and good as we ought to be, we should not scruple to adopt it. This impression is based on two passages of Scripture. In Acts ii. 44, 45, we read, “And all who believed were together, and were holding all things as common, and selling their estates and possessions, and dividing them among all, as any one might have need.” This brief statement is expanded and defined in Acts iv. 32, 34, 35, where we read, “The multitude of those that believed were of one heart and of one soul, and not even one of them was saying that aught of the things which he possessed was his own; but all things were common among them. Neither was there any destitute person among them: for as many as were possessors of lands or houses, selling them, were bringing the prices of the things sold, and were laying them at the feet of the apostles; and distribution was being made to each, as each had need.” This passage—for we may fairly confine our attention to the larger, broader statement last quoted—seems, it must be confessed, to teach explicitly enough that a community of goods was established in the Infant Church; that every member of the Church, whatever his social status or position, flung his whole wealth into the alms-basket; and that the Apostles and Deacons distributed from the basket to every man according to the number of mouths he had to feed.

Yet there are at least two plain considerations which may well make us pause before accepting its apparent meaning as its true meaning. So long as human life is bound by its present conditions, such an arrangement, even if possible, would not be desirable; such an arrangement, however desirable, would be utterly impossible.

1. *Such an arrangement, even if possible, would not have been desirable.* There were difficulties enough in the way of the Primitive Church: it had

no need to create them. And to start on the understanding that every disciple was to become dependent on a common fund—a fund which absorbed the possessions of the rich for the benefit of the poor—*would* have been to create difficulties many and insuperable. Even as it is, the Gospel does not favour the rich; in a certain sense it does favour the poor. Its main function is to throw open that spiritual and eternal world from the possession of which the more a man has of things seen and temporal the more likely he is to be debarred, while the less he has of present good the more likely he is to reach forth to the supreme good—the treasure which does not wax old, the joy that fadeth not away. To say to the rich—to *all* the rich, “You must sell all that you have and give to the poor:” what would that have been but to throw another stone of stumbling into a path already difficult with rocks of offence? To say to the poor, “Come with us, and you shall live easily on the goods of the rich:” what would that have been but an invitation to the selfish, lazy ne’er-do-wells, who, in all probability, were as plentiful then as now? The broken merchant, the intemperate scribe, the unjust steward, the fugitive slave, wicked husbandmen, and foolish virgins, “every one that was in debt, and every one that was discontented,” would have found no slight attractions in a Society whose members, however poor and indolent, were placed on a level with the most laborious, and took an equal share with the rich. They would have gravitated to the Church as to their natural centre. So long as the Apostles lived to discern spirits and to expose hypocrisy the worst effects of such a system might have been staved off: but when they were called to the higher service in which they now rest, it must have become an open gateway for the most fatally-corrupting influences. The opulent, the honourable, the learned, the noble, would have been deterred from entering its communion; the worthless, the lazy, the ignoble, the bankrupt, would have crowded into its fellowship.

2. Happily, however, *such an arrangement, even had it been desirable, was utterly impossible.* There never can be perfect equality among men, whether in respect of capacity or goods. One flower, though all are beautiful, is of a more gorgeous or delicate beauty than another, and sheds a sweeter odour on the air. One star, though all are glorious, differs from another star in lustre and glory. One would hardly care to have stars and flowers reduced to a footing of perfect equality. Like flowers and stars and all other works of the Divine Hand, men range along an infinite scale of worth and excellence. Brains, energy, character, must tell and should tell. Expansive sympathies and genial graces must and should win sympathy and admiration. The vital, earnest spirit, which breathes itself away in impassioned utterances, sounding the music to which the world keeps step, or which steadfastly bends great and varied capacities to a select and foreseen end, must command influence, if not success of ruder forms. The man who has the highest qualities has a right—and if any right be divine, has a divine right—to the highest place. You cannot, do what you will, reduce him to the common level.

Nor will you find it possible to establish even pecuniary equality. While the social world and the things thereof go on in their accustomed

order, the Manufacturer must have a capital to embark in his business which his "Hands" do not require; the Farmer must have lands and stock which the Hind would not know how to use, even if he had them. Uncertainties, changes which cannot be precalculated, enter into every lot in life. Disappointing, undeserved failures, and successes equally unforeseen and undeserved, enter into every lot in life. To order the annual harvest and adjust the laws of commerce so as that every man should have exactly the same income, or an income exactly proportioned to the claims of those dependent on him,—to do this would take that Omniscience which has planned present *inequalities*, that Omnipotence which works out and works through the present diversities of human labour and reward.

If we apply these remarks to the Primitive Church, the case comes out very clear. In that Church there were officers and men of the Roman Legions needing and receiving very different rates of pay. There were Magistrates and Scribes, Fishermen and Tentmakers, Merchants and Husbandmen, Plebeians and Patricians, Landowners and Labourers, even Slaveholders and Slaves. None of these were bidden to forsake their vocation. They were commanded to "abide" in it, but to abide in it henceforth "with God." Most of them were obedient to the command. Their ships and sailors had no special absolution from the dangers of the great deep. Their crops were not exempt from the perils which environ all harvests, nor from the commercial laws which affect their value. The blight did not spare their wheat, nor the murrain their cattle. Their "faith" was no sufficient substitute for capital. Their travellers were not always honest, nor their markets always good, nor their ventures always successful. The Soldier, though a Christian, might still be stabbed by sword or spear; the Slave still be bit and stung by the lash. The Scribe could not always get a ready sale for his MSS., nor the Labourer a fair day's wage for a fair day's work, nor his Employer a fair day's work for a fair day's wage. The Fisherman sometimes dragged an empty net, though the little ones at home were crying for food; and the Tentmaker found a lot of unsound canvas on his hands, though he had not a *stater* in his purse. In short, it must have been as impossible to establish an equality of goods then as now,—as impossible as it was undesirable. The Merchant must have had capital sunk which he could not realize; the Farmer must have possessed lands which he could not sell; the Centurion must have purchased his costly arms and uniforms, and spent in a day what would have kept one of the Legionaries or Socii for a month; the Scribe must have had his store of costly vellum and costlier MSS. The whole business of life would have been brought to a stand had the Church attempted to place all its members on a footing of equality—to establish what is commonly meant by the Community of Goods.

Even if we suppose the difficulty overgot—if we suppose that every member of the Church stripped himself of all he had to establish a common fund—we may be very sure that the dead level, the even surface thus produced, must soon have been broken up. Industry, capacity, foresight, compel a man to rise above the indolent and improvident. If all took a

fresh start, and started equal, some would travel at a greater pace than others. If a uniform surface were produced, one would soon rise, another sink, and before very long all the old diversities of station and possession would be reproduced.

To all which it *may* be objected—the objection is often taken, “You are giving us only logical proof, not scriptural. You may have Reason on your side, but what is the good of that when Scripture is against you?” Now, it is hardly worth while to ask whether the plain dictate of Reason is not to be received even though it cross Scripture, since, as we hold, Reason and Inspiration, offspring of one Father, never do or can disagree. There is the less need to argue the question, as it may be proved from Scripture itself, first, that the Community of Goods did not obtain in the Apostolic Church *in general*; and then, that it did not exist even in the Church *at Jerusalem*.

3. *There was no Community of Goods in the Apostolic Church in general.* From a passage in the Acts of the Apostles, we learn that at one time the Christians in Jerusalem sold houses and lands to supply the needs of their poor. It is surely a somewhat curious gymnastic feat to fix one's toe on this little bit of solid fact, and leap to the long conclusion that *all* the churches in *all* the primitive times had *ALL* things in common. Were not this and similar feats often performed, it would be quite unnecessary to remark, that if we would form any accurate conception of the Primitive Church, we must not be content with noting how a few disciples in one corner of the Building are occupied, and inferring that all their brethren are similarly engaged, nor even with watching what the whole assembly does on any single occasion, and arguing that they were always doing what we see them doing then. We must rather combine the several chambers and courts of the Building, collect the scattered features of the scene, gather into one the separated portions of the Apostolic plan.

Now, if we thus piece together the various notices of the social theory of the Primitive Church which are scattered through the Apostolic Writings, we shall find abundant proof that its theory was not Communism. Probably there were not many wealthy men among the first converts to the Faith; but there were a few, of noble name, who had much goods. In no single case were they commanded to renounce their rank, or to cast their wealth into the treasury of the Church. In some cases—and if there were only *one*, it would suffice for our argument—we know they retained their wealth and station. Cornelius, the Centurion of the Italian Band, a scion of one of the noblest and most ancient families of Rome, neither sold his commission nor renounced his ancestral name. Sergius Paulus remained Governor of Cyprus after his profession of faith in Christ, receiving as governor the usual honours, civic and military, as also the usual large emoluments. In like manner, and with like results, Erastus remained Quæstor of Corinth, the chief revenue officer of that opulent city. Lydia did not throw up her business as a dealer in the Tyrian purple; nor Dionysius vacate his seat on the Areopagus. Philemon did not manumit his slaves; and Simon Magus, after his baptism, offered a large sum of “money” for the miraculous gifts, and must, therefore, one

should think, have had money to offer. Yet all these were members of the Primitive Apostolic Church; some of them among its brightest ornaments.

So, again, if the Community of Goods existed in the Church—if even the *theory* of Communism were sanctioned by the Apostles—how comes it to pass that they never expound and enforce this theory in their Epistles? How is it that their Epistles almost invariably contain exhortations to the rich and to the poor, if none were rich or poor, but all equally dependent on a common fund? It is quite impossible to read the Apostolic Letters without perceiving that degrees of wealth and distinctions of rank obtained in the Early Church; that some of the worst *abuses* of wealth even were not absent. St. James, for instance, writes thus:—"My brethren*, have not the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ with respect of persons. For if there come into your assembly a man with a gold ring, in goodly apparel, and there come in also a poor man in vile raiment; and ye have respect to him that weareth the gay clothing, and say, 'Sit thou here in a good place,' and say to the poor, 'Stand thou there,' or 'Sit here under my footstool:' are ye not then partial in yourselves? Have ye not become judges of evil thoughts?" Now is it possible, is it so much as conceivable, that James could have written this description, if the Community of Goods had existed in the churches which were "scattered abroad"? if he had not seen rich brethren in goodly apparel sitting in high, comfortable places, and poor men in vile raiment crouching on footstools or standing in out-of-the-way nooks and corners? There can be no doubt that this graphic picture, with its minute touches about gold rings, gay clothing, footstools, and reserved seats of honour, was taken from the life. Nor can there, in the face of such facts as these, be any doubt but that, in so far at least as the *general* Apostolic Church is concerned, the popular belief in the Community of Goods is as contrary to Holy Writ as it is to human reason.

4. But we may go further, and argue that *there was no Community of Goods even in the Church at Jerusalem*. The passage in the Acts seems, indeed, to imply that there was. But the first and most obvious canon of Interpretation is, that Scripture explains and limits Scripture; that we can draw no safe inference from any *single* passage, no safe inference on any subject, till we have heard *all* that Scripture has to say about it. And there are several passages—several facts recorded in the Acts of the Apostles—which are quite at variance with the received opinion that all private property was thrown into the public stock. If in one passage we are told that "as many as were possessors of lands and houses were selling them," another passage, Acts. xii. 12, tells us that, at a subsequent period, Mary, the mother of John Mark, still owned a house in Jerusalem, a house sufficiently commodious to receive all the disciples who met to pray for Peter's delivery from prison. She, at all events, although a member of the Church at Jerusalem, did not sell her house, and bring the money and lay it at the apostles' feet.

That solemn history of Ananias and Sapphira points, too, in the same direction. The apostle Peter expressly affirms that Ananias need not

have sold his land ; that there was no compulsion, no rule, enjoining such a sale ; and that after the sale, the sum he received for it was entirely at his own disposal. "Whiles it remained, was it not thine own? And after it was sold, was it not in thine own power?" The sin of Ananias was, not that he loved an ancestral estate too well to part with it, but that he tried to seem more generous than he was—to *seem* more liberal and munificent than others without really *being* so. This fatal hypocrisy was that "lying against the Holy Ghost" for which he fell, smitten by the incensed Heavens, at the Apostles' feet. If constraint had been laid upon him,—if by apostolic rule or social theory he had been compelled, against his will, to sell his patrimony,—we might have found some palliation of his guilt. But there being no rule, every man being left to do what was right in his own eyes, we can only confess it was meet that the first hypocrite who defiled the Church with his cunning glozing pretences of a saintliness beyond that of his brethren, should be made a standing warning to the thousands who have followed in his steps. But if Ananias was free, and Peter affirms that he was free, to sell his estate or not to sell it, to bring or not to bring its price to the Apostles' feet, it is quite evident that the Apostles did not enjoin a Community of Goods on the Church at Jerusalem ; while from the fact that Mary did not sell her house, it is equally evident that all the members of that Church did not practise it.

Equally decisive, as it appears to us, is that Minute of the Church at Jerusalem which records the election of Deacons,—men chosen for the express purpose of distributing alms to the needy. The Hellenists murmured because their widows were neglected in the daily ministration. To stop their mouths, and that justice might be done, officers were appointed to be the almoners of the Church's bounty to the poor. In the Minute which records their election, there is not a word about a common stock for the support of the whole body of believers. The implication all through is, that there were rich believers who gave alms, and poor believers who received alms, and that the Deacons were appointed simply to see that the poorest and most helpless were not overlooked.

Nor is it difficult to gather an argument or two from the very passage commonly adduced in proof of the opinion that Communism was the social theory of the Primitive Church. In Acts iv. 32 we read, "Not even one of them was *saying* that aught of the things which he possessed was his own (*οὐδὲ εἰς τι τῶν ὑπαρχόντων αὐτῷ ἔλεγεν ἰδίον εἶναι*), but all things were common with them (*ἀλλ' ἦν αὐτοῖς ἅπαντα κοινά*)."

And no doubt these phrases do, at first sight, seem to imply a Community of Goods. But, as Bengel acutely remarks, though no member of the Church at Jerusalem cared to say that anything he possessed was his own, yet the very phrase implies that he still *had* possessions which he might have claimed as his own had he cared to do it: though all things were for a time common with them in so far as the *use* of the things was concerned, yet the phrase implies that "the *ownership* was not altogether abolished." Nor is it without significance, as Hackett observes, that the Greek verbs, rendered in our version, "said" and "sold," "brought" and "laid," would be more accurately rendered, "was saying," and "selling,"

"were bringing," and "laying." The prevalent tense of the passage indicates that the Sacred Historian is not describing a single act complete in itself, but a continuous and unfinished process; that he means to convey, not that all the members of the Church at once parted with all they had and became pensioners on a common fund, but that as occasion served, gradually, as fresh needs arose, each parted with house or property or land sooner than let his brother lack.

On the whole, then, we have Scripture warrant for detaching all Communistic theories from the Faith of Christ. Taking the passage in Acts iv. as a fragment of a book, not as complete in itself, interpreting and completing its meaning by the facts recorded in the context, we shall have no great difficulty in arriving at its sense. When we read, "The multitude of those that believed were of one heart and of one soul, and not even one of them was saying that aught of the things which he possessed was his own; but all things were common among them," we shall understand that, immediately after the Pentecostal outpouring of the Spirit, there rose in the Church a pure fervent charity, which, overcoming the selfishness natural to man, led the rich believer to regard himself as a steward for the poor, holding all he had not for his own use only, but for the service of the Master, and, therefore, for the good of his brethren. When it is added, "As many as were possessors of lands or houses, selling them, were bringing the prices of the things sold, and were laying them at the apostles' feet, and distribution was being made to each, as each had need," we shall understand that a common chest was provided, from which all who had need were supplied: that this fund being opened at a time when many had given up all to follow Christ, the wealthier disciples, sooner than see *them* destitute, parted, some with houses, some with lands, while all contributed from the earnings of their labour or the profits of their trade. To sum up all in one sentence, this passage describes, not the established social practice of the general Apostolic Church, but a temporary expedient adopted by one section of the Church to meet an extraordinary crisis. It lays down no rule; lends itself to no theory. It simply teaches that if we have the true love of God and man, we shall not love one another in word only, neither in tongue, but prove the truth of our love in the deeds of a self-sacrificing charity.

THE MIRACLES OF CHRIST, CONSIDERED AS A REVELATION.*

AND now we pass on to notice the second class, consisting of those miracles we may understand as illustrations of the Redeemer's work.

In our treatment of them we may still keep the same plan, taking the incidents as they are placed in the course of our Lord's ministry. Here, however, we are necessarily under some limitation, as the miracles of this class are more

* Continued from page 457.

numerous. We may select, therefore, from the many, those which possess a representative character. True it is that all are stamped with a common purpose. They are all wrought for the relief and deliverance of man. They find him in bondage to demoniacal possession, to disease, and to death. They leave him free; for demons are banished, health is restored, and death is conquered.

Amongst the recorded instances of miracles done on the spirit-world, that of the Gadarene demoniac is the most striking. It follows immediately after the night of storm on the Galilean Lake, and shows how Christ, who first calmed the troubled waters, had the power to pacify the troubled spirit. The incident, as narrated by the evangelists, is full of terror. No sooner had Christ left the ship, than he meets with this incarnation of fiendish fury: a being who prowls by day among the tombs, and howls all night, blood-stained and bruised, among the mountains. No chains can hold him; no fetters are strong enough to bind his fury. Savage and untamed—unfit for the society of men, and fiercer than the brutes—he dwells among the dead. "But when he saw Jesus afar off, he ran and worshipped him, and cried with a loud voice, and said, What have I to do with thee, Jesus, thou Son of the most high God? I adjure thee by God, that thou torment me not." But the legion of unclean spirits were powerless to retain possession of the man, before the command of Christ. And, fixing their own destiny by the request, "Send us into the swine,"—they were suffered to enter into them only to defeat their own purposes and accomplish their own ruin. Meanwhile, what a change had passed over their previous victim! For, when the multitude from the city and the country came out to see what was done, they found him that was possessed with the devil, and had the legion, "sitting, and clothed, and in his right mind."

Now in this instance of demoniacal possession we find a representative of other miracles of the same class. We see in this, as we see in all, the mighty power of Christ in conflict with evil. We see what a wild and fearful thing manhood becomes when sin is dominant in the heart. We see how deep is man's misery and degradation, when the will of the adversary becomes the law of his life. But we see also a type of the Redeemer's work; a spiritual import in the miracle, that sets forth the Redeemer's mission as one of deliverance,—deliverance from the dominion of sin. And the true bearing of this mighty act on the work of Christ lies in the fact, that it stands in the record a living illustration of Christ's power to banish sin.

As truly now as in the days of his flesh is this the Redeemer's work. Then, by a word, he struck at the seat and stronghold of spiritual disorder,—delivered men from the thralldom of sin, and uplifted them from a condition of misery and guilt. Now, by the gracious influences of his Spirit, the same work is accomplished. Sin is driven out of the heart, the yoke of Satan is broken, and men are raised to holiness and joy. And we catch the revealing intent of the miracle, as we see in the work Christ wrought for this Gadarene demoniac, a type of the work he wrought for the world, and accept it as a pledge of Christ's power to redeem humanity from the curse and servitude of sin.

In the miracles which Christ wrought for the healing of men's bodies, we find a still further illustration of the Redeemer's work. They are presented to us in every case as miracles of restoration: restoration from physical defect, from personal impurity, and from mortal disease. On one occasion, as Christ went out of Jericho with his disciples and a great number of people, blind Bartimæus, a beggar by the way-side, heard that Jesus of Nazareth was passing, and he cried out, "Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me!" In vain did the attendant crowd try to silence him; their forbidding words served but to increase his importunity. And when at last Christ called him and asked, "What wilt thou that I should do unto thee?" the blind man

replied, "Lord, that I might receive my sight;" and at once his sight was restored.

In like manner many who were deaf and dumb received powers of hearing and speech. The impotent and infirm were raised in strength and vigour: the withered limb and palsied frame were quickened into new life.

It was Christ, too, who by word and touch could heal those whom no physician's craft could reach. The foulest leprosy, or most malignant fever, or most hopeless dropsy, were not beyond his healing power. And as the man full of leprosy felt his touch and heard his words, "immediately the leprosy departed from him." At his rebuke, the fever-smitten mother of Simon's wife was cured; and by his power the dropsical man whom he met in the Pharisee's house was healed.

In all these outgoings of our Saviour's compassion, we see him dealing with the results of sin; the imperfect organism and the diseased condition were but marks in the body of sin in the soul. Christ knew how closely related were man's afflictions and man's sin; and his restoration of that which was wanting, his cleansing from that which was impure, and his power to arrest the progress of deadly disease, are typical of a restoration in the unregenerate heart, of a cleansing from moral impurity, and an arrest of the spiritual malady whose end is spiritual death.

We have yet, however, to notice the illustrative character of the work Christ wrought in the region of death. The three instances recorded are progressive: from the couch, from the bier, and from the tomb, the dead are raised to life. Strange, indeed, would it have been had he who displayed his conquering might over disease given no token of his power to vanquish that in which disease ends! For such a token men had waited long; dreaming of immortality; and through the strength of aspiration catching faint glimpses of its joy. But only when Christ stood forth as the spoiler of Death was the bright shadow flung athwart its gloom. Then was the power displayed which, in still grander achievement, attended Christ's own resurrection. The deep spiritual lesson of these acts, so far transcending human power, and the illustration they present of Christ's work for man, are given us in Christ's own words: "I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

With a passing glance at the prophetic aspect of the miracles, we must now conclude. We have, therefore, simply to view them as an earnest of the happy time, when all things shall be delivered from their present corruption, and restored to perfect purity and splendour; for, while they present a vision of restoration at work, they stand as a bold image of restoration complete.

Not that we find in them any primary reference to the coming restitution, or presume to set this forth as their special teaching. But as revelation proclaims that a grand restoration shall one day be accomplished; that the blots and stains on the face of nature, the vanity and suffering to which the creature has been subjected, and the travail and desolation of life, shall come to an end; that "the sabbath of the world's long week shall dawn, and, with fresher beauty and more radiant dress, the world shall shine among the spheres an orb of light and purity and peace;" and, moreover, as it is proclaimed that this renewal can only be in Christ, we may well see in the works which were so true an embodiment of Christ's mission, a vivid forecast of that time when the whole realm of creation shall be wrapped in the blessedness his mission first brought to our world.

True, they are but a forecast, after all. They sound the first strains in a harmony that shall some day burst in deeper tones and more thrilling cadence from the orchestra of the world. Like a God-given oracle, they respond to the questioning of human spirits and the yearning of human hearts concerning the deliverance for which the whole creation groaneth. They tell of mighty

judgment, healing power, and resistless force, centred in One who appeared on earth as the true Head of our race; who seemed, even by the work he did for man's bodily weal, to lift the gloom which had shrouded the world so long; giving a glimpse of paradise regained on earth,—where want, distress, pain, suffering, sorrow, sin, and death, should be unknown. For as the first Adam, before he fell, swayed an imperial rule over all things: himself exempt from disease and death; called in all the freshness of his beauty and strength to be God's co-worker in his purposes concerning the world's destiny: so the last Adam, who knew no sin, though obedient unto death, himself wielded a sceptre of power which freed men from suffering, and pointed to him who wielded it as the representative of man restored; showing what man should do, and what man should be, when God's purposes concerning him were fully developed. For Christ's divine will was expressed in actions that point far forward to a more perfect day in the world's history, when the leprosy of sin shall be cleansed from every heart; when the impotence of faith shall be healed; when the blindness of unbelief shall be cured; when the fever of lust shall be subdued, and the paralysis of despair utterly destroyed; when the redemption of man's body shall be complete, and the baneful effects of physical ill no longer disturb his life; when all things shall be tributary to his well-being, and even the mighty forces of the universe obedient to his will!

As we look out to-day on the vast domain of creation, the vision of her bondage sternly confronts us. We see her everywhere in subjection to vanity; doomed to bear a burden of loss and suffering. Where reign the wretchedness and tyranny of city life, or where foliage clusters in wooded vales, and fertile meadows spread their verdant slopes; where noisome vapours float in death-clouds across the plain, or where mountains bare their rocky breasts, and tower in crowned majesty of perpetual snow; where treacherous sands slumber beneath the glassy sea, and ghastly breakers shatter the storm-driven vessel, or where placid rivers wind along, and crystal cataracts crash in the deep abyss,—on every hand we read the necessity for the advent of a more perfect day, we feel the want of a Redeemer who shall ransom the world. And as sometimes, in the annual round of the seasons, the dreary winter in its close gives an earnest of spring and summer yet to come,—anticipating by a few sunny hours the genial light and steady glare of days still distant in the measurement of time, flooding the world with a transient beauty, and stirring with sudden impulse the hidden life of nature,—so the mighty miracles of Christ are as sunny gleams in the dreary winter of the world's progress,—a glorious anticipation

“ ——— of what the world will be,
When the years have died away;”

flooding the far-off Eastern land with the first flush of a dawn whose fast-fading beauty heralds to the universe the coming of a bright and glorious day; and quickening the hopes of men for the swift approach of that eternal summer, when to us shall be

“ ——— extinct all ill, all sin, all woe;
The world all wreathed from end to end with joy,
And garlanded with glory, as the hall
Of some great populous palace at a feast.
Sickness, and woe, and death, are things gone by;
Shadows of things which have been, never more
To waste the world's bright hours, nor grate the heart
Of mighty man; now fit for thrones and wings:
Ruler of worlds, main minister of heaven,
Inheritor of all the prophecies
Of God, fore-uttered through the tongues of time.”

N.B.—TO BAPTISTS.

THERE are two questions which very often present themselves to the minds of Baptists of all kinds and degrees, but which questions are seldom allowed audible expression, much as they require instant and earnest ventilating. These two questions are:—*First, How is it that so many professedly Christian people, while admitting the scriptural force of believers' baptism, live and die unbaptized; and, secondly, How is it that so many persons, after baptism, connect themselves, not with Baptist, but with other churches?* That the facts upon which these two questions found themselves are beyond dispute, and that, instead thereof, they are patent to us all, none, we suppose, will think of denying. It is not merely that numbers of dissenting ministers, not connected with our denomination, may be heard to say—*Prima facie*, the case is with the Baptists; nor is it merely that numbers of their students are, virtually, Baptist in sentiment; or that numbers even of the office-bearers in their churches never present their children for sprinkling,—all undeniable facts, and tolerably easy to testify: but it is the ill-disguised dissatisfaction of their people at *their* administration of the ordinance, and the undisguised acknowledgment of whole groups of their members, that *they*, at any rate, have been *baptized*. These facts, we say, are so well and so widely known, and, not only that, but are so widely extended, and assume such foreboding proportions, that many of our number are startled by them, if not rendered positively uneasy. And, yet, both facts and questions are hushed up, or smothered over, as if *that* would meet and treat them, or as if, by so doing, the unpleasant topic could be driven from our thoughts. Rather, let us bring it before our minds fully and fairly, and, looking at it so, rightly divine some explanation of the subject.

At the outset, then, do not let us forget that the above questions are *wholly* denominational; and do not let us be *afraid* of remembering that, nor afraid of looking at them with that remembrance in our thoughts. True, the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom, not the extension of the Baptist denomination, should be first and foremost in all our thoughts; but *our* mode of extending that kingdom,—and it is right we should have a mode,—is through that denomination; and, therefore, as our means for spreading the truth as it is in Jesus, as our means for spreading what, from our point of view, is that truth, we seek the extension, and we enquire after the hindrances to the extension, of our own denomination. Other Christian brethren, of course, pursue the same idea in *their* denominations; and so the work gets done. If all soldiers were sentinels, sentinels would cease to be soldiers.

Now, remembering this, notice, next, the striking *oneness* of the two questions,—how, though starting upon two different points, they meet in one. The first question is—Why so many Baptists in *principle* are not Baptists in *practice*; and the second question is—Why so many Baptists in *practice* are not Baptists in *profession*. Two links, you see, but two links linked together,—two questions, but two questions upon the same

theme,—one within the other, following upon the other. From which characteristic we get this conclusion,—like questions, like answers, and, accordingly, that the answers to these questions, however much they may assume a twofold aspect, will resolve themselves into one. That is to say, we may look for it that why principle-Baptists are not practical-Baptists is just why practical-Baptists are not professed-Baptists; or that, if this be not so, we have only to carry back the answers, as we have carried back the questions, and we shall find that they meet in one common centre. In addition, and as another guiding thought, guiding also in the same direction, note the manifest certainty that this one answer will be found to include one common cause for courses of action so unanimous and extensive as those implied by our two questions, and of which those questions come. Not but that, in this case, as in all, no one societary fault, however great and deep, can excuse the fault of the individual; but we are *accounting*, not *excusing*, and we are seeking to deal, therefore, not with the *conscience*, but with the *cause*. That nothing can excuse a man's not doing what he knows he should do, is as certain as that he only should do what he can; but the absence of any personal excuse on his part does not excuse us if we are doing that whereby he is hindered, or if our not-doing is tending to that same result. If we would see clearly to cast out the mote out of our brother's eye, we must first cast out the beam out of our own. Rebukes that are not *from* the conscience never *reach* the conscience. Mere wrath is mere impotence.

We aver, then,—limiting the case, of course, by the average, and looking at the matter wholly from a denominational point of view,—we aver that the real reason why *baptized* believers (in baptism) are not more numerous, and why so many of baptized believers are not to be found among the *Baptists*, is one to be found, *not a hundred miles away from, but in the very midst of, the denomination itself*. For the individual fault, caused by whatever societary fault, the individual himself must answer; and, in the same way, the denomination must answer, just as it has to suffer, for faults, or fault, its own. And, let it be once and for ever understood, we are not alluding now either to whatever diversity of organization, or to whatever variety of sentiment, is to be found within the ranks of that somewhat mottled denomination known as “the Baptist denomination.” No! But we believe that, by an eternal law of God's providence, the fault will be found to come of that very point which is distinctive of the denomination as such—baptism. And this, not in any difference of our views about it, not in any dissimilarity in our adoption of the truth, but in our very expression of those views, in our very advocacy of the truth. In fact, it is the writer's confirmed opinion,—confirmed by wide testimony and still wider facts,—that the reason why so many professedly Christian people, while admitting the scriptural force of believers' baptism, live and die unbaptized, is to be found in the fact that the denomination, as a denomination, issues such an “uncertain sound” upon the subject; and, in the second case, it is the writer's equally confirmed opinion, that the reason why so many persons, after baptism, connect themselves, not with Baptist, but with other churches, is to be

found in the other fact that the denominators, or those who belong to the denomination, issue so many, and such unseemly sounds upon the theme. That is to say, the denomination, as a denomination, shrinks from declaring the truth which, in a peculiar sense, has been committed unto it; and the members of the denomination, or the denomination, not as such, shrink not from gossiping about it till all people (but themselves) are sick and tired! People sit in our pews, and seldom hear the subject alluded to, and never perhaps hear the duty clearly enforced,—they sit in our parlours, and seldom hear anything else but “baptism,” and are never allowed to lose sight of the fact that “we are Baptists!” *Two* reasons, you say, two *answers*? No! only *one*. Which is:—*We are not sufficiently in earnest—except where we think earnestness costs us nothing.* Noisy and arrogant in our own little hole, we are quiet as mice in the world—lest we should fail to get the crumbs, or lest naughty cats should swallow us up. Let us not be surprised if, just because of our stillness, Pussy is on the watch, after partaking of the crumbs!

That these answers are founded, or that this common answer is founded, not upon fictions, but upon facts, is, alas, as clear and certain, as well-known and recognized, as regretted and deplored, as the foundation of the questions to which they apply. That the Baptist denomination, as such, is not sufficiently aggressive, or that, when it is aggressive, it is aggressive, not wisely, but too well, is a matter of common repute amongst us, just as it is a matter of congratulation and good cheer that there are some noble cases of exception to the rule. And, in the difference of result, in the case of the rule, and in the case of the exception, there is a striking agreement in corroboration of our thought. It only requires the most superficial acquaintance with our churches to recognize the broad fact, that, wherever our churches stand high in social position and influence, and are an acknowledged spiritual power, there it is that the matter of Baptism is boldly and unflinchingly declared, in the proper place for all religious declaration, and, yet, there it is where, the duty so discharged, you may meet the members in social life without fear of sectarian intrusions; while, on the other hand, wherever our churches are merely tolerated societies, producing little or no impression upon the public mind, and having no place at all in the public heart,—pity that it should be so common!—there it is that Baptism, in the proper place, is tacitly ignored, and, yet, there it is where, just because of this, it is thrust, in improper places, into untimely and unseemly prominence. For baptism is just one of those practical, dutiful, personal subjects upon which a mistake of this kind is so easy to be made; and it is no matter of surprise to the thinking observer that the consciousness of a duty not *rightly* discharged is sure to get vent for itself in fitful, fretful explosions of irritable and irritating effort. The consequences of which are, that, whilst the truth, despite our unconscious, and, certainly, unintended treachery, wins its own acknowledgment, and makes its own disciples, that acknowledgment, just because of our want of *right* earnestness and definiteness, remains a mere acknowledgment, and those disciples, just because of our *improper* earnestness and over-urgency, depart from our midst—despising, on the one hand,

our public indifference, and more than despising, on the other, our private officiousness. Not that *they* are justified by *our* deficiencies, not but that they should come amongst us and seek to better us; but, still, our blame is not diminished by theirs, nor our fault cancelled by their fault; and, however unintended our fault may be, however praiseworthy our intention,—if it be, as it is known to be, a desire not to offend, nor hurt,—it must be seen that we actually fall into the pit we are seeking to avoid, and suffer as well as fall. People, generally speaking, prefer, a thousand times, the boldness of public earnestness to the reticence of public politeness; and, if you are silent on the platform, they conclude that you should be silent at home. And they are right; and we are wrong,—wrong, maybe, by mistake, but wrong, nevertheless. It would be impossible, if we were only true to the truth, and had no fear of men before our eyes, that people could sit in our chapels as they do, *saying*, We are Baptists in sentiment, *said of*, They are Baptists really, *and said to*—nothing; and it would be impossible, if, declaring the right truth in the right place, we could afford not to make it seem wrong by putting it forth in wrong places, that people should embrace it, and act upon it, and, yet, drift away, as they do, into other bodies, and be lost in other denominations. They are quick to see; and, seeing our public unearnestness, they justify *their* unearnestness; and because of that, as, also, because of our private over-zeal, they pass into churches where they can have the same public quiet, without *our* private annoyances. It only needs that we should be truer and bolder in the front, and men would band with us in the rear. There would then be a purpose in the banding; and every purpose hath its share of holy pride and emulation. We are not respected because we do not respect ourselves. We are not successful because we so much ignore that for which alone we should be successful, and by which alone we can hope or care to earn it. There are not more in our denomination,—truism as it may appear,—simply because there are so few. We inscribe “Baptist” upon the outside of our churches; and we cover up our baptistries within. We are frightened that people will laugh at us; and they laugh ten times as much at our fear as they would at our fearlessness. God, in His wonderful providence, has committed unto us (at least) *one* talent; and we are afraid, and hide it in the earth—to *keep* it for Him. Listen to His voice:—“Thou oughtest to put my money to the exchangers, and then at my coming I should receive mine own with usury.”

Finally, notice how two other phrases,—frequently in the mouth, not only of our own people, but of brethren of other denominations,—are affected by the answer, or explanation, we have proposed. One of these phrases is—that we make too much of baptism; and the other is—that we make too little. Now, it would seem that, whatever truth there may be in these charges, it will be found in one as well as in the other,—in fact that, in so far as they are well-founded at all, both are true. Losing sight, of course, of mere charges for their own sake, these two would simply resolve themselves into a matter, such as that of which we have been speaking, of time and place. There is a time when and place where,

and there is a time when not and place where not; and the right recognition of, and action upon, this distinction, will, we think, be productive of immense good. Facts everywhere testify to the truth of what we have advanced; and thinking and talking upon them, and about them, is rife in our midst. That Baptists in sentiment are responsible for not being Baptists in practice, and that these latter are responsible for not being Baptists by profession, is not less true than that we are responsible for whatever, in the denomination itself, thus isolates it, and provokes to individual isolation. Then, when we have cleared ourselves of that, the time shall come when it will be our place to warn and to invite; and, that time come, the *cause* of the evil shall be seen to vanish with the advent of its *cure*. There is that about us, we think, that should incite us to be, of all denominations, the most valiant and least ashamed; but, if we ignore that, and cease to be truly distinctive as a denomination, save in an empty name, we need not wonder if preachers and members depart from our ranks—chilled to the level of other societies by the coldness of our own. *Nota Bene!**

“STRENGTHEN THY BRETHREN.”

“We then that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves.”

MR. CRAWFORD had read this first verse of the fifteenth chapter of Romans a hundred times in the course of his forty years of life, but he had never felt its truth or seen its beauty until a certain stormy November night, when, being unable to sleep in consequence of the roar of the wind in the wide chimneys of his old-fashioned and lonely house, he employed himself in turning over the leaves of his Bible, and marking such texts as appeared to contain special injunctions for himself. He had made a double pencil-mark at such commands as, “Quit you like men;” “Be strong, therefore, and very courageous;” “I can do all things through Christ that strengtheneth me;” but he came to a stand at the words which we have quoted above, pondering very gravely, and confessing at last, within himself, that this portion of God’s truth was, to him at least, altogether *new*. To support the weak had not hitherto been regarded as a duty which he,—Robert Crawford, of Crawford Lodge, in the county of Somerset, known to all around him as a man of strong mind and iron will,—had to do. To find fault with the weak, lecture them, laugh at them, perhaps despise them too, was within his province, but—to *bear their infirmities!* Was it possible?

He transcribed the passage, musing the while, not without self-reproach, upon his past conduct to the brethren weak in faith. Then he resumed his search for passages, until at last, meeting with Christ’s words to Peter, “Strengthen thy brethren,” he paused to pray over them and adopt them for his own.

“God helping me,” he said within himself, “I will seek henceforth to comfort the feeble-minded, to support the weak, and to be patient towards all men. In my self-confidence and pride I have greatly erred towards many whose infirmities

* The above article is, to us, of special interest, from the fact that it is written by one who has only recently become a member of our body. It contains remarks and observations *about us*, by one whom conviction alone has brought *among us*. Criticisms, by such an one, help us, almost, to “see ourselves as others see us.”—ED.

should have awakened my warmest pity: henceforth I will seek help from Heaven to bear their burdens, instead of increasing them, and so fulfil the law of Christ."

Mr. Crawford of Crawford was an earnest and intelligent Christian; but, having been early taught by strong-minded and selfish parents to despise all mental weakness, and to mock at the eccentricities of uneducated or over-educated men, he had long been known amongst his brethren as a severe and unsparing critic, whom it were wise for Messrs. Despondency, Feeble-mind, and Ready-to-halt to shun. Not that he really meant to be unkind;—his numerous charities testified to that;—but he had not yet so loved Christ as to catch his sympathizing spirit. It is doubtless true that a man may be an old church-member and yet a babe in grace: Mr. Crawford had been a babe in regard to the "crowning grace" of sympathy up to the time of which I write. But on that occasion his eyes were opened, the great fact that the Lord of glory had borne *his* weaknesses and sympathized with *his* infirmities being brought before him in a new light, as it seemed, and with a power that took his soul into possession, as if by storm. He lay awake thinking of it till the day began to dawn, and then fell asleep to dream that an angel had come down from heaven to teach him the art of ministry to the "little ones" of the Saviour's fold. Was it altogether a dream?

According to the custom of persons who have passed a sleepless night, Mr. Crawford rose late that morning. He was sitting at breakfast with a shade upon his face—for, being a punctual man, he was vexed at being so much behind his time—when a servant who had lived for some fifty years in his family came with a sad face to his sitting-room to present a petition. She was a Christian woman, this good old Martha, with one fault—it was, in a different sense, that of the Athenians of old—she was "too superstitious"! She was now anxious to undertake a journey, simply because she had dreamed, three nights following, that her dead husband—a young soldier who had gone out of existence some ten years before Mr. Crawford came into it—was alive again; a sure sign, said she, of sorrow.

"I could see him, sir," exclaimed Martha, with a burst of tears, "as plain as I see you now!"

"I don't doubt it," said her master, drily.

Martha looked at him steadily, for she knew that, according to his custom, he was laughing at her; and so long as he did that she could scarcely hope to succeed in her endeavour to obtain permission to go to Exeter, and spend a few days with her daughter's family. "I'm quite certain," she pleaded, "that there's something wrong with the dear children, and I couldn't be satisfied unless I went, sir, not after this."

"Tut, tut," exclaimed Mr. Crawford, as he finished his coffee and gathered up his letters; "dreams are nothing, less than nothing, if that be possible, and you, Martha, are a very stupid, weak old woman."

"Yes, I know I am weak," she replied with all humility.

Weak? That word? Yes; no other. He paused a moment, and then said, "Listen, Martha. I was hasty just now, and I beg your pardon." Another pause, while he ran over his string of passages—"Support the weak, comfort the feeble-minded, be patient towards all men;" "Strengthen thy brethren;" "Bear the infirmities of the weak," &c. It was enough. Instead of hurrying away to business, he sat down; explained to Martha his reasons for contempt of dreams; and, finally, to convince her, as he said, "by ocular demonstration," that he was right, slipped a couple of sovereigns into her hand, and gave her leave to go to Exeter, and see for herself that her children were alive and well, as for his part he believed they were, her three dreams notwithstanding. This

was Mr. Crawford's first essay at bearing the infirmity of a fellow-Christian; and although he, for his part, thought but little of it, it was doubtless a very fair beginning. One thing is certain, that, somewhere about the region of the heart, as he walked town-wards that November morning, he felt a glow such as he had seldom known before. Perhaps Martha's blessing still rang in his ears, or perhaps—and this is more likely—the sweet love of him for whose sake he had been kind was shed abroad, just then, very richly in his soul.

An hour's walking brought the merchant to his office. Thence, still in humble obedience to his texts, he, in his earliest moments of leisure, passed to the home of one whom he had long regarded as almost too weak in faith to be tolerated by the church of Christ in general, and by himself, Robert Crawford of Crawford, in particular.

Mr. Feeble-mind, in the "Pilgrim's Progress," describes himself as being "so feeble a man as to be offended with that which others have a liberty to do." This was exactly the character of the brother to whom Mr. Crawford betook himself that morning. Had Mr. F. lived in Paul's time, he would most assuredly have refused to eat the meat sold in the shambles. In no self-righteous mood, but as a point of conscience, he asked questions of himself, his Bible, and his fellow-Christians, upon everything. Even in regard to the most trivial customs of the church he made anxious inquiry, and marked out, for himself, a better way. The result was his own extreme discomfort and the gradual alienation of his friends. Mr. Crawford had recently been informed that this Mr. Feeble-mind, as we shall call him, had taken up with two or three new crotchets; but this did not prevent his seeking him out, and saying heartily, "Let the past be forgotten. We turn over a new leaf and begin again!"

"I assure you," replied the other, "I shall be very happy to renew the friendship begun in boyhood. At the same time, I cannot give up one of those points of conscience ——"

"My dear sir," interrupted Mr. Crawford, "not at all. I respect your conscience as I respect my own; and all I ask is to be useful to you now and then for Christ's dear sake," he added, speaking low; "since we both love him who first, in his tender pity, so much loved us."

Touched by his earnestness, his old friend seized his hand, and held it for several moments in his own. On releasing the hand, he confessed at much length to Mr. Crawford that his health had been undermined by rigid fasting and excessive labour amongst the poor, and that his physicians had recommended change of scene. In an hour from that time he was Mr. Crawford's guest, and an honoured one too, although it must be confessed that he brought all his crotchets with him! And at Mr. Crawford's house he, being full of peace and hope, some three months later died, leaving all he had to the poor—those true friends who, as he said, had never changed towards him from first to last. A gentle soul, who, in departing, taught his strong-minded host many lessons concerning the tenderness of him who "pleased not himself," but "took our infirmities, and bare our sicknesses," from Bethlehem to Calvary! Not that Mr. Crawford ever adopted any of Mr. Feeble-mind's "peculiar views." He had too much common sense for that. But he learned to understand how the weak things of the world can be chosen by God to confound the things which are mighty, and the things which are not to bring to nought things which are, "*that no flesh should glory in his presence.*"

"May God forgive me!" said the strong man within himself, as he turned away from the grave of his dead friend. "Six months ago I despised this Christ-bought soul,—laughed at him, mocked at his infirmities, and avoided his society. Now he is perfect, and I am his weak brother! Does *he*, now so high above me, scorn my feebleness? No; for he is in Christ, and *like* Christ; but if it were

possible for him to do so, *I deserve it!*" Such were his reflections, and they sent him home an humbler man. After this, as might be expected, Robert Crawford grew in grace, became daily more useful in the church, and also (oh, pleasant addition!) more beloved. And amongst all those to whom he was made the instrument of good, there were none so truly helped as the "weak brothers," whose infirmities he strove to bear, in humble obedience to the command of his Master—Jesus, "Strengthen thy brethren."

Poetry.

"THE ONE WHOM JESUS LOVED."

"ONE OF HIS DISCIPLES WHOM JESUS LOVED."—*John xiii. 23.*

O SAVIOUR! leaning on thy breast
 My heart would fain abide,
 And find a calm and holy rest,
 For ever near thy side.
 Like him thou lovedst, I would be
 With thee on Tabor's height;
 With silent awe thy face would see,
 With noontide splendours bright.

And when, beside the silent dead,
 In sorrow's darkest hour,
 Thou standest, let me there be led,
 A witness of thy power;
 And when night's darkening shadows fall
 In lone Gethsemane,
 I would, obedient to thy call,
 Keep watch and ward with thee.

Go with thee to the judgment throne,
 And to thy cross draw nigh,
 And, when thy mighty work is done,
 Would hear thy parting sigh.
 Thus in thy joy would I rejoice,
 Or in thy sorrows weep;
 Swell loud thy triumphs with my voice,
 Or silent vigil keep.

Bind me, O Lord, with silken cords,
 That love alone can twine;
 Breathe on my soul the gentle words
 That tell me I am thine.
 Enrich me with the gifts of grace,
 Than gems or gold more rare;
 And, folded in thy kind embrace,
 Let me thy favours share.

Then, should the world upon me frown,
 My name with scorn be breathed,
 Enough, that an eternal crown
 Shall round my head be wreathed.
 No higher joy than this I claim,
 To be by Thee approved;
 And 'mid disciples bear the name,
 "The one whom Jesus loved."

Reviews.

Memoirs of the Life and Ministry of the Rev. T. Raffles, D.D., LL.D. By THOMAS STAMFORD RAFFLES, Esq., B.A. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

THE Biography of the Rev. Dr. Raffles will be very cordially welcomed by a large circle of admiring and sympathizing friends. The volume now before us is got up in the best style of Messrs. Jackson and Walford, and a capital portrait of the portly Doctor, as he was known among us during the last twenty or thirty years, meets the eye as soon as we open the book. The authorship of the volume—or, as Mr. Raffles styles himself uniformly the editor, we should say the editorship of the book—is faultless to excess in the caution and reserve wherewith the son has thought well to speak of his father. Indeed, the manner of the editor impresses us throughout with the feeling that this biography was compiled by him, not in the interests of religion, nor of nonconformity, but pre-eminently in the interests of the Raffles family. The venerable representative of the house was cousin to the eminent Sir Stamford Raffles, and was himself of very widely extended popularity. Through his cousin, and through his own preaching, he obtained access into some of the higher circles, where dissent is seldom found; so that dukes of the blood royal assisted in obtaining for him his diploma. He was sought after throughout England and Wales, Scotland and Ireland, as the great preacher at anniversaries, chapel-openings, and ordinations. His fame was even European. His own denomination and others conferred upon him the highest honours in their power to bestow. In addition to this, Dr. Raffles was a great collector of autographs; a constant and unwearying traveller; and, withal, assiduous and successful in fulfilling his duties as minister of Great George Street Chapel, Liverpool.

All this the son has told us of the father;—but only as naked matters of fact; and, for the most part, in quotations from his father's diary and letters. In all the 534 pages, there is very little

indeed to indicate sympathy in his father's work, or pleasure in his father's success for his work's sake. This feature in the Memoirs is so uniform, that there is hardly a page in the book devoted to the spiritual life of the minister, and only here and there are there quotations bearing upon the spiritual results of the preaching of the Doctor. So that, for all that the book tells us, Dr. Raffles's life as a preacher of the Gospel of Divine Grace to fallen man may almost be summed up in the newspaper report phrase of platform oratory, "tremendous applause." This is surely a very poor estimate to give of the fifty years' ministry of such a man as Dr. Raffles. During that long term of public life, mighty changes occurred in England and in Europe. Revolutions were wrought silently in the position of Nonconformity in England. The theology of our country underwent slow, but radical changes. Great conflicts of opinion were waged in the arena of the church. Great events occurred in the social and religious life of the country. But throughout the whole volume, so little is printed on these matters, that we might infer Dr. Raffles had not either eye, or ear, or hand, or heart, for any of these things. There is not an allusion to any author he read; not a word in the form of a criticism upon men or books, save, indeed, Cowper, Dr. Watts, and one or two other of the same class of poets. Neither is there a reference to any change in the congregation over which Dr. Raffles presided so long. Yet it is well known that during the last twenty-five years of the Doctor's ministry great social changes were wrought therein. We have heard it suggested that in no congregation in England have there been so large a proportion of the families of the church who have deserted the ways of their fathers and joined themselves to the Established Church. And we suspect that in this circumstance we see the reason of the author's reticence and *hauteur*. The son of Dr. Raffles is not a dissenter. He has no wish to give to nonconformity any prestige from his father's labours.

He would be sorry to write a line that should suggest a contrast between the church he has left and the church he has adopted, that should be unfavourable to the spiritual character of his adopted one. And thus it is that, knowing that Dissenters attach far more importance to spiritual life and progress, not to the mere prestige of wealth and position, than do the Episcopalian clergy, he has chosen to write the memoirs of a Christian gentleman, distinguished for his *bonhomie*, his antiquarian taste, his love of nature, and for a happy aptitude for describing what he saw, who was also a popular orator on the Gospel, than to write of a servant of God, whose work and business in life were to bring fallen man unto union and communion with God, through faith which is in Jesus Christ.

Whilst writing thus of the glaring deficiencies of this book, we wish, however, to say, that Mr. Raffles has done well what he has done. His labours contrast favourably with the fulsome flattery of the Memoirs of another eminent minister, written by his son, and lately published. The extracts from Dr. Raffles's diary and letters are many of them exceedingly interesting. His description of the first visit he made to St. Peter's in Rome,

and of the scenery in the Tyrol and Switzerland, and of his later journey to the East, are all in the happy style of the man. But as we turn over page after page, with hardly a word to indicate the presence of any spiritual life, we cannot resist the hope that Mr. Raffles has done his father injustice, in omitting extracts which would have let us know something of the working of sanctified intellect in search after and in proclamation of the truth as it is in Jesus. The only institutions with which Mr. Raffles identifies his father in close and active personal sympathy, are, the Congregational County Union, and the Lancashire College. There are also brief references to the Evangelical Alliance, and two or three references to a mission to Java, where "my cousin is Governor." Beyond these, all that we know of Dr. Raffles's connection with the great religious movements of the age is, that he journeyed to London, or somewhere else, to preach on some public occasion in connection with them. Thus, whilst these Memoirs will be read with interest by all who knew anything of Dr. Raffles, no thoughtful person can rise from the perusal without deep regret that the Memoirs are not more complete, or that Dr. Raffles was not a more complete man.

Christian Cabinet.

THE WORSHIP OF GOD.

THE Christian religion is a system of faith and doctrine. It is a rule of life and practice. But it is also a *worship*. It has its appointed day, and its sacred places, for public adoration and homage to Almighty God.

Now there are a few practical mistakes made by multitudes of people when they enter the sanctuary. The first mistake is that of coming to church, not to meet God, but to meet their pastor or some favourite preacher. The foremost inquiry of their minds is not, Is God in this place? but, Is my favourite preacher in the pulpit? They come solely to see him, to hear him, to enjoy him, perhaps too to be instructed

and enriched by his utterances. Therefore, the preliminary service of prayer, and reading the Word, and singing to God's praise, is a mere "first course," to sharpen the appetite for the literary banquet of the sermon. It would suit such persons equally well, if all acts of pure *devotion* were dispensed with, and, as in a lecture-hall, the discourse came at once, and came alone. Far be it from us to disparage the power of a faithful pulpit in expounding the revealed truth of God, and in guiding souls to holiness and to heaven. But no possible instruction from the pulpit—were Paul or Apollos the preacher—could make up for the lack of worship. And the man who never lifts his

thoughts higher than the pulpit and its utterances, may indeed engage in worship, but it is the worship of his minister, and not of his divine Creator.

A second mistake, and a far worse one, is made by those who go to church for mere self-indulgence and entertainment. They go to be gratified. They enjoy the musical performance, if it is of unquestionable artistic excellence; Jenny Lind or Karl Formes would be better still. They will enjoy the discourse, too, if it is brilliant, or pathetic, or gracefully pronounced. They while away a leisure hour of their dull Sabbath in good company, and they "save appearances." When the idle hour is over, they can tell you what improvements might have been made in the minister's gestures, or in the execution of the "voluntary" on the organ, or in the dress of their neighbours in the adjoining pews. But what of Him who has said, "My house shall be called a house of *prayer*"? What thought have they had of an infinite owner of that house, and of that service; what thought of their own immortal souls? Sure enough, they were so busy in worshipping themselves, that they quite forgot to worship Him whom all heaven delights to adore.

There is a third mistake, or sin, we had better name it. It is the sin of him who brings all the work of the week and all his plans for business into the house of God. How much better is such an one than those sacrilegious hucksters and brokers who once set up their bird-stalls and exchange-tables in Jerusalem's sacred temple! For this man brings his counting-room or his shop to church in his heart. He makes bargains or computes the rise in gold during the prayer, sells stocks or buys produce all through the sermon, and goes home with new plans for the Monday's toil and traffic. "You are the first minister," said a friend once to his pastor, "who has ever preached me out of my flour-store." We honoured the frankness of his confession; but are there not hundreds of human *bodies* in our churches on every Sabbath, whose *souls* are in flour-stores, or brokers' offices, or warehouses, or in barns and harvest-fields? Whom do these worship, God or Mammon? Jesus Christ tells them that they cannot worship both at the same time.

There is a fourth mistake—and a terrible one for an undying soul. It is the mistake of those who never "darken the door" of the sanctuary; who fear no God and remember no eternity; who make the desecrated Sabbath a day of mirth and indolence, or of open ungodliness. Alas for such moral suicides, such murderers of their own souls! If one man goes to the sanctuary to worship the pulpit, and another goes to worship his own pleasure, and another goes to worship Mammon, whom do these stay away from the temple to worship, but the devil?

None of these classes are making their Sabbaths the preparation-seasons for the sublime and ceaseless worship of the celestial temple. In that sanctuary of holy and happy spirits there will be no triflers, no wandering hearts or silent lips. Every heart will have its tribute of homage, every tongue its song of praise. They will worship God day and night in his temple. A voice like the sound of many waters will proclaim, "Fear God, and give glory to him, and worship him that made heaven, and earth, and the sea, and the fountains of waters!" And the whole glorified host shall cry aloud responsively, "All honour and praise and thanksgiving and power unto him that sitteth on the throne, and unto the Lamb!" That is the Sabbath that never ends. That is the worship of the King of kings. That house is no more "a house of prayer," but a house of praise.—*Rev. T. L. Cuyler.*

FALSE HUMILITY.

FAITH and humility meet in the sinner's experience, not as occasional companions only; they ever walk lovingly together as sisters. They cannot separate. Like the Siamese twins, they live in each other's presence alone; should they part, they die. A sinner cannot believe in Jesus and not be humble. A sinner cannot be truly humble without believing in Jesus.

This is most needful for a sinner to know; for, when seeking Christ, he fears it would be presumptuous to believe and rest on Christ at once. So he still stays away, and tries to prepare himself for Christ. He thinks that this is true humility; but it is only pride in disguise, and so deceives him.

"Alas! I am lost," begins the sinner; "What must I do to be saved?" (Acts xvi. 30.)

"Come to me," says Christ. "I came to seek and to save that which was lost" (Luke xix. 10).

"But how can I come? I am a sinner."

"Come because you are a sinner. I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance" (Luke v. 32).

"But I am *such* a sinner!" says this false humility (for you see it dares dispute with Christ); "there never was a heart as bad as mine."

"The greater sin, the greater need of me," says Christ; "and do not fear, for I came into the world to save sinners, even the chief. This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance" (1 Tim. i. 15).

"But my heart is so hard."

"Then give it to me and I will soften it; I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you a heart of flesh" (Ezekiel xxxvi. 26).

"But I do not even feel my sins as I ought," continues this disputatious, arrogant humility.

"And you never will," says Christ, "until you have a new heart. Come to me, and I will give you one." (Ezekiel xxxvi.).

"But I cannot see anything good in my heart; I am too unworthy; I have no faith—no love."

"Then come without them," says Christ, "and I will give them to you" (Gal. v. 22; Acts ii. 33).

But the heart is not ready to give up yet, and take Christ just at his word. It cannot understand that it is to go to Christ with absolutely nothing to recommend it; and so it toils on with huge pains and anxiety, to do something, or be something, or feel something, which shall make it more fit to come to Christ. So after a while Christ comes again and says very kindly,—

"Poor heart, you can never make yourself better. I only can do that. If you come at all, it must be just as you are."

"Alas! alas! I wish I could; but I seem to get worse and worse."

"But do you believe, or not, that I am able to save you?" says Christ.

"Oh, yes; you are able, but I am so unworthy."

And so this blind self-righteousness reasons round and round in a circle, and still comes back to the same fatal point, and, though very sad, takes a secret comfort in being so very humble!

Now Christ comes again, and speaks searching words, but very patiently,—

"Blind and stubborn heart, I will show you a little of yourself. You say you believe I am able to save all sinners—able to save you. But you do not, or you would trust me to be your Saviour. You could trust me to save a softer or a better heart, or a heart that felt more, but not your hard, wicked heart. Does not this limit my power, my grace, my blood? Am I a Saviour for little sins, and not for great? (Isa. i. 18.) Does your unworthiness overtop my righteousness? (Romans x. 4.) Does my blood fail for your heart? (1 John i. 7.) My righteousness and blood are infinite (Jer. xxiii. 6; Heb. vii. 35); and do you stretch up to measure them, and find them wanting? I say I can save you; and what arrogance it is that denies it!—what boundless presumption! If you were better you would come, you say. Yes; you are too proud to come as other sinners. You must needs be an exception. You cannot be altogether indebted to grace. A little worthiness must be found, for the glory and comfort of your self-righteousness. Abase yourself in the dust, and come just as you are."—*Rev. Dr. Hoge.*

Words of Wisdom for Christian People.

ON DISCONTENT.

WHERE there is one entirely free from the canker "discontent," two, at the very least, are afflicted with it.

The mouth betrays the disease, but its seat is the centre of the heart.

"I wish I had the chance of selling fish, but I haven't," said a poor thin

half-starved looking lad with a pale face, as he watched the movements of a fish boy, who, with a well-supplied basket, was carrying on a profitable trade, crying out at the top of his voice, "Live mackerel! live mackerel!" I dare say you do wish you had the chance of selling fish, but if you had it would be of little use; for all the chances, as you call them, that you have had have been thrown away; and he who, through idleness, neglects one opportunity of getting a livelihood, is very likely to neglect another. The lad was evidently one of that numerous class of young people in London, who spend most of their time in idleness, now and then getting a trifle for holding a gentleman's horse for him, running on an errand for him, or picking his pocket of his handkerchief, as the case may be. The wages of sloth and knavery are not only small, but uncertain, and most likely the poor lad found it so; most likely it was hunger, or weariness of the life he was leading, that wrung from him the exclamation, as he stood with his hands in his pockets, "I wish I'd the chance of selling fish!"

Hardly had the fish boy proceeded the length of the street, before a butcher's apprentice, with a colour like a rose, rode by him without a hat, on a hard-trotting pony, leaning very much on one side, being balanced by a heavy basket of meat on the other. "I wish I was a butcher's boy," said the seller of fish; "it's fine to be him, to have as much as he can eat and drink, and a horse to ride on. Here am I, tramping about in all weathers, hardly getting salt to my porridge. If I clears a trifle by selling a few fish, by the time I've filled my belly, and paid for my night's lodging, it's ten to one if I've enough to buy any more, and then I'm obliged to sell for somebody else; I wish I was a butcher's boy." Perhaps you do, for you were once a butcher's boy; you lost your place through misconduct, and are not at all likely to get another. It will be better to make the best of your present calling, than to render it worse by giving way to discontent.

On went the seller of "live mackerel" one way, and away went the butcher's boy the other, making, nobody knew how, his pony go like a wild thing, scattering the gravel right and left, and

striking fire with his iron hoof against the pebble stones. Not long was the butcher's boy before he came to his place of destination. Having delivered his meat to the cook at the great gate of the corner house of the square, he was just about to mount his go-ahead pony, when, the hall door being open, he saw two tall footmen in livery sitting on a bench doing nothing. "I should like to try that game myself," said he, in an undertone. "No bad thing to be dressed up in a drab coat and white cotton stockings, cracking jokes, and doing nothing, from morning till night. I wonder what those fellows would say of my life. Up at three of a morning in the slaughter-house, then preparing the shop, hanging up meat, and riding about like mad till dinner-time; chipping the block when there is nothing else to do, and then called all manner of ugly names, and sometimes kicked into the bargain. I wish I was a footman!" Wishing is but a bad trade, my boy. At one time you might have been almost what you liked, for you had a kind father and mother, who humoured you in everything; but how did you return their kindness? Well, they have both been taken from this world, and you can plague their hearts no longer. Leave footmen to themselves, and do your duty to your master, hard as he is, for you may be much worse off than you are now.

"I tell you what, Joseph," said one of the tall footmen to the other, as the butcher's boy rode away, "I don't think of stopping here much longer; for what with low wages, sitting up late at night, and dawdling through the day on a bench, dressed up in clothes that belong to my master and not to me, I'm sick of it. I had rather be like the butcher's lad that has just trotted from the door, than lead the life of a footman. Look at the butler, how he takes on, and orders folks about, and the money he gets! Many a man would make a better butler than he is, full as he is of himself." "That's true, John," replied the other footman; "I only wish you and I were butlers; but that's a move that will not be made in a hurry, I'm thinking. If my master don't mind what he is about I shall cut before long. In any other line we might get on, but a footman can do nothing." O yes, a footman, if he be

sober, honest, and industrious, can do a great deal for himself and for those he serves; but you, John and Joseph, are not remarkable for any of these qualities. You threaten to leave your present situations, well knowing that at this very time you are in no small danger of dismissal. Act better, and your prospects will be brighter.

"Were I the master of this establishment and not what I am," said the butler as he entered his private room, "how differently things would be managed! If the squire would be advised by me, instead of carrying himself so high as he does, it would be all the better for him. I have no notion that because a man has money, he is to keep those at a distance that have more wit in their heads than he ever had or will have in his. If I were a squire, I would not be so purse-proud as he is." And so, Mr. Butler, like most of the rest of the world, you are discontented with your station, and fancy that you could act better in the situation of your master than in your own. If you cannot bear the squire to be so high and mighty as he is, how comes it you lord it with so high a hand over your fellow-servants? This is, with a witness, complaining of the mote in another's eye, instead of pulling the beam out of your own eye.

"I shall never be satisfied till I get into Parliament," said Squire Gordon to himself, as he laid down the newspaper he had been reading. "Who knows or cares anything about my opinion in politics? If I were in Parliament it would be otherwise. Here has Sir Mark, who has no wit to spare, and still less money, been making a speech on the currency, that will get him into general notice. He will be talked of for months to come, while I, who could buy him up ten times over, shall never be heard of. I shall never be satisfied till I get into Parliament." No; nor then either, Squire Gordon. A man who is not thankful, possessing your abundance, would not be contented if he possessed the whole world, and had his own way in everything. "Better is a handful with quietness, than both the hands full with travail and vexation of spirit" (Eccl. iv. 6).

"A fine thing to be a member, indeed!" said Sir Mark (as he sat

down to breakfast at ten o'clock in his slippers and morning gown). "Why, a slave at the galleys has an easier life than I have. Here I am dunned for money, persecuted for subscriptions, applied to for help on all occasions, and expected to get a place for everybody, when I can't get one for myself. It was two o'clock this morning when I left the House, and my head has been full of the debates all night. By the time my coffee has been swallowed, and the newspaper glanced over, I must be off to a committee. Look at this pile of reports, and that table covered over with letters, notes, invitations, notices, and papers of all kinds! It is impossible for me to look over one half of them. A fine thing, indeed, to be a member of Parliament!" Why, Sir Mark, should you think so little of being a member of Parliament, after having taken so much trouble to become one? But as it is with the pale-faced lad and the fish boy, the butcher's boy and the footmen, the butler and the squire, so it is with you. Instead of heartily thanking God for what you have, you are greedily desiring what you have not. O for less discontent, and more thankfulness!

Thus goes on the world, each discontented with his own station, and envying the condition of those above him, foolishly encouraging the belief that in any other position than that occupied by him he should be more useful than he is and more happy. When will men all become Bible-readers, and learn the truth that "Godliness with contentment is great gain"? (1 Tim. vi. 6.) When will their "conversation be without covetousness"? and when shall we all, from the least to the greatest, be aware, with all humility, thankfulness, and joy, that "the grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men, teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world; looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ; who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works"? (Titus ii. 11-14.)

Narratives, Anecdotes, &c.

HOW MR. STRINGENT BECAME LIBERAL.

MR. STRINGENT was sixty years old—very old, I should have called him, when I was a child. He was “brought up” in a thrifty, economical way. His father was a small, snug farmer; but as his wants were but few, he was called “well to do in the world,” which, I suppose, means, “well to do *for* this world.” His children received a fair education, and were always among the best scholars. No better cows, and no better sheep, were owned in those parts, than those owned by old Mr. Stringent. His maxim was, “to keep what you have got, and get all that you can get.” This maxim he inculcated most faithfully into the minds of his children. In process of time, old Stringent died, and, fortunately, such men carry nothing with them. The children grew up and were scattered abroad, and I have nothing to say about them, except that they were all keen to gain this world. I am to speak of the youngest son, Simon, who took “the old place,” that is, the farm, agreeing to pay off his brothers and sisters their shares as fast as he could earn it.

And now Simon, in his youth, was married, and settled at “Graig’s Valley,” as the farm was called. He had to support himself and young family, and yearly to pay a good round sum towards his debt. Early and late he toiled. Carefully and anxiously he saved everything possible. His expenses were the lowest possible; everything went to “the debt.” And if there was anything which Simon dreaded more than another, it was a call for charity, or, as he termed it, “the everlasting contribution-box:” the announcement that “a collection would be made next Sabbath” would invariably make him unwell and unable to attend church. Indeed, so delicate was his constitution, that once in a while, when he had been caught, he was sure to have the nose-bleed, and be compelled to go out before the box reached him. But years passed on, and his habits grew strong, and his debts grew feeble, had until, at the end of fifteen years, he

paid off every debt, and owned a large farm, free from nearly every incumbrance.

But now a new chapter in his life was to be experienced. There was an outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon the people. Very many sang the new song. Very many rejoiced in the hope of life eternal. Several of the children of Simon were among the newborn children of light. Simon was the last to become interested. He was the last to feel his sins; and he struggled and resisted a long, long time, before he yielded to the demands and conditions of Christ. Then he was very slow to take up the crosses, as they lay in his path. He was afraid to commit himself. He was slow to erect the altar of prayer in his house. He was slow to confess Christ before the world. But he battled all these difficulties and overcame them, because he really had Christian principle in his soul. But now he met a difficulty which seemed insurmountable—unexpected, and very trying. He found that now his brethren and his Bible took it for granted that he would be liberal. How could he, who had never given away a shilling a year, be expected to give tens and even hundreds? How hard to understand the Christian fact—that “none of us liveth to himself”! He tried to convince himself that a man’s first duty is to provide for his family; and conscience told him that he had been doing nothing else all his life. He tried to satisfy himself that “Charity begins at home,” and conscience told him that he wanted it to stop there also. When he read his Bible, he seemed as if he was always stumbling upon such texts as—“Freely ye have received, freely give.” One day he sat a long time motionless, trying to convince himself that he had not received much. “Why, what little I have, I earned myself by hard labour. Pray, what have I received?” and then conscience would begin her whispers: “Why, Simon Stringent, you received a good constitution—you were never sick a day in all your life!”

“That’s true.”

"And you received a shrewd mind ; you know how to manage and make money. And you have received a great deal of sunshine, and a great many rains on your farm, and a great increase of your cattle and flocks ; and you have received a large, healthy family, no deaths in it ; and you have received many years of life already, and hope for more ; and you have received the Sabbath and its blessings ; and you have, as you hope, received the pardon of your sins, and a hope of life eternal through God's own Son. Received ! Why, you have received everything, it has been nothing but receiving, and now you *must* freely give !"

O Simon ! how hard you breathe ! How the perspiration stands on your brow ! Had he been dreaming, or had the Spirit of God been teaching him ?

The very next day Simon, or, as he was now called, Mr. Stringent, heard a loud and tender appeal from the missionary field. And now a collection was to be made—not in the church, where every man could dodge, or conceal his parsimony, but by an open subscription, black and white. The collector was to come round at once. Then it was that the dialogue which is said to have taken place between Mr. Stringent and the devil, occurred.

"How much *must* I give?" said Stringent.

"As little as you can—and be respectable," said the devil.

"I am very far from being rich," said Stringent.

"You are the richest man in the church," said conscience.

"Suppose I give five pounds."

"Full enough," said the tempter.

"Freely ye have received, freely give," said conscience.

"Remember your great family, their schooling, and clothing, and the new furniture, and the new carriage which you need," said the tempter.

"I shall put down ten pounds," said Stringent.

"Why, you are beside yourself ! Why, they will expect you to do in like proportion for everything hereafter. There's no end to these calls," said the tempter.

"I shall put down twenty pounds," said Stringent.

"Yes, but do consider," said the tempter ; "you know your taxes are

awful this year—and you know your oats are very light, and they sell by weight and not by the bushel, as they once did, and the drought has injured your grass, and your fruit will be next to nothing."

"Yes," said conscience, "but your corn is magnificent, and so are your potatoes ; and if hay is light, the price is certainly heavy ; and your workmen never earned as much as they do this year, and the ship-timber which had been growing long before you were born, has brought an enormous price."

"I shall put down fifty pounds!"

"O, Mr. Stringent ! Mr. Stringent ! you are nearly crazy—to throw away money so ! Why, sir, with that sum you could buy two young cows, or ten first-rate—"

"Get out—get out, you tempter of my soul ! I shall put down one hundred pounds, this time, and if you don't let me alone, I declare I will double it !"

And Mr. Stringent did put it down, and he felt so much better, and grew so strong under it, that it was well understood between him and the devil, ever after, that if he was tempted he would double his charities. And so well did he abide by it, that he became one of the most liberal men in the community. And when he went round to collect for charities, as he often did, the most liberal man always being the best collector, and when his brethren would make excuses, he would shake his head and say, "I only wish you could have such dialogues with the devil as I have had !"—*The Rev. John Todd, D.D.*

GOD PREPARING THE WAY.

Most pastors can recall incidents in their experience where God prepared them in a strange way to do good. An "old minister" mentions a striking case in one of his journals.

One afternoon, in preparing for an evening lecture, he found his mind singularly torpid and barren. He turned over the pages of the Bible again and again, but could find no text suggesting any fruitful or even acceptable theme. He could gain no light or comfort in prayer, and as he subsequently said, "Of all the days of my life, that was the day in which I could say, most emphatically, as to spiritual

things, that 'a horror of great darkness' had fallen upon me. The sun, moon, and stars had all gone out in my spiritual sky."

The mental darkness increased as the evening drew on, and when the time came for evening service he was almost in despair. He dragged himself to the lecture-room, without a remote thought of any text or subject for the evening. To his regret he found the room unusually full, and suddenly determined to change the service into a prayer-meeting. Giving out a penitential hymn, he called on an aged elder to pray, who led the devotions with great solemnity and unction.

The minister then read the forty-second Psalm, as expressive of his own inward feeling. "O my God, my soul is cast down within me; all thy waves and thy billows have gone over me;" and called on another elder to pray, who, entering fully into the spirit of the Psalm, and spiritual desertion, implored the Lord to grant a reviving in bondage. During the prayer he felt impelled to speak on the subject of "spiritual declension." Without taking any text, he began to speak of the causes, marks, and remedy of spiritual declension, and drawing from his own feelings, he doubtless spoke with more than usual earnestness and pathos. After a fragmentary address, he called on a brother to close the meeting with prayer, and went home in deep gloom, alarmed by the thought that he was forsaken of God and unworthy to be a minister of the Gospel.

The sequel may be told in his own words: "On the afternoon of the next day a pious woman called to see me. She alluded to the service of the previous evening as one of the most solemn she had ever attended. I heard her with silence and made no response. One of the men who prayed soon afterwards called; he made the same remark. The solemnity of that evening's lecture was a topic of conversation for some days with those who were present. The prayer-meetings were soon more fully attended. There were searchings of heart among the people. Our public and social services increased in attendance and solemnity. The praying and the anxious ones, as they invariably do, multiplied simultaneously; and thus opened the first revival under my min-

istry, which continued for upwards of a year, gently distilling its blessed influences, multiplying the followers of Christ and their graces. Some of its subjects are now useful and faithful ministers of the Gospel. Never did I more fully realize the truth of the proverb that 'the darkest hour is just before light,' or of the saying of the Psalmist, 'He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bearing his sheaves with him.'"

WORK AND TRUST.

DURING a long course of years, even to the closing fortnight of his life, in his last sickness, Dr. Judson lamented that all his efforts in behalf of the Jews had been a failure. He was departing from the world, saddened with that thought. Then, at last, there came a gleam of light that thrilled his heart with grateful joy. How did it come? Unexpectedly. Mrs. Judson was sitting by his side, while he was in a state of great languor, with a newspaper in her hand. She read to her husband one of Dr. Hague's letters from Constantinople. That letter contained some items of information that filled him with wonder. At a meeting of missionaries in Constantinople, Mr. Schauflier stated that a little book had been published in Germany, giving an account of Dr. Judson's life and labours; that it had fallen into the hands of some Jews and had been the means of their conversion; that a Jew had translated it for a community of Jews on the borders of the Euxine, and that a messenger had arrived in Constantinople asking that a teacher might be sent to them.

When Dr. Judson heard this, his eyes were filled with tears; a look of almost unearthly solemnity came over him; and clinging fast to his wife's hand, as if to assure himself of being really in the world, he said—

"Love, this frightens me. I do not know what to make of it."

"To make of what?" said Mrs. Judson.

"Why, what you have just been reading. I never was deeply interested in any object, I never prayed sincerely and earnestly for anything but it came; at some time—no matter how distant a day—somehow, in some shape, pro-

bably the last I should have devised, *it came!*"

What a testimony was that! It lingered on the lips of the dying Jud-

son; it was embalmed with grateful tears, and is indeed worthy to be transmitted as a legacy to the coming generations.

A Page for the Young.

A RUSSIAN STORY.

It happened one day that just as Ivan and his horses, both dreadfully cold, tired, and hungry after a hard day's work, were going home for rest and food, he was hailed in the darkness by a gentleman who wished to go to a distant part of the city.

Ivan hesitated: it was bitterly cold, the snow was beating in his face, and he was already late in going home; he therefore declined taking the gentleman, saying that his employer would be displeased at his keeping the horses out so late. The gentleman insisted, begged, promised him large pay; but all was vain, until, with a tone of agony, he exclaimed, "Boy, you must take me! O Father in heaven, perhaps even while I stand here the blow may fall! Oh, have mercy! have mercy!"

"Is there sorrow, most honourable?" said Wanka, quickly. "Then I will surely go," and the next moment the gentleman had sprung into the sleigh, which, in winter, took the place of the drosky, and the horses were speeding like the wind through the streets.

"Quick, my Dovie!" cried Ivan to his steeds. "It's the last work for to-day. He, he, beregitsa—go ahead! Po goru! po goru! po gorutschku! Up the hill! up the little hill! Art thou blind? Juchti! juchti! juchti, my little Dovie!"

Thus talking to his horses, they soon reached an elegant house, where the gentleman alighted, paid Ivan a liberal fare, then gave him a white silver rouble for himself, and hurried into the mansion. Ivan was quickly at home, and, half-frozen and hungry as he was, he first put up and fed his horses before he even went into the house to warm himself. The master began to scold at the late hour; but when he saw the liberal sum which Wanka faithfully

paid into his hands, his manner changed, and he praised him for an honest lad.

"You are a true soul, Wanka!" said he; "true and noble as gold, and shall have the warmest place beside the stove, and the biggest piece of meat for your supper. Here, my little son! here, sit down now, and eat with a good appetite. Are you hungry?"

"Yes, hungry as a wolf!" said Wanka; and truly he showed it was so. Never had the supper been so good.

The next morning Ivan was, as usual, the first in the stall to start on his day's work, and, greatly to his surprise, he saw something shining amid the straw in his sleigh. It proved to be a breast-pin formed of rich diamonds, and he never for a moment doubted that it belonged to the gentleman he had taken the evening before. A great temptation was the pin to poor little Ivan: the gentleman, if he missed it, had no reason to think he had lost it there; if he did, it was so dark that he had neither seen his face nor the number of his sleigh, and so was not likely to suspect him; while, if he were to sell the pin, it would make him and his mother independent and comfortable for their whole lives. Ivan looked at it very hard, but he was too honest. "No!" said he. "Ill-gotten gain brings no blessing!" and, putting the pin in his pocket, he set off in search of the gentleman. He had not seen him so as to know him again, nor did he know his name; but he knew where he had taken him, and, driving there, inquired of the servant if he were still there. It was with some difficulty that he made the man understand whom he wanted, and then learned that his passenger had been the Lord Prince Krinkoff, who lived in another part of the city.

Springing into his sleigh, with his usual—"Now forward! forward, my Dovie! Juchti! juchti! Po goru!" he sped to the spot, and was admitted to the presence of the prince. He had not yet missed the pin, but, as a present from the czar, he said that he valued it more than it was worth, and great was his astonishment at Ivan's prompt honesty. The prince was a kind and generous man, who held the office of chancellor. A few words drew from Ivan the story of his life, and, pleased with the character that his questions developed, the prince offered him a place in his own household.

Wanka's good fortune was beginning. Gratefully accepting the place, he gave up his vehicle to his employer, and returned to his new position. The prince rang a bell, and summoned his head-clerk to his room, where he gave the boy into his care, with orders to employ him as an under-clerk until he was fitted for something more. The clerk, whose name was Alexie, had a face by no means prepossessing, and looked askance at his charge; but Ivan paid no heed to it, and only tried to discharge faithfully his new duties. In this he succeeded so well that he became a great favourite with the prince, and was rapidly promoted from that place to a higher one.

One day came Alexie with a bundle of papers to be overlooked and registered—a duty he imposed upon Ivan because it was tedious.

They proved to be the papers of a law-suit to take from a poor shoemaker a rich fortune which he had unexpectedly inherited; the plea being that the proper will was not to be found. In turning them over, however, Ivan, to his intense surprise, found the will among them, and at once secured it, thinking in his own heart of the cruel wickedness of the action.

He was interrupted by the timid entrance of the poor man, who told a pitiful tale of suffering, and humbly entreated that he might have justice. Ivan tried to comfort him, and assured him that justice should be done, for he was resolved to take the will to the prince, and expose the whole thing. His heart ached when the poor man took from his purse the last coin he had, and timidly offered it in payment of his words.

Giving it back, and kindly dismissing him, Ivan returned to his work, when the door again opened, and Alexie entered. "Well, Ivan," said he, "how come you on? Are the papers ready?"

"Nearly," replied Ivan.

"Well, and Tumanin, of course, must win the case?" said the clerk.

"By no means," said Ivan; "the will is there, and the estate belongs to the shoemaker."

"Fool that I was!" said Alexie, angrily, "not to burn the paper;" then turning coaxingly to Ivan, he begged he would let him look at the will again. But Ivan saw too much, and refused to give it up, except to the prince. Pale as death, and with drops of agony streaming from his face, the clerk tried every way to get it from him. Tumanin was the secretary of the court, all-powerful with the czar, and by a single word could have them both sent to Siberia; he must not, should not be angered.

But Ivan was firm. "I give it up only to the prince!"

Alexie ordered, threatened, bribed, but all in vain. Just then a large, stout man entered, and spoke to the clerk with an air of confidence. When he saw the state he was in and learned its cause, he turned to Ivan and commanded him to give up the paper at once and go about his business; but still came the answer—"I give it up only to the prince."

The stranger proved to be Tumanin himself, and great was his indignation at Ivan's cool firmness. He ordered, threatened, and then bade Alexie to take it by force; but that was more than he dared to do. Trembling from head to foot, in an agony of apprehension, he whispered to the secretary how great a favourite Ivan was with the prince, and the trouble such a proceeding would bring upon them both. Thus warned, the secretary tried to bribe Ivan, offering him even as much as ten thousand roubles and a place at court for the paper, or threatening to have him sent to Siberia if he refused.

Ivan sat coolly at his table, writing, and to all this made only the one firm reply, until the two scoundrels became vexed beyond bearing. They at once formed the plan of accusing him of the theft of a large sum, which Alexie was to swear had been taken from him, and

on the strength of this charge the powerful secretary seized him, and proceeded to tie Ivan's arms.

Ivan's loud cry for help was answered by the sudden opening of the door, and the appearance of the prince, accompanied by a tall, stately-looking man. Tumanin released Ivan and fell upon his knees, and Alexie shrank into a corner, both pale as death and trembling in every limb.

"I have heard every word," said the stranger, who was no other than the czar himself. "The great God, who has appointed to me the task of governing a nation, himself has led me here, to witness the way in which those whom I entrust with the duty of

assisting me perform their offices. Leave the room, gentlemen; you shall hear from me again."

With agony written upon every feature they obeyed, and Ivan, who trembled at the very idea of finding himself in the emperor's presence, fell upon his knees, he hardly knew why. "Rise, young man," said the emperor; "you, at least, have nothing to fear."

He raised Ivan from the floor, and seated him at his own side. The next day found him in an honourable position at the imperial court; while the same morning Tumanin and Alexie began their journey to the wilds of Siberia.

Our Sunday Schools.

POOR JACK.

A GENTLEMAN going late one evening from St. Martin's Lane to Bloomsbury Street, London, saw a number of ragged lads—beggars, thieves, or both—standing in a knot talking, laughing, and swearing. Just as he passed, one of them shouted some jeering piece of impertinence after him. He turned round, and said kindly to the one who had spoken: "Did you speak to me, my boy?" He shambled a little away, muttering, "No, sir."

He then stepped into the middle of the dirty group, and said, "Boys, listen to me: I have something to tell you—a short story."

They were all silent in an instant; and then in the plainest and shortest manner, he told them of God's pity and love for them. After which he spoke to them of the life, and sufferings, and death of Jesus Christ. He said nothing of punishment, or of hell. He only tried to tell them all about Jesus, using the words of the Bible as much as possible. As he told them of how weary and tired and hungry the Saviour often was, all was silence. Then, as the end came nearer, trying to make the last awful scene seem true to them, he heard an occasional shuffle as one and another pushed nearer to hear how the good Lord had suffered for him. They lis-

tened with faces of awe—dirty enough but solemn—to hear of his agony and bloody sweat, his cross and passion; and by-and-by he heard—and God heard, too—little vulgar sobs of uncontrollable emotion. Dirty hands wiped dirty faces; and their round eyes moved from his lips as he told them that now, while he spoke to them, Jesus was standing amongst them, and that he loved them just as much as when he died on the cross for their sakes. The story ended, no one spoke. Suddenly the gentleman said, "Now, lads. He loved us very much; ought not we to love him? Who loves him? Let every one that wishes to love him hold up his hand as I do;" and he held up his. They looked at one another. Then one held his up. A little mass of rags, with only one shoe, and a little grimy face, half hidden in a shock of hair scarcely concealed by an old battered hat with no rim, held up his dirty little hand. It was a touching sight. One and another followed, till all the hands, just twelve in number, were up.

The gentleman then said slowly, "You all wish to love him. Now, dear boys, hear what he says to those who love him.—If you love me, keep my commandments." Then, going straight up to him who had first held up his hand, the gentleman holding out his, said, "Shake

hands on it that you will promise me to try to keep his commandments." At once the little black hand was put in his; and the gentleman shook it hard, saying, "God bless you!" So he went round to all. He then gave them three shillings to be shared amongst them, for bed and bread, and said, "Good night." So they parted.

About three weeks after this the same gentleman was going under St. Clement Danes' archway. A little shoe-black was kneeling at one side. After the customary "Clean your bo-ots, sir?" the boy made a drive forward, and stood grinning with delight, right in front of the gentleman and his friend. The former had not the least notion who he was; so at last he said: "Well, my boy, you seem to know me; and who are you?"

"Please, sir, I'm Jack."

"Jack—Jack who?"

"Only Jack, sir, please, sir."

All at once it came across him who the lad was.

"I remember you now," he said. "Have you tried to keep your promise to love the Lord Jesus, and show how much you love him by obeying him?"

"Yes, sir, I have; indeed I have," he answered, with the greatest earnestness.

Inexpressibly delighted, the gentleman stopped and talked to him a little, making an excuse by letting him clean his shoes.

"Can you read, Jack?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, not over well; but I can make shift to spell out a page."

"Would you like a Testament of your own, where you could read for yourself the story you heard the other night?"

There was no answer, but half a chuckle of happiness at the bare idea. There was no pretence about the lad. The dirty little thief had set his face heavenwards.

"I see you would like it, Jack," added his friend. "Come to my rooms at — to-morrow, and you shall have one. Good-bye."

Exactly at the appointed hour on the morrow came one modest, eager tap at the door. In walked Jack. He had been to some neighbouring pump, poor fellow, and washed himself, not clean but streaky. He had plastered his hair down meekly, in honour of his

visit. There was nothing "taking" about him. He was very ugly; and had it not been for an humble, repentant look, would have been repulsive. That, however, he was not. The gentleman shook hands with him, said he was glad to see him, and made him come and sit by him.

"Jack, why do you want a Testament?"

"To read about him you told us of," said he shortly.

"Why do you want to read about him? because you love him, is it?"

Jack nodded once, shortly and decisively. There was no doubt about the matter, not a whit.

"Why do you love him?"

Jack was silent. His little ordinary features moved in a singular way; his eyes twinkled; his breast heaved. All at once he dropped his head on the table, sobbing as if his heart would break. "Cause they killed him," gasped poor Jack.

It was with some difficulty the gentleman restrained his own tears. The fervent belief in the Lord's death: the clear view which he had of it—that it was for him, and that he did in no way deserve it—had melted this poor little wandering heart as it never had been melted before.

He was allowed to cry until his sobs became less frequent, and then the gentleman read to him from St. John's Gospel, and talked to him of the great love of Jesus our Saviour, and of that happy home where we should fall at those blessed feet that were pierced for us, and tell him a little of the love we bear him. He was then shown how he could serve Christ here by being a little missionary, and striving to bring others to him.

His name was written, or rather printed, at his request, "werry large," in his Testament. The gentleman then prayed with him that the good Shepherd might help and guide this poor lamb in his dark and difficult path; and, with a little more talk about his prospects, they parted.

We need scarcely point out the secret of this happy history. That has been clearly shown already. Poor Jack believed that what the Lord did in dying on the cross, he did "for him," even for him who was so sinful, so unworthy! The belief of this won the

heart, as it always will "win the heart" of those who really believe it. Nothing else was needed. His heart was full of Christ and his love, and he longed to tell the other dying sinners of the way in which they too, might be happy, both here and for ever in heaven. This

is the true missionary spirit—to know Christ so as to feel his dying love in our hearts, and then try and make it known to others.

Sunday school teacher! is this *your* spirit?

Our Societies.

THE FIRST AUTUMNAL MEETING OF THE BAPTIST UNION.*

THE 12th and 13th of October, 1864, will be henceforth memorable days in the history of the Baptist Union of Great Britain and Ireland. For some years it had been thought by many that the Union was answering little practical purpose; and that it was possible to render it more efficient in consolidating the denomination, and in suggesting and sustaining efforts for its extension. The Annual Meeting in London last April displayed unwonted life, and inspired those who were longing for closer fellowship and increased effort with high hopes. Thus when it was announced that an Autumnal Session, in one of our large provincial towns, was in contemplation, the announcement was received with much satisfaction. As the time fixed drew near, and it was known that Birmingham was chosen as the place of rendezvous, that satisfaction increased; and when, at length, the full programme of the arrangements was published, all who felt any interest in the matter anticipated the Session with joyous expectation and hope. We confess to have shared in that anticipation; and hence we cheerfully travelled upwards of two hundred miles to meet the brethren. Thank God! we can say that our largest expectations were more than realized. More instructive, refreshing, quickening services we never attended.

The first meeting was held on the Wednesday morning in Cannon Street Chapel; and, as was most proper, was a service of prayer and praise. Over this meeting the venerable John Howard Hinton presided. On entering the chapel a few minutes after half-past ten, we found it already full; the lower part with ministers and delegates to the number of about four hundred, and the galleries with ladies. The President gave out a few verses of Dr.

Watts's well-known hymn, "Come, let us join our cheerful songs," &c., which were sung with great heartiness and harmony by the whole assembly. Dr. Prichard, of Llangollen, and Messrs. Katterns, of Hackney, and Hunter, of Nottingham, then implored the divine blessing.

This service being ended, the Rev. J. P. Mursell, of Leicester, chairman of the Union for the present year, proceeded to deliver his opening address. He commenced by congratulating those assembled on the revival, widening influence, and augmenting strength of the Union. After brief and appropriate references to some of the most eminent Nonconformist ministers who have laboured in Birmingham, whose names are held in high esteem for their works' sake (among whom we regret that the name of that saintly man, Samuel Pearce, was not included), Mr. Mursell went on to show the importance of combination when based on sound principles, and the best means for preserving it and rendering it subservient to the ends its advocates contemplate. Adverting to the position of Baptist churches in relation to combination, he gave utterance to the following sentiments, which were loudly applauded:—

"As a denomination, if we have not been foremost, we have always been firm, in the advocacy of the independency of the churches; indeed, we have been held by some to be pruriently jealous lest the principle of their entire freedom should be impugned or impaired, a jealousy which few among us would condemn. No advantages, in my humble opinion, which can be secured by a confederacy of churches, could compensate for an infraction of their individual liberty, a distinction and a privilege which, though it may be by some esteemed a weakness, is, in reality, the secret of our strength. To say the least, its maintenance puts us in sympathy with apostolic spirit and precedent.

"But independency is one thing, and isolation is another. Societies which are self-originate, self-sustained, self-controlled, may

* By One who was There.

surely coalesce for some common and mutually useful purposes, at the same time retaining, in all its integrity, their separateness of authority and function. To withhold sympathy with a confederate body, therefore, on such grounds (*i.e.*, their subversion of independency) would be to push a principle beyond its legitimate bounds, and to evince a sensitiveness hurtful to enlarged sympathies and general progress. We may rest assured that any union, which should either directly or covertly interfere with the internal affairs of our distinct fellowships, would invite and ensure its own destruction."

In speaking of the zeal sometimes displayed in seeking the increase of numbers, and the prurient impatience of results occasionally manifest, Mr. Mursell warned us against the indulgence of such feelings, as extremely pernicious:—

"When this false fervour takes hold of societies or of bodies of men, it leads to a sort of restless hankering after fruits, after palpable and prompt issues, until it engenders a tendency to *numerical display*; the progress of real religion is estimated by the actual numbers added within given periods to the community; and depression, the fruit of disappointment, follows when such effects do not ensue with almost geometrical progression. Might not this sometimes influence our local Associations, so that, as the yearly Session comes round, we become unhealthfully anxious to swell the list of reported additions, and hold this as the test of the measure of the divine presence in our midst? As though the Spirit of all grace were subject to times and seasons, and regulated his divine operations by our artificial and fleeting calculations! Some men, a sort of spiritual statisticians, would delay sweeping their lyres in the imperial temple till they had taken the census of the hosts of heaven. Is not this superficial piety and semi-commercial religion rather a feature and bane of our times?"

Here is a passage on the importance of unselfishness, which every minister should read and remember:—

"If the spirit of animation which the Union is evincing is to be maintained—is to be the forerunner of a healthy and enduring career—it must be pervaded by a frank, hearty, and fraternal temper. Clearly defining to our minds the objects we pursue, and attaching to them the importance they claim, we must address ourselves, as with the heart of one man, to their combined and cheerful attainment. There must be among us, brethren, no petty jealousies, no assumptive airs, no personal ends. He who is ambitious of distinction, of drawing attention toward himself, of forming the centre of his own little world, who has self-constituted standards of taste, of intellect, and of piety, would die of inanition in association with others. There are some men to whom personal estimation is as the bread of life,

who delight to stand alone, to occupy a solitary eminence whether it be a mound of earth or an emerald throne, to sway a self-constructed sceptre, and to regale their ears with the applause of the many, whether it be from the classic heights of Areopagus, or from the crowded purlieus of the Forum. Happily, these are exceptions to a general rule, a sort of *luxus nature* in the grand economy of social life; men whose notoriety depends on their isolation, and who therefore neither derive from nor impart refinement to the age in which they live; they resemble the fitful meteor which attracts a temporary gaze, rather than the beautiful and modest planet which mildly shines during recurring seasons, and which revolves in quiet but impressive harmony with its sister spheres. But minds of a different mould, of more healthy instincts and modest mien, delight in kindred alliance, revel in the light their fellows shed, attain to the high and precious eminence of esteeming others better than themselves. If this spirit, my respected brethren, do but pervade the Union whose interests we seek to promote to-day, it will secure the approbation of God and the esteem of men; it will not only be invested with a moral charm, but will unfold an enduring life."

Several objects were enumerated, which it was thought the Union might endeavour to promote; such as the raising of funds for the erection of chapels in populous and necessitous districts; the closer connection of the two sections of the denomination; the removal of all national and ecclesiastical exactions from nonconforming communities; watchfulness of popular education; and the establishment of a denominational fund for the relief of the widows of ministers and of superannuated labourers. Especial stress was laid on the last subject, as being one deserving our immediate and best attention. We were then reminded that though our chief business was with questions affecting the welfare and progress of our own body, yet there were times and seasons when we might and could unite with other associations of good men for the advantage of the commonwealth and the advancement of truth throughout the world. And here the charge of bigotry, sometimes brought against us, was met and nobly repelled. We give the vindication entire:—

"We have sometimes been charged as a denomination with bigotry, but upon us, in the language of another, 'the poisoned arrow will fall pointless.' People who undertake to hurl epithets at their Christian brethren should take the trouble of trying to understand their force. Bigotry does not consist in an earnest attachment to, and firm advocacy of, tenets we conscientiously approve, but in *denying to others the liberty of doing the same*. There is no body of men who

have contended more consistently, and who continue to maintain more firmly, the indefeasible right of private judgment, than that whom this Union represents. Attempts have been made to affix this offensive charge upon us, by those who should know better, through the practice of strict communion (from which I personally dissent) which some of our churches adopt; but the accusers should bear in mind that our esteemed and beloved Christian brethren of other fellowships require, as a rule, baptism as a term of communion. Unbaptized persons seeking admission to their fellowship would be required to submit to that ordinance before they would be deemed eligible to the privilege. What is this but the very practice which is condemned in the instance of our friends of strict-communion principles? The only distinction is that in the one case a wider view is taken of the nature of the baptismal rite than in the other. But this more specific idea of the scriptural nature of water baptism is as conscientious a matter on the one side, as the requirement of the baptismal vow without regard to subject or mode is on the other! Where, then, is the room for the use of ungenerous stigmas? It is high time that the last relics of this ignoble spirit, between bodies who hold the same great truths and adopt the same ecclesiastical polity, had subsided. The Baptist denomination throws from it with utter scorn the adoption of a servile temper, and will never strike the flag of self-respect among the denominations of the age. It has no unmeaning blandishments to ask and none to confer, but it counsels and stands ready to cherish in all honesty and godliness the 'charity which suffereth long and is kind, which envieth not, vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, which doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, and thinketh no evil.' Let us, brethren, put on this celestial virtue as a robe, and walk abroad in the sight of the nations as the lowly followers of the divine Redeemer, wrapt in its beautiful and graceful folds."

After touching on several other topics, which our limited space will not suffer us to enumerate, and which probably most of our readers have seen in *The Freeman*, our brother concluded in the following eloquent and impressive manner:—

"Gentlemen and Christian brethren,—We have a brilliant heraldry and a noble descent. We belong, however unworthily, to that long line of men who have, during successive ages, protested with unflinching voice against corruption and tyranny both in Church and State; who have summoned generations to pause and think; who have, through evil report and good report, advocated saving truths and simple ordinances. But 'the fathers—where are they? and the prophets—do they live for ever?' It shall be our ambition to act as becomes our illustrious ancestry, an ancestry before whose celestial attributes coronets and crowns

wane and decay. We will, in our passage to the grave, resolve to emblazon, with firm and modest hand, our armorial sign on the old and sacred escutcheon; to hand on the trust committed to us improved, or at least unimpaired; and to leave to those who succeed us some additional inducement to be faithful to the principles we love, and the practice we approve. Onward, brethren, onward, under the eye of the great cloud of witnesses, and the smile of the divine Lord! Some of us are destined before long to retire from the conflict and to quit the field. As the scene of life closes around us, and the portals of the tomb open before us, who, oh! who, but must envy that great and inspired creature who, as he loosened his sandals, and laid aside his staff, could exclaim, in accents as classic as they are divine,—'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 me in that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing.'"

At the close of his comprehensive, able address, Mr. Mursell sat down amid loud applause. The Rev. W. Robinson, of Cambridge, moved a resolution, thanking the chairman for his address, and respectfully requesting him to place it at the disposal of the committee. The Rev. N. Haycroft, of Bristol, seconded the resolution, which was unanimously adopted.

The Rev. J. H. Millard, of Huntingdon, one of the secretaries of the Union, and to whose indefatigable exertions it largely owes its present success, then read an address from the committee; in which, among other subjects of interest, the chief object of the Union was thus described:—

"The Baptist Union, dear brethren, has for its primary object the strengthening and benefiting of the churches by binding them together with the cords of holy love. This is an end, indeed, which may be incidentally accomplished by societies formed for other purposes, but the Baptist Union alone contemplates this as its proper work, and its peculiar glory. And you will readily acknowledge that there is ample scope for such Christian labours. Our churches love liberty, and cherish with fond devotion that freedom of conscience for which our fathers nobly contended unto death. We will allow no man, and no authority amongst men, to exercise the least control over our private judgment. But have we not dwelt too much apart, and been prone to feel some jealousy of close association with our brethren, lest association should at some time beget restraint? Have we not sometimes, whilst separating conscientiously from churches of a less simple discipline and less scriptural faith, even held ourselves aloof from brethren holding the same faith,

observing the same order, and bearing the same name? Separations between brethren can never be pleasing to him who said, 'By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another.' It is the object, then, of the Baptist Union, its main and immediate object, to bring the Baptist churches of this kingdom into closer and more loving fellowship with each other, to remove the barriers that may unnecessarily exist to a more frequent and more fraternal intercourse, and to establish such relations amongst the brethren generally as shall enable them to co-operate more easily and fully in every good work."

The address was cordially received by the assembly.

In accordance with the programme which had been published, the Rev. G. Gould, of Norwich, then read a paper on "Romanism and Scepticism viewed in relation to Baptist Principles." Of this paper it is impossible to speak too highly. It exhibited extensive acquaintance with the subjects it embraced; was marked by great breadth and clearness of thought, lucidness of arrangement, and force of style; and was impregnated with a fine Christian spirit. During the reading of it Mr. Gould was frequently cheered, and its close was the signal for an outburst of long-continued applause. This paper, together with the others, will shortly be published in a cheap form for general circulation. We commend them to the notice of our readers, as every way worthy of a careful perusal. The Rev. Dr. Gotch, of Bristol College, moved, and the Rev. S. G. Green, President of Rawdon College, in a short but able speech, seconded, a vote of thanks to Mr. Gould, which was unanimously accorded.

The Rev. W. Underwood, of Nottingham, next read a paper on "The General Baptist Denomination: its Past History, Distinctive Peculiarities, and Present Position." The document was one of great interest, but rather too long; and though the whole tone of it was admirable, yet we thought the writer took a somewhat undue advantage of his position to argue the points of difference between the two sections of the Baptist body. As to the present position of the General Baptists, Mr. Underwood said that—

"The following statistics gave a general idea of the present condition of the Connexion:—Number of churches, 150; members, 21,031; ministers, 100; chapels and preaching-places, 270; Sunday scholars, 28,923; Sunday school teachers, 4,194. Not fewer than one-third of the churches were destitute of stated pastors, and were supplied either by brethren who had retired from the pastorate, by students, or by occasional preachers, the latter being rather numerous. Three-fourths of the ministers

had the benefit of academical preparation. The amount of income which they received was below the average of what was given in some other denominations, but was much higher than it was twenty years ago. About one-fifth of the ministers had been received from other denominations, chiefly from the Particular Baptists, so that their doctrinal training had not been uniform."

He closed by advocating a closer union between the two sections of the denomination. The Rev. Dr. Evans, of Scarborough, moved a vote of thanks to Mr. Underwood, which was seconded by the Rev. W. Walters, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, who said "he cared little comparatively for the five or the fifty points distinguishing the Particular from the General Baptists, and would be glad to have the distinctive names buried in oblivion." After some observations by Messrs. Stevenson and Pike, of Leicester, and Mr. Lewitt, of Nottingham, the chairman expressed in a few words the pleasure which it had given them to meet the General Baptists that morning. He then put the motion, which was carried unanimously.

The Rev. W. Robinson, of Cambridge, now rose to propose the adoption of a petition he had prepared to the House of Commons, praying that honourable House to adopt without delay such measures as to its wisdom might seem best, for inquiring whether our national ecclesiastical establishments be not unjust and injurious. He supported his motion by a very excellent speech, in the course of which he observed that—

"It laid the axe to the root of the matter, and took their movement on that subject out of the mere range of party politics, and made it an expression of their religious faith, and of their homage to the King of kings. He wished them to agree to the petition he would propose on that day, because not only had they then a greater meeting than they would be likely to have in April next, but because it was possible there would be a general election before April next, in which case he would like them to be able to go to the candidates in their respective districts, and say, 'Sir, I believe that the rule of ecclesiastical affairs by the civil authorities in Great Britain is injurious to the Nonconformists, disastrous to the country, and dishonouring to God. Will you now pledge yourself to support an inquiry into the system?' He hoped the petition, if adopted, would receive the sanction of members of the churches not present, that it would be widely circulated, and that it would be taken as an expression of their religious faith, and not regarded as a merely political movement. All the world was waiting for the separation, practical and real, of the spiritual and temporal authorities. In 1838, Lord Palmerston affirmed the principle to be true with regard

to Italy. Then why should it not be so here? and this country, the pioneer of commercial freedom, be the herald of the religious liberty of all nations?" (Loud applause).

The motion was seconded by Mr. W. Morgan, of Birmingham. An animated discussion followed, in the midst of which it was decided that the debate should be adjourned till after dinner.

The ministers and delegates attending the meeting dined together at the Royal Hotel, under the presidency of Mr. W. Middlemore, the chairman of the local committee. After dinner, the Rev. J. J. Brown, in the name of the local committee, gave a hearty welcome to the chairman, secretaries, and committee of the Union, and all the ministers and delegates who had that day favoured them with their presence. Short speeches having been delivered by Dr. Underhill, the Rev. R. W. Dale, minister of Carr's Lane Chapel, Birmingham, who represented the Congregationalists, Dr. Acworth, and Mr. Levi Coffin, of America, a member of the Society of Friends, the Session was resumed at Cannon Street Chapel. The propriety and merits of Mr. Robinson's petition were freely considered. At length it was resolved, after a long conversation, in which Messrs. Trestrail, Green, Gotch, Walters, Thomas, Robinson, Underhill, Winks, and others, took part, to appoint a committee to draw up a form of petition, and bring it up the next morning. The Session was then adjourned to the morrow.

In the evening we went to the handsome chapel in Bristol Road, built a year or two ago for the Rev. J. J. Brown and his friends, and called after the "morning star of the Reformation," Wycliffe Chapel. Here, according to the arrangements of the Birmingham brethren, the Rev. W. Brock, of London, was to preach. The chapel was densely crowded in every part. At half-past seven, the Rev. Isaac Lord entered the pulpit, and proceeded to conduct the devotional part of the service. This being ended, Mr. Brock announced as his text the words of Paul—"For Christ sent me not to baptize, but to preach the Gospel" (1 Cor. i. 17). Commencing by observing that Paul's business, that on which his heart was set, was the salvation of men, he went on to inquire whether baptism was ever employed by the apostle for the accomplishment of this work. Four propositions were here laid down:—first, that baptism is not efficacious to salvation; second, that it is not essential to salvation; third, that it is not contributive to salvation; and fourth, that it is not preliminary to salvation. In the

advancement and support of these propositions, the preacher referred to the growing stress which was being placed by all who baptize infants, whether Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Methodists, or Congregationalists, on baptism as in some way helpful to salvation. He then asked, if baptism was neither efficacious, essential, contributive, nor preliminary to salvation, what was it? If it occupied neither the higher, nor lower, nor intermediate place, what place did it occupy relatively to a sinner's condition in the sight of God? He answered, None at all. Until men were reconciled to God, they had no business with baptism; they were in one sphere, and baptism was in another. It was a privilege they were unable to enjoy, a duty they were unable to discharge, an act they were unable to understand, an institution which, until the preaching of the Gospel had become the power of God unto salvation, must be reverently let alone. Mr. Brock closed with an explanation of the significance of baptism as administered to believers. The sermon was a masterly performance, and was delivered with that manliness and earnestness for which the preacher is so justly celebrated. The attention of the audience was riveted throughout.

On Thursday morning, at ten o'clock, the ministers and delegates re-assembled in the school-room attached to Wycliffe chapel, under the presidency of the chairman of the Union. The Rev. Dr. Thomas read a form of petition to the House of Commons on the relations of Church and State, which had been agreed to by the committee appointed the previous day. The petition was substantially the same as that which had been prepared by Mr. Robinson, but was worded with a more strict regard to parliamentary form. On the motion of Mr. Robinson, seconded by Mr. Morgan, it was unanimously resolved—

"That the petition now read be adopted by the Union, and be signed by the chairman and officers of the Union, and that Mr. John Bright, M.P., be requested to present it to the House of Commons."

A deputation consisting of two or three local gentlemen was appointed to wait on Mr. Bright, requesting him to present the petition; and the Rev. J. H. Hinton and Dr. Acworth were likewise appointed to attend the meeting of the Congregational Union at Hull to draw attention to the question.

At half-past ten we met in the chapel for praise and prayer; and were rejoiced to find that, as on the previous morning at Cannon Street, Wycliffe was well filled. Dr. Thomas, President of Pontypool Col-

lege, presided; and Drs. Acworth and Angus, and the Rev. J. Mursell, of Kettering, prayed. The chairman of the Union opened the subsequent business by saying that if the Baptist Union was to be perpetuated in its now, he hoped, revived form, they must have some funds. He thought gentlemen should distinctly bear that in mind, and that they should take measures to put that institution on an equal footing with the many other institutions connected with the Baptist body. Subscriptions would be received by the secretary, and it was desirable that an income of at least £250 a year should be placed in his hands.

The Rev. J. H. Hinton introduced a deputation from the Freedmen's Aid Society, consisting of Mr. Levi Coffin and Mr. A. Allbright. The latter gentleman read a memorial explaining the objects of the Society, and asking the assistance of the Union in its efforts to relieve the pressing necessities of the escaped slaves who have taken refuge within the Federal lines. He then briefly addressed the meeting, calling special attention to the subscriptions that had been received from America at the time of the Irish famine. The Rev. J. H. Hinton, in a brief speech, moved the following resolution:—

"That on unquestionable evidence there are now far more than a million, and probably one and a half millions, of refugees from slavery, under the sheltering care of bands of Christian benefactors from the Northern States, and that these Christian benefactors are carrying on a great and successful work with inadequate means and overtasked strength. That these facts, in connection with the contribution by America of the magnificent value of full £200,000 to Ireland and Lancashire in the time of their distress, call now on the Christian people of Great Britain for an adequate and grateful return; and the Union therefore recommends the case as one for prompt and liberal contribution throughout the Baptist churches."

The Rev. F. Trestrail seconded the motion, which was put and carried unanimously.

The Rev. W. Walters introduced the Rev. A. Dez, minister of the Baptist church and congregation in Paris, whose chief object in visiting this country, he said, was to collect funds for the erection of a new Baptist chapel in Paris, where more church accommodation was much needed. M. Dez briefly addressed the meeting, and referred to the desirableness of evangelizing France, a work that he believed could not be carried out so well by any other Protestant body as by the Baptists.

The Rev. C. M. Birrell, of Liverpool, read the paper he had prepared at the request of the committee, on "The influence of the Present Times on Personal

Religion." After remarking that times of ease, such as we now enjoyed, were more perilous to godly men than the seasons of persecution through which our forefathers passed, he noticed how the mental activity of the age, the commercial enterprise, the social amusements, were prejudicial to a religious life. We give one extract, to which we call special heed:—

"How to preserve the balance between those courteous relations with the world which were imperative upon them, and the friendship with it which was death, was the problem of perpetual pressure at the present day. Christian fathers and mothers had adopted a style of entertainment which had no tendency to form a religious household. With nothing in itself positively sinful, a certain mental restlessness, a dependence on excitement, and a love of the frivolous, had been created in the young, that unbinged the attention, and disqualified for religious thought. There might be nothing wrong in the dance, not much wrong possibly in the midnight party; yet, when these filled a large space in the time and talk of the family, reasonable young persons felt their incongruity with what was spiritual, and concluded that their parents, whatever they might profess, did not mean that they should not grow up to be like persons with whom they were thus associated, and who were with so much ceremony invited to their homes. It might be asked whether he recommended the dull, formal, profitless gatherings in which no one had anything to convey to another but tedious gossip. He would reckon it base to impute to Christians the inability to make time pass both intelligently and joyously; but he would rather that their daughters endured the gloomiest evenings ever imposed, than be doomed to gallop round a room in the embrace of any empty fellow who might happen to have a passable person and an ability to cut the most recent figures in that kind of *divertissement*. In the one case their patience would be tried, and by being tried perhaps improved; in the other their self-respect would be lowered, and the bloom of protecting modesty imperiled."

In conclusion, Mr. Birrell spoke of the course necessary to be taken by Christian ministers in such times of peril, and strongly recommended the establishment of periodical *réunions* among the members of churches, for the purpose of the study of the Scriptures. The paper, which was one of the highest excellence, was listened to with the most devout attention, and produced a deep and salutary impression on the meeting. A vote of thanks was appropriately moved by Dr. Angus, of Regent's Park College, and seconded by the Rev. W. R. Stevenson, of Nottingham, and heartily adopted.

The next subject was "Church Work

in large Towns;" and was introduced by the Rev. J. P. Chown, of Bradford. He divided the subject into three heads: first, some of the features of the districts in which the church's work had to be done; second, some of the means by which the church was to be made ready for the work; and, third, some of the ways by which the work might be accomplished. These heads were illustrated at great length and with much earnestness. Our honoured brother embodied in the paper many of the methods by which his own useful ministry has been distinguished, and affectionately commended them to the consideration of the churches. The usual vote of thanks was moved by the Rev. W. Brock, and seconded by the Rev. J. T. Brown, of Northampton, and warmly accorded. Mr. Brown, referring to the difficulties of rural church work, as compared with the work in large towns, said that he had been requested by the committee to prepare a paper on the subject. He had not been able to do so, and he accordingly referred the subject back to the committee, in the hope that some brother would be enabled systematically to deal with it at the next Session of the Union.

The Hon. and Rev. B. W. Noel read the last paper, on "Individual Effort for the Conversion of Sinners." It was a theme congenial to the writer's heart, and was treated by him with all the gravity and earnestness it demands. It has been well described by a writer in *The Freeman*, as "an elaborate and carefully-considered version of the solemn and earnest address he delivered at the meeting of the Union held in London last April." On the motion of the Rev. H. Hunter, of Nottingham, seconded by the Rev. J. Martin, the thanks of the meeting were given to Mr. Noel for his important paper. The chairman pronounced the benediction. The ministers and delegates then adjourned to the Royal Hotel, where they sat down to an excellent repast, under the presidency of Mr. J. H. Hopkins. After dinner, the Rev. Dr. Acworth proposed—

"That the hearty thanks of the Union be given to their kind and hospitable friends at Birmingham; and more especially to W. Middlemore, Esq., chairman of the

managing committee, and the Revs. C. Vince, J. J. Brown, and B. C. Young, the local secretaries, for their unwearied and most effectual attention to the comfort of the delegates and visitors."

The Rev. F. Trestrail seconded, and the Rev. J. P. Mursell supported the motion, which was passed amidst loud applause. The Rev. C. Vince and the Rev. J. J. Brown acknowledged the compliment paid to them. The Rev. J. P. Chown proposed, and the Rev. J. H. Millard seconded, a vote of thanks to the preachers, and coupled with the vote a request that the Rev. W. Brock would allow his sermon to be printed forthwith. The motion was passed. The Rev. W. Brock said he would be most happy to hand over his MS. to any suitable person, but he confessed he would not like to bury it in a magazine. A vote of thanks to the chairman brought the work of the Session to a close.

In the evening, we went to Graham Street Chapel, where Mr. Noel was to preach. The place was crowded to suffocation, and many were unable to obtain admission. The Rev. J. Lewitt, of Nottingham, conducted the devotional part of the service. The venerable preacher chose for his text Acts xiii. 38, 39; and was listened to with the closest and most solemn attention, while, for upwards of an hour, he unfolded with quiet, simple, fervid eloquence, the way of salvation. It was a beautiful close to a series of services which had proved to many souls times of refreshing from the Divine presence.

We cannot lay aside our pen without congratulating Mr. Millard, the working secretary of the Union; Mr. Mursell, the chairman; and the committee, on the success of this experimental Session. We must also add our thanks, to those of many grateful hearts, to the Birmingham ministers and friends, for their liberal and loving Christian hospitality. We praise the Giver of all good for the manifold tokens of his favour visible throughout the services, and pray that the richest results may follow. And, finally, we express a hope that many such meetings may be enjoyed by the members and friends of the Baptist Union in future years.

Intelligence.

FOREIGN.

THE GOSPEL IN ITALY.—We have more than once given information respecting the interesting mission which has recently been commenced, by some members of our own denomination, in Italy. The following letter from Mr. Wall, the missionary, gives pleasing intelligence respecting the progress of the effort:—

“Bologna, Sept., 1864.

“Dear Brother,—I mentioned in my last that one of the officials was coming to the meeting for the soldiers. When he came I found he was a rather intelligent corporal, who was more desirous to dispute than to inquire for the way of life. Having two brothers, the one a monk at Naples, and the other in a Tuscan convent, and thinking himself well instructed in matters of faith, he wished to preserve his comrades from error, by proving from the Scripture that the priest had power to reconcile us to God. I gave him the Testament, and he commenced searching in a professional manner for certain passages which he seemed to imagine would easily be found. Not finding such, and being pointed to the opposite, he felt relieved when I asked him to take the book and search, and come again. He came one afternoon, and said, as I entered the room, ‘Sir, we have no more need of the priests; Christ has reconciled us to God.’ He continued to come,—not to dispute, but to inquire; and in a very few weeks after, I found that he gathered other soldiers about him, and read the Scriptures in the barracks. When the great heat began the soldiers were sent to the camp, and as it was further from the city than we thought it would be, they came to see me before leaving. It was encouraging, because I believed the cause of their emotion was the change which God himself had wrought in their hearts. They met with some difficulty with the careless and the sceptical, but their conduct seems to have had an influence even upon such. After they were gone from the city some few were left, merely as a guard. One of these, who had thought little of the Word during their presence, being left alone, became sad and almost melancholy. He had sought salvation according to the Romish system; when at Naples he had pursued the most rigorous course of penance: he had made crosses on the floor of the church till his mouth was filled with blood; and finding the priest a deceiver, in a fit of desperation he had thrown the book at him, and, hurrying from the confessional, had become a blasphemer. He wished to speak with me about the pardon which comes from heaven. Pardon from heaven is something new to the poor Italian: when it was shown to be promised in the Scripture to all

who seek it, through Calvary, and the Scripture was presented to him, he received it with tears of joy, and kissed the hand which gave it.

“In this letter I am able to give you an idea of how the work is commenced in an Italian city. When the heat was becoming almost suffocating, and we had suffered from intermittent fevers, it seemed desirable to seek a change of air. At this juncture a Waldensian pastor who came here to perform a matrimonial service (the Evangelici have no legal power to do so), wished me to accompany him to a small city where a few persons desired to know something of the Gospel. We went together. The city was nearly twenty miles from the railway, and as we hoped to have a service in the evening, although it was the Sabbath, we proceeded direct. The road we passed along was shaded by elms, connected the one with the other by loops of vine, bearing large purpling clusters which seemed transfigured in the warm evening light. But in the midst of this it was needful to remember that death was at the door; for on either hand was a ditch of stagnant water, which, though it seemed a paradise to the frogs, which were making a noise almost like that of pigs in England, was a fruitful source of nuisance to every sense, and of disease. We passed several villages where the children were at play, the young men and maidens dancing, the old people at the doors, or sitting in the shade of gourds, which spread their broad leaves and magnificent fruit, or rude but picturesque trellis-work, in almost every garden. Entering the city after sunset, we found it impossible to arrange for a public service, and so we sought and found our friends, whom we found gathered in the cottage of a poor crippled woman. They were glad to see us, glad to know the arrangements they had made were acceptable, glad to tell their tale of hope and fear, and glad to hear the voice of prayer and encouragement. When we went out the next morning, we found the cry gone forth, ‘The Protestants are come.’ The people in the streets formed little groups, who seemed to be making a confusion of inquiries, and we noticed, in passing, that all saluted us, and smiled, as if our visit, though unexpected, was agreeable. That evening a service was held in a large room, which was crowded [with persons of every class, who listened attentively to a simple exposition of the Gospel, and expressed their gratification as the minister concluded by the loud clapping of hands. It was evident the people were prepared, so the Evangelist consented to remain some days, and I engaged to return at the end of the week.

“On my return I found the meetings had been well attended; a gentleman was ready to receive me into his house, and to make

himself responsible to the authorities for my conduct during my stay. I distributed some Testaments and other books, which were very eagerly received, and, passing through the city one evening, I saw a druggist sitting at his shop-door reading to six or seven others a work on Papal errors. A class which I opened for reading the Scriptures was attended by about twenty boys, and at a Bible-class in the evening for adults I had seventy or eighty, and sometimes, when the Evangelist preached, the people could not get into the room. The priests were not long, however, in marshalling their strength. They preached against us in the pulpits, and said we ought to be burnt; they went from house to house exciting the population; the bishop issued his excommunication against those who received us into their houses, against those who listened to us, or who even protected us. This latter was the excommunication of the magistrates, and so when it was posted on the walls of the city, the policeman tore it down. Yet the curse of the bishop was almost too much for some of the ignorant country people. We were advised not to go out of the city after sunset, and the gentleman with whom we stayed was urged to insure his house. One night we were rather alarmed at seeing a number of men in the street bearing certain short staves, and considerably relieved when we knew they only wished to defend us in case of tumult. There was, I believe, some ground for their fear, because the disturbance was so great in the meeting one night after, that we thought some of them would certainly open their knives. The soldiers, however, were with us in a minute, the confusion was hushed, and the meeting ended. After this there was no effort made on the part of the priests; they found themselves too weak, and therefore desisted.

"Indeed, it seemed that trouble might come from another quarter. For when the people heard us so cursed in the churches, they sometimes went out in a very unmannerly way. One afternoon I went to the cathedral: of course the preacher spoke in the usual maledictory style. As he flung curse after curse, a young man standing near me became exceedingly excited, and spoke out loudly and rudely. If I had not shown instant disapproval, I suppose that would have been put to my account. Some others went one night to the house of the arch-priest, and removed the steps of his door: three of them were caught and placed in prison. You will, I have no doubt, think this a strange picture, and it will perhaps be difficult for you, in calm and peaceful England, to realize such a state of things fully. Nevertheless, you will perceive that the old superstitions which have thrown their deadly influence on the world, rendering the development of liberty, fraternity, and true religion almost impossible, are being ruined at their roots. The danger is, lest the people, abandoning error, should find no one to teach them the truth. I could tell you the state of the whole district, of which

that city is the centre—I could record the cry for help which has come to me from many other places; but as I fear you will think the letter tedious, it suffices to say that those cries fall not on ears that are deaf, but come to one who can do little more than pray the Lord who has ripened the harvest to send the men to reap it.

"Brother Holroyd is safely arrived. He brings about seven cwt. of portions of Scripture; a gentleman has sent us four thousand Gospels: so that we hope some portion of the Word will be received in each house in the city, and that in due time the fruit will appear.—I am, my dear Brother, yours affectionately,

"JAMES WALL."

DOMESTIC.

GEORGE STREET, NOTTINGHAM. — On Tuesday morning, October 4th, an interesting ceremony took place in the presentation of a testimonial to the Rev. J. Edwards, late minister of the Baptist chapel, George-street, Nottingham. It is known that Mr. Edwards resigned the pastorate of this church some months since. When the resignation was made known, several friends thought that the faithful labours of nearly thirty-four years ought to be acknowledged in some suitable manner, and it was finally resolved to present the rev. gentleman with a purse of gold, to which has since been added a valuable gold watch. The testimonial was presented at Mr. Edwards's residence in the Park, privately. The deputation was introduced by John Heard, Esq., who made the presentation on behalf of the gentlemen composing the deputation. In addressing his remarks to Mr. Edwards, he expressed the wishes of the gentlemen present, and of all the subscribers, that the life of Mr. Edwards might be spared for many years to come. He also spoke in terms of the warmest gratitude and affection of Mr. Edwards's pastoral and ministerial labours. Mr. Edwards replied to the kind wishes of the deputation and the subscribers as expressed by their leader, and said he thanked them most heartily for their valuable gift. He expressed himself in feeling terms respecting the labours and friendships of the past, his unfailing attachment to the Baptist chapel, George-street, and his desire to forward its interests at all times to the best of his ability. After a few remarks from Mr. Hazledine, of London (formerly a deacon of the church), the deputation withdrew. The testimonial consisted of a purse containing 100 guineas, and a handsome gold watch bearing the following inscription: "Presented to the Rev. J. Edwards upon his retiring from the ministry of the Baptist church, George-street,

Nottingham, after thirty-three years' faithful service, by his numerous friends. —August, 1864." By the cordial and unanimous invitation of the church, Mr. Edwards is succeeded by the Rev. W. Stacey Chapman, B.A., formerly of Amer-sham, who commenced his ministry at George-street on the first Sunday in October.

FLEET, LINCOLNSHIRE.—It being a century since the first place of worship possessed by the General Baptist church, Fleet, Lincolnshire, was erected, special services were held in commemoration of the event on October 9th and 11th. On Lord's day, October 9th, two sermons were preached by the Rev. T. W. Mathews, of Boston, after which collections were made to meet the expense of repairing the minister's house, and renewing and enrolling the chapel deeds, &c. On Tuesday, October 11th, the Rev. J. Staddon, of Pinchbeck, preached in the morning. In the afternoon the Rev. J. Cotton, of Holbeach, presided, and the pastor, the Rev. F. Chamberlain, read a sketch of the history of the church; in which it was stated that it originated in 1681; that for eighty-three years it met in hired houses, first at Holbeach, then at Fleet and Luton, afterwards at Gedney, and then again at Fleet; that its first ordained pastor was William Kidd, who died in 1768; that more than a thousand persons have been connected with it; that from among its members ten have become pastors of churches, all faithful men, and two—Revs. J. Pegg and J. Stubbins—missionaries to the heathen; that besides several times enlarging the chapel at Fleet, it has erected five others in as many different places; that under God three other churches owe their existence to its labours; and that during the last fifty years it has raised somewhere about £10,000 for the support and extension of Christ's kingdom. Two of its pastors held office forty-eight years, namely, W. Burgess, twenty-three, and J. Rogers, twenty-five. It has now 222 members, two pastors, three chapels, and three Sunday schools, numbering 235 children, and forty-three teachers. At five o'clock a public tea-meeting was held, provision for which, as well as for dinner, was gratuitously provided. In the evening the pastor, brethren Fysch and Franks, and the Revs. W. Dyson, J. Cotton, and J. Staddon, delivered deeply-interesting and impressive addresses to a large audience. Collections, &c., amounted to £40—no small sum from a congregation composed chiefly of agricultural labourers.

TRINITY CHAPEL, BRADFORD.—Seven

years having expired since the erection of this place of worship, and the formation of a church therein, the event has been publicly celebrated by a series of services. On Saturday evening, September 17th, a meeting for special thanksgiving and prayer was held in the school-room connected with Trinity Chapel. On the following Sunday, morning and evening, two sermons, appropriate to the occasion, were preached in Trinity Chapel, by the Rev. H. J. Betts, the pastor, to large congregations; and in the afternoon, an address was given by the rev. gentleman to the scholars taught in the Sabbath school. On the Tuesday evening, a large number of friends partook of tea in the spacious school-room adjoining the chapel. So numerous were the applicants for tickets, that there were no fewer than three sittings-down, and more than seven hundred persons took tea. Subsequently, a public meeting was held in the chapel, for the purpose of publicly presenting to the Rev. H. J. Betts testimonials in recognition of his faithful and successful labours as pastor during the past seven years, and in token of the affection of the church and the congregation. The testimonials consisted of eight handsomely-bound volumes of *The Commentary Wholly Biblical* (presented by the church and congregation); a purse containing sixty guineas (presented by the ladies of the congregation); a handsome inkstand in papier mâché (presented by the young men connected with the Sabbath school); a silver pencil-case, a gold pen, and a pearl paper-knife. The congregation was very large. John Cooke, Esq., occupied the chair. After devotional services, addresses were delivered by the Revs. J. P. Chown, S. G. Green, B.A., J. Makepeace, J. Dyson, Mr. T. R. Taylor, Mr. R. Harwood, and the Rev. H. J. Betts. The proceedings throughout were deeply interesting.

BISHOP BURTON, NEAR BEVERLEY.—The Baptist church at Bishop Burton having been formed September 27th, 1764, its centenary has been recently celebrated by special services. On Lord's day, September 25th, two sermons were preached by the Rev. G. C. Catterall, of Wakefield, late pastor of the church, after which collections were made to meet the expense of thoroughly repairing, painting, and cleaning the chapel. On Tuesday, the 27th, a public tea-meeting was held, when great numbers arrived in the village from Hull, Beverley, and the surrounding district. At half-past four tea was upon the tables, when, at two sittings-down, about 340 persons partook of the provisions spread before them. After tea, a public meeting

was held in the chapel, which was crowded, while many were at the doors unable to gain admittance. After singing and prayer, the pastor (the Rev. J. Dawson) read a short account relative to the providential and gracious dealings of God with the church, in which particular reference was made to the origin and formation of the church, to each pastor, to the period each had sustained the office, to the numbers added under each pastorate, and to the present state and prospects of the church. The chapel was opened in 1770, and Mr. David Kinghorn, the father of the Rev. Joseph Kinghorn, of Norwich, was the first pastor. There have been (including the present) ten pastors, two of whom held the office fifty-nine years; namely, Mr. Kinghorn twenty-nine years, and Mr. Berry thirty years. The meeting was addressed by Dr. Evans, of Scarborough; the Revs. G. C. Catterall, of Wakefield; L. B. Brown, of Hull; S. Brown (Wesleyan), of Beverley; A. Bowden, of Driffield; and W. C. Upton, of Beverley. The provisions were abundant, and the arrangements admirable, and the whole was conducted with the greatest order.

TAUNTON.—A Baptist church of considerable antiquity existed in this town; but its members had adopted Unitarian sentiments, for some time previous to the establishing of the Baptist church now worshipping in Silver-street, which was formed on October 30th, 1814. The jubilee of this latter church was celebrated recently. In conjunction therewith, services in connection with the re-opening of the chapel were also held. The building had been closed for some weeks in consequence of the fall of part of the ceiling and joists, shortly after the dismissal of the congregation; and the pastor, the Rev. A. Von der Heyde Cowell, B.A., had preached meanwhile in the Castle Hall. The gracious protection of life was felt to demand devout and deep gratitude. Accordingly, a meeting for thanksgiving and prayer was held on Saturday, the 24th of September. On the following Sunday two admirable sermons were preached; that in the morning by the Rev. R. P. Macmaster (of Counterslip, Bristol), and that in the evening by the Rev. S. Wilkinson, minister of the Independent chapel, North-street, Taunton. On the Monday ensuing the Rev. N. Haycroft, M.A., of Bristol, delivered a powerful discourse, and on the Tuesday the Rev. J. A. Spurgeon, of London, preached two excellent practical sermons. A considerable number assembled at a tea-meeting in the afternoon, and on account of the large attendance the con-

gregation met in the evening in Paul's Meeting, kindly lent for the occasion. At the close of the very interesting and profitable services, it was announced that more than £200 had been contributed, which was sufficient to cover the cost of repairs and alterations, and to liquidate a small debt remaining on the class-rooms.

HAY, BRECONSHIRE.—On Wednesday and Thursday, September 28th and 29th, ordination services were held in connection with the settlement of the Rev. G. Rees, late of Haverfordwest College, as pastor of the Baptist church in the above town. On the Wednesday evening, impressive sermons were preached by the Revs. G. Phillips, of Evenjobb, from Deut. xxxi. 6; and D. Sinclair, of Peterchurch, from Micah ii. 13. On the Thursday, at half-past ten, the service was commenced by the Rev. L. Jones, of Penryheol, when the Rev. D. Sinclair gave a brief outline of the nature of a Christian church, and asked the usual questions of the young minister, which elicited very satisfactory answers. The church having expressed its unanimous invitation, and the minister his acceptance, the ordination prayer was then offered by Mr. Sinclair; after which, a most interesting charge was delivered to the minister elect by the Rev. T. Davies, D.D., President of Haverfordwest College, from 1 Tim. iv. 16, and an appropriate charge was delivered by the Rev. G. Phillips from 1 Thess. v. 12, 13. At half-past two, the Rev. R. Lloyd, of Hay, commenced by reading and prayer, and an able sermon was preached by the Rev. Llewellyn Jones from Heb. xi. 38. The Rev. T. T. Phillips, of Painscastle, closed the service by prayer. In the evening, at half-past six, the Rev. C. Wilson Smith, of Kington, conducted the devotional part of the service, when a most admirable sermon was delivered by the Rev. T. Davies, D.D., from John iv. 10. The services, from beginning to end, were of a deeply-interesting character, and well attended. Mr. Rees enters on his ministerial labours with very encouraging prospects of usefulness and success.

BERKHAMPTSTEAD.—On Tuesday, October 11th, the corner-stone of a new Baptist chapel was laid in the High-street of this town, by Master John Garret Pegg, as the deputy of his revered and aged grandfather, John Garret, Esq., of Chesham. The friends and Sabbath school children assembled on the site of the new building at half-past two o'clock. The service was commenced by singing. The Rev. A. Dyson, of Haddenham, offered prayer. The Rev. J. Lawton, the pastor of the church, then exhibited a

bottle, to be afterwards placed in a cavity in the stone, containing a copy of the current week's *Freeman*, several local newspapers, and a short sketch of the history of the church, reaching back nearly two hundred years. A copy of this historic statement was then read. A beautiful silver trowel, with an appropriate inscription, was presented to the young gentleman above-named, and he commenced his masonic duties with hearty interest; which, having duly gone through, he closed by depositing on the stone a donation of £20. An animated address was then delivered by the Rev. J. Clifford, M.A., of Praed-street, Paddington, and the ceremony concluded with the reception of other contributions and the singing of the doxology. A crowded tea-meeting was afterwards held in the Town-hall. After tea, addresses were delivered to a large assembly by the Revds. E. Davies, J. Preston, T. Snell, A. Dyson, and J. Lawton. The people were much encouraged by the day's engagements. The clear proceeds in aid of the building fund amounted to £53 14s. 11d.

WESTON-SUPER-MARE.—The new Baptist chapel in Wadham-street, in this town, was opened on Tuesday, September 27th. The new edifice is erected on the site of the former building, which had become too small for the increasing congregation. It is built in the Italian style; the doors, windows, and columns of the old building having been used in the new one. The chapel is calculated to seat 750 persons. Two school-rooms communicate with the chapel by folding doors, and, in cases of necessity, can be used as a part of the chapel, and would accommodate 250 more at the least. The cost of the building, including the school-rooms and offices, was £1,100, of which sum about £700 had still to be made up on the morning of the opening. The opening services were conducted in the following order:—The Rev. E. J. Rodway, the pastor, announced the first hymn; prayer was then offered by the Rev. R. C. Fritchett (Independent); the Rev. T. Gould announced the next hymn; after which the Rev. N. Haycroft, of Broadmead Chapel, Bristol, preached an excellent discourse from John xix. 2, 3. The concluding hymn was announced by Mr. Davis, of Reading, and the service closed with prayer by the Rev. Mr. Davis, of Cheddar. Dinner was afterwards held in the school-room, to which about eighty sat down. In the evening, the Rev. R. P. Macmaster, of Counterslip Chapel, Bristol, preached to a large congregation. The proceeds of the opening services were about £50.

UPTON VALE, TORQUAY.—A congregational tea-meeting was held in the spacious school-room connected with this place of worship, on Thursday evening, September 22nd. After tea, the chair was occupied by G. Edmonstone, Esq., and addresses were delivered by Messrs. Jordan, Robinson, Goodrick, Thomas Brown, jun., and Thomas Brown, sen., the latter of whom stated that, though the meeting had been convened for the benefit of the school, yet as it was the ninth anniversary of the settlement of the Rev. J. Kings as their pastor, it had been thought a suitable time to testify their regard for him and their appreciation of his ministry. That ministry had been so blessed, that the congregation had grown from less than forty persons to somewhere about 1,000, and the church had increased in proportion. He had, therefore, as the senior deacon, been commissioned by the church and congregation to present a purse, containing thirty sovereigns, to Mr. Kings, which, it was hoped, he would accept as a token of affection rather than as a remuneration for his services. Mr. Kings, on receiving the purse, expressed surprise and satisfaction; and after referring to the circumstances which brought him to Torquay nine years ago, and to the gratifying success which had attended the united efforts of pastor and people, exhorted all present to manifest their gratitude to God by more unreserved consecration to his service.

WHITTLESEA.—The members of the church and congregation connected with the General Baptist chapel in this town have been greatly improving their place of worship by new flooring the upper end of it, by erecting an orchestra and platform in the place of the old-fashioned pulpit and singing-pew, by altering some of the pews, and by thoroughly cleaning, painting, and graining the whole building. Re-opening services were held a few weeks since, when sermons were preached by the Rev. T. W. Mathews, of Boston, and a handsome sum was realized towards defraying the expenses incurred. But as a considerable balance was left unpaid, the proceeds of the anniversary and harvest-home festival were devoted to this object. Accordingly, on Sunday, September 18th, the Rev. S. S. Allsop, of Longford, preached two sermons, and a thanksgiving service was conducted in the afternoon by the pastor, the Rev. G. Fowler. On the following Tuesday afternoon, a harvest-sermon was preached by the Rev. W. H. Wylie, of Ramsay, the chapel being decorated with fruit and sheaves of wheat. A large and highly-respectable company (about 170) sat down

to tea. In the evening, the chapel was full, and many had to sit in the school-room. Appropriate addresses were given by the Revs. W. H. Wylie, J. Reed, S. S. Allsop, Thomas Barrass, W. Telfer, and G. Fowler. More than enough has been raised to clear off the remaining debt.

WHITEHAVEN.—On Monday, September 19th, services were held in the room at present occupied by the Baptist church in Whitehaven, for the purpose of recognizing the Rev. F. A. Charles as their pastor. On the previous day, preparatory sermons had been preached by the Rev. S. G. Green, B.A., of Rawdon College. On the Monday morning, a respectable congregation assembled in the hall; and, after devotional exercises, the Rev. D. Kirkbride, of Maryport, delivered an introductory address; John Wilkinson, Esq., of Whitehaven, made a statement on behalf of the church, and put the usual questions to the pastor; Mr. Charles gave an interesting account of the steps by which he had been led to devote himself to the work of the ministry, and of his views and intentions in entering upon it; the ordination prayer was offered by the Rev. Joseph Burns; and the Rev. S. G. Green, B.A., delivered the charge, from Coloss. i. 28. In the evening, the hall was crowded to the door—many persons being unable to find sitting accommodation—to hear a sermon by the Rev. Arthur Mursell, of Manchester. Mr. Mursell preached a powerful sermon from 1 Cor. i. 22-24.

CALNE.—During the ministry of the late Rev. T. Middleditch, the chapel at Castle-street, in this town, was opened to the street; the late Marquis of Lansdowne then removed a block of cottages from before it, and leased the site at a nominal rent to the trustees of the chapel. The exterior of the chapel was, however, extremely plain, while the whole was needing thorough repair. The church and congregation, now under the ministry of the Rev. Joseph Hurlstone, have just effected a most pleasing change in its aspect, and its interior comfort has been largely increased. It was re-opened on Thursday, September 22nd. The Rev. W. G. Lewis, of Westbourne Grove, had engaged to preach, but was prevented by illness; and, in the emergency, Mr. Hollyock, from Bristol College, kindly supplied the vacancy. Between the services, about 200 persons partook of tea. On the following Sunday, the Rev. C. J. Middleditch, of London, whose father was pastor at Calne for thirteen years, preached, morning and evening, to good congregations. Over £20 was received at these services, but nearly £150 is still required to meet the outlay.

TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON.—A very interesting meeting was held, on the 26th of September, at Kingsgate Chapel, Holborn (kindly lent for the occasion), in connection with the recognition meeting of the Rev. H. C. Parry, as pastor of the Welsh Baptist church meeting in Tottenham-court-road, London. Tea was on the table at five p.m., and about 300 friends partook of it. The public meeting commenced at seven, and the Rev. Jesse Hobson took the chair. The chairman opened the meeting in an able speech. Mr. Evans, senior deacon of the church, gave a very interesting statement of its history from its commencement to the present day. The meeting was afterwards addressed by the Revs. G. W. Evans, Upton Chapel; M. Evans, Moorfields; W. Lloyd, Aldersgate; C. W. Banks, and H. C. Parry, the recognized minister. It appears, from the statement given by Mr. Evans, that the Welsh church in Tottenham-court-road is in a healthy condition, and that Mr. Parry enters upon his labours with encouraging prospects.

WELLINGTON STREET, LUTON.—Services in recognition of the Rev. H. Ashbery as pastor of the church meeting in Wellington Street Chapel, Luton, were held in that place on Monday, September 26th. A tea-meeting was held prior to the evening service, and was well attended. The public meeting was held at half-past six o'clock, with James Waller, Esq., in the chair. The chairman having opened the meeting with appropriate remarks, and the Rev. T. R. Stevenson, of Union Chapel, having also expressed, in hearty words, his respect and affection for Mr. Ashbery, and his good wishes for his success, Mr. Pryor, the senior deacon, made a statement as to the circumstances attending the settlement of Mr. Ashbery; and Mr. Ashbery himself, who was very cordially received, forcibly addressed the assembly in reference to his views and hopes in entering upon his new charge. The Revs. T. Hands, D. Gould, of Dunstable, and Brewin Grant, B.A., of Sheffield, also delivered kind and appropriate addresses.

NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.—The new Baptist chapel on Rye Hill, for the congregation formerly worshipping at New Court Chapel, was opened for divine service on Thursday, October 6th. On the 20th September, and two following days, a bazaar was held in the New Town-hall, where the Rev. Wildon Carr had been preaching for two years, when the liberality of the ladies of the church provided articles that realized £560, and, thanks to the economical management of

the stewards, a clear profit of £522 was handed over to the building fund. The elegant chapel, which will accommodate about twelve hundred persons, was opened with two sermons by the Rev. N. Haycroft, M.A., of Bristol. On the first Lord's day, the Rev. Wildon Carr, the pastor, himself preached; and the building was well filled. The entire cost of the detached freehold site, the chapel and the school-room for six hundred children, is about £5,000, of which only three-fifths are at present raised.

OLD KING STREET, BRISTOL.—The Rev. F. Bosworth, who has been suffering for the last twelve months from an accident whilst travelling, and thereby prevented from attending to the pastoral duties of the above church, has felt it to be his duty to resign the pastorate. At a recent church-meeting a resolution was passed expressive of sympathy with Mr. Bosworth in his long-continued affliction, of the high appreciation of the church of the honourable manner in which he had resigned the pastoral office when unable to fulfil its duties, and of their desire to retain at least in part his pulpit ministrations. Mr. Bosworth has willingly consented to the wish of the church in this respect, and will, when able to do so, take one of the services on the Lord's day. He is, however, to be freed from all pastoral care and responsibility, and the deacons were recommended to obtain as speedily as possible the services of an efficient pastor.

WINCHESTER.—Some of the Baptists of Winchester seceded from the church at Silver Hill some time since, and joined with others in forming another church. Up to this time they have met in a large room at the Corn Exchange, Winchester, and they have been busy making arrangements for the building of a chapel. On Thursday, October 6th, their first stone was laid by Samuel Beaven, Esq., late of St. Cross. The site is in the City Road. Addresses were given by the Rev. T. M. Thorpe, the minister; the Rev. J. Davies, of Portsea; and the Rev. D. Wassall, of Bath. On the conclusion of the ceremony, offerings, amounting to about £30, were laid on the stone. At five o'clock nearly 200 friends had tea at the Corn Exchange, and addresses were given by Messrs. Beaven, Wills, Wassall, Thorpe, Davies, and Hooson. The new buildings will be an ornament to the leading entrance to the city from the railway, and will cost about £1,200.

ABERDEEN.—On Wednesday evening, October 5th, the church worshipping in John Street Chapel, Aberdeen, held its

annual tea-meeting, when almost all the members in town were present. The special objects contemplated were the commemoration of the settlement of the Rev. S. J. Davis as pastor twelve months ago, and the presentation of thanksgiving to God for the success which had crowned his labours during the year. The church had been greatly depressed; and, in the hope of its revival, a very earnest effort was made to induce Mr. Davis to take the oversight of it. The result has fully justified the effort; indeed, the most sanguine expectations have been surpassed. The church has received additions of fully one-third more than it numbered this time last year. The meeting was at once a solemn and a joyous one; pastor and people all feeling that they had much cause to thank God and take courage.

SOUTH KENSINGTON CHAPEL, CORNWALL GARDENS.—The Rev. S. Bird's congregation have erected an iron building upon the ground which has been secured for their new chapel. It is so placed as not to interfere with the erection of the chapel, and can be used afterwards as a lecture-hall, vestries, &c. The cost, exclusive of the seats and gas-fittings, which have been presented by two friends, is £245. The place was opened for worship on Tuesday, September 13th, when the Rev. C. Stovel preached in the morning, and a public meeting was held in the evening. The attendance in the morning was very small owing to the stormy weather; but it cleared up in the evening, and the place was filled to overflowing. The people are greatly rejoiced that, after six years of inconvenience and anxiety from not having a place of their own, their prayers and patience are being graciously crowned with the divine blessing.

CHELTHENHAM.—On Wednesday evening, September 28th, the ordination of the Rev. T. Foston (late of Bristol College) took place at Salem Chapel, Cheltenham. The service, which was of the simplest kind, was commenced by the Rev. T. Wilkinson, of Tewkesbury. Mr. Foston then gave a short and modest statement of his views of divine truth; after which, prayer on his behalf was offered by the Rev. G. McMichael, B.A., of Bourton-on-the-Water. The charge by the Rev. Professor Gotch, LL.D., based on a passage in 1 Peter, was most comprehensive, solemn, and affectionate. The Rev. N. Haycroft, M.A., in a vigorous and effective manner, addressed the church and congregation upon their duties and responsibilities in regard to their new pastor. After the service, the ministers and

friends from a distance sat down to a supper provided especially for them in the vestry.

WALWORTH ROAD, LONDON.—On Tuesday, September 27th, and two following days, a bazaar was held to inaugurate the opening, and to aid the funds for erecting the new schools in connection with Walworth Road Chapel. After payment of all expenses the noble sum of £420 was realized by the sales, which, added to previous contributions, amounting to £1,100, will leave a balance of about £750; and this sum has been generously provided by £10 debenture loans, without interest, to be repaid in course of three or five years: so that the whole cost of chapel and schools, amounting to £8,250, is met, and a noble pile of buildings secured for the use of the church and congregation lately meeting in Lion Street, Walworth.

ZION, FESTINIOG, MERIONETHSHIRE.—Services in connection with the opening of the above chapel were held on the 19th, 20th, and 21st of September: the Revs. H. Morgan, of Dolgellau; R. Ellis, of Carnarvon; J. G. Owen, of Rhyl; and W. Morgan, D.D., of Holyhead, taking part in the services. Several friends have contributed liberally towards the erection of this place of worship, and, among others, the church wishes specially to thank J. Caine, Esq., of Liverpool, for his kind donation.

YORK STREET, MANCHESTER.—On Monday evening, October 10th, a tea-meeting was held in the school-room of the Baptist chapel, York-street, Manchester, on which occasion a purse, containing £61 18s. 6d., was presented to the Rev. Richard Chenery, as an expression of esteem and affection from the church and congregation, and in appreciation of his valuable services as minister of the above-named chapel during the last fifteen years.

MINISTERIAL CHANGES.—The Rev. J. C. Smith, of Carley-street, Leicester, has resigned the pastorate of that church, and is open to invitation.—The Rev. W. Page, B.A., late of Regent's Park College, has accepted a unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the church at Truro, and commenced his labours on the first Lord's day in October.—The Rev. J. Sprigg, M.A., has resigned the pastorate of the church at Westbury Leigh, Wilts.—Mr. W. Jones, of Pontypool College, has accepted a cordial and unanimous invitation from the church at Tongwynlas.—The Rev. P. W. Grant has resigned the pastorate of the church in Darlington.—The Rev. F. Edwards, B.A., late of Leeds,

has accepted the invitation of the church and congregation to resume the pastorate of the Baptist church, Harlow, Essex.—The Rev. John Price, late of Amersham, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Alberton, Port Adelaide, South Australia, and will shortly sail for that colony.—The Rev. G. Haigh has resigned the pastorate of the church at Bessell's Green, Kent.—The Rev. W. Lewis, Moriah, Dowlais, has accepted the unanimous invitation of the church at Velinvoel, Llanelly, and commenced his ministry there on the second Sunday in October.—The Rev. J. S. Jones, of Llanfair, has accepted an invitation from the church at Saron, Rhymney Vale.—Mr. W. E. Williams, of the Baptist College, Llangollen, North Wales, has accepted a unanimous invitation to become the pastor of Hephzibah church, Bedwas, Mon.—Mr. John Minett, of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's College, has accepted the invitation to the pastorate of the Baptist church, Stantonbury, Bucks.

GENERAL.

THE BAPTIST CHURCH AT BELVEDERE, AND THE LATE GUNPOWDER EXPLOSION.—The following letter, from the pastor of the church at Belvedere, is published in *The Freeman*. We have much pleasure in giving it insertion here, in the hope that it will call forth both expressions and acts of sympathy:—"Dear Sir,—Will you kindly allow me through your columns to make an appeal to Christian sympathy in behalf of the Baptist church at Belvedere, which has been placed in circumstances of trial through the recent terrible gunpowder explosion? It was only last Thursday that I removed from Lincoln to Belvedere, to assume the pastorate of the church, and I was anticipating with pleasure the services of the Sabbath, when I should for the first time minister to the people as a resident in their midst. The terrible catastrophe of Saturday, however, disappointed these expectations, as it rendered it utterly impossible to assemble for worship in the chapel; almost every window being shattered, and not merely glass, but even the very framework, being destroyed. Indeed, it is hard at present to say how far the damage extends; but this is certain, that the cost of restoration will be very considerable, and as the church was only formed last year, and is yet in its feeble infancy, it needs the kind assistance of friends to enable it to meet the cost of repairs without adding to the debt which already burdens it. If any of your readers will kindly lend a helping hand, assistance will be very gratefully received either by myself, addressed, Belvedere, Kent, S.E.,

or by the Rev. J. Hobson, 48, Moorgate Street, London, E.C. Mr. Hobson has already kindly given £5 towards the object. I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully, WILLIAM GOODMAN.—Belvedere, Oct. 4, 1864."

REFUSAL OF BURIAL-RITES IN WILTS.—In the parish of Luckington, Wilts, the other day, a respectable farm-labourer lost by death his youngest child, aged thirteen months, and having already two children buried in the parish churchyard, applied to have this one interred with them. However, to the surprise of the bereaved parents, they were informed by a messenger from the clergyman that the child not having been baptized in the church, would not be allowed, as usual, the rites of Christian burial, but the sexton might bury it, if they liked, without. After consulting the pastor of the Independent church, Sherston (of which the father is a member, and by whom the child had been baptized), it was decided to bury it in the chapel cemetery, where the usual burial-service was read, to the comfort of the bereaved parents. It seems that, just before the funeral, the clergyman, the Rev. G. Groggan, sent to say he would bury the child the same as any other, for he had found out the parents were not Baptists.

A PRESBYTERIAN MINISTER BECOME A BAPTIST.—On Tuesday, Oct. 4th, a meeting of the Perth United Presbyterian Presbytery was held for the consideration of the case of the Rev. Mr. Young, who, as stated in our last, resigned his position as a minister of the United Presbyterian church some weeks since, in consequence of a change in his views on baptism. It was reported by the committee appointed to confer with Mr. Young, that the committee met on the 20th September, and had a lengthened conference with Mr. Young, but that they failed to produce a change in his views regarding infant baptism, as expressed by him when resigning his charge of the church of Kin-

claven. After a lengthened discussion it was agreed to accept the resignation of Mr. Young, and to declare him no longer a minister of the United Presbyterian church, and it was directed that his name be deleted from the roll of Presbytery. On the 9th of October Mr. Young was publicly baptized by the Rev. J. Culross, A.M., of Stirling.

GRAVEYARD INTOLERANCE IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT.—A recent visitor to the Isle of Wight acquaints us that, while rambling in the burial ground attached to the Independent chapel at Brading, he was as much pained as surprised at lighting upon the following inscription on a tombstone:—"The three bodies here interred were denied Christian burial by the clergy of their respective parishes: the two children, because they died unbaptized; the youth, because he had been baptized by a Wesleyan minister. This stone is erected as a tribute of affection for those whom Christ hath received, and as a standing testimony against clerical intolerance." He asks whether we have much right to boast of our superior civilization, when such record as this is to be found in the burial-place of the dead?—*Liberator*.

ADULT BAPTISM IN THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—The following advertisement appears in the columns of a contemporary:—"The incumbent of a parish in which the population consists chiefly of the sect of Baptists, wishes to construct a small baptistery for the baptism of adults by immersion. About £40, in addition to sums in hand, would enable him to effect this. The congregation being all of the operative class, the alms of wealthier Churchmen are respectfully solicited.—Address, Rev. W. S. Hoole, Briercliffe Parsonage, Burnley, Lancashire."—With a view to encouraging the Rev. W. S. Hoole in the good way, we give insertion to his advertisement *gratis*. We hope that "wealthier Churchmen" will respond to this appeal.

Editorial Notes for the Month.

THE past month has been chiefly remarkable for the number of important religious gatherings that have been held during its passage. A Church Congress, attended by several hundred clergymen and others, has been held at Bristol; an Assembly in connexion with the United Presbyterian Church, also largely attended, has been held in London; the Congrega-

tional Union has had its usual Autumnal Meeting at Hull, and has been more than ordinarily successful; and the first Autumnal Session of the Baptist Union has been held in Birmingham, under circumstances with which most of our readers probably are already familiar. All these meetings, looking at them from different points of view, have been highly important and very suggestive; but of course the meetings of the Baptist Union are those to which *our* readers will look with the deepest interest. As we have given an account of the Session elsewhere, it is not needful here to enter into details; but we cannot help congratulating ourselves, and the denomination generally, on the great and unexpected success which attended the gathering. Certainly, in the whole course of its history, the Baptist Union had never such a meeting. In numbers, in its representative character, in the permanent value and importance of the proceedings, no previous gathering, within *our* recollection at least, can be at all compared with it; and it must be a source of pleasure to our honoured brother, Mr. Mursell, that he was permitted to preside over such a Session, and to the Secretaries of the Union that they were enabled to conduct the proceedings to so gratifying an issue. It cannot be doubted that an Autumnal Meeting will henceforth be a recognized institution of the body.

Meantime, while this autumnal meeting has been held thus peacefully and pleasantly, the great controversy in which our views as a denomination occupy so chief a place, has continued to attract attention. Pamphlets and tracts pour from the press, and episcopal pulpits resound with the din and fury of the conflict. Mr. Spurgeon has received the usual amount of abuse,—even so good a man as the Rev. Hugh Stowell, of Manchester, joining in it even more rudely than the majority of his brethren, while declaring Mr. Spurgeon to be “unworthy of notice.” Mr. Spurgeon himself, so far from being frightened into silence, has published a second sermon more remarkable than the first. The text, which was from Ezek. xi. 5, “Thus saith the Lord,” indicates the character of the discourse, which deserves, as it will doubtless obtain, a very wide circulation. The whole controversy is one of the “signs of the times,” and it cannot fail to produce important and beneficial results.

The political events of the month do not call for special notice. In America, the approaching Presidential election attracts, of course, increasing attention—all the probabilities pointing at present to the re-election of Mr. Lincoln, while the military successes of the Federals have done much to advance his cause. On the continent, the chief subject of discussion has been the French convention with Italy, which may well cause additional anxiety to the occupant of the Papal throne. At home, there is nothing to record but the tour of Mr. Gladstone in Lancashire, which has scarcely any beyond a personal interest; and the death of the Duke of Newcastle, which all his countrymen will unite to regret. Rumours of an approaching dissolution of Parliament continue to abound. It is considered to be all but certain that we shall have a General Election next spring or summer. For which event let all Liberals, and especially all Dissenters, be prepared!

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“PRAISE GOD, FROM WHOM ALL BLESSINGS FLOW.”

SOME tunes never weary us. They are always welcome. Heard over and over again, they are ever pleasant. We have known them from our earliest days. We wish never to forget them. Their youth is renewed as the eagle's. Like divers ancient institutions which the iron hand of time is impotent to destroy, they are held in universal reverence. Generation after generation they continue. They remind one of the Laureate's “brook,”—

“Men may come, and men may go,
But I flow on for ever.”

Childhood rejoices in them; manhood loves them; old age dotes on them.

Who, for example, does not like the air of “Home, sweet home”? We never met with the man that did not. Could such a one be found, we should be driven to one of two conclusions respecting him. We should believe him to be either a fool or a rogue. The question to be determined about him would be whether he should be lodged in a lunatic asylum or domiciled in a jail. Shakspeare's well-known declamation against those who have no regard for music would apply with special emphasis to the human monstrosity whose case we are supposing. “Home, sweet home!” Why, the tune has something of the simple sweetness and soothing solace of the place to which the song refers. Sung by a gifted vocalist at a concert, or by a sister in our own parlour; performed by a noble military band, or played on the rustic pipe outside the cottage door, its well-known strains are ever like the returning of an old friend. It touches the tenderest chords of our social nature. For the time being, the heart is taken captive by it. Emotions which words are futile to describe, and, as Wordsworth says, “thoughts that do lie too deep for tears,” rise at its bidding, like spirits at the waving of the enchanter's wand. How often the weary traveller sings it as he hastens homeward! The schoolboy, fresh from the paternal roof, hastily brushes away a tear as he hears it. An emigrant sitting near his log-hut, watching the vermilion sun as it sets,

his face bronzed with the solar rays, his brawny arms folded across his broad chest, his face expressive of calm and rest as he slowly puffs fragrant clouds from his short pipe, his trusty dog asleep at his feet, his flocks and herds browsing in the background: all this—and as much more as the reader's fertile imagination likes to add—looks very pleasant, and makes you half wish to live a similar free and easy life. Indeed. Then just look at the sad expression which steals over the said emigrant's countenance when his wife begins to sing her baby asleep with "Home, sweet home!" May be this will lead you to alter your opinion. Albeit, it shows the power of the tune.

It would be easy to multiply instances. One other only we mention. It appertains to the spiritual side of life. We mean the "Old Hundredth." What scores, nay hundreds of times most of us have heard it! At the close of services and at the end of prayer-meetings, as the *finale* of public meetings and the termination of private meetings, we have listened to it. All know it. Every one can join in it. The mention of it suggests the idea of a gathering of people singing *en masse*; chairman singing, speakers singing, audience singing, even the chapel-keeper, opening the doors for the congregation's exit, singing. It is seldom sung badly. Though the hymns used in a service have been wretchedly executed, justice is generally done to at least one verse.

As with tunes, so with hymns. Some are universal favourites. They are sung almost everywhere, and, as Mr. Carlyle would phrase it, everywhen. Episcopalians and Dissenters alike patronize them. High, Low, and Broad Church use them. You may listen to them in sanctuaries gorgeous in stonework and ironwork, carving and sculpture, painting and embroidery, as well as in cottage-rooms which are extemporized into places of worship. No one dreams of not liking them. They may, here and there, be defective in point of taste. Never mind; they are good hymns notwithstanding. The most fastidious people accept them as such. Keen-visaged criticism lets its glass fall from its eye, Iconoclast hangs up his club, and the most determined ecclesiastical fault-finder exclaims, "Othello's occupation's gone!" "There is a land of pure delight;" "Sweet is the work, my God, my King;" "When I can read my title clear:" the hymns commencing with these lines are illustrations of our meaning. It is not too much to say that they are of world-wide reputation. We all sing them with pleasure, and as we do so we feel disposed to take the liberty of altering Cowper's patriotic exclamation, and crying, "Watts, with all thy faults, I love thee still."

Good old Bishop Ken, however, has won for his devout and simple muse a larger fame than the author of "Psalms and Hymns." Indeed, we doubt whether any words of adoration are more used than his doxology, always excepting the "sweet singer of Israel." "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow." The words are as familiar to us as the Lord's Prayer. We carry them with us from the nursery to the grave. The occasions on which we have repeated them seem innumerable. Why, only last week, one heard them—how often? Dr. Silvertongue preached at the opening of the new chapel in Broad-street: preached so long that there was not time

for a regular hymn; so it was sung then. The same evening there was a meeting at Ebenezer-meeting; it was sung then. The evening following there was a lecture on behalf of the Jews; it was sung then. Lecture of the Young Men's Association, Committee of the County Association, etc.; sung on each occasion. Verily, what the National Anthem is to the English people, the doxology is to the English church.

In this frequent adoption of the verse there is everything to approve. By all means let us keep to it. Notwithstanding, it would be well if we realized the sentiment more. Better quote it half the number of times and appropriate its glorious meaning, than employ it, as too often we do, as a mere formula. It is of the first line that we now speak. It declares that "all blessings flow" from God. What a hackneyed fact! How common-place an assertion! Nevertheless, many of us fail to familiarize ourselves with it. We believe that "all blessings flow" from God. That is part of our creed. Yet when we come to make a practical application of our belief, we are one-sided and exclusive. The word "blessings" we usually associate with such gifts as pardon, enlightenment, usefulness, and heavenly hope. Sometimes we extend the category, and add items like these:—health, education, friends, money, and similar advantages. Quite right. Blessings they are indeed and of a truth. But why should we not go further? Why not carry out the principle which we lay down in our doxology, and associate God with *all* blessings? To wit. As I sit now in my quiet study and look round, I see in its contents certain "blessings." I ought, therefore, to "praise God, from whom" they "flow." To come down to particulars. Here, by my desk, is a letter written by a very dear friend. There is nothing special in it. It is, for the most part, an epistle of what may be called gossip. There is no "improvement" of any event, no lecturing, no preaching in it. At the same time, it did me good when I read it, and it does me good to glance over it now. It is like one of those gradual gleamings of sunlight which you have often seen gradually spread over a field. Therefore it is a blessing. Let me remember that it flows from God, and praise him for it. On the same table is a photographic album. Well, it is true that I cannot make money by the portraits which it contains. It is not what Mr. Wemmick would call "portable property" that can be converted into great gain. Nevertheless, I am often cheered by turning over the leaves of it. Pleasant memories of absent loved ones flit, like gentle spirits, across one's mind. So that it is a blessing. Let me remember that it flows from God, and praise him for it. Here, too, is a vase of the few remaining flowers of the season, flowers which a certain kind hand has gathered for me. Very beautiful they are. The more precious because rare. It is wonderful to put one's pen down for a few minutes and carefully examine the petals and leaves. Truly, the small as much as the great in nature evinces divine skill and love. The flowers delight me and make me more reverent. They are blessings. Let me remember that they flow from God, and praise him for them. Yonder are several new books, Tennyson's latest among the rest. "Only poetry," some matter-of-fact fellow-citizen would say. "Only," indeed! If you did but know the pure

pleasure—to say nothing of the moral influence—it imparts, you would soon drop the disparaging adverb. It does me good in more ways than one. It is a blessing. Let me remember that it flows from God, and praise him for it.

Carry out the sentiment of the doxology to its legitimate extent. That is our meaning. See God in everything. Learn to recognize his hand in the small and the ordinary as well as in the great and the extraordinary experiences of life. Several most desirable results will follow. Here is one: we shall value our blessings more. The Giver sanctifies the gift. Its attractiveness depends more upon who bestows it than on what it is. In yonder corner is a walking-stick. Money would not buy it. The owner would not part with it on any account. Why not? It is nothing extraordinary. There are many as good in the shops. A few pence would procure one equal to it. Indeed, it is rather the worse for wear. “The worse for wear? No; the better!” cries he who possesses it. There you have the explanation. It is valuable because of its former owner. In like manner, if we acquired the blessed habit of recollecting the Giver of our ordinary mercies, we should appreciate them more.

Another consequence would be that we should make a better use of our blessings. Forgetfulness of their source leads to sin and folly in their employment. Take money, for instance. Penuriousness and prodigality are the two evils connected with it. But mark the character of those who fall into either of these extremes. They are not usually devout men. It is he who regards each coin in his purse as God’s gift that learns the art of spending well. “God gives it me, therefore I must not be reckless with it. God gives it me, therefore I must not be miserly with it. I must strive to be, like him, both wise and beneficent.” So he reasons. Happy results, truly, of remembering that from God “all blessings flow.”

“Praise God.” This is man’s prerogative. We sometimes speak of nature as doing it, but it is not literally true that it does. Seas, storms, suns, stars, afford reason for man’s thankfulness, and in that sense may be said to praise God.

“But man alone to bounteous heaven
His conscious strains can raise;
To favoured man alone ’tis given
To join the angelic choir in praise.”

This, our distinguishing honour, however, we too often forget. Habitual gratitude is not sufficiently characteristic of our spiritual life. The church is deficient in praise. “Whom do you hear?” is a question more frequently asked than “Where do you worship?” The homily is thought more of than the hymn. We are attracted by preachers rather than by psalms. Oh for a larger share of praise! It would, beyond controversy, make us better and happier. One might almost venture to add to the beatitudes and say, “Blessed are the grateful.” It would render religion more beautiful in the eyes of men if we had more and heartier laudation. Cheerful and contented piety is a testimony to the intrinsic worth of godliness which the world never fails to appreciate.

That your piety and mine, Christian friend, may be of this order, let us not seldom remember and reflect upon the oft-sung line, “Praise God,

from whom all blessings flow." Let us remember how much that "all" includes. Let us remember that it is from "God"—in other words, the Good One—that blessings come. Let us remember that they "flow," coming from him as freely and bountifully as streams from a perennial fountain. This let us do, and then we shall in very deed "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

GEORGE MÜLLER AND ASHLEY DOWN.

ONE of the most remarkable religious movements of the present century is that which has its home at Ashley Down, near Bristol; and which originated thirty years ago in the faith and love of GEORGE MÜLLER. Apart from the unspeakable blessings which have followed Mr. Müller's undertaking, and still follow it, we regard it as a noble testimony in this unbelieving age to the power of prayer and trust in the living God. We feel confident that in presenting our readers with a sketch of this work we shall minister at once to their interest and profit.

Mr. Müller was born near Halberstadt, in Prussia, on the 27th of September, 1805. Although it was his father's desire that he should become a clergyman in the Lutheran church, and although he studied for that purpose, yet the first twenty years of his life were spent in sin. At length, about Easter, 1826, while he was at the University of Halle, he was led to yield himself unreservedly to the Lord. For some years previous to this, his life had been a continual struggle between his propensities to evil and his convictions of right and duty; but the latter were always silenced and subdued by the former. Now, however, he began to enjoy the peace of God which passeth all understanding.

In the fulness of his love to Christ, he resolved to give himself to missionary work, and offered his services to the Berlin Missionary Society. His father, however, would not consent to his going abroad; for, although it was his wish that his son should be a clergyman, he was an unconverted man, and only thought of the clerical profession as one which secured for those who entered it a good social position and a comfortable livelihood. Without the father's consent, the Berlin Society declined to engage the young student; consequently for the present he remained at Halle.

The following year, having heard that the Continental Society in England intended to send a minister to Bucharest, to labour chiefly among the Germans resident there, and having obtained his father's consent to his going there if he received the appointment, he applied for it through his friend Professor Tholuck. But here again the door was closed. War was raging at the time between the Turks and the Russians, and Bucharest was the seat of conflict. It did not, therefore, seem wise to the committee to send a missionary thither until peace was restored.

Disappointed a second time in his desire to be engaged in the Lord's work, Mr. Müller's attention was now turned to the subject of preaching the Gospel to the Jews. He felt anxious to become a missionary to that ancient and once honoured race. At his request Dr. Tholuck again came to his aid, and wrote to the committee of the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, seeking an engagement for him as one of their agents. After some preliminary correspondence, he received a letter informing him that the committee had determined to receive him as a missionary student for six months on probation.

Now the pillar of cloud and fire began to move. After surmounting several obstacles to his departure from his native country, arising from his citizenship, he finally left; and landed in London, on the 19th of March, 1829. He at once entered the Society's college, and commenced his work. Having already enjoyed the advantages of a classical education, he was able to devote a large portion of his time to the study of Hebrew; and from the account he furnishes of the way in which he pursued his studies we see that he had already learned the value of prayer. "I now studied much," he says,—“about twelve hours a day, chiefly Hebrew; commenced Chaldee; perfected myself in reading the German Jewish in Rabbinic characters; committed portions of the Hebrew Old Testament to memory, &c.; and this I did with prayer, often falling on my knees, leaving my books for a little, that I might seek the Lord's blessing, and also, that I might be kept from that spiritual deadness which is so frequently the result of much study. I looked up to the Lord even whilst turning over the leaves of my Hebrew dictionary, asking his help that I might quickly find the words.”

Mr. Müller was in feeble health when he came to England; his close attention to study, therefore, soon threw him into a dangerous illness. For a time it was feared he would not recover; but gradually he improved; and, acting according to medical advice, went to Devonshire for a change of air.

His sojourn in the West of England served to change the whole future of his life. He became acquainted at Teignmouth with several Christians, his intercourse with whom was greatly blessed to him. Among these were Mr. Craik, a young Scotch minister, who for upwards of thirty years has been his intimate friend and worthy coadjutor; and a young lady, whose brother had just abandoned a profession which yielded him an income of fifteen hundred pounds a year, that he might go as a missionary to Persia, looking for support only to the Lord. This young lady afterwards became Mrs. Müller; and for many years has proved to her husband a true helpmeet.

In January, 1830, Mr. Müller wrote to the committee of the London Society, stating that in consequence of the increased light he had received he could not henceforth labour in connection with that or any other society, where he should be bound by rule and dependent on a regular salary; but that he would gladly serve them without any remuneration, if they would allow him to labour in regard to time and place as the Lord might direct him. An arrangement of this kind did not however appear to the committee to be desirable; and his connection with the London Society was dissolved.

Being thus set free, he continued to labour in Devonshire for two years; exercising his ministry chiefly at Teignmouth. During his stay at Teignmouth he was taught the will of Christ concerning baptism. His account of the way in which the subject was first brought before him, and of the course he pursued in relation to it, is interesting and instructive. We give it in his own words, because they set before us the man. “About the beginning of April I went to preach at Sidmouth. While I was staying there, three sisters in the Lord had, in my presence, a conversation about baptism, one of whom had been baptized after she had believed. When they had conversed a little on the subject, I was asked to give my opinion concerning it. My reply was, ‘I do not think that I need to be baptized again.’ I was then asked by the sister who had been baptized, ‘But have you been baptized?’ I answered, ‘Yes; when I was a child.’ She then replied, ‘Have you ever read the Scriptures, and prayed with reference to this subject?’ I answered, ‘No.’ ‘Then,’ she said, ‘I entreat you never to speak any more about it till you have done so.’ It pleased the Lord to show me the importance of this remark; for whilst at that very time I was exhorting every one to receive nothing which could not be proved by the Word of God, I had repeatedly spoken against believers' baptism, without having ever earnestly

examined the Scriptures, or prayed concerning it; and now I determined, if God would help me, to examine that subject also, and if infant baptism were found to be scriptural, I would earnestly defend it; and if believers' baptism were right, I would as strenuously defend that, and be baptized. As soon as I had time, I set about examining the subject. The mode I adopted was as follows: Repeatedly I asked God to teach me concerning it, and I read the New Testament from the beginning, with a particular reference to this point. But now, when I earnestly set about the matter, a number of objections presented themselves to my mind. 1. Since many holy and enlightened men have been divided in opinion concerning this point, does not this prove that it is not to be expected we should come to a satisfactory conclusion about this question in the present imperfect state of the church? This objection was thus removed: If this ordinance is revealed in the Bible, why may I not know it, as the Holy Spirit is the teacher in the church of Christ now as well as formerly? 2. There have been but few of my friends baptized, and the greater part of them are opposed to believers' baptism, and they will turn their backs on me. Answer: Though all men should forsake me, if the Lord Jesus takes me up I shall be happy. 3. You will be sure to lose one-half of your income if you are baptized. Answer: As long as I desire to be faithful to the Lord, he will not suffer me to want. 4. People will call you a Baptist; and you will be reckoned among that body, and you cannot approve of all that is going on among them. Answer: It does not follow that I must in all points go along with all those who hold believers' baptism, although I should be baptized. 5. You have been preaching for some years, and you will have thus publicly to confess that you have been in a error, should you be led to see that believers' baptism is right. Answer: It is much better to confess that I have been in error concerning that point than to continue in it. 6. Even if believers' baptism should be right, yet it is now too late to attend to it, as you ought to have been baptized immediately on believing. Answer: It is better to fulfil a commandment of the Lord Jesus even so late, than to continue living in the neglect of it." The spirit in which Mr. Müller sought the truth on this subject may be gathered from the following sentence,—"*I could say, 'I will do his will,' and it was on that account, I believe, that I soon saw which 'doctrine is of God,' whether infant baptism or believers' baptism.*" The result of Mr. Müller's inquiries is thus told: "As soon as I was brought into this state of heart, I saw from the Scriptures that believers **ONLY** are the proper subjects for baptism, and that immersion is the only true scriptural mode in which it ought to be attended to. The passage which particularly convinced me of the former, is Acts viii. 36-38; and of the latter, Rom. vi. 3-5. Sometime after, I was baptized. I had much peace in doing so, and never have I for a single moment regretted it."

In May, 1832, Mr. Müller and Mr. Craik, after much deliberation and prayer, removed to Bristol; where already they had occasionally ministered with great acceptance to many, and signal tokens of the divine blessing. Their united labours were followed by the richest tokens of God's approval. For a long time they continued to occupy two chapels, which were crowded with hearers. Many were converted through their instrumentality; and some years as many as a hundred members were added to their fellowship.

A few months after their settlement in Bristol they received letters from Bagdad, urging them to come out and join their friends in mission work there. This matter like all others, was laid before the Lord, who satisfied his servants that they were in the place he had appointed for them. They resolved, therefore, not to move their tent.

About the time Mr. Müller read the life of Franke, the founder of the Orphan House at Halle; and cherished a strong desire to follow the example of

this holy and useful man. The fruit of his reading and meditation soon began to appear. Under date of June the 12th, 1833, he says,—“I felt this morning that we might do something for the souls of those poor boys and girls, and grown-up or aged people, to whom we have daily given bread for some time past, in establishing a school for them, reading the Scriptures to them, and speaking to them about the Lord.” Through a pressure of work on Mr. Craik and himself this desire was not then carried out; but from time to time it revived and strengthened, until it ultimately issued in the formation of the Scriptural Knowledge Institution, and in the establishment of those magnificent Orphan Houses which are now the wonder of Christendom.

“The Scriptural Knowledge Institution for Home and Abroad,” was founded on the 5th of March, 1834. Its objects were to educate the poor on scriptural principles—to circulate the Scriptures and religious tracts—and to assist missionaries at home and abroad. In this institution there was to be no committee—no membership—no voting. No dependence was to be placed on the patronage of persons of wealth, influence, or rank. No aid was to be solicited from the unbelieving world, and no agents were to be employed but such as were believers in the Lord Jesus Christ. Finally, the Institution was never to be in debt. On the 3rd of June, 1835, fifteen months after the establishment of the Institution, a public meeting was held to review past progress, when Mr. Müller was able to report as follows: “We have been enabled during this time to establish three day schools, and to connect with the Institution two other charity day schools, which, humanly speaking, otherwise would have been closed for want of means. In addition to this, the expenses connected with a Sunday school and an adult school have been likewise defrayed; making seven schools altogether. The number of the children that have been thus provided with schooling, in the day schools only, amounts to four hundred and thirty-nine. The number of copies of the Holy Scriptures which have been circulated is seven hundred and ninety-five Bibles and seven hundred and fifty-three New Testaments. We have so sent, in aid of missionary labours in Canada, in the East Indies, and on the Continent of Europe, £117 11s. The whole amount of the free-will offerings put into our hands for carrying on this work, from March 5th, 1834, to May th, 1835, is £363 12s. 0½d.”

In less than two years after the commencement of the Scriptural Knowledge Institution the Orphan Houses were commenced. The beginning was small and insignificant. A private dwelling-house was rented and fitted up for the accommodation of thirty children. On the 2nd of December, 1835, the first actual step was taken, by the printing of bills announcing a public meeting for the next day week. Two days before the meeting the first donation of one shilling was given. The meeting was held. There was no collection; but one person gave ten shillings, and a Christian woman offered herself as a teacher. The spirit of joyful trust which has marked the whole movement animated and cheered Mr. Müller at the outset. “I went home,” he says, “happy in the word, and full of confidence that the matter will come to pass, though only ten shillings have been given.” How God has honoured and rewarded the confidence thus cherished, let the following extract from the Twenty-fifth Report of the Institution, published in May last, inform us. The italics are Mr. Müller’s own. “Without any one having been personally applied to for anything by me, the sum of £190,141 14s. 3½d. has been given to me for the Orphans, the result of prayer to God, since the commencement of the work; which surmounts the amount received for the Building Fund for the houses already built. It may also be interesting to the reader to know that the total amount which has been given for the other objects, since the commencement of the work, amounts to £77,861 5s. 8½d.; and that which has come in by the sale of Bibles, since the

commencement, amounts to £3,119 19s. 4½d. ; by sale of tracts, £5,983 10s. 8¾d. ; and by the payments of the children in the day schools, from the commencement, £2,653 15s. 1½d. Besides this, also, a great variety and number of articles of clothing, furniture, provisions, &c., have been given *for the use of the Orphans.*"

Here, for the present, our account of this "Bristol Miracle," as some have termed it, must close. Next month we purpose giving a description of the way in which the work is carried on, and examining the principles on which it is based.

YOUR MINISTER: HOW YOU MAY HELP HIM.*

WE wish to plead with you on behalf of your minister, and to engage for him your sympathies and help in larger measure than you have ever yet rendered them, however large that measure may have been. But when we plead for him, we really plead with you on your own behalf and on behalf of those you most dearly love.

Your pastor has a great work to do—a work which may well call forth his most vigorous energies, and which he cannot perform aright without much prayer. He has to teach and counsel and comfort you; to build you up in all that is beautiful and strong; to labour that he may present you at last "perfect in Christ Jesus." The good Shepherd sent him, that, as a loving under-shepherd, he might gather those children of yours as lambs into his fold. Nor did he send him for your sakes only, and for the sake of your children; he sent him that he might be a power for extensive and saving good in the place in which you live, and that he might reclaim many wanderers who are now—deaf to the Shepherd's voice—pressing fast down the road to death. No higher work could be committed to the hands of man.

But he will do that work very feebly, and with very small success, if he be left to do it alone. Your help is indispensable. It must be freely and sorrowfully admitted that the cause of many a minister's failure is to be found in his own want of adaptation, or faithfulness, or prudence, or zeal; but it is not less true that ministers, endowed with qualifications for great usefulness, have failed—we will not say entirely, but failed to do a tithe of the good they might have done—for want of the hearty sympathy and co-operation of their people.

Will you, then, help your minister?

You may help him by being always in your place in the house of God. It is plain that he can do you no good unless you attend his ministry. The writer is a minister; and he can say for himself—what he is quite sure numbers of his brethren have often had occasion to say—that he has prepared discourses with an especial view to the spiritual wants of some of his hearers; but when he has looked around him on his congregation, he has been struck with blank disappointment to find that those for whom he had expended so much thought and solicitude were not there. Nor is that

* From the Evangelical Magazine.

all. Some of the best sermons a preacher ever prepared have fallen flat and powerless through the chilling influence of empty pews. Besides, if your absence is frequent, it cannot be without its influence. Your children will follow your example; perhaps others too. Sickness may sometimes prevent your attendance; but, as a rule, if it be not severe enough to keep you from business on the Saturday and the Monday, do not let it keep you from your place in the Lord's house on the Lord's day. Mr. Jay once remarked, that "Sunday was a very healing day;" for he missed, he said, many of his hearers on the Sabbath, who, when he inquired the reason of their absence, pleaded indisposition, but who were never absent on that account from business during the week. Change may be sometimes needful; but, as a rule, the most profitable Sabbaths will be found to be the Sabbaths spent at home, hearing your own pastor, worshipping with the church to which you belong, praying in your own closet, doing your own Christian work. The proverb is quite as applicable to this as to anything else—"As a bird that wandereth from her nest, so is a man that wandereth from his place."

But it is not enough that you be in your place. There are different kinds of hearers—some whom it is a pleasure to address, others just the reverse. No man's sermons are all equally good. He has very likely done his best; but something occurred during the time of preparation to disturb his mind; or his health was impaired; or the subject did not open out as he expected, and it was too late to turn to something else; and old sermons are not generally liked. Nobody knows so well as he does when the sermon is below the mark. Don't tell him by listless, dissatisfied looks, or by your uneasy postures, that you think it feeble and poor. Listen kindly and respectfully. It is due to him; it is due to yourself. You may, after all, find more in the sermon than you expected; and your kind attention may even do something to make it better. There has been a good deal said lately about reading sermons. No doubt some men preach far better with "the paper" than without it; nay, there are some powerful and useful preachers with whom it is indispensable to their preaching at all. But it is surely not too much to say that, in the great majority of instances, if ministers would cultivate the gift of free speech, they would preach with greater unction and power if they dispensed entirely with their MS.; and in their hearts, numbers who read their sermons believe that. Why, then, do they read? Because they have the impression that some of their hearers are so critical, that the slightest infelicity of expression, or the slightest inaccuracy, would be observed and censured. Put your minister at ease on that score. Give him to understand that you don't go to God's house to have your ear pleased with the music of a faultless style, but to have your soul stirred by earnest thoughts; and that you will gladly pass by any little ruggedness of expression, and even an occasional blunder, if he will only speak to you from the fulness of his heart. By-and-by you may find that you will have very little in these respects to excuse. Yet, after all, if he should say, "I can preach better with my MS.," let him do as he likes: he is the best judge of his own powers.

Help your minister by praying for him. How earnestly the apostle

Paul implored the prayers of even the lowliest of his brethren! Surely not less does your pastor need your prayers, but even more. Pray for him, then, not only in the prayer-meeting, but in your closet; and let him be frequently remembered in the prayers of the household. It will prepare your own heart to receive his word; it will bring down upon him God's blessing; and just in proportion to the degree in which he himself is blessed, will he become a blessing to all who hear him. "Our minister's hands seem to droop," you may sometimes have occasion to say; "his word lacks its accustomed power; conversions are few: what can be the reason?" The cause may be in himself; but it may be for want of your prayers. Plead for him more earnestly, and "without ceasing;" and ere long you may have to rejoice in more than the old power, and in a larger success than his ministry has ever known.

"I wonder why God prolongs my life," said an old lady to her pastor; "I am of no use now." "Don't say that," the pastor replied; "I find you every Sabbath in your pew, when it is possible for you to be there; and that helps me: you listen attentively, and sometimes I see a tear in your eye; and that helps me: and I know you pray for me; and that helps me greatly. Do not say you are of no use."

Help your minister by speaking well of him and his work. We do not wish you to utter one word of undue praise, or to commend him for gifts and excellencies which he does not possess. Let all you say of him be strictly true. But let there be no carping, fault-finding criticism. Be especially careful what you say in the presence of your children. Many a faithful minister's influence over young people has been marred by the cynical discussion, in their presence, of his personal failings or the deficiencies of his sermons. A single depreciatory remark has too often dissipated the impression of a powerful discourse, which had sent the youthful hearer home thoughtful and in tears.

Help your minister by inviting others to attend his ministry. Don't try to increase his congregation by inducing any to join it who are already hearers of a faithful pastor. Let there be no sheep-stealing. But how many are there who are wandering "as sheep without a shepherd," whom you might greatly bless by inducing them to go with you to the house of God! Mr. Sherman once stated that one person belonging to his church had made it his business to go out into the streets before the hour of service and invite stragglers to go with him to Surrey Chapel; and that there were not less than fifty persons whom he had thus invited who had become regular hearers in that place of worship, and, if we remember rightly, members of the church as well. It was through the invitation of a lady, who found him loitering in the street, that John Williams was induced to go to the Tabernacle, and God's Word that very night found its way with power to his heart. Organized plans have been devised for this purpose, and you may be able to assist in carrying them out; but, if not, how many opportunities may you find of inviting others to the house of prayer! The complaint is sometimes made—not always, we fear, without reason—that when strangers do appear in our places of worship, their reception is so chilling as to give them but little encouragement to return. Welcome

them heartily; open the door of your pew; show them all courteous attention, though they be ever so poor, and tell them how glad you will be to see them again. Thus encourage them to say, "I will go there again, for it is like being at home."

Your minister needs further help. There is work to be done for which you are fitted, and which you ought not to decline. A Christian church may be compared to a nursery, in which the plants of grace are training for the paradise above; to a home in which loving brethren meet; to a school for the education of Christ's disciples: but is it not also a camp from which the soldiers of the Cross should look out on an evil world which they are to win back for Christ? Are you, think you, to sit comfortably on Sundays in your cushioned pew, and to seek for spiritual edification and comfort by reading good books in your pleasant parlour at home, and to think that nothing more is needed? Do you expect your pastor to do everything? Is not that like a regiment of soldiers, who, piling their arms, should throw themselves on the grass and say to their officers, "Now, we will see how well you will fight"? No, no! you must find a place in the battle, and acquit yourself like a good soldier. Surely there is work for you in the Sunday school, in tract distribution, in district visitation, or in the efficient maintenance of one or more of other agencies which exist in connection with your church. For the sake of your minister, but still more for the love of Jesus and for the love of souls, find for yourself a place of earnest prayerful work, and labour in it with all your might.

If you thus uphold the hands and encourage the heart of your pastor—doing at the same time your utmost to induce all who are associated with you to help him in like manner—there is no telling the good which you and he may accomplish together. The prayerful resolve of a united people to do all this would be of itself the earnest of true prosperity.

MY CHRISTMAS GUESTS.

MATTHEW XXIV. 40.

WALKING homeward in the twilight of a bright first Sunday in December, I was overtaken by a man whom I at first supposed to be a stranger, but whom I afterwards recognized as a person whose cough had more than once interrupted my meditations that afternoon, at the Lord's table. There was nothing remarkable in the outward appearance of my fellow-communicant, except his paleness and his evident poverty. He was dressed in a suit which had probably been his best for a dozen years or more, and on his face was written that solemn, but, to the Christian, neither *dreadful* nor unwelcome sentence—"Doomed to die!"

As he stood before me, striving vainly to repress his cough and explain his errand, something very like pity stirred within my breast, and I gave him time. For a few minutes we thus faced each other; then he spoke, and, to my surprise, it was to ask if I had lost anything. In a moment, my hand was in my pocket: I was minus my purse!

"Here it is, then," exclaimed the worthy fellow as he opened his hand, "only a little one, sir, but, by the feel of it, too heavy to lose!"

I took it eagerly. "There is indeed more here than I should like to spare," I remarked, as I looked within, "and you must allow me——"

He drew back, wounded. He had never thought of such a thing, and hoped I would pardon him if he declined to receive the half-sovereign which, with a significant, and, as I now think, uncourteous glance at his thread-bare garments, I pressed upon him.

"I am poor," he said, "as you see; but I sat with you, sir, at the Lord's table, half-an-hour ago, and—*we are brothers!*"

As he made this assertion, poor John Raynor, the shoemaker,—such, as I afterwards learned, were his name and occupation,—brushed away a tear. As for myself, I was taken by surprise. That the poorer members of Christ's church are the brethren of those who stand above them in worldly station, as well as of Christians in their own humble rank, was a truth which I had often recognized *in theory*; but I thought it unbecoming, and even rude, in a man wearing such a coat and hat as those now before me, to come forward, all unasked, and call me "brother!" It was presumption, and must not be encouraged. Was I not—though at present only a "buyer" in a Manchester warehouse—descended from one of the oldest southern families? Were not my prospects such as to encourage me to look forward to a career of great honour and dignity? Was it unreasonable to suppose that, before ten years had passed, I should drive in my carriage through the very street in which a common artisan now called me "brother"?

Such were the absurd thoughts that chased each other through my mind, as I paused before replying to the poor man's simple words. Looking back now, I can scarcely believe that a heart having in it even the smallest grain of love to Christ could have been so proud and cold. But the fact was that I had lost the freshness and the ardour of my first devotion to the Redeemer, and was fast sinking into a state neither cold nor hot. I had suffered the cares of this world and the deceitfulness of riches to choke the word, and render it unfruitful; and I was seriously angry with poor Raynor, though, for reasons into which I need not enter here, I tried not to show it. It was true that we had taken the Lord's Supper together that afternoon, and that I expected to meet him at last in heaven,—but, I asked, was I, therefore, obliged to take his hand in mine, and propose an exchange of visits? Impossible!

You will see from all this that I had not yet discovered the true secret of profitable Christian intercourse; also, that I was by no means in possession of that dignity which enables the Christlike soul to mix affectionately and respectfully with its "brothers" of every degree. Ignorance and presumption had, in fact, built a wall between my heart and the light of God which only a strong assault of the Holy Ghost could overthrow. Did I wish that assault to be made? By no means;—I admired the wall exceedingly, thought it a masterpiece of architecture, and, with amazing self-complacency, got behind it on occasions like the present, doubtless to the great satisfaction of my adversary—the devil.

Are you amazed, reader, at these confessions? and do you think me a very black sheep indeed? Alas, alas, that there are many such—if we may judge by a line of action speaking louder than words—amongst those who profess to love Christ and one another!

"We are brothers!" I had been so long silent that my new friend repeated the obnoxious phrase, as if to remind me of the subject now in hand.

"Ah, yes; we know all about that! but the question is—Can I do nothing for you in return for your honesty?"

He drew back once more, and this time with indignation, as he answered, "Nothing: except think of me as a fellow-Christian, who no more looks to be rewarded *for not stealing*, than yourself!"

It was a severe rebuke, but, as I now think, well-deserved. For a moment our eyes met: then we separated, on my part with anger, and on his with self-reproach; for, as he told me subsequently, he had no sooner said the words than he began to fear that pride, and not self-respect, had dictated them.

Some three weeks went by, during which I saw nothing of Raynor, whose ordinary seat was in that inferior region—the gallery. Christmas Eve found me lonely and dejected. For the first time in my life I was to spend this season of family gatherings alone. I did not like it, but, for business-reasons, I had thought it necessary to stay in Manchester. Not one of all my numerous friends could be spared to visit me, and I was more dull than I cared to confess, even to my landlady, as I sat in my easy chair, cracking filberts and staring at the fire, that stormy evening.

It was, if I remember rightly, somewhere about nine o'clock, when "a middle-sized, pale-faced man," as my landlady described him, gave a timid knock at the hall-door, and asked leave to see me. By the sound of his cough, I at once guessed that this was Raynor. He was shown up, and once more we met face to face. With great modesty and some hesitation, the poor man explained his errand. His little daughter—he was a widower with one child—was in what he called "a galloping consumption," and "hankered after grapes." So he had ventured to come and ask for a few, "because," as he said with a husky voice, he "could not bear to see her pining!"

His humility was so great that it shamed me into answering gently. When he had taken some grapes that were on the sideboard, and had placed them in a bag which I found for him, he turned to thank me.

"It is nothing," said I. "You are still my creditor. Is there anything more I can do for you?"

"Sir, there *is* one thing," he replied. "I spoke too hastily that Sunday afternoon. Will you forgive me?"

"My good fellow, I have nothing to forgive. For aught I know, I was more in the wrong than you; in fact, I have thought so more than once since then, not altogether without self-reproach."

"I have prayed for you, sir, ever since," said Raynor, with a simplicity that became him well, "and the child talks every day about the gentleman who lost his purse; for we both got a notion, sir, if you'll excuse my saying so, that you were not happy."

"I, *not happy*? You mistake!"

"Well, perhaps I did, sir; but that's just what made us pray for you," said John Raynor.

"I see, I see. You are very kind, I am sure. Merry Christmas to you," in a lighter tone, "and good night!"

"The same to you, sir, and many thanks. Good night!"

He was gone, but his words remained to create a vague disquiet in my breast. I, *not happy*? Was it possible? Yes; and, deny it as I might, it was *true*. I was unhappy. Was it because I was so lonely? That was something, but the root of the matter lay deeper. I was *proud*, and "God resisteth the proud." As I sat in that quiet room, a large doubt concerning the wisdom of my manner of life assailed my soul. That doubt drove me to my knees, and from my knees I arose, thank God! a wiser man.

Next morning, as the sun shone brightly, and as I had nothing else to do, I went off for a walk in the country. It was dull work, or so it seemed to me, to tramp alone, on Christmas Day, through Plymouth Grove, and along the Stock-

port Road, without meeting a single creature who cared for me, without passing by a single house in which I could claim a seat by the Christmas fire, or a share of the Christmas dinner; and with the consciousness that within a day's journey of Manchester there was a cluster of picturesque and hospitable villas, in every one of which I might, without risk of offence, have invited myself to partake of beef and pudding.

"If it had not been for my ridiculous devotion to pounds, shillings, and pence," I remarked within myself, "I should have been down amongst them all, instead of moping here, with 'None who bless me, none whom I can bless!'"

As I thus altered a line of Lord Byron's to suit my purpose, I saw before me, at the gate of a pleasant-looking house in Plymouth Grove, a thin man, in a thread-bare suit of black, who, bearing a child six or seven years old in his arms, was enjoying the evident delight with which the little one observed the airs and graces of a very small Shetland pony which a groom led slowly up and down. No sooner did my eye rest upon John Raynor—for it was he—than I began to connect him with my quotation. "None to bless me"? here was my poor brother overflowing with love because he thought I was unhappy! "None whom I could bless"? here were two suffering ones, very dear to my Lord and Master, for whom I might, if I *would*, make that Christmas Day a gleam of more than earthly sunshine, an oasis in the desert of their poverty, and a foretaste of the rest that is in heaven. *Should I do it?* That was the question! True, I was wiser to-day than yesterday; but, for all that, I was somewhat startled by the idea of receiving, as a parlour guest, a man so far beneath me in position, as this shoemaker. Yet Peter the fisherman, Paul the tent-maker,—greatest of all, Jesus Christ the carpenter,—were *working men*!

Five minutes had gone by, the Shetland pony had disappeared, and John Raynor had resumed his walk, before I found courage to break through my barrier of reserve, and devote myself to the pleasant task of ministering, for Christ's sake, to my poor "brother" and his child. But, at last, striding up to him, I said abruptly, "Good morning, Raynor. Will you dine with me at two o'clock?"

He was astonished, as well he might be, both by the purport of my speech and by its suddenness, but he only said, "Thank you, sir, if you mean it; but, the child?"

"Oh, I mean the child too, of course. What's your name, little maiden?"

"Bessie; isn't it, father?" replied the sick child, with her arms around his neck.

He nodded, and, at the same time, whispered something in her ear which made her clap her hands and kiss him joyfully. Then we settled down into a quiet but happy trio, walking steadily towards Longsight, and returning through Victoria Park to our two o'clock dinner.

Great was the surprise of Mrs. Ross, my landlady, when she discovered that I had brought home "two poor people" to share my pudding. But I explained that "Mr. Raynor," as I took care to call him, was a member of the church at — Street, and she was satisfied. As for little Bessie, it was impossible to regard *her* as an intruder, for she was one of those children who, at first sight, win the heart; and very soon she was lying upon a couch beside the fire in my snug and cheerful sitting-room, while her father, resting in an easy chair just opposite, looked "the picture," as Mrs. Ross said afterwards, "of enjoyment." As I sat between the pair, my eyes grew dim. By another Christmas they would be in heaven! What were all the distinctions of mere rank in the light of such a thought as that?

We were all very quiet until dinner was served, and then the little maiden and her host grew merry, and the father smiled to hear their talk. When we

again drew near the fire, I cracked nuts and told stories as I had been wont to do for my sisters at home,—where, be it known to you, reader, I was accounted to be a right good fellow!—until my new *protégée* fell asleep upon her pillow. Then we two elders drew nearer to each other, and talked of that mysterious and yet most beautiful word concerning these little ones: “For I say unto you, that in heaven *their angels do always behold the face of my Father who is in heaven.*”

Their angels! we spoke of these with bated breath. Who could tell what bright forms might be hovering around that child as she lay asleep?

“She is one of the Saviour’s lambs, sir,” said her father, as he tenderly arranged the plaid which served as a coverlet for his little one. “You should hear her talk about her mother, and about heaven! Often, when I’ve been weak in faith and disposed to murmur, God has put words into the mouth of my child that made me blush for shame. And it will not be long before she goes up yonder. Nor long, I think,” he added softly, “before I follow.”

John Raynor said this with a smile, for to be with Christ, as he said afterwards, “is far better.” Ah, how much beyond me in faith and hope—above all, in love to God and man—was my once despised “poor brother”!

Six o’clock came, and with it what my sisters would have called a “cosy” tea; nine o’clock, and an equally cosy little supper. Between these two we had much talk over books and pictures, winding up with domestic worship; and at ten o’clock my two guests went home in a cab which I took care to provide for their accommodation. They were “loaded,” or thought they were, with Christmas gifts. Even Mrs. Ross had made Bessie a parting present, and I managed so that a basket, containing fruit and sundry jars of jam and jelly, should be placed in the front seat of the vehicle, as the child, looking up into my face for a parting kiss, said, in her quaint, old-fashioned way, “Good night, sir; and thank you for all your love to me and father!”

For all my love? As the sound of wheels died away, I went back into my room with those words still in my ears. Had I then loved them? Better still, had I *proved* my love by a consistent and, to some extent, unselfish course of action? What a new world seemed to open to me in that moment! What a step out of darkness had I been led to take in that happy and never-to-be-forgotten Christmas Day! It was something to have gained two friends; it was more to have gained a victory over self, and over the pride which despises the poor, and refuses to recognize practically, as true friends and brothers, those for whom, as well as for their “superiors” in worldly station, Jesus died.

I have said that I gained two friends in that pleasant time. They are in heaven now, and I shall see them, on this side of Death, no more. But not the less are they my friends—beloved and honoured. I shall meet them again in yonder world, where, like Jesus, they expect my coming. “I go to prepare a place for you,” says Christ to each soul that loves him; and can we doubt that they who have “gone before” know full well that he thus “prepares a place” for them that follow? Such, at least, is my faith, and, in its exercise, I look forward to a time when He, who taught me what to do on that Christmas Day, shall in his mercy point to those to whom it was my privilege to minister, saying, “Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these *my brethren*, ye have done it unto *me.*”

Reviews.

The Redeemer. Discourses by EDMOND DE PRESSENSÉ, D.D. With Introduction by WILLIAM LINDSAY ALEXANDER, D.D. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.

THE younger De Pressensé has here given us a volume which recalls the palmy days of French preaching; with all the advantage, on the modern side, of an evangelical Protestantism. The idea of the work is admirable. THE GOSPEL is more than a doctrine. It is a Divine manifestation, complete in all its parts: designed in the beginning, foreshadowed in the prophecy of Eden, carried on through the long history of the world, consummated in the sacrifice on Calvary, and crowned by the royalty of heaven. Hence, the topics of discourse are: "The Fall and the Promise;" "The Preparation for the Coming of Jesus Christ—(1) before Judaism, (2) in Judaism, and (3) in Paganism;" "The Nature of Jesus Christ, the God-man;" "The Plan of Jesus Christ;" "The Holiness of Jesus Christ;" "Jesus Christ a Prophet—(1) the teaching of Jesus Christ, (2) the apology of Jesus Christ (or, as we should say, the evidence of his claims) in Scripture, miracles, internal proof;" "Jesus Christ a Sacrifice—(1) the early part of his ministry, or his manifestation to the world, (2) the agony and the cross;" and, lastly, "Jesus Christ a King." The outline may not be very new, but it brings into clear relief the truth, now more than ever important to be remembered, that faith in the Gospel is not so much the reception of a doctrine about Christ, as the apprehension and reception of Christ himself, the living Redeemer, in whom we know all that we can know of God; and in *every part* of whose work there lies something essential to the salvation of man. To young students, anxious to trace the development of the divine counsels in the redeeming work, we could offer no more suitable gift than Jonathan Edwards's "History of Redemption," together with this book of M. de Pressensé. The glowing rhetoric and brilliant ex-

planisiveness of the one, will admirably supplement the calm scriptural fulness of the other.

It will be observed that M. de Pressensé speaks of the preparation for the Gospel as having been carried on, by a divine purpose, among the Gentiles as well as among the Jews. His discussion of this point is among the most important and admirable parts of the work. The author frankly admits that the glimpses of truth which visited the minds of Pagan sages, and lit up with a fitful radiance the murky atmosphere of heathen superstition, were real, though "broken" lights from the eternal splendour. We should like here to extract a passage which strikes us as deeply true:—

"We find in our text traces of a third fact, which confirms still further this grand assertion. We read, in the eighteenth verse, that certain philosophers encountered the apostle. I do not now inquire of what school these philosophers were—I think only of that quality which was common to all; and I say that the mere fact of a search after truth reveals at once the fall and the hope of recovery. The word philosophy sounds ill in Christian ears, because it speaks too often of rebellious thought, and of the pride of reason. Too often, especially since the introduction of Christianity, has human philosophy been among its most active opponents; it has demanded elaborate discussions, where a heart that was right would have been satisfied to believe and obey. It has either insulted Christ, or passed him by in disdainful silence, as having no place in its systems; or else it has sought to make him speak on its side, surreptitiously intruding its own impious principles beneath his divine words. Rarely has it been seen kneeling by the cross, humbly seeking to sound the great mystery of love. But in pagan antiquity the case was quite otherwise. Philosophy was truly then the search after wisdom and truth. It stood in opposition to the religions of its own time, but not to religion in itself considered. It often involved a brave attempt to tear off the veil from the pagan myths, in the hope of arriving at a purer idea of God. The endeavour was indeed fruitless; for, as the apostle has said, these are things that enter not into the heart of man. Philosophy became too frequently the unworthy accomplice of moral corruption, by legitimatizing it. The Sophists were the plague of ancient philosophy! But when we regard it as it is seen in a Socrates, or a Plato, it appears very imperfect truly, very

misty in its results, but very grand in its aspirations. It has not that intractable pride which denies the fall. It recognizes it in the most affecting manner. 'Formerly,' says Plato, 'we enjoyed a ravishing spectacle; we were initiated into mysteries which may be called blessed; and we celebrated them free from the evils and imperfections which afterwards appertained to us—we admired objects perfect, simple, full of calmness and beatitude; and contemplated them in a pure light,—pure also ourselves. Let us be forgiven,' he adds, and we seem to perceive the traces of a tear in his words, 'let us be forgiven for the sad regrets inspired by the remembrance of the sight in which we then rejoiced' (Plato, *Phædrus*, or *Beauty*). I cite this passage to show that ancient philosophy, in spite of all its wanderings, was not always a rationalistic philosophy, flattering human pride. It preserved, nay, it awakened the conviction of a fall; while its very existence proved that some hope was left to man of one day recovering the truth. It was a flickering torch, to borrow a metaphor from Clement of Alexandria, whose trembling light could not replace the sun; and in this sense we may ask, Where is the wisdom of the wise? But it could reveal the darkness, which was something gained; and by its little ray could excite the desire that the star of the morning might arise. Faith in the immortality of the soul, in moral responsibility, in the good and the just, though insufficient to give peace to the soul, yet developed its higher instincts. In regard to salvation itself, that is to say, to absolute truth, the wisdom of the Greeks, like all human wisdom, was foolishness; but in regard to preparation, it had an important mission. However numerous and deplorable may have been the errors of its systems, we should not the less recognize in them the fact that this search after truth revealed at once the need and the possibility of redemption. Why should that be sought for which was either possessed already, or hopelessly lost? Surely we may say to our fellow-men with Saint Paul, even in the view of the philosophers of the decline—Offspring of God ye are; for if ye had not in your immortal soul a thirst after truth, ye would not make for yourselves so many cisterns, which, though broken and impure, are still evidences of that sacred yearning for the true which consumes you;—offspring of God, but offspring fallen; for if not so, ye would still, as one of your noblest representatives has said, pure yourselves, contemplate in pure light those simple and perfect objects of absolute truth which are full of beauty and calmness! Fall and recovery, sorrow and hope, the desire of salvation, burn on this profane earth—the work of preparation is here carried on" (pp. 108-110).

At the same time, as M. de Pressensé impressively shows, the darkness was not and could not be chased away by such illumination. The fitful gleam but proved how necessary was

the perfect revelation; and the sense of this necessity, as it grew, became a growing presage of the heavenly dawn.

The discourse on the Divinity of Jesus Christ is of surpassing merit. Much as has been said on this theme, both by way of argument and of illustration, we are yet captivated and impressed by the freshness, as well as by the vigour with which our author has discussed it. To quote would here be almost an injustice, unless we could present the whole of the symmetrical and conclusive argument—an argument "wrought in fire." The intense feeling of Christ's humanity, as well as the deep conviction of his Deity, pervades every paragraph, and brings the great thought of the Incarnation home to our very hearts. "Man has asked," says M. de Pressensé, "nothing less than what God has given; that is to say, a Saviour uniting in himself humanity and divinity." "When the true cry of the soul has risen to heaven, that cry has been for a God-man." And again:—"Make us gods which shall go before us," said the Israelites to Aaron. This instinctive demand is the motto of all the paganisms of the ancient world. Materialistic on one side, it is true on the other. Man cannot do without a real God, and he will only be able to believe in his real recovery when he shall have seen a God walk before him on his mournful way." Such was the aspiration of humanity; such the longing which in the Gospel we see translated into an accomplished fact. Well does our author demonstrate this; and at the close of his argument we feel that he has a right to say:—

"There are others who deny the divinity of Christ, while still pretending to remain Christians. They should know that their intermediate position is not tenable. It is not in fact intermediate. Their homage to Christ covers a terrible accusation brought against him; they charge him with falsehood and hypocrisy! Is it true or is it not that Christ affirmed his own divinity? If it be clearer than the day that he did profess to be the Son of God, it is equally clear that to deny his divinity is to proclaim him a liar in the face of the world. It avails nothing to say with a certain philosopher: 'The morality of the Gospel touches and penetrates me!' If Jesus Christ was not the Son of God, the Gospel ought to be torn to pieces as an imposture, and Christ spoke falsely through his whole life. He deceived his disciples in the very last night that he passed with them.

He knowingly allowed his adversaries to commit a dreadful crime which he could have prevented by a word. Say no more, then, of his holiness—of his moral purity! Rather say, that in a sense the Jews and Pilate were right in condemning him. But, O Lord, pardon our words; we tremble to utter them. Pardon them, on account of the object we have in view, which is to tear off the veil from those pretended friends of the Gospel who believe that they love thee while they accuse thee of imposture. They may perhaps be alarmed at the thought of the blasphemy hidden under their negative words;—perhaps in the impossibility of recognizing an impostor in the humble Jesus of Nazareth, in the gentle Master, in the victim resigned and merciful even in the hour of his punishment, they will fall at thy feet crying out: If he must have been either a deceiver or a God, we cannot hesitate—yes, this man was a God!

“Let all those who might be tempted to question the divinity of Christ carefully weigh these considerations. Let them be sure that on the day when the church shall find herself assaulted anew on this vital point, even though by the most alluring mysticism, her voice, her great voice, which needs not councils to make itself heard, will resound as it did formerly in the days of Arius or of Socinus. The most terrible excommunication for a doctrine is the shriek of terror and indignation uttered by the church when, wounded in the person of her divine Lord, she cries out like the women of Jerusalem: ‘I am seeking my Saviour, and I know not where they have placed him.’ Ah! we hope that the old rationalism which is passing away may not re-appear under more specious forms. It would be very soon recognized, and would be really nothing but the dead burying his dead” (pp. 162-164).

Another extract, on a different topic, we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of giving. The whole discourse from which it is taken, “The Teaching of Jesus Christ,” is very admirable. It is not often, we are inclined to think, that this topic receives from evangelical Christians the study it deserves. We have sometimes, indeed, felt that a thorough analysis and setting forth of our Lord’s method, order, and spirit, as the Teacher sent from God, would be the best manual in the world for all teachers and preachers of Christian truth. The late Dr. Harris’s almost forgotten work, “The Great Teacher,” inadequately attempted a task like this; and its great popularity showed that a right chord had been struck. But let us listen to the weighty and beautiful words of M. de Pressensé. A part only of his deeply-instructive sketch and its accompanying lessons can be given.

“But Christ had also another motive for not imitating the doctors of his time. To speak from above is to speak from afar. It might be supposed that one would be better heard by being placed at a great distance from one’s hearers, and commanding them. But this is a great error. The more simple your words, the more strong they will be; and the more strong, the more sympathetic and appropriate to the wants of your hearers. In proportion as you are raised in the professor’s chair, in that proportion you are removed to a distance from souls. Each new step gained increases the space between you and them; your teaching becomes general, abstract, pompous, and without application. Your darts, shot from afar, touch no individual. It is easy, then, to understand how Christ should have left the seat of Moses to the frigid doctors who had nothing to say to poor sinners. He who had a word of eternal life to bring to them,—he would never mount to that seat. He spoke to men mouth to mouth, heart to heart, and he was heard by them. And let it be well understood that if the Christian testimony is so often robbed of its primitive force, it is because it has been placed anew upon that fatal height, in a sense between heaven and earth. All conceivable methods have been employed to show clearly that it has an exceptional character. The very symbols have been used that are most adapted to cherish this miserable prejudice in the minds of Christian people. The witness to the truth has been wrapped in a solemn dress for worship, as if to invite him to envelop his instructions in a similar vestment. Academic language has superseded the manly and telling accents of strong conviction. From the cold heights of religious discourse to the soul of the listeners, the distance has become so great that the Christian sentiments, issuing warm, perhaps, from the orator’s mind, have had time to grow cold again. Let the preacher renounce for ever that elevation which isolates him thus; let him imitate the Saviour; let him speak rather than preach; let him be felt to be a companion in conflict and in suffering instead of a master and a professor. For him, as for Jesus Christ, the secret of power is in simplicity. And when I speak of simplicity I do not mean negligence. A true and noble simplicity is obtained at the price of greater labour of thought and soul, and more concentrated meditation than is required for brilliancy of style. It is more difficult to convey the fundamental substance of Christianity than it is to multiply forms of oratory. In this respect, as in all others, let us be the disciples of Christ,—learning from him the humility of the Christian testimony, which is the pledge of its real authority. Let us tear up our phylacteries as we think of so many souls needing true consolation; let us cease to speak in foreign tongues, and descend for ever from the seat of Moses,—or in other words, abandon our cold solemnity and our priestly eloquence” (pp. 238-240).

Dr. W. L. Alexander, in his editorial preface, has found it necessary to give

a word of caution as to M. de Pressense's presumed theological deficiencies. We confess that we think this caveat to have been hardly necessary; especially as Dr. Alexander has called attention to the fact that the work is not a scientific treatise, but a series of popular addresses. In a theological manual we might desire more *rigour* of statement; we could hardly have more *clearness*. The references, again, which our author makes to the Sabbath and to the Lord's day, Dr. Alexander does not approve; adding, with a singular appreciation of a translator's duty, "I could have wished this part of the book had been deleted." We have carefully examined the passage to which exception has been taken, and find in it nothing worse than that, in M. de Pressense's opinion, the Lord's day is not the Sabbath. "Sabbatarianism," he says in a note, "is foreign alike from Christian antiquity and from the Reformation, and, by Judaizing the Sunday, changes the nature of this holy and beautiful festival." Dr. Alexander knows ecclesiastical history well enough to be aware that the former part of this assertion is strictly true; while he is right at least in regarding the latter part of it as too unguarded, and as ignoring the fact, that the seventh day's rest is older than Judaism and coeval with creation. We must, however, think that the use of the word "Sabbath" for "Sunday," so common in Scotland, tends to identify in the popular mind the Christian with the Jewish festival, and to hinder the exercise of Christian liberty in determining the mode of its observance.

The book, we should add, is translated by a lady who declines to give her name, and is most excellently rendered into flowing and readable English.

The Genius of the Gospel: a Homiletical Commentary on the Gospel of St. Matthew. By DAVID THOMAS, D.D. Edited by the Rev. WILLIAM WEBSTER, M.A. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

We are not quite clear why a volume of sermons on the Gospel by Matthew should be introduced by a sounding title like the above. Still less do we perceive the fitness of asking a cool verbal critic like the senior editor of

"Webster and Wilkinson's Greek Testament" to introduce to the world a book so eminently rhetorical. For both of these things there may, perhaps, be some occult reason; but we at any rate can only treat the work as a collection of "studies" of the evangelic history, made by one who is rather an artist than an analyst, and much more of a rhetorician than a critic. Of *explanation*, properly so called, there is but little. No student of Matthew's Gospel will find his knowledge of it much increased; but the preacher will mark much that is suggestive, as well as admirable, in the ability with which the thought of a passage is told off into symmetrical divisions, each with its skilfully-expressed "head." This always tells well in sermons; although, when the same kind of thing continually recurs through a bulky volume, the effect is a little monotonous. Thus, the Parable of the Sower occasions the following reflections:—first, "That there is a constitutional affinity subsisting between man's soul and God's Word;" secondly, "That notwithstanding this affinity, they are often found existing in a state of separation from each other;" thirdly, "That there is an agency in operation to bring the two into a right connexion;" and, fourthly, "That the connexion which the agency forms between God's Word and human souls is of various kinds." Then, in Dr. Thomas's characteristic manner we have the kinds of this connexion discriminated as follows:—"1, the connexion of the Word with the unthinking soul; 2, the connexion of the Word with the sentimentally-interested soul; 3, the connexion of the Word with the world-divided soul; and, 4, the connexion of the Word with the true-hearted soul." This is all very neat, and in a certain sense appropriate, though we wonder if it ever occurs to preachers who write in this fashion that such English sentences are never found except in heads of sermons, and could by no possibility be produced save for such a purpose! In like manner, to take another sketch from the same chapter, the Parable of the Leaven, we are to learn:—"1, that Christianity is an imported power; 2, that Christianity is a hidden power; 3, that Christianity is an assimilating power; 4, that Christianity is a diffusive power." Very

good again; only we begin to see the trick of style. Once more, as a more ambitious example, we take the discourse on entering the kingdom of heaven like a little child, in which the heads are these:—"1, Child-likeness is necessary as an introduction to the sphere of true greatness; 2, Child-likeness determines the degree of elevation in the realm of true greatness; 3, Child-likeness identifies our existence with the Prince of true greatness." The artificiality with which ordinary thoughts are invested is now plain. Further, the sermon on Christ receiving the little children is divided thus:—"1, the picture of godly parents; 2, the picture of narrow religionists; 3, the picture of a loving Christ; 4, the picture of a beautiful heaven." Here we have something more serious to object than the strained style of division. Does the preacher really believe that "the kingdom of heaven" in his text means the celestial world? It is too clear that the very sense of the passage has been sacrificed to external symmetry of arrangement. In another sermon, that upon the alabaster box of ointment, a similar result is obtained at the expense of utter vagueness of characterization. Mary's unique act is taken only as descriptive of "genuine excellence," and we have these heads:—"1, genuine excellence devotionally employed; 2, genuine excellence unjustly censured; 3, genuine excellence divinely vindicated; 4, genuine excellence immortally honoured." It will be by this time quite clear that we have in many of these sermons a mannerism which is not difficult of imitation, and which helps greatly in the art of saying very little in an imposing way. Then if we turn from the outlines of these discourses to their filling up, we find the same resonance and glitter of style, often covering mere common-place, though here and there may be found paragraphs of solemn and touching earnestness, gleams of a true genius expressing itself with sweet simplicity. But soon the stilted style prevails. We may take, for instance, the following successive clauses in the discourse on "Christ and Little Children."—

"An infant to the eye of Christ was an object of stupendous importance; a subject of immeasurable potentialities; a life for endless development and wondrous des-

tinies. *He saw the oak in the acorn, the waving harvest in the little seed.* An infant to him was an archangel or arch-fiend, in embryo."

The sentence we have italicized is a perfect picture. But what of the other two? The same thought, perhaps, is in all three; but in the first how turgid the expression; in the last how revolting and even untrue!

A multitude of good things, we gladly add, there are in the volume. We note especially its fine practical tone. There is throughout a deep discernment of truth and goodness, with a hearty sympathy with everything noble in character. Its ethical value is very great—greater, in fact, than its doctrinal; for the sermons on Christ's death and resurrection are theologically very weak, being confined in the main to subordinate particulars, without anything like a full statement of the great purpose of that Sacrifice and that Victory.

On the whole, we are far from satisfied with the book. Had its able author sought only to produce *sermons*, he would, doubtless, have given his readers fewer than one hundred and twenty; and would have worked out his topics at once more fully and less artificially; or had he attempted an *exposition* solely, he would have refrained from torturing the simple narrative into the quaint or ungraceful forms of a rhetorical arrangement. The combination of the two was, we think, a grave mistake; and the fragmentary form in which many of the discourses are given only adds to the sense of incompleteness and of weariness with which we close the volume.

The New Birth. By CHARLES STOVEL.
London: Elliot Stock.

NONE of our readers need to be informed that what Mr. Stovel writes is well worth reading, and we shall not, therefore, be guilty of the impertinence of trying to produce this conviction in the minds of any. The subject of the pamphlet before us is one of the highest importance, not only because of its vital position in the Christian system, but also because of the errors which have ever prevailed respecting it,—errors which are at the basis of the controversy now raging between the

sacramentalists on the one side, and the supporters of evangelical truth on the other. It is a subject, moreover, well adapted to the writer's order of mind, and Mr. Stovel has handled it with his usual power of analysis—we had almost said dissection. The analogies between the natural birth and the new birth are drawn with unusual precision, and are applied with great force, sometimes even with great beauty. The only fault here is in an occasional over-plainness of allusion to

subjects which are, in general, only very delicately hinted at. Mr. Stovel speaks manfully against the sacramental errors of the day, and there is no doubt he had his eye upon the present baptismal controversy. We should have been pleased, however, if his allusions had been more direct and distinct; there are numbers of obtuse persons who will miss the point. We thank Mr. Stovel for his pamphlet, and hand it over to our readers for their pleasure and edification.

Christian Cabinet.

LITTLE CHILDREN IN HEAVEN.

IN a select religious circle of ladies and gentlemen the conversation turned upon heaven as the home of the Christian. After an exchange of views upon various questions relating to the place, the society, and the employments, it was proposed that every one present should mention, briefly, the particular element of blessedness which made heaven to him or her especially interesting and desirable. The suggestion was readily accepted, for every one was confident of ability to respond, being conscious of an expectation that included one prominent object of desire. As all concurred in regarding the presence of the Saviour as the primary joy, it was agreed that the statements should be confined to what every one considered as the highest secondary joy of that happy realm. All were attentive.

"I find," said an eminent philanthropist, "especial satisfaction in thinking of heaven as a place of perfect love." A man devoted to science said he was "accustomed to anticipate heaven as a place where knowledge can be easily and rapidly acquired." A third, on whom rested heavy public burdens, declared that he "looked to heaven as a place of rest." A fourth, who had passed years on the judicial bench, said, "Heaven is desirable to me because there all will be obedient to law." A fifth, who had studied largely the evils of a divided church, expressed his preference for the idea that "in heaven

is no sectarianism." A sixth, long a physical sufferer, said, "I find comfort in the assurance, 'Neither shall there be any more pain.'" Thus on to the last of the group, a lady in mourning, who gave as her "sweetest thought of heaven, that it would contain so many little children." All were tenderly affected by her answer, and confessed that to them the idea was new, and for the remainder of the evening that element of heavenly bliss was the topic of refreshing conversation.

As we count up the mercies that contribute to the happiness of the present life, are we aware how much depends upon the presence of little children? How illuminated is a home to which a child is introduced! How darkened when that child is removed! "Lo, children are a heritage of the Lord." How invaluable a treasure to any community are its children! How necessary to its comfort! What a power they are in the moral culture of humanity, acting through the affections as checks to vice and as safeguards of virtue! A lover of little children is seldom a bad man. That is ordinarily the happiest society where little children are the most tenderly cared for and the most highly appreciated.

What a desolation was that, when, by the order of Herod, all the little ones in Bethlehem were massacred—"Rachel weeping for her children, and refused to be comforted, because they were not"! A childless city or town! Who would live there? We should

shudder at the thought of living a year in a community where are no young children. We instinctively feel that there an essential element of happiness would be wanting. Well, impenitent reader, there is one place in the universe where a young child never has been, never will be; and yet you are on your way thither! Are you a parent?

There is a tender, beautiful significance in the picture drawn by the prophet Zechariah, of Jerusalem when she should be replenished with inhabitants, and be eminently prosperous. Among the elements of her prosperity should be this:—"And the streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof."

Who can estimate the number of little children already in the New Jerusalem? One half of all that are born die under five years of age. Since the death of the first, at least fifteen thousand millions have thus been gathered by the Saviour in his Father's house of many mansions. Wonder not that Jesus said, concerning little children, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." As to numbers, how true the statement! Wonder not that John saw in glory "a great multitude which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues." However many may be lost, heaven will assuredly have a large majority of our race.

"Lift your heads, ye golden gates,
Let the little travellers in."

Of those who have been there thousands of years we cannot speak with certainty as to what they are relatively; but who can show reason why all who enter heaven young may not continue young, and as such be for ever objects of interest to one another and to all the adult inhabitants? This is a question upon which the revealed Word gives no definite information, and on such ground we would step with carefulness. But if we do not misread human consciousness, the heart loves to regard the multitude of little ones collected along the ages and transferred to heaven as yet little ones, making the place interesting by their presence. John, in his vision of the final judgment, saw "the dead, small and great," standing before God. Will there ever be a period when there will be no little children in heaven?

Will not all who enter young remain so in perpetuity? This may never be an article of our creed; but it is a cherished idea in the common imagination, and to annihilate it would be a severe shock to the feelings. As our friends pass on before us to that blissful home, do we not ever afterwards think of them as at the same age as when they disappeared from our view? Can we otherwise conceive of them? They have done with the succession of time. All with them is eternity. Is not the period of their earth-life their age for ever? We can conceive of their increase of knowledge—of their advancement in everything that may make them our qualified instructors; but can we think of them as older, in appearance, than when they left us?

The prevailing views as to the recognition of friends in heaven seem to require that there should be this element of their condition. Will your little daughter be so altered as to make an introduction necessary to your knowing her among the happy myriads? You expect to see her, though it may be thirty years hence, still the little one, as young, as small, as interesting, as when Jesus took her out of your arms into his own, and bore her away that he might draw you after her. You may be told that this is fancy; but to you it lacks little of reality; and you would count that man cruel who should throw around your hope a shade of doubtfulness. You part with your little son here for a few years, expecting when next you see him to find him an adult, altered in physical proportions. But no lapse of time can make you think of the little ones whose precious dust you tenderly committed to small graves as men and women in heaven.

An Indian mother, when near her end, replied to all endeavours to prolong her life, "No! no! my four children call me. I see them by the side of the Great Spirit. They stretch out their arms to me, and are astonished that I do not join them."

I hear the tuneful chime
Of spirit voices!—'tis my infant band
Calling the mourner from this darkened land
To joy's unclouded clime.

My beautiful, my blest!
I see them there by the Great Spirit's throne;
With winning words and foud beseeching
They woo me to my rest. [tone,

CHRIST SERVING HIS PEOPLE.

THERE is one character in which Christians too seldom think of their divine Redeemer. It is that of a disinterested servant, ever serving our highest interests. We call ourselves Christ's servants. Do we constantly think of him as ours?

At the last supper, we read that Jesus rose from the table and laid aside his robe. He takes a towel, and girds himself after the manner of a waiter in a guest-chamber. Pouring water into a basin, he washes the disciples' feet, and wipes them with the towel wherewith he is girded. After the surprising act of self-humiliation is over, he says to them, "Know ye what I have done to you? Ye call me Master and Lord; ye say well, for so I am. If I then, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet, ye also ought to wash one another's feet. For I have given you an example that ye should do as I have done to you."

Then he tells his disciples for what paltry distinctions the Gentiles and the worldlings crave. But they were to aim at a nobler, sublimer supremacy—the supremacy of disinterested love, and devotion to the wants of others. "Let him who would be chiefest among you become servant of all." The feet of his followers were scarcely dry from the washing he had given them, as he says, "I am among you as he that serveth."

Run your eye, my brother, over the whole earthly career of our blessed Lord, and you will find in it a beautiful illustration of the truth that the loftiest post of honour is the lowliest post of service. Every word, every act, is inspired by disinterested love. He condescends to teach the most ignorant, for they have the deepest need of light. He condescends to feed the hungry poor out of his miraculous basket. He condescends to sit at meat with despised publicans—to heal way-side beggars and outcast lepers, the children of poor heartbroken mothers, and the servants in noblemen's kitchens. More than one fallen woman, whom most parents would have thrust out of doors, he allows to come into the sunshine of his presence, and does not let them go until they are penitent and pardoned. And so all through that three years' pilgrimage of love—in-

structing the benighted, comforting the afflicted, pardoning the guilty, healing the sick, stooping to wash disciples' feet, and to cleanse their still more polluted hearts—Jesus is everywhere the "servant of all." The years of penitent, self-denying service culminate in the grandest, most stupendous, and sublime service of all—the service of suffering on the cross of Calvary! Oh! self-indulgent Christian, who art unwilling to lift a finger to relieve a fellow-being or undo his burden, look on the wondrous spectacle of an incarnate God stooping to the lowliest offices of love—bearing poverty, and ignominy, and toil—bearing the curse of the broken law—bearing your sins in his bleeding body on the cross—look at this, and hide your selfish head in shame!

Nor did the service of our divine Servant end with the cross and the new tomb in the garden. When he ascended to heaven, he only ascended to new departments of service for us. He ever liveth there to make intercession for his people. He is our "friend at court." He is our Advocate to plead our suit. He hears our complaints, and gives a ready ear to the faintest prayer which the feeblest faith breathes forth in its closet.

Does he not gird himself as with a towel, to wash away our impurities? Not once only, but constantly. One cleansing of a soul at the time of regeneration will no more keep a Christian for ever pure than a single ablution of his face or form would make his body clean for a lifetime. The world soils our souls every day. Each impure thought, each angry word, each act of deceit, each covetous touch of gold, each insincere, unbelieving prayer, each cowardly desertion of duty, leaves an ugly spot. "Create in me a clean heart," is an every hour's prayer for a Christian's whole life. And he who girded a towel about him, and washed his disciples' feet from the dust of Jerusalem's streets, is ever beside us, ready to wash away the moral defilement which our daily walk on the world's highways brings upon our souls.

How many other services too our Saviour is rendering us! When starved on husks, he gives us the bread of life. When faint in spirit, he brings us into his orchard, whose apples of delight

cause our lips to sing. Many an obscure saint in a smoky hovel has yet dwelt in the King's banqueting-house. The holy Rutherford, of Scotland, when in prison for Christ's sake, testified that his prison-cell was "the King's wine-cellar" to his thirsty soul, in which every taste of the divine love only made him more hungry for the "supper-time" in heaven. He says, "I get sweet tastings of my Lord's comforts; but the cause of that is not that our steward, Christ Jesus, is niggard and narrow-hearted, but because our stomachs are so weak, and our souls are narrow; but the great feast is coming, when our hearts shall be enlarged to take in the fulness of the marriage-supper of the Lamb."

Time would fail us to tell in how many ways the loving Jesus serves his people—as their physician, their protector, and their guide through the valley of the death-shade. And one of the great practical teachings of Christ's sublime, self-denying service for us is, that the lowliest post of service is the loftiest post of honour. If Jesus was a servant, who shall be ashamed to serve?

Why is it that so many professed Christians "feel above" undertaking humble work for God and humanity? We have heard of a minister of Christ complaining that his station was "be-

neath his talents"! As if the soul of a beggar were beneath the genius of a Paul! Some are unwilling to enter a mission-school, or to distribute tracts through a tenement house—strangely forgetting that their divine Master was a colporteur and a missionary. A prayer-meeting, a temperance-meeting, a place even in a church-choir, they count "ungenteel," and "well enough for those who have to go there."

Have such never learned that the towel wherewith Jesus wiped his disciples' feet outshone the purple that wrapped Cæsar's limbs? Do they not know that the post of honour is the post of service? "My seat in the Sunday school is higher than my seat in the senate," said an eminent Christian statesman. When we take the lowliest place of sacred service, we find ourselves in the best society—in the society of mothers serving their children, of patriots serving their country, of pastors serving their flocks, and of One who is ever the gracious servant of his people. Heaven is but a higher sphere of service. For in that realm of unwearied activity and blissful worship we read that "they serve God day and night in his temple; his name is written on their foreheads;" and "they follow the Lamb wheresoever he goeth, and he leadeth them to living fountains of water."

Words of Wisdom for Christian People.

MARY MORRISON'S MISTAKE.

MARY MORRISON was in the main a good sister, though a little impatient, and so rigid in her views of house-keeping that she devoted every moment of her time to some fancied need of work, and seldom spared herself a few moments to other purposes than these. Mary and her brother had lived alone since the death of their widowed mother. The young girl—she was only seventeen—kept the little house as neat as a new pin, as the saying is. She was careful, frugal, and industrious, but she was not gentle and loving. Henry was not strong; he often came home after a day's work flushed and

tired out, craving little delicacies which his sister was not thoughtful enough to prepare for him. She never felt sick. The tide of health ran steadily through her veins, and she always declared that Henry was fussy and fanciful.

It would have done one good to go through her neat kitchen, to look into the pantries, where seemed a store of silver, so bright were the tins, where in fact everything shone with the lustre of constant polishing. So it was in every part of the house; the parlour was as bright almost as sunshine; the chambers were immaculate in their purity; the drawers in which were kept her small stores of feminine finery were

spotless; her brother never spoke of a missing button or a broken string; everything was complete in her department; an atmosphere of rigid cleanliness was everywhere observable. I think Mary was proud of her attainments, but it was a pride tainted with the leaven of self. It fretted her to see any little thing misplaced. Her brother declared that he could not feel at home, because it seemed too nice there, and every departure from the strict rule caused him some moments of pain, inflicted by a tongue sharper than she knew.

Insensibly, Mary was falling into habits that threatened to darken her life; to absorb every power and passion of her mind. She was learning to be intensely selfish and harsh, and terrible was the blow that smote the terrible shadow away.

One noon Henry came home with one of his headaches. Now Mary, as she expressed it, hated to have a man about while she was at work; it made her nervous.

"If I'd been you, I'd have stayed till night," she said, with some asperity.

"I couldn't, Mary. You don't know how terribly my head aches."

"Always sick," murmured Mary, moving away. "I'm so tired of it. I do believe he gives up to nothing, like all the men. It seems to me there's no need of it. Why don't I?"

"I'll go upstairs and lie down, Mary," said Henry, with a fainting voice.

"Put your slippers on first," said his sister, "and you had better lie on the couch. Perhaps a little sleep will rest you."

He walked out wearily, and closed the door. Presently his voice was heard, calling her.

"Coming, coming!" replied his sister. "Dear, dear, I must take the cake out of the oven first!" and some minutes elapsed. "O dear! how I have to run when he is at home," she cried; "he's so impatient, and I must always be at his side. Men ought never to be sick, they make so much trouble."

There was no tenderness in the voice that answered the faint queries of the sick man, and yet Mary was neither hard-hearted nor unfeeling. What did she know, in her robust health, of the heart-wearing that continual relapses

cause to men even of the strongest wills!

"O dear!" sighed Henry, half childishly, "it seems as if my head never ached as it does now. It's terrible!"

"I've heard you say that a hundred times," said his sister, not in the softest manner.

"But I'm sure it's worse this time. Please pull that curtain down; the least light strikes through my eyes even when they are shut." Mary bustled round, impatiently, and, heedless of the groan that followed, let the blind fall heavily.

"I'm a great deal of trouble," said the sick man, seeing the cloud on his sister's brow.

"O no!" her face cleared a little; "you're fanciful and fidgety, of course; all men are. Men don't know what real sickness is, and so they're frightened at the least pain."

"But this is dreadful," cried the invalid, pressing his closed eyelids more tightly together.

O how he longed to feel some soft hand upon his temples! to hear a voice such as his mother's had been, low and gentle! But his sister had something to do downstairs, and left him. Hours passed. The pulses leaped madly; the eyes grew strained and crossed with veins; the temples fluttered with the throbbing flesh; and strange words came thickly on the stillness of the chamber.

Mary had long been downstairs, and was now preparing supper. She had just laughingly said, in reply to a neighbour's question, concerning Henry,—

"O, going to die, as all young men are, if they happen to cut their finger!" Little she thought how true the prophecy so carelessly uttered. At that moment a burst of wild laughter came harshly down from the room above. Mary stood aghast, as she cried, "What's that?" in a startled voice.

Another burst of wild mirth, and Mary hurried upstairs. Henry was talking madly; his eyes were all aflame, and his face had changed frightfully. Now seriously alarmed, she sent immediately for a physician, who expressed some wonder that he had been called at so late an hour. Mary was forced to confess that the symptoms had been unusually severe, but he was so liable to such attacks that she didn't think much

of it. Her heart, however, condemned her. She was conscious that the moans and complaints of her poor sick brother had irritated her to an unusual degree, and that she had borne far from patiently with him. Now she was ready to make all amends. With tears and loving thoughts she hovered over that sick bed, accusing herself—as every wild cry for her rang out, and still there was no consciousness, still he felt not the kind hand, saw not the streaming eyes—of being the cause of all this wretchedness through her selfish neglect.

Tears hot and copious, wild prayers to heaven, sweet and fervent words of love, availed nothing. The death-hour came, and with it consciousness. Arrows could not have pierced that sad heart as did the last words of that dying man:—

“Dearest, you have been a good sister to me.”

The meek young face looked calmly white amidst the cerements of the grave, but it was scarcely whiter than the face that bent over it. O, what would that wretched heart have given to recall those cold, careless words that were ringing in her ears at every step! This was the thought that gave anguish

unparalleled as her trembling feet led her to his open grave, and she looked her last on the dear manly face that had ever had a smile for her. O, to live with this consciousness! to bear a burden so heavy!—these were to be her punishment.

“If I had only been tender to him that day,” she often sobbed as she accused herself: “if I had thought less of my work, and more of his poor, pale face! if I had only kissed the hot brow, and bathed it more carefully! if I had only put down that feeling that I would not humour his fancied indisposition, I would give worlds.” But the sorrow, keen and dreadful as it was, has not been without its salutary influence.

Now the sister, left alone, is the welcome visitor at all times by the bedside of the sick. Her gentle voice soothes as the voice of a mother; her hand's touch is like the pressure of velvet; her very sympathy is as the sweetest cordial. And if she is ever tempted to think an impatient thought, or give expression to a selfish wish, there comes up before her the vision of a pale face and a sad smile, and with that rebuke working patience in her heart, she goes about her Master's work.

Narratives, Anecdotes, &c.

THE LORD OF THE HARVEST.

THE most spiritually-minded pastors are often depressed by the thought that they are accomplishing so little for the Master. Week after week the same assemblage of decorous indifferent listeners gather in their respective seats, and when the hour of service is over, walk away apparently as unimpressed as the walls which enclosed them. Yet the truly earnest Christian worker need never yield to discouragement. The seed of truth will fall into good ground often where he least looks for a harvest.

A minister noticed Sabbath after Sabbath a ragged boy take his station in the aisle, and listen with apparently deep attention to the discourse for the day. He had often tried to speak with him, but as soon as the service was ended he seemed to vanish from every

one's observation. At last he was missed from his place for several succeeding Sabbaths. One day a miserable-looking man called to ask the pastor to visit his sick boy, who was very anxious to see him. He “was ashamed,” he said, “to ask the gentleman to go so far, but the child was so urgent and talked a deal about things he could not understand.”

The pastor went through the pouring rain six miles to the wretched house where he was directed, and on entering, found on a bundle of straw his little mysterious hearer, plainly in a dying condition. When he saw the minister his whole face brightened, and, stretching forth his wasted arms, he said, “His own right hand has gotten him victory,” and immediately fell back and expired.

An aged minister lay on his death-

bed, and his last hours were greatly saddened by the thought that his labours had been so fruitless. Just at that time two persons, whose conversion he least expected, applied for admission to the church, and attributed their conversion to God's blessing on his faithful labours. Some one communicated the happy intelligence to the pastor, whose joy seemed unbounded. With a beaming countenance he repeated the words of good old Simeon, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, . . . for mine eyes have seen thy salvation;" and immediately his spirit soared away to the blessed company above in which his soul delighted.

A pious chaplain was once detained by contrary winds at the Isle of Wight, over the Sunday, and there preached a sermon to the inhabitants. It seemed, indeed, bread cast upon the waters; but among the assembled crowd was one gay, thoughtless girl, "who had come to show her fine clothes," into whose heart the word sank deeply. The history of that simple "Dairyman's Daughter" has gone into almost every corner of the earth, and the fruit brought forth from that day's preaching has been many hundredfold.

And so God gives us precious encouragement to sow beside all waters, with prayer and faith in his promises. He will take care of his harvest. It is a blessed thought that he is the Lord of it, and can gather rich sheaves in even the most seemingly unfriended soil.

THE UNCONVERTED MINISTER.

SEVERAL years ago there lived not far from us a very gifted preacher, who had for a considerable time announced, with great energy and success, the word from the cross, and who, as we may suppose, had his share of enemies. One of his opponents, a man of information, from a distaste of the truth had long ceased to frequent the church. One Sabbath morning he thought he would once more hear the stern man preach. He went to church. The preacher treated of the narrow way, which he made neither smaller nor wider than it is made in the Word of God. During the sermon, the visitor thinks within himself—"How is this? If what the man is saying be the truth, O my God!

what will be the consequence?" This thought cleaved to him. Wherever he went he heard the whisper in his heart—"Is it truth or falsehood?" At last he thought of going to the preacher, to ask him, upon his conscience, if he was convinced of the truth of what he had asserted. "Sir," he accosts the preacher, "I was one of your hearers a short time since, when you preached of the only way of salvation. You have disturbed my inward peace, and I cannot refrain from asking you solemnly, before God, and upon your conscience, whether you can prove your assertions." The minister replies, with decisive assurance, that he had spoken God's word, and, consequently, infallible truth. "O my God!" exclaimed his visitor, "is it thus? Dear sir, what will become of us?" "Of us!" thinks the minister, rather startled; and, repulsing the strange *us* from his heart, he commences expounding to the querist the doctrine of redemption, and exhorts him to repentance and faith. But the latter, as if he had not heard a single syllable the preacher was saying, interrupted him, and with increasing warmth repeats the anxious exclamation: "If it is the truth, dear sir, I pray you what shall we do?" Terrified, the preacher staggers back. "*We*," he thinks—"what means this *we*?" and, striving to conceal the uneasiness and confusion of his heart, he begins anew to explain and exhort. Tears started to the eyes of the visitor, and, clasping his hands like one in despair, he exclaims, with a voice that might have moved the very stones: "Dear sir, if it is the truth, then we are lost!" The preacher stands pale and trembling, and his speech fails him. He casts his eyes to the ground, and then, embracing his visitor, amid sobs, he says: "My friend, down into the dust, and let us pray and wrestle!" They bend their knees, they pray, they embrace each other, and the stranger departs. The preacher locks himself up in his chamber. On the Sabbath following he is indisposed, and unable to appear in the pulpit. The next Sabbath is the same. On the third he appears before the congregation, grief-worn and pale, yet with looks of joy, and commences his sermon with the affecting declaration that it was only *now* that he also had made his way through the narrow gate.—*Dr. Krummacher.*

IMPATIENCE OF GOD'S WAYS.

How often does it happen that even the best of Christians become impatient of what they deem the slow workings of God's providences! If their prayers are not answered at once, how frequently is it the case that they are ready to yield the point, and count God's promises not sure! This trait of human nature was recently strongly illustrated by a child.

A few weeks since, while a large steamer was on her passage down the American lakes with nearly one hundred and fifty passengers on board, one of those fearful accidents occurred which so much endanger the people who go down into the sea in ships. While off Beaver Island, in Lake Michigan, the walking-beam broke, and the huge mass of iron came crushing down through the timbers, making a large hole in the bottom, and the water rushed in with fearful rapidity. Of course, the change being so sudden from apparent safety to imminent danger, there was excitement and confusion on board, when the captain announced that the ship would go down in ten minutes. She was headed for the island, and when five miles out she began to surge and sink, when, lo, as Providence would have it, she struck upon a bar just as the water approached the main deck.

Before this, however, the boats had been lowered. One filled and sank immediately. Another was laden to its gunwales, principally with women and children. From some defect in the rowing apparatus, instead of making towards the island, this boat drifted rapidly to sea. Among those on board was a little girl of some five or six summers, nestling closely to her mother's bosom. As the wind was blowing them off the shore, and all expected to perish, she looked up into her mother's face and said, "Mamma, I won't love God any more. I have prayed to him ever so much to save us, and he hasn't done it, and I am not going to love him any more."

A short time afterwards some fishermen put out from the island in a small sloop. They approached the boat, cast her a line, and soon had her in tow, headed for the island. The little girl was soon aware of the change in their circumstances, and that safety had

come to them in the midst of danger. She looked up again and said, "Mamma, I will love God more. He *has* saved us, hasn't he, mamma?"

O ye impatient! wait the coming of God's providences in his own good time, nor count him slack to fulfil his promises, as men reckon slackness. Remember,

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm."

THE RICH POOR MAN.

At a meeting of the Blackheath Bible Society, in the year 1815, Dr. Olinthus Gregory, of Woolwich, related the following interesting facts:—"More than twelve months ago, I visited a man deeply afflicted. On entering the cottage I found him alone, his wife having gone to procure him milk from a neighbour. I was startled by the sight of a pale, emaciated man—a living image of death, fastened upright in his chair, by a rude mechanism of cords and belts hanging from the ceiling. He was totally unable to move either hand or foot, having been more than forty years entirely deprived of the use of his limbs, yet the whole time suffering extreme anguish from swellings in all his joints. As soon as I recovered a little from my surprise at seeing so pitiful an object, I asked, 'Are you left alone, my friend, in this deplorable situation?' 'No, sir,' replied he, in a touching, feeling tone of mild resignation (nothing but his lips and eyes moved while he spake), 'I am not alone, for God is with me.' On advancing, I soon discovered the secret of his striking declaration: for his wife had left him on his knees, propped with a cushion formed for the purpose, a Bible lying open at a favourite portion of the Psalms of David. I sat down by him, and conversed with him. On ascertaining that he had but a small weekly allowance certain, I inquired how the remainder of his wants were supplied. 'Why, sir,' said he, 'tis true, as you say, seven shillings a week would never support us; but when it is gone, I rely upon the promise contained in this book: 'His bread shall be given him; his water shall be sure,' and I have never been disappointed yet; and so long as God is faithful to his word I never shall.' I asked him if he ever felt

tempted to repine under the pressure of so long-continued and heavy calamity. 'Not for the last three years,' said he; 'blessed be God for it:' the eye of faith sparkling and giving life to his pallid countenance while he made the declaration: 'for I have learned from this book in whom to believe; and though I am aware of my weakness and unworthiness, I am persuaded that he will not leave me, nor forsake me. And so it is often, when my lips are closed with

lock-jaw, and I cannot speak to the glory of God, he enables me to sing his praises in my heart."

"Gladly," said Dr. Gregory, "would I sink into the obscurity of this cottage—gladly even would I languish in the same chair—could I but enjoy the same uninterrupted communion with God—be always filled with the same strong consolation, and constantly behold, with equally vivid perception, the same celestial crown sparkling before me."

A Page for the Young.

THE LITTLE RAIN-DROP.

WHAT a little thing a drop of water is! And yet all the little drops put together make the nice soft rain, which pours down on the thirsty ground.

Now, you can be like those little rain-drops. You can do good to others. You can cheer and refresh those around you. You can comfort somebody. You can help to send showers of blessing where they are needed.

"But I am so young and so poor," you say; "I don't think I can be of any use in the world." Oh, yes, you can. Only, you must not expect to do something very great and very grand. You must be willing to do little things. One rain-drop, you know, cannot water the whole field; but it can wet a tiny rose-leaf, or glisten on a blade of grass. So, though you cannot be ministers or missionaries to preach to people, either here or abroad, you can read a chapter to a blind man, or go on an errand for a poor woman, or carry some trifle to a sick child, or put a penny into the missionary box. When any one is in trouble you can try to relieve them. When any one is suffering you can feel for them, and pity them.

A lady, who was ill and dying, was surrounded by many comforts. She had many presents of jelly and fruits sent to her by friends. But there was a bunch of flowers in a vase at her side which she seemed to prize more than all. "That," she said to a visitor, "is the most gratifying gift I have received during my illness. It was brought me

by a little girl." She took it in her trembling hand, and smelt it, and looked at it until she was too weary to hold it any longer. It was the last thing she noticed before she went to that happy land where there are "never-withering flowers."

Was not that little girl's visit to the sick-room, soft, and gentle, and refreshing as that of a little rain-drop? She had not much to give; but how welcome her nosegay was there! Cannot you do as much as she did?

Oh! there are so many ways in which you may show "little kindnesses" to others. But then, if you would make those around you happy, you must be ready to deny yourself, and you must often give up your own wishes. The little rain-drop does not live for itself. It has nothing to gain by coming down from the clouds. But it flings its tiny moisture with gladness on the flower or on the tree; on the mountain or in the valley; on the city's crowded streets, or on the green lanes of the country. It is willing to go anywhere.

Are you trying to be thus unselfish and useful? or are you keeping all your nice things to yourself; hiding the talents with which God has trusted you, instead of employing them for his glory and the good of other people? Oh! you must not do so; you must be a bright, sparkling little rain-drop; trying to gladden some dull home, or to soften some hard heart.

Such a rain-drop is little Mary. She was told one day of a poor woman,

eighty-six years of age, who lived by herself in a garret, and had nothing to live upon except what was given her. "Oh! mother," said the little girl, "please let me carry her over some dinner every day; we have always so much left, much more than she could eat." She begged so earnestly, that her mother consented; and now little Mary, each day after dinner, carries a basket, with good wholesome food in it, to the poor woman; and many an apple or pear, of her own are slipped into the basket as well. Sometimes she takes the Bible, and reads her some chapters; for the poor woman is almost blind, and it comforts her much to hear the blessed word of life. Sometimes Mary takes her doll's frocks, and sits down by her and works, and chats merely to amuse her.

Mary is but eight years old. Some of you have, perhaps, thought that you were not old enough yet to do anything for the poor. But is there no poor woman or hungry child to whom you can give a part of the food which you have, or whom you can help in some other way? Can you not be a little rain-drop?

It is the number of little drops joined together that form the shower. Job says, God "maketh small the drops of water; they pour down rain" (Job xxxvi. 27). Yes; that is just how it is. All the rain in the world is only a collection of *drops*. When you read about the thousands and thousands of pounds that are subscribed to some

benevolent society, it seems to you a great deal of money, and so it is. But the greater part of that money was got in *small sums*. Ah! if you only knew how many pennies went to make up that large amount! Now, if each person who gave something had said, "Such a mite as I can bestow is of no use; I may as well keep it back;" why, the society would not have any funds at all, and nothing would be done. It would be as if each little rain-drop should stay up in the sky. Why, then there would be no "rain upon the mown grass," no "showers to water the earth" (Ps. lxxii. 6). The flowers would wither, and the corn would die. Oh, how great the value of one penny's worth of good, with the blessing of God upon it!

Then do not despise the day of small things; but strive so to live and so to act, as to win at last from the lips of Jesus those sweet words of loving approval, "She hath done what she could."

"The drops of rain and the rays of light
Are small themselves, but when all unite
They water the world, and they make it bright.

"Then do not say, 'Of what use am I?'
We may each do good if we will but try;
We may soothe some grief or some want supply.

"We can lend to the poor a helping hand;
We can cheer the sick as we by them stand;
We can send God's word to a heathen land.

"We can speak to others in tones of love;
We can dwell in peace like the gentle dove;
We can point the weary to rest above.

"O! how sweet to think that in life's young days,
We may live to show forth our Saviour's praise;
And may guide some feet into wisdom's ways."

Our Sunday Schools.

GATHERED LILIES.

A SUNDAY SCHOOL ADDRESS.

BY THE REV. JOHN TODD.

"My beloved is gone down into his garden,
to gather lilies."—*Song of Solomon vi. 2.*

IN our American gardens, in some shady, retired corner, you may find a modest lowly flower, with large deep-green leaves, and a profusion of blossoms of the purest white and of the sweetest perfume. It is the "Lily of the valley." Our daughters place the flower in the hair of the young bride;

and many a little hand of an infant in his coffin have I seen clasped around this beautiful flower. The fair brow of the bride, and fairer brow of the little one sleeping in death,—like alabaster, brighter the nearer you bring it to the light,—is adorned by the presence of this lily.

Christ sometimes calls his church a vineyard, in which he raises the choicest fruit of the vine. Sometimes a garden, in which are planted trees and shrubs, spices, trees of frankincense, myrrh,

aloes, cinnamon, pomegranates, lilies, and many other flowers. And among all these there is none more beautiful than the lily. It is this that he gathers the most frequently. When I stand over the little coffin containing the babe so fair, so like marble, so unlike anything earthly, with a beauty which death could not efface,—the lily with the dew still fresh on it,—no more to bloom here, but with the dust shaken from it, and gently transplanted to the garden above in which to bloom for ever,—I always recall the words of our text, and feel that Christ has indeed come down into his garden to gather lilies!

We do not know what the little one would have been here. We do not know through what dangers, or sorrows, or pains it would have passed; but we know that it has gone to God to be educated, and will never remember any other home but heaven. It will not remember the few days of its wailing here, nor the sobs of its mother as she saw it dressed for the grave. The lily was gathered before the cold storms beat on it, or the burning sun had taken away its beauty. Death lifted it up so gently, that he left no mark of his hands upon it, except his seal which closed the ear and the eye, and stilled the beatings of the little heart.

But it is not about transplanted flowers that I am wishing at this time to speak; though if I were to try to describe something beautiful as a diamond and sublime enough for a picture which an angel might paint, I should select some little child who very early began to seek after Jesus, who lisped his praises here, and in the sublimity of simple faith went over the river of death, without a fear or a terror. We have seen such lilies gathered. I am thinking at this moment of a sweet child who stood at the grave of her mother and young sister, and with her little hand pointed out the spot between them where she begged her father to let her be buried. What an illness that child went through! And with what confidence in her Saviour, as she struggled on towards him through suffering, and was finally gathered to him with a faith that a Moses might admire! Such pictures never fade from the memory.

There is no part of his garden which Christ loves more to visit than the

flowers—the lilies. Let us see what the great Redeemer has done to gather in the lilies of his garden—the children of his church.

1. *He gathers them under the care and love of their parents.*

God plants the seeds of love in the heart of all creatures, so that as soon as they have their young committed to them, they love them with a very strong love. The most savage beast will fight for her young, die for her young, and, if need be, will starve herself to give it food. Wounded, bleeding, dying, they will think only of their young. What child has not shed tears over that affecting story of the white polar bear? It is old, but so to the point that I feel that I must tell it.

A ship of war, the *Carcase*, was sent to make discoveries towards the North Pole. While frozen and locked in the ice, the man at the mast-head gave notice early one morning that three white bears were directing their course towards the ship. They had no doubt been invited by the scent of the blubber of a sea-horse, killed by the crew a few days before, and which had been set on fire and was burning on the ice at the time of their approach.

They proved to be an old bear with her two cubs; but the cubs were nearly as large as the dam. They ran eagerly to the fire, and snatched from the flames portions that remained unconsumed, and ate as if they were very hungry. The crew threw upon the ice some great lumps of flesh also, which they had still on hand. These the old bear fetched away singly, laid them before her cubs, and, dividing them, gave to each a share, reserving but a small portion for herself.

As she was fetching away the last piece, the sailors levelled their muskets at the cubs, and shot them dead; and in her retreat they wounded the dam, but not mortally. It would have drawn tears of pity from any but the most unfeeling to have seen the affectionate concern expressed by this animal.

Though she was herself dreadfully wounded, she still retained the piece of flesh in her mouth, carried it back to her cubs, tore it in pieces, and laid it before them. When she saw that they refused to eat, she laid her paws upon one, and then upon the other, and endeavoured to raise them up, all the

while moaning most piteously. When she found that she could not stir them, she went away, and when she had got to some distance, looked back and moaned. When that did not entice them away, she returned, and, smelling around them, began to lick their wounds.

She went away a second time, as before; and, having crawled a few paces, looked again behind her, and for some time stood moaning. But her cubs still not rising to follow her, she returned to them again; and, with signs of inexpressible fondness, went round pawing them, still moaning. Finding at last that they were cold and lifeless, she raised her head towards the ship, and uttered a growl of despair, which the crew returned with a volley of musket-balls. She fell between her cubs, and died licking their wounds.

Who does not know that after her drunken husband has stripped his home of everything that he can sell with which to buy drink, the poor mother will gather her babes around her? and, while the cold storm is raging out of doors, will give them the last mouthful of food she has, going without herself; and then, taking off the poor remnants of her shawl, will wrap them in it, and bend over them as they murmur for food in their slumbers—praying that she may not die, because nobody else will take care of these helpless ones.

No child can ever know how many times his parents have risen in the night for him, watched over his cradle, trembled for his safety; or how many times the *praying* parent has commended him to the Infinite Redeemer. Who teaches the child to speak, to walk, to know its letters, to take care of himself? Who teaches him the name of God and the first words of prayer?

A Christian home is a garden. There earnest prayer goes up for the child every day. There he is trained. There he hears Christ spoken of, and spoken to, with reverence and affection. There he hears God's Word read every day, so that he cannot remember when these things were new to him. There he sees the world laid aside, and the Sabbath welcomed. There he hears of the mercy of Christ shown in the conversion of men, in the death of the righteous, and in the hopes of the living. The most sacred thing in the dwelling is the family-altar.

Sometimes the little child has no home and no parents to train him thus. But God has made special promises to such, and God takes peculiar care of him. I once knew a good minister and his wife both carried to the grave nearly at the same time, leaving a family of children. I was amazed to see how quickly loving hearts were raised up, and kind homes opened for them. Among them was a sweet little boy about a year old. On my mentioning the case at an evening-meeting, a gentleman and his wife at once said they would adopt him, and make him their own. But before they could get him, he was sent for to go up where his father and mother were, and the frail lily was gathered there. It was affecting to see how the new parents, who wanted to adopt him, were disappointed, and how they grieved. And many an orphan on whose head the hand of a dying father or mother has been laid, has found other hearts to love him, other hands to feed him, and others to train him up in the way of the Lord. The family is the school-house of the church of Jesus Christ.

2. He gathers the lilies in the Sabbath school.

There are but few men now who cannot look back to the time when they went to the Sabbath school. Perhaps there is a man now sitting down alone in China, and sending his thoughts all the way back to his country. He seems to see the home where he used to live when a child, the old gate on which he swung, the deep well from which he used to drink, the kind friends who took care of him. And now he seems to hear the old church bell ring, and to see the people gathering for worship; and he seems to see the little boys and girls gathering with him in the Sabbath school. He sees the very pew in which he sat; and now the face and the form of that good, faithful teacher rise up before him! He remembers how kind and gentle he was, how patient and meek he was, and how he used to speak of Christ with tears. He remembers how his own heart was affected; and how in that school he first felt that he was a sinner, and needed a Saviour; and how there he first felt the love of Christ in his heart. He was gathered into the Sabbath school, and then gathered into the school of Christ.

There he learned to be a missionary of the cross; and such a missionary he is in China to-day. And were men to come together from the east and the west, the north and the south, and tell when, and where, and how they were brought to Christ, one would say, "I am a missionary of Christ, and was gathered to him in the Sabbath school." Another would say, "I am a pastor of a church of Jesus, and in the Sabbath school I was first led to him." Another would say, "I am a Christian lawyer, and I bless God for the Sabbath school." "So do I," says the Christian physician; "I was never taught to go to the Great Physician, till I went to the Sabbath school." "And there," says the Christian merchant, "I learned to buy the pearl of great price, and to be a merchant for Jesus Christ."

There are thousands of children who have no parents, and God is their Father. There are thousands more whose parents do not instruct them in the family, and so God touches the hearts of the good, and puts into their hearts a desire to do good, and to become teachers. The minister is told to feed the lambs of his flock, and there is no way in which he can do it so well as by training up good teachers for the Sabbath school. The Bible is like a great lake on the top of the mountain; ministers are the great pipes which draw out the water, and these teachers are like the many pipes which carry it to every house. Or, to use the figure in our text, the church is the garden, and the children are the flowers—the lilies which grow in the garden; and the teachers are the gardeners, who go among them to keep out the weeds, and to give each one water and air and sunlight, and to seek to make them beautiful for the owner of the garden, Jesus Christ.

3. *He gathers the lilies by converting children's souls.*

Some think the little child cannot be converted because he is too young to understand religion. They might just as well say he cannot live on food, because he cannot tell *how* the grass that feeds the ox is turned into meat, and then nourishes him. They might as well say he cannot be warmed with his clothes, because he cannot tell *how* the grass which the sheep eats is turned into wool, and how the wool is made

into cloth. The greatest man that ever lived cannot tell how the grass is turned into flesh or into wool, and thus made to nourish or to warm us. The little child can eat the food and live. The philosopher can do no more. The little child can put on his garments and be warm. The great and learned man can do no more.

A poor blind beggar was in the street, when Christ passed by and had mercy on him. What did he want? That his eyes might be opened. Could he tell *how* Christ opened his eyes? What answer could he give, when he was asked, "*How* opened he thine eyes?" "One thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see." Could the greatest man that ever lived say more?

Every child knows what it is to love his mother; but can he tell you anything more about this love than that he *feels* it? Could any man say more?

Every child can take hold of his father's hand, and go with him in the dark, and this is having *faith* in his father; but he cannot tell you *what* faith is.

A little child once got lost in the woods, and night came on, and it grew dark, and they could not find him for a long time. At last he lay down under a log, cold and afraid, and cried as loud as he dared. At length he heard some one calling. He was afraid at first that it was a wild beast. Then he thought he heard his own name. Still he did not stir. But when the voice came nearer, and he plainly heard his own name called, he left off crying, and jumped up, and went towards the voice. He could not see anything, but he heard his father's voice, and ran to him. Thus he could have faith, though he could not tell what faith was.

So the little child can believe in Christ and love Christ, though he cannot know all the deep things in religion. He can live upon the sincere milk of the word, and grow thereby, and that is all that is necessary for his being gathered to Christ.

The beautiful rose does not know how the dews of the night refresh and revive it; but they do refresh it. The modest lily, that peeps up and catches a few of the bright sunbeams, does not know how they make it white and pure; but they do make it so. The valley, that lies at the foot of the

mountain, does not know how the gentle rills that run down from the sides of the mountain, bursting out from hundreds of little springs, make it bright and fertile; but they do thus clothe it with beauty. So the little one does not know *how* he believes in Christ, and *how* he lives by faith; but he does thus believe and thus live. The tall tree of the forest, and the giant-oak on the hill, can no more tell how they are nourished by the rain and the sunshine than can the little violet that grows in the crack of a rock; and the lofty tree in the garden, and the frail lily, are alike fed, they know not how. When the child has said that he feels love to Christ in his heart, could a Newton, with his great mind, say any more?

4. *Christ gathers the lilies into the garden of heaven.*

Suppose you were to go into a beautiful garden, and as you stooped down to admire a sweet lily, it were to droop its leaves, and shut up its flowers, and say to you, "I am a mourner! I had a beautiful child by my side, which grew from my root. It opened its flowers, and mingled its leaves with mine, and waved its head, and seemed daily to smile upon me. It seemed to me as if there never was a lily so white, and pure, and beautiful! But one day there came a man with a spade, and he rudely dug up my child, and tore its roots from mine, and then crowded it into a small pot, and carried it off. He said not a word to me. He gave not a word of explanation. But he silently carried away my child."

What would you say to that mourning lily? You would say, "Do not grieve. The man who seemed so rude was the owner of the garden, and he put the young lily in the flower-pot, and has carried it into his own parlour, where, under his own eye, it will be sheltered from the storms and cold winds and snows of winter, and where it will bloom in its beauty continually. He came himself, and gathered his lily, and gently removed it to the warm place where he himself lives."

Do you not understand this, children? Does not Christ thus come to his garden, and gather lilies, and remove them to his own beautiful home in the heavens? No storms come there. No crying is heard there. It is called the Paradise, or garden of the Lord.

Here, a garden is a beautiful place; but it was in a garden that Adam sinned; and it was in a garden that Jesus was exceedingly sorrowful, even unto death; and it was in a garden that he found a tomb. But in the Paradise above there shall be nothing of sin, of sorrow, or of death. The serpent shall not draw his trail over the flowers; tears shall not fall among them; and death shall leave no footprints there.

By this subject as I hope, you are prepared to see,—

1. *One beautiful trait in our blessed Saviour's character.*

He can teach senators wisdom. Kings reign by his aid, and princes decree justice by his teaching. The wisest man that ever lived, grows wiser if Christ teaches him. The greatest man that ever lived, is greater for sitting at Christ's feet. The poet sings more sweetly, if the Spirit of Jesus touches his harp. The palace of the king is more beautiful for having Christ in it; and the hall of legislation is more honoured, if he presides in it. He walks among the stately buildings of the great city, and makes the rich people better; but he also goes to the cottage, and sows by the side of the door a plant called Contentment, and it grows and covers the poor man's cottage, and makes all within happy. He comes to the bed of the sick, and leaves an angel there, whose name is Submission, and the feeble one weeps no more. He comes to the little child, and becomes his companion. He comes into the garden, and there gathers the lilies which he places in his garden above for ever. He is just as well fitted to be the child's friend, as if he thought only of him, and planned only for him.

2. *We all see duties that rest upon us.*

Ministers must not neglect the lambs of the flock. They must think much of the children, and pray for them, and see that they are faithfully instructed, because these are the lilies which Christ comes to gather.

Parents must not grieve too much, or think the little ones are lost whom Christ takes from their arms; for they are gathered lilies. They must not fail to train up their families faithfully and prayerfully, because from these he will yet gather his lilies.

Sabbath school teachers! consider the lilies. They are for you to water, and

nurture, and cultivate. No fairer flowers grow in all the garden of God,—none that Christ thinks more of,—none whom he loves more! I think I hear him say to you, “Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God.”

Children! there is not one among you all of whom Christ does not think. Consider the lily. How easily soiled! How worthless when ruined! So does sin look in a child! You must not use wicked words, nor do wicked deeds, nor have wicked thoughts, if you are Christ's lilies.

Our Societies.

THE BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

IN carrying on the missionary work in India, it has not unseldom happened that young men of high caste and good family have been brought under deep convictions of the truths of the Gospel. In some cases these inquirers have been underage, and the anticipation of their becoming Christians has led to the most strenuous efforts by their friends to prevent their abandonment of the idol worship of their fathers. With the spread of education these cases have multiplied, and it has become a question of serious difficulty with the missionaries how to deal with them. In two instances, within the last eighteen months, one in Calcutta and one in Bombay, the parents have resorted to the courts of law to compel the missionaries to restore their children. The decisions are in direct opposition to each other, and it is a matter of great importance to the progress of the Gospel how the missionaries are for the future to act. We propose to give an outline of these two cases, and of the decisions which have been given, both as an illustration of the course of events in India, and with the desire to awaken in our readers sympathy with the proceedings of the missionaries.

The first case is that of Hema Nath Bose, of Calcutta. He is a Hindu youth, and was a pupil of the Calcutta Training Academy: an institution conducted by Hindus, and from which all instruction in Christianity is excluded. As afterwards appeared, he was, at the time of the proceedings we are about to detail, in his sixteenth year, and had made great proficiency in his studies, so as to secure a very high position in the senior department of the academy. He had formed an intimacy with a youth who attended the General Assembly's Institution, and from him learnt much of the nature of Christianity. His convictions at length

became so strong that he determined to visit the Rev. Lal Behari Dey, a native minister of the Free Church of Scotland. He was encouraged to persevere in his inquiries; but to his request to remain with the missionary, Mr. Dey would not listen. He gave the youth a copy of the New Testament, advised him to study it at home, and to come occasionally for further instruction. Hema Nath was, however, reluctant to return home; spoke of the opposition he should have to encounter, of the persecution he had already had to endure, and besought permission to remain. This was denied him. Two days after he came again to Mr. Dey. He avowed his conviction of the truth of the Gospel, said that he found it impracticable to read much of the Testament at home, and begged to be retained as a catechumen. He was again persuaded to go home, and sorrowfully he went away. A whole week passed by, and he presented himself for a third time, his Testament under his arm, and exhibiting every mark of a sincere desire to be a follower of Christ. He reiterated his wish to join the mission. He reminded Mr. Dey that in such solemn matters delays were dangerous. He was ready to forsake, he said, his dearest relatives and his earthly all for Christ. Mr. Dey now felt it his duty to receive the lad as a catechumen; and after reminding him of the trials which probably awaited his decision, knelt down, commended him to God, and gave him a room in the converts' buildings behind the mission-house. The next day, and throughout the week, the mission-house was filled with the lad's friends and relatives. Twice his father was closeted with him. Free access was allowed to every one, and Hema was again and again told by the missionary that he was free to go away if he thought fit. To the inquiries of Dr. Duff, who had been made acquainted with the case, as well as to the urgent entreaties of his

father and friends, he made but one answer—he wished to be a Christian. The father now had recourse to legal proceedings. On Monday, June 23rd, he applied for a writ of *habeas corpus*, which was immediately granted by Sir Mordaunt Wells, and made returnable the next day. It was addressed to Dr. Duff and the Rev. Lal Behari Dey. On the matter being called on, on Tuesday morning, the judge, without waiting even for the return to be made, and scarcely listening to the counsel, who had been too hurriedly engaged to be acquainted with the case, proceeded with indecent haste to pronounce his decision. It was in effect, that as Hema Nath Bose was not of the age of sixteen, the legal age in India, he must return to his parents; till then he had no right to independent action. Evidence was at hand to prove that the youth wanted but four or five months of the legal age, and that neither Mr. Dey nor Dr. Duff had used any persuasions to induce him to leave his home. The youth also was present to answer for himself. But Sir Mordaunt Wells would hear nothing, would investigate nothing, but seized the occasion to cast the most offensive imputations on the missionaries. He charged them with taking away the youth—that they had no right to keep a Hindu child from his parents, and said the time was come to prevent a system of forcible conversions being carried on in India. Every one of these statements is untrue. It was apparent that the judge was pleased to avail himself of the opportunity to show his dislike of and his contempt for Christian missionaries and native converts. This, however, might be borne. Christian missionaries are not unaccustomed to have their good works evil spoken of; but a decision like this was calculated to throw many obstacles in the way of the great work of evangelizing India.

A similar case has met with a very different result in Bombay. In this instance, a youth, named Witta, wanting five months of sixteen years of age, had taken up his abode in the Free Church Missionary Institution, in which he had been a day pupil for three years. As in the former instance, every possible exertion was made by his parents and friends to induce him to return home, and he was left at entire freedom to act as he pleased. Persuasions had no effect, and resort was had to the law. In giving his decision, Sir Joseph Arnould raised the question whether there was in Hindu law a distinction between the age of discretion and the age of majority, as is the case in England. In England the age of discretion is fixed at fourteen, which is also the age of responsibility for criminal acts. In India

the age of majority is sixteen, and that at which responsibility for crime commences is twelve, the law thus recognizing the greater precocity of Indian youths. The judge was not, however, inclined to go quite so far; but was certainly of opinion “that the period of life at which discretionary rights commenced should not be fixed at a more advanced age than in England.” He therefore took the age of fourteen as applicable to India, and ordered that Witta Dhummu should be allowed to choose the place of his domicile. Sir Joseph Arnould then put the question to the youth, “Do you desire to reside with the Rev. Mr. Forbes, or with your father?” He distinctly, and without hesitation, chose to stay with the missionary. In reply to a further question, he also said it was his desire to learn more of Christianity, and that his parents would not allow him to become a Christian. Both the temper and legal research of the judge bore a most remarkable contrast to the proceedings of his Calcutta contemporary.

This important decision will probably rule all future cases of the same kind. Sir Mordaunt Wells' hasty and petulant judgment is practically set aside; and the gain secured of a definite age being fixed when the educated youth of India, now so largely imbued with Christian and other knowledge destructive of the religion of their forefathers, may be able to choose for themselves whom they will serve—the God of heaven, or an idol, which is nothing in the world. Heathen fathers will be compelled to respect the rights of conscience in their children, and those cruel persecutions be averted, which in so many cases, in years gone by, have destroyed the blossoming hopes of the Christian church in Hindostan.

THE following paragraphs are extracts from a letter sent to the Rev. C. Carter by Mr. Samuel Perera, the pastor of the native church in Kandy, Ceylon. It is now nearly two years that the members of this church have endeavoured to sustain their own ministers and the ordinances of grace, and they have done it successfully. It contains thirty-five members. They collected last year as follows:—

	£.	s.	d.
For the Christian Vernacular Education Society	1	2	7
For the Baptist Missionary Society	1	16	0
For Incidental Expenses	5	7	10
„ Schools in the Village	19	4	0
„ Pastor's Salary	48	0	0
Total	£75	10	5

As the letter was written by Mr. Perera

in Singhalese, Mr. Carter has kindly translated the passages which we now give.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTER REFERRED TO.

"Five months ago I caught the small-pox, but had it very favourably, and soon recovered. It is manifest that that illness was for my good, and I thank God that he has thereby opened to me a door to preach the Gospel to those who are ill of that disease. The small-pox which then appeared in Kandy has not yet died away, and great numbers have suffered from it. Some of our members have suffered, but are well again. Spiritually, too, the greater part are not only well, but advancing in prosperity. But as we have joy over those who are advancing, so we have sorrow over some who are falling."

(Here follows the account of two backsliders, and of two young men who have been lately baptized, and are humble, active, and most useful members of the church, and followers of Christ.)

"Several brethren came from Matelle, sixteen miles distant, to witness the baptism at Kandy, and after that, fourteen brethren went from Kandy to witness the baptism of two at Matelle. These days were days that brought us great joy, and we remembered you also on them.

"I have another most pleasing thing to mention. A man informed Mr. Amaris Silva (our native preacher or evangelist at Kadugannawa, which place is ten miles from Kandy) that there were a number of people who had forsaken Buddhism and accepted Christianity in a village called Korigammana, which is about thirteen miles from Kadugannawa. Upon which he went to visit them, met with them, and heard from them the wonderful things which had taken place amongst them. He returned with joy and informed us; and we, having now been several times to that village, have wondered at what God has done amongst them, and thank him who has thus poured out his Spirit, and wrought such mighty things.

"I will mention briefly what has taken place amongst them. They first became acquainted with Christianity by receiving from some people who live in a village called Talanpithia, the *Christian Institutes*, and the *Golden Balance* (the former, by the late Mr. Gogerly, of the Wesleyan Mission, and the latter a translation of Dr. Judson's tract). Through the preaching of Mr. Jones, of the Church Mission at Talanpithia, which is, seven miles from Korigammana, many persons of that village have forsaken Buddhism and embraced Christianity. The inhabitants of these two villages are low caste persons. About fifteen persons at Korigammana have forsaken Buddhism, and acknowledged Christianity to be the true religion. Of these, about six seem to have attained to spiritual life. Most of them are well acquainted with Buddhism, can read and write, and are of respectable character. Another thing which has furthered their adoption of Christianity,

is the religious controversy which there now is in Ceylon. Knowing Buddhism well, they perceived that the statements made in Christian books were just and right, and that Buddhists were only trying to cover up their faults. Their high caste neighbours are extremely opposed to them. They receive Christians, who go to visit them, with affection, and delight to entertain them, and learn things from them. They are most anxious to hear the preaching of the Gospel. On the occasions on which I went, from twenty-five to thirty persons assembled even at night. They told us they were anxious to have some one to instruct them in the truths of Christianity, and to teach their children, and begged us to help them. Mr. Waldock, therefore, went to the village, examined matters, and as there was no one else to send, and very few children came to the Mahagama school, and the people there care nothing about religion, he has given up that school for a time, and sent my brother (the teacher, Migel Perera) to Korigammana. The people there have now finished building a school-room, and have given one of their houses for my brother to live in until they can build a house for him, to whom they are much attached.

"For the last fortnight an intelligent old man, seventy years of age, who was a rigid Buddhist, having considered our discourses, has now forsaken Buddhism, accepted Christianity, and exhorts others on the subject. He has often asked to be baptized, and is extremely anxious for it. Some four of them, before we went to that village, used to go sometimes twelve miles to hear preaching. Mr. Jones has this month baptized twelve of the people of Talanpithia, besides a priest. Though the people of Korigammana are desirous of being baptized, we exercise caution.

"We are confident that you will pray, and joyfully thank God with us, for all these things which he is thus doing at Ceylon.

"There are now three newspapers, published in Singhalese, for the illumination of Ceylon, conducted severally by Buddhists, Roman Catholics, and Protestants. We are glad, for by these means the Gospel gets proclaimed. We, too, have had opportunities of exhibiting various subjects in those papers. The religious controversy is still going on. Both parties (the Christian and Buddhist) have published various books and pamphlets. We now perceive, even more than before, the value of your translation of the New Testament; but as we have not the Old Testament, we are like persons who work with only one hand. We trust that God at the right time will give us that also.

"The work which Amaris Silva is doing at Kadugannawa is prospering. Matelle affairs, too, are prospering exceedingly. Our brother Silva (the native pastor there), suffers a great deal from the Buddhists; but he is able to bear it all."

FROM the facts given below it will be seen that the cyclone in Calcutta, of which

our readers have heard, has been very destructive to our mission premises. The Lall Bazaar Chapel has had its zinc roof torn off; beyond this we have not yet received the particulars of the damage that has been done.

Under date of October 9, the Rev. C. B. Lewis writes as follows:—

"The night of the 4th was rainy and the following morning very dark and wet, but we had little expectation of the terrific storm which was rushing upon us, and which raged with almost unexampled fury for about five hours, uprooting all the noblest trees, tearing out doors and windows, dashing down houses and walls, and inflicting upon the shipping in the river loss which I expect will have to be computed in millions sterling. You will doubtless read many graphic accounts of this tempest in the newspapers. I shall not attempt to describe the howling tempest in its fury, or the scene presented by the country around us, now that all is bright and calm once more. I am anxiously looking for tidings from our stations, that we may know to what extent they have suffered. I can only guess the amount of loss thus far, but I have reason to fear that £1,000 will not repair all the damage we, as a Society, have sustained in house property. I fear that the tidal wave, which in such tempests rushes in from the sea, and which in this instance fringed the Banks of the Hooghley with vessels of all kinds, from dinghys and native cargo boats to large steamers and fine ships of 1,500 tons burden, has had ruinous effects upon some of the Christian villages to the south of Calcutta, and that it will be necessary to do something for the help of the sufferers."

Our readers will especially regret to hear of the damage done at Serampore, as

detailed in the following extract from the *Friend of India*:—

"A tremendous gale, unequalled within the experience of men who have been forty years in the country, has been raging for hours, and has scarcely subsided at the time we write. We know not how far its devastations may have extended, but we can answer for the effects of it in our own locality. It began from the north-east, and turned the river Hooghley into a sea which swept everything before it. It carried away the road which skirts the river at Serampore, and in the height of the gale two large flats foundered—more than one native boat, in front of our own house, sharing their fate. The compound which surrounds the *Friend of India* house and offices was yesterday studded with fine trees, the growth of a century—to-day it is a wreck. Mahogany trees lie with their roots torn out of the ground, large verandahs deck the paths; and as our house itself is a mere ruin, and our offices a swamp, and the river is rushing in upon us as if determined to make a clean sweep of us altogether, it will be imagined that we have not got our present paper to press under the most cheerful circumstances in the world. After blowing some hours from the north-east the gale shifted round to the south, from whence it is blowing while we write. The destruction of native huts round about Serampore is enormous. Dr. Carey's garden, which was adorned with some rare and beautiful trees, contains now a few melancholy stumps. The whole place is a wilderness, and, judging from what we can see of Barrackpore, they have not fared much better on that side. If this has been the effect within the range of a few hundred yards, it is too evident that the general destruction must have been immense. The gale is now (9 p.m. Wednesday) moderating; it appears to be a cyclone, and no longer spends its fury in one particular direction."

Intelligence.

FOREIGN.

THE LORD'S WORK IN SWEDEN.—To the Editor of *The Baptist Reporter*.—DEAR SIR,—I take the liberty of sending you a copy of *The Christian Times*, in which you will find an article about "The Lord's Work in Sweden." Should you think proper to insert it in your Magazine, I have no doubt that the readers would be interested. Hoping that you are still living in the enjoyment of your accustomed spiritual and temporal blessings,—I remain, dear Sir, yours very respectfully,

A. WIBERG.

Middletown, Ohio, Oct. 7, 1864.

"Messrs. Editors,—The work of grace which has been going on for years in Sweden still continues, as will be seen from the following extracts made from recent reports. Brother Drake, who temporarily has the superintendence of colportage in Sweden, in a general survey of the mission work during the past year, says: 'The most interesting part of the field during the past year has been in the northern portion of the kingdom. In the region round about Sudsval, the churches have been refreshed; to the praise of the Lord we can say, the movement is decidedly onward. It has not come all of a sudden, but must rather be regarded as a blessing upon the ordinary means of grace. During the summer months, when there is

least opportunity for missionary labour, on account of the busy time of harvest, a session of the colporteur school was held in Sundsvall, by the Rev. G. Palmquist. The number of pupils was seventeen, divided into two classes. Refreshed in their own souls, they went out in all directions, and the Lord has blessed their labours to the churches and to the unconverted.

"In the parish of Bergsjö quite a revival has followed. From fifty to sixty conversions are reported, but the brethren engaged in the work have been forbidden by the State-church Council to preach any more in the parish, and probably will be obliged to leave the place.

"The region of Umeå has been visited by a sudden awakening. On the arrival of Brother Pehr Lind in November last, there were found not a few professing Christian Lutherans in Umeå, but a general dullness prevailed. Being a Baptist he was ordered out of their houses from village to village, but still he persisted in his efforts, and at last was permitted to address about ten persons in a dark ungodly village. The Spirit of the Lord was pleased to descend. Within a few days a powerful work of grace was in progress, which has continued up to the last date of information. The people flock together in hundreds from great distances to hear the Gospel, and hopeful converts are counted in tens, not to say scores, in nearly all the villages some thirty miles up the Umeå river. But here also persecution has followed, and Brother Lind will probably be robbed of all his property, or be subjected to some months' imprisonment.

"In the middle of Sweden, the work of the Lord continues to progress steadily. In the city of Stockholm the present meeting-room of the Baptist church is uncomfortably crowded, even at the nine o'clock service, Sabbath morning. Sixty-eight new members were added by baptism to the church during the past year.

"The south of Sweden is sadly destitute of labourers. From many places the cry is heard, 'Come over and help us.'

"The Stockholm Missionary Union, during the past year, appointed seven colporteurs; a branch society in Sundsvall, eight; and the seven Associations of the Baptist churches, ten.

"There have been published by the Stockholm Missionary Union during the year 3,568,000 pages of books and tracts; and by the Executive Committee of the Baptist Church, 2,000 copies of Prerequisites to Communion, by A. N. Arnold.

"During the last few months a spirit of bitter persecution has been manifested in several parts of the country. The two paragraphs of the 'Conventicle Law' enforced, are,—1st. The one empowering the church councils to forbid any one they think dangerous to the State-church system from holding religious meetings in their respective parishes. On this ground the persecution against Brother Lind in the region of Umeå has been carried on. For two offences against the same law Brother Ring, in the

region of Hudlicksvall, has been fined fifty rix-dollars. 2nd. The prohibition to hold religious meetings during the time of the State-church services. For holding such a meeting on a Sabbath morning in August last, in Wimmerby, Brother Holmgren has been fined 100 rix-dollars. In all these cases the friends who have opened their houses for the holding of meetings have been fined too. A brother, a commissioned officer in the army, has been dismissed from service recently, only because he would not quit holding religious meetings. His captain, who appreciated him as a good soldier, tried to gain him by saying that he would lose his salary, but the gallant soldier of the cross answered, that 'he would much less lose the great reward received in heaven,' and he cheerfully left all and followed Christ.

"During the year 1863, eight hundred and forty persons were baptized. At the beginning of January, 1864, there were in Sweden seven Associations, one hundred and seventy churches, with 6,191 members.

"The following extracts, made from the recent reports of Brother P. Lind, will convey some idea of the nature of the work in the north of Sweden, as well as of the difficulties with which our brethren have to contend. Brother Lind writes:—'On the 20th of November I preached morning and evening. So many assembled that they could not get into the room. A few remained for conversation and prayer. At nine in the morning of the next day the room was crowded with people eager to hear the word of God. All work was laid aside that day; I addressed the people four times, and the intervals were occupied in praying and conversing with anxious souls. The 22nd was Sabbath, and an immense number of people assembled, coming even from distant villages, to whom I preached the Gospel message. Eight professed to have found peace in believing, who arose and exhorted others to come to Christ. The whole of the day following was also spent in religious exercises. I made four addresses to the people. Some more publicly professed to have found peace in believing—among them were some whole families. I was myself struck with astonishment at the grace of God. I was informed that this village of Wenfors had been the most wicked place in the parish, the inhabitants being accustomed to spend every Sabbath afternoon in dancing and sport. Before I left, about forty persons, from old age to childhood, professed to have found mercy.

"Dec. 3rd. Walked fifteen miles to the village of Higgsjö where I remained over the 7th preaching the Word twice every day. Many were pricked in their hearts, and seven persons professed faith in Christ. Two of the number were men past sixty years of age, who openly praised God for his long-suffering mercy. Proceeded on my way to Wenfors, the village where the present work of grace commenced. Remained here until after the 9th. Preached six sermons. The new-born souls rejoiced in the love of Jesus. A man past seventy years of age, who had

been one of the most self-righteous, was brought to see the utter worthlessness of his own works, in view of which he trembled as an aspen leaf and wept profusely. The following day he was enabled to lay hold of Christ as his complete righteousness. 14th. Walked to Jemttebohle, where I remained two days. Preached five sermons. The people flocked together from great distances and listened to the Word with eagerness. But the priest came and literally drove me out of the place. Went to Sterkesmark, where the inhabitants were less afraid of the priest. Preached twice every day until the 19th. Some were awakened. A woman who had been under deep concern for years, until her burden became so heavy that she thought she could not live, had her eyes opened to see the Gospel plan of salvation, and praised God for his unspeakable gift.

"On the 6th of January, 1864, went to Kordes. Preached twice every day in this village and in a neighbouring village called Baggböle, to increasing congregations, probably amounting to about three hundred persons. Many were deeply wounded by the sword of the Spirit, and cried aloud for mercy. Some were enabled to believe in Christ, and praised God with joy unspeakable. On the 9th I was summoned to appear before the priest and the police-sergeant, who entered into an examination of my doctrinal views. These I frankly told them, and returned to my work. 17th. Returned to Baggböle. Was happy to find some who had been awakened on my former visit now having found peace in believing. Remained here until the 23rd, preaching the Word every day to great crowds. Scarcely a meeting passed away without a number being awakened, and one or more souls being enabled to trust in Christ. Conversated with a man sixty-eight years of age, who was led to a saving knowledge of Christ under my first labours in this village two months ago. He was now lying sick, apparently at the point of death, rejoicing in the hope of going home to his Saviour. But Satan could not suffer this work to go on without trying to hinder it. On the 24th I was summoned to appear before the church council, who strictly forbade me to speak publicly any more in the parish. The following day I was called up before the civil authorities, and was told I should certainly be fined, if I did not quit the province at once. The police-officers who were present were also enjoined to enter complaint against me if I did not obey. On both these occasions I said I would stop, if it were the will of God; but as I could not see it, I was determined to go on, and rather suffer persecution.

"February 17th to 21st. Revisited Weners. Found that a reputedly pious priest, in connection with some other bigoted Lutherans, had been there, trying to persuade them that I would teach awful heresies about baptism. The result was that the most dared not even speak to me. Some, however, desired Christian baptism. With those and a few others I enjoyed some precious hours in meditating upon the Word of

God. 22nd. Went to Svettaker. There also the unhallowed zeal of the bigoted Lutherans had opened the eyes of some to see the unscripturalness of the State-church. Held three prayer-meetings with the converts. While here I received a summons to appear before the lower court of justice on the 5th of April. 23rd. Went to Brendland. Found that those who had opened their rooms for me had also been summoned to appear before the court of justice." A. WIBERG."

DOMESTIC.

BRIGHTON.—The church and congregation meeting in Queen Street Chapel, Brighton, under the ministry of the Rev. J. Wilkins, met on Tuesday, Nov. 8th, for the purpose of returning thanks to God for his kind providence in crowning with so much success their efforts lately put forth to clear off a mortgage. Five years ago, the pastor and people, after having been subjected for some time to the greatest annoyance, succeeded in purchasing the chapel at liabilities above £2,000. The building was then put in trust for the denomination, subject to an original mortgage of £1,000. The remaining sum of £1,000 was provided for by a second mortgage of £560, and by personal security. The trustees and their friends at once set about removing these incumbrances, and during the past four and a half years prior to May of the present year, upwards of £900 had been raised in connection with the trust fund, almost entirely by the people themselves. This sum has been spent in removing personal liabilities, paying interest, and reducing the mortgages (the original mortgage being reducible by annual payments). Six months ago, the second mortgage—which had been reduced to £510—was called in; and on June 27th, the church and congregation met to take steps to raise the money. After a few weeks' effort and prayer, £563 12s. 7d. was obtained. Under these circumstances it was felt to be good to meet to praise God, by whose blessing the people had been enabled to raise the required sum. From two to three hundred persons sat down to tea. The public meeting, which was presided over by the Rev. J. Wilkins, who detailed the several circumstances connected with the object of the present gathering, was subsequently addressed by Messrs. Pearsall, Collins, Mahon, Murdin, Moon, Flint, and other members of the committee and trustees, who all spoke with the warmest affection and gratitude. The meeting was every way highly gratifying; and the church, now freed from its embarrassments, hopes to make increased progress in the work of the Lord.

CIRCUS CHAPEL, BIRMINGHAM.—In the autumn of 1862 this chapel underwent very extensive alterations, at a cost of £960. Previously to this, there was a mortgage debt of £700 upon the building; making a total liability of £1,660. Mr. Salt, of Bradford, offered to contribute £100, provided the entire debt was paid in two years from the time of the re-opening. This great work has been accomplished; and special services—in celebration of the event—have recently been held. The Rev. Isaac Lord preached on Sunday, Nov. 13th; the Rev. H. S. Brown preached on the following Monday evening; and on the next day upwards of 1,000 persons took tea together. The number at the tea-meeting was so great that every available inch of space was occupied, including the body and galleries of the chapel, school-rooms, and lecture-room. After tea a crowded meeting assembled in the chapel, under the presidency of Mr. W. Middlemore. Mr. S. A. Daniel read the financial statement, which showed that the sum required to liquidate the debt—including the mortgage, the half-year's interest due on the mortgage, the expenses incurred in the alteration of the chapel, and the sums expended in collecting the necessary funds—amounted to about £1,715, and that towards this amount about £1,692 had been raised, leaving a balance of about £23 yet to be provided. The deficiency was supplied by friends in the meeting, the chairman taking the lead. Mr. Middlemore then congratulated the congregation at Circus Chapel on the result; and expressed a hope that, at the end of two years more, they would meet together again to celebrate the completion of some other important work. The Rev. J. P. Barnett, the pastor, then thanked the chairman, those friends in Birmingham, and many others not resident in Birmingham, who had contributed so liberally to this triumphant issue; and narrated the circumstances under which the movement for liquidating the debt had been started and carried on. The meeting was afterwards addressed by the Revs. J. J. Brown, G. B. Johnson, R. Ann, C. Vince, W. F. Callaway, I. Lord, W. L. Giles, and J. Davies; and the proceedings closed with the Doxology.

MILTON, CAMBS.—For nearly half a century this village has been a preaching station of the Baptists, and it was one of the first places visited by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon as a village preacher. For several years service was held in an old barn fitted up for the purpose, which became so dilapidated that—about four years ago—the preaching was given up for want of a place in which to worship. Several attempts

have been made to secure a piece of land on which to erect a chapel; but until the present without success. A short time since, a very eligible piece of freehold land was presented by Mr. Isaac Coulson, and having been legally conveyed into the hands of the trustees, the foundation-stone was laid on Wednesday, Nov. 9th. About half-past two o'clock, friends from the neighbouring villages began to assemble, forming, with the inhabitants of Milton, a large and respectable congregation. A few minutes after three o'clock, G. Livett, Esq., of Cambridge, accompanied by his two sons and several ministers and friends, ascended a temporary platform erected for the occasion. After singing and prayer by the Rev. J. C. Wells, of Cottenham, the Rev. G. Sear, of Histon, on behalf of the trustees, presented Mr. Livett with a silver trowel; with which—after delivering an earnest and powerful address—he proceeded to lay the stone. The Rev. W. Robinson, of Cambridge, also delivered an address. On retiring from the ground, about 120 persons sat down to a very excellent tea; and at six o'clock a public meeting was held and addressed by G. Livett, Esq., who accepted the chair; and the Revs. J. C. Wells, of Cottenham; E. S. Neale, Waterbeach; J. C. Wooster, Landbeach; G. Sear, Histon; and J. Smith, from the Metropolitan Tabernacle College. The collections were liberal, and a spirit of earnestness characterized the whole proceedings.

HARBORNE, NEAR BIRMINGHAM.—The Baptists of Harborne are now erecting a new chapel. The interior will be seated for a congregation of 300, which is about double the number the old chapel held. Attached to the chapel is a school-room already completed, of the same style of architecture as the chapel. The cost of the whole is £1,800. Of this sum about £1,100 have been promised. On Tuesday, October 11th, the memorial-stone was laid by Sir S. M. Peto, Bart., M.P. The place was quite crowded, and presented a scene of animation and interest. The Rev. T. McLean, the minister, read a statement setting forth the circumstances which had led to the erection of the new building. He stated that gentlemen connected with other religious denominations had given substantial aid to the enterprise. All the members of the congregation had liberally responded to the appeal made to them. Three gentlemen on the building committee had promised £100 each. Mr. W. Middlemore had promised the same amount. Mr. T. Crowley had promised £100 on condition that the debt on the day of opening did not exceed £400. This necessitated raising £300 before the com-

pletion of the building, and Mr. McLean made an earnest appeal to the auditory for continued assistance. The stone was then laid by Sir S. M. Peto, who made a speech congratulating his friends that the voluntary principle was doing so much. The Rev. R. W. Dale and the Rev. C. Vince also spoke, and the Rev. Dr. Evans, of Scarborough, pronounced the benediction.

BACK STREET, TROWBRIDGE.—On Wednesday, October 26th, the church and congregation held a tea-meeting to commemorate the 121st anniversary of the founding of the church, and the twenty-first of the pastorate of Mr. Barnes. It was a very large and animated gathering, the chief speakers being Mr. Roberts, of Bristol, and Mr. Wassell, of Bath. The pastor supplied the following statistics:—In 1843, the church consisted of 283 members, of whom 203 are dead or removed. Of the remaining eighty, not less than twenty are incapacitated by old age or otherwise from attendance, so that only sixty remain in actual fellowship. In the twenty-one years, 547 members have been added, or rather more than twenty-seven per annum. No year has been barren. The lowest yearly addition was ten; the rest ranging from this minimum to forty, fifty, and in one year to over sixty. Mr. Evans, senior deacon, narrated various interesting incidents in the history of the church, both before and during Mr. Barnes's pastorate. Within the latter period the chapel has been twice enlarged; the school-room enlarged; classrooms erected; and a pretty branch chapel built, which has a flourishing school and congregation. Mr. Evans, then, in behalf of the meeting, presented to Mr. Barnes a valuable gold watch and appendages, as a memento of the occasion. After a suitable response from the pastor, and a telling address from W. Fowler, Esq., the pleasurable evening was concluded with singing and prayer.

BOXMOOR, HERTS.—The new Baptist chapel at Boxmoor, erected for the church of which the Rev. H. C. Leonard, M.A., is pastor, was opened for divine service on Wednesday, October 26th, when the Rev. F. Tucker and the Rev. J. Stoughton preached to large congregations. The devotional services were conducted by the Revs. W. Upton, of St. Albans; David Thomas, of Bristol; W. Emery, of Hemel Hempstead; and T. Peters, of Watford. A large company partook of dinner and tea in the school-room, which was tastefully decorated for the occasion. The old chapel, which was demolished to make room for the present one, was erected

largely by the efforts of the sisters of Dr. Carey (whose remains are interred in the chapel-yard), and was opened on Wednesday, October 26th, 1825. The Revs. Maurice Jones, F. W. Gotch, M.A., LL.D., and B. Pratten, B.A., successively ministered to the church before the settlement of the present pastor. The new chapel is a handsome Gothic structure in the early English style, with tower and pinnacle. There are 500 sittings. The cost is about £1,050, including extras. A large number of pastors and deacons of churches in neighbouring towns were present at the opening services. On Sunday, October 30th, the Rev. T. Pearson, M.A., of New College, shared the services with the pastor. Liberal collections were made on both days, and the services were of a very joyful and encouraging character.

BADCOX LANE CHAPEL, FROME.—On Thursday, October 20th, this place of worship, which had been closed for the last six months, during which time it had undergone a most complete and thorough restoration, was re-opened under circumstances of unusual interest. The re-opening services commenced by an early prayer-meeting in the vestry. In the afternoon, a public service was held in the chapel, when a numerous congregation assembled, and an excellent sermon was preached by the Rev. C. Vince, of Birmingham. At five o'clock, a public tea-meeting was held in the school-room, at which 350 persons were present. At seven o'clock, a public meeting was held, and the chapel was crowded in every part. W. Fowler, Esq., of Trowbridge, presided, and, after singing and prayer, the Rev. W. Burton stated that the total cost of the alterations had been £900, towards which they had received, in cash and promises, about £750. Addresses, full of hearty congratulation and earnest desire for the spiritual prosperity of the people meeting for worship in their renovated sanctuary, were then given by the Revs. E. Edwards, of Frome; S. S. Pugh, Devizes; C. J. Middleditch, C. Vince, and T. G. Rooke. On the following Sunday, sermons were preached in the morning and evening by the Right Hon. Lord Teynham, to large audiences. The collections made at the re-opening services reduce the debt to £100.

VERNON CHAPEL, PENTONVILLE.—The above place of worship having been placed in trust for the Baptist denomination, the members of the church called their friends and neighbours together to a public celebration, on Friday, October 14th. A tea-meeting was held in the school-room, when about 240 persons sat down. After tea a public service was held in the chapel

as a recognition of the Rev. C. B. Sawday as pastor of the church. The Hon. and Rev. B. W. Noel presided. The Rev. A. Buzacott, of the Pentonville Road Congregational Chapel, read the Scriptures and prayed. One of the deacons then read a paper which set forth the wish of the friends that the fact of the chapel being in trust should be widely made known. Also gratitude to God for the great success attending the ministration of the Word; the steadily-increasing congregation; a flourishing Sabbath school; and peace and love in the church. The Rev. John Offord, of Kensington Palace Gardens Chapel, then addressed the church. The Rev. G. Rogers, tutor at the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, the pastor, and the Rev. P. Gast, of Spencer Place Chapel, closed with prayer. The ordinance of the Lord's Supper was then observed, Mr. Noel again presiding. The addresses were excellent, and the chapel well filled. It is hoped that the place will now more than ever prove a benefit to the dark and populous neighbourhood.

EARL'S BARTON, NORTHAMPTON.—The Baptist Sunday school in this place, in its earliest years the only public educational institution here, was commenced in May, 1814, in the table-pew of the old meeting-house. It now numbers 160 scholars, and its history has been marked by many additions to the church, and much good to the village at large. The Sunday school jubilee was celebrated by three sermons on Sunday, October 16th; that in the morning by the pastor, the Rev. T. Phillips; and those in the afternoon and evening by the Rev. John Nickalls, of Prince's Street Chapel, Northampton. On the Tuesday afternoon, the Rev. T. Arnold, of Doddridge Chapel, Northampton, delivered an admirable discourse, in commemoration of the same event. At the public tea-meeting the school-room was well filled. The public meeting was presided over by J. Perry, jun., Esq., J.P., was well attended, and was effectively addressed by the chairman; the Rev. R. E. Bradfield, of Rushden; the Rev. W. Kitchen; Mr. George Hall, of Hardingstone; and Mr. William Sheffield. The feeling which pervaded the various speeches and engagements was characterized by much thankfulness, devotion, and earnestness; and the money contributed and promised will form an encouraging nucleus towards providing better chapel accommodation for the children.

CREWKERNE.—On Monday, October 24th, the new and beautiful school-room, built by the Baptist friends in this town, was opened, in connection with the re-

opening of the chapel, which has undergone necessary repairs, and been otherwise much improved. Two sermons were preached on the occasion by the Revs. W. Guest, of Taunton, and C. Vince, of Birmingham. About sixty partook of dinner, which was tastefully laid out in the school-room. In the course of the afternoon, several addresses were delivered by ministers and gentlemen present, and about £50 promised towards the building fund. At five o'clock, nearly 300 sat down to tea. A large congregation was assembled to listen to Mr. Vince, and a good collection was obtained. The new building has commodious class-rooms, besides a gallery for the junior scholars of the school. Many of the ministers and members of the neighbouring churches were present, amongst whom may be mentioned the Revs. E. Edwards, P. Erlebach, R. James, R. Stevens, E. Merriman, J. King; and the Messrs. S. Hebditch, R. Southcombe, E. Whitby, J. Daniels, D. Pettard, &c. Most of these gentlemen made practical speeches, and have liberally contributed to the building fund.

HORSFORTH, NEAR LEEDS.—Public services in connection with the ordination of the Rev. J. Harper, took place in the Baptist chapel, Horsforth, on Wednesday, November 9th. The afternoon service commenced at 2.30, when the Rev. H. Rowson, of Idle, read the Scriptures and prayed. The introductory discourse was given by the Rev. S. G. Green, B.A., president of Rawdon College, from Acts xi. 25, 26. At the close of this discourse a statement was read by the senior deacon, Mr. D. Craven, relative to the reasons which had induced the church to solicit the stated labours of their new pastor. Then the Rev. T. How, of Shrewsbury, asked the young minister the usual questions, which were clearly answered, and offered the ordination prayer. At the termination of this deeply interesting service, many of the friends adjourned to the new school-room near the chapel, and took tea together. Another service began in the evening at six o'clock, when the Rev. E. Parker, of Farsley, read and prayed. The charge was delivered by the Rev. James Acworth, LL.D., of Scarborough, from 2 Tim. iv. After this the Rev. J. P. Chown, of Bradford, delivered a very appropriate address to the church and congregation.

TRINITY ROAD CHAPEL, HALIFAX.—On Tuesday, November 8th, a tea-meeting was held in the school-room of the Baptist chapel, Trinity-road, Halifax, in connection with the recognition of the Rev. Joseph Drew, late of Newbury, Berk-

shire, as pastor of the church. About 600 persons sat down. In the evening, a crowded public meeting was held in the chapel, John Crossley, Esq., presiding. On the platform were ministers belonging to most of the religious denominations in the town. The chairman opened the meeting with some very kind and appropriate remarks. The Rev. H. Dowson, Bradford, welcomed the Rev. J. Drew, on behalf of the church. The Rev. J. Drew made an interesting and impressive speech, in the course of which he gave a most satisfactory statement of his principles as a citizen, a Christian, and a minister of the Gospel. The Rev. James Pridie (senior Independent minister of Halifax) then offered prayer. Addresses were afterwards delivered by the Revs. J. P. Chown, Bradford (who addressed the church in a most faithful and affectionate spirit); J. J. Brown, Birmingham (who spoke as an old friend and neighbour of Mr. Drew); W. Roberts, Square; J. Makepeace, Bradford; and J. Michael, Pellon Lane.

PERSHORE, WORCESTERSHIRE. — On Thursday, October 27th, meetings in connection with the settlement of the Rev. J. W. Ashworth (late of Oldham) as pastor of the Baptist church and congregation meeting in Broad Street Chapel, in this town, were held, and numerous attended. In the afternoon, the Rev. C. Vince, of Birmingham, preached an excellent sermon to a crowded congregation, from 2 Peter i. 11. The Revs. T. James, of Studley, and W. Symonds, of Pershore, also took part in the service. At five o'clock, a tea-meeting was held in the new Music-hall, when 300 persons sat down to tea. The chair was occupied by H. Hudson, Esq., who opened the proceedings after tea in an appropriate and congratulatory address. Suitable and practical addresses were also given by the Revs. H. E. Von Sturmer, of Worcester; M. Philpin, of Alcester; J. Horne, of Evesham; and J. Phillips, of Astwood Bank; and after an affectionate address by the Rev. J. W. Ashworth, the thanks of the meeting to the chairman, for his services, were proposed by Mr. W. Salisbury, seconded by M. Philpin, and unanimously agreed to. The hall was beautifully decorated for the occasion with evergreens, flowers, and appropriate mottoes.

BATHEASTON. — On Tuesday evening, October 11th, a public meeting was held at the Mission House belonging to R. Heywood, Esq., to bid farewell to the Rev. T. C. Finch, on his leaving this station. About 200 persons sat down to tea. Mr. C. Clark, of Argyle Street, occupied the chair, and in a few appro-

priate remarks introduced the object of the meeting, and called upon the Rev. Mr. Pooley, of Chippenham, to address the assembly. Mr. G. Bullock then rose, and in the name of the congregation presented Mr. Finch with a purse of twenty guineas, as an expression of their esteem. Mr. Finch, in acknowledging the testimonial, briefly referred to the circumstances of his coming to the village, and of his leaving it, reserving his parting address till Sunday evening. The Rev. W. H. Dyer next addressed the meeting, and expressed his deep regret at Mr. Finch's removal. Mr. John Mellowish made some feeling remarks upon the painfulness of such a separation; and after some well-timed observations from the chairman on the responsibility of preachers and hearers, the meeting was closed with singing and prayer.

HOOKE NORTON, OXON. — A series of interesting services has been held in the Baptist chapel in the above place, in connection with the anniversary of the settlement of the Rev. J. Allen, B.A., as pastor of the church. On Sunday, Nov. 6th, two sermons were preached by the pastor. On the following Tuesday afternoon, after the usual introductory services by the Rev. G. St. Clair, of Banbury, the Rev. John Teall, of Woolwich, preached to an attentive and respectable audience, from Acts. xi. 23. After the sermon, an excellent tea was provided. In the evening, a public meeting was held in the chapel. The meeting was numerously attended. The Rev. J. Allen occupied the chair, and expressed the gratification it afforded him and his friends to see so large a number present, both of speakers and hearers. The chairman then called in succession on the following gentlemen, who each gave an earnest, pithy, and practical address:—The Rev. F. F. Medcalf, of Middleton Cheney; the Rev. H. Hardin, of Towcester; the Rev. S. Hodges; the Rev. G. St. Clair; the Rev. W. Green; and the Rev. John Teall.

SARRATT, HERTS. — A meeting was held on Wednesday evening, October 19th, in the Baptist chapel, Sarratt, to celebrate the eightieth birthday of its venerable minister, the Rev. George Warne. After a tea-meeting, the Rev. Dr. Steane took the chair, and introduced the subject of the evening. Mr. Warne then gave a brief sketch of his life; and addresses were delivered by the Revs. T. Hands, W. A. Blake, H. C. Leonard, W. Omant, W. Fisk, T. Owen, and by Messrs. Freeth and C. J. Cole. There were also present the Revs. H. Ashbery, T. R. Stevenson, T. W. Wake, and W. D. Elliston. The chapel was crowded, and very hearty

congratulations offered to Mr. Warne, on his attaining such an advanced age, in the enjoyment of so much health and vigour. His life has been a very useful as well as a very long one; and he has been the founder of more than one important institution, such as Sunday and Ragged schools, which he was the means of establishing nearly sixty years ago.

MARY'S GATE, DERBY.—The recognition services in connection with the settlement of the Rev. H. Crassweller, as pastor of Mary's Gate Chapel, Derby, took place on Lord's day, October 16th, and on the following Wednesday. On the Sunday, the pastor preached in the morning, and the Rev. R. B. Isaac, of Woolwich, preached in the evening. The congregations were large, and the services of considerable interest. On the Wednesday a very large tea-meeting was held, and about 400 sat down to tea. After tea a public meeting was held in the chapel, when the chair was taken by the Rev. H. Ollard, F.S.A., who opened the proceedings in an appropriate address. The Revs. W. Crosbie, R. B. Isaac, H. Crassweller, and Mr. G. Stevenson (the senior deacon of the church), also addressed the meeting. Special regret was expressed at the unavoidable absence of the Rev. J. Stevenson, the late esteemed pastor.

WATFORD.—On Monday, October 24th, very interesting services were held in the Baptist chapel, Watford, for the purpose of recognizing and welcoming the Rev. T. Peters (late of Kingsbridge) as pastor of the church. In the afternoon, at three o'clock, an admirable and appropriate sermon was preached by the Rev. Charles Vince. In the evening (after a public tea-meeting, which was well attended), the Rev. Dr. Angus took the chair, and addresses were delivered by him; by the Rev. C. Bailhache, the late pastor; the Rev. H. C. Leonard, M.A., of Boxmoor; the Rev. T. Peters; and by Mr. J. J. Smith, of Watford, and Mr. Heaton, of London. All the addresses were of a congratulatory character. The congregations, both in the afternoon and in the evening, were very gratifying.

MINISTERIAL CHANGES.—Mr. T. J. Malloy, student of Regent's Park College, has accepted a unanimous invitation to become minister of the Union Chapel, Brockley Road, New Cross, and commenced his labours on the first Sabbath in October. —The Rev. T. H. Jones, of Tetbury, has accepted a very cordial and unanimous invitation from the Baptist church at Lydbrook, and has entered upon his labours there with encouraging prospects of success. —The Rev. C. H. Harcourt has

resigned the charge of the Baptist church, Great Missenden, Bucks, Mrs. Harcourt's health requiring an immediate change to a warmer position. His present address is Stanton Villa, Hanwell, Middlesex. —The Rev. W. T. Osborne has resigned the pastorate of the Baptist church, Earby-in-Craven, and has accepted the cordial and unanimous invitation of the church, Nelson-in-Marsden. —The Rev. John Myers, pastor of the Baptist chapel, Coniston, Lancashire, has accepted an invitation to become the minister of Thorpe Street Chapel, Leicester, and will commence his labours on the first Lord's day in December. —The Rev. Watson Dyson, of Long Sutton, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church at Measham, Derbyshire. —The Rev. S. Newnham, late of Barnstaple, has accepted the cordial and unanimous invitation of the church at Salisbury, and intends to enter on his pastorate there the first Sunday in 1865.

—The Rev. D. Sinclair has resigned the pastorate of the Baptist church at Peterchurch, and removes to the church at Tenbury early in December. —The Rev. G. Malins, from the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, has accepted a cordial invitation to the pastorate of the church meeting in Abbey Street Chapel, Dublin. —The Rev. J. G. Hall, of Rochdale, has accepted the cordial and unanimous invitation of the church meeting at the Baptist chapel, Irwell-terrace, Bacup; and intends commencing his labours there on the first Sunday in January. —The Rev. F. Overbury, of King Stanley, has accepted the unanimous invitation of the church at Warwick. —The Rev. J. C. Butterworth, A.M., has accepted the unanimous invitation of the church at King Stanley, of which he was formerly the pastor. —The Rev. John Field, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, has accepted the cordial invitation of the church assembling in Bartholomew Street Chapel, Exeter. —The Rev. John B. Brasted has accepted a cordial and unanimous invitation to become the pastor of the church at Tetbury; and commenced his stated labours on Lord's day, November 20th. —The Rev. E. P. Williams, Cwmbran, has accepted the invitation of the church at Bethel, Bassalleg, Monmouthshire. —The Rev. J. P. Davies, late of Puncheston, Pemhroke-shire, has accepted the unanimous invitation from the respective churches at Bethlehem and Salem, in the same county. —The Rev. C. Clark has resigned the pastorate at North Parade, Halifax, and has accepted the pastorate of the church at Maze Pond, London. —Mr. Isaac Bridge, of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's College, has accepted the unanimous invitation of the

Baptist church worshipping in Union Chapel, Aldborough, Suffolk.—The Rev. Robert Kerr, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, has accepted the unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the church at Montacute, Somersetshire.—The Rev. George Wright, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, has accepted the unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the church at Brabourne, Kent.—The Rev. Thomas Thomason, of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's College, has accepted a unanimous invitation to become the pastor of the church meeting in Yates Street, Aston-road, Birmingham.

GENERAL.

PAINFUL SCENE AT A FUNERAL NEAR PETERBOROUGH.—A few days ago, an extraordinary and painful scene took place at Woodstone, near Peterborough. The eldest son of Mr. Thomas Powell, a highly respectable farmer of the village, having died, his parents wished to have him buried in the pretty little churchyard of the parish. As a matter of courtesy, the Rev. A. Murray, Independent minister, to whose congregation Mr. Powell belonged, waited upon the Rev. J. Ellaby, the incumbent, and informed him that Mr. Powell was a strict Nonconformist, and objected to the use of some portions of the burial service. Subsequently Mr. Ellaby went with Mr. Powell himself to the churchyard, and chose a site for the grave, and no obstacle of any kind was anticipated. On Friday afternoon, when the funeral procession approached the churchyard, the grave was found prepared.

Halting at the entrance, the corpse was placed on a chair, whilst the Rev. A. Murray read a simple service, such as Dissenters use on such occasions. He was so engaged when a messenger arrived with the intimation that the Rev. J. Ellaby was waiting in the church. A courteous reply was returned that the services of the clergyman would not be required, and a move was made towards the grave. Mr. Ellaby issued from the church, and declared in an excited manner that the corpse should not be buried there. Mr. Murray stepped on one side, and said, "You are aware, sir, we have the privilege of silent interment." "I do not care for your privileges," the incumbent replied, "I will throw you into the Ecclesiastical Court." He then left the churchyard, bidding the sexton stand by the grave. Meanwhile the afflicted mourners were looking on in a state of grief and perplexity, which may well be imagined. At last the father stepped forward, and said if no one would fill in the grave of his child he would do so himself. He took a spade for that purpose, but the sexton wrenched it by force out of his hand. A crowd had gathered round, and hootings and cries of "Shame" were raised, but Mr. Ellaby did not return, and without his authority the sexton would allow no one to touch the grave. Eventually the relatives reluctantly withdrew, leaving the body unburied. On the following day (Saturday) the grave was filled in by the incumbent's orders, but whether the Church burial-service was read over it or not our reporter has been unable to ascertain.—*Manchester Examiner.*

Editorial Notes for the Month.

THE great event of the past month has been the re-election of Abraham Lincoln as President of the United States. The election, which took place on the 8th ult., had been anticipated in this country with much anxiety, chiefly because Mr. Lincoln is supposed now to be the representative of the political and religious feeling of the United States in opposition to slavery. After his re-election, slavery is doomed. For the information of some of our readers, we ought perhaps to state, that what has taken place this month is not the *actual* re-election of Mr. Lincoln, but the election of the "college," by whom, according to the constitution, the President is appointed. Out of 234 members of that "college," 213 are pledged to Mr. Lincoln, so that his appointment is absolutely secure. The *actual* election takes place in February next.

Next in importance to the election in America, is the ratification of the Treaty of Peace between Denmark and Germany. That ratification took place on the 16th ult.; and within a week or two, according to the Treaty, the Danish provinces will see the departure of the last Prussian soldier. A happy riddance, though at a heavy cost! Thus has ended one of the most cruel and unnecessary wars which have been seen in modern times. If nations suffer for their sins as much as individuals, Austria and Prussia will have a heavy penalty to pay. When the time for payment comes, not many will lend them sympathy.

At home, the great exciting question has been the guilt or innocence of Müller. Happily, the convict confessed his criminality at the last; had he not done so, many would have doubted whether, after all, the evidence was sufficient. Never surely did criminal maintain his reticence so long. With his last breath but one, standing on the scaffold, he said, "I am innocent;" with his last breath, as the bolt fell, he said, "I have done it!" Thus this poor wretch, who had "received the Sacrament" but an hour before, was launched into the presence of the Judge. It is worthy of remark that all the sympathy that was extended to a man who had committed so terrible a crime, arose really out of the fact that his punishment was death. Had the punishment been less than capital, Müller would have gone to his doom—as such a man should have done—without a sympathizer or a friend.

Of religious intelligence, there is little to record. Only the usual tales of "Clerical Intolerance," and of hard-hearted clergymen at the gravesides of dead Dissenters, fill the papers. We are glad to state that the friends of Church-rates have received another blow, in a distinct decision of the Court of Queen's Bench, that magistrates have no power to interfere where the rate is *bonâ fide* objected to on the ground of its legality. This decision, thus clearly given, must have important results. The discussion as to the Policy of Nonconformist Electors at the next election, has occupied much attention. Mr. Robinson's policy, as inaugurated at the Session of the Baptist Union, has received, we believe, the general approval of Baptists: in other circles doubts have been expressed. We ourselves have no doubts. Alike with dignity and propriety can Dissenters go to Parliament, and ask for an *Inquiry* as to the righteousness of the State-church system. Even an honest churchman ought not to be afraid of that. And it is due to ourselves, and to our principles, that the truth which is committed to our keeping,—the truth for which our fathers suffered, and for which we suffer still,—should be distinctly declared in the face of the world.

With these words we close our volume for 1864. The year, which is so nearly gone, has been a year of mercy to us all. Let us be thankful for all our mercies! To most of us, too, it has been a year of trial and of discipline. Let us be thankful for the discipline of our loving Father! With all his heart the Editor of THE BAPTIST REPORTER offers to his readers his good wishes and congratulations, and desires for all of them a happy Christmas and a blessed New Year.

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